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SUNDAY AFTERNOON

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HARRISBURGH,
PENNSYLVANIA.

A Monthly Magazine
For the Household.

VOLUME 3.
JANUARY—SEPTEMBER.
1879.

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SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. III.——JANUARY, 1879.——No. XIII.

IN RE SILAS RHAWN.

IT was in the afternoon of a raw December day just forty years ago, when that superb, safe, swift-going floating palace the Di Vernon, No. 4, Shaw, Master, plying between Wheeling and Louisville, puffed up to the city of Arcadia on the Virginia side of the river and stopped, with a panther-like shriek that rang through the ranges of steep white hills.

The "floating palace" was a squat, grimy little tub of a stern-wheeler, that crept and creaked and snorted up and down the river like a rheumatic tortoise; in point of fact, too, the city of Arcadia (*nee* Onion creek) consisted of coaling sheds and one frame house, yellow-washed, with a long porch and watering trough outside, and a Store, Bar and Post-office, all in one room within. Up on the snowy hill that banked the back of the hamlet, yawned the black mouths of two or three coal-mines; the oily grime of the bituminous coal streaked the yellow house, turned the mud of the landing into pitch, and lay in drifts of feathery black flakes over the dazzling fields of snow.

The passengers of the Di Vernon did not come on deck to look at the station; they had all gathered in the much begilt little cabin. A small, vivacious, dark man was in the midst of them, making ready to go ashore.

"Got all your traps ready, Doc?" shouted the captain down into the cabin through a sky-light.

"Oh, yes, yes. At least, I think—overcoat, carpet-bag, leggins—one, two, three—my wife told me to be sure and count or I'd certainly leave something—leggins,—bless my soul, did anybody see my leggins?" running here and there, upsetting chairs and coal scuttle.

"Here's your rifle," said one of the lady passengers, holding it at arm's length and eying it askance, "and shot pouch, and pistols. I suppose they're not loaded?"

"Good gracious, no! Do you think I'd carry loaded weapons where there are women and children about? I'm too old a hunter for that! Here are the leggins, after all. Now, my wamus. I wore that wamus, sir, the last time I went hunting, just eleven years ago come next May. Well, good-bye, good-bye!" beginning to shake hands all round for the second time. The little man's motions were as eager and jerky as his talk.

"Cap's in a hurry, I suppose, as usual. Oh, I've enjoyed myself tre-mendously this trip! First holiday in ten years; and then you've all been so kind and friendly. Oh, I'm not blind! I only wish my wife had been aboard. Never made any friends before without my wife, and,—eh, what's that? What is it, young Territt?"

Young Territt, clerk of the Di Vernon, six feet two in height, with the face of a rosy, overgrown baby, bowed ponderously. "Captain Shaw bade me say that there is no haste, Dr. Rhawn. The Di Vernon lays up at Arcadia for an hour."

The passengers cast uneasy glances out to

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the threatening sky. "So long?" said one old man. "No danger of the river's closing over, Mr. Territt? I must reach Pittsburg by Thursday."

Young Territt glanced at the enormous paste diamond on his shirt-front, and then turned his infantile round eyes on the speaker.

"I apprehend, Mr. Fleming, the river will not close, sir. The Di Vernon always lays up at Arcadia for an hour. Captain Shaw has business on shore. In point of fact, his mother lives in Arcadia. She is the proprietor of the Hotel," waving his hand to the yellow-washed. Then he strode solemnly back to the bar. The little doctor clapped him on the back as he passed.

"Young Territt, you 're wasted on the Di Vernon! You 've bounce enough to carry the whole Ottoman Empire. So I 've an hour more with you!" turning to the passengers, "glad o' that. Though my fingers itch to handle the rifle. I've only five days furlough, you see, and it 's the first in ten years."

"This is a miserable hole where you 're going to stop," said the old gentleman, peering out.

"Arcadia? Onion Creek, we used to call it. Oh, it 's bad enough! But I 'll get a horse from Mrs. Shaw and push right on back into the mountains; old Ben Hammitt lives ten miles in,—famous hunter. None better west of the Blue Ridge. Lots of deer and bear and small game in there. I 'll camp right down with Ben. I 'll use my five days up to the last minute, take my word for that! There comes Cap!" and the voluble little man darted up to him; "I'll go ashore with you and talk to your mother about the horse, Shaw."

Shaw bowed in the top-heavy fashion which he reserved for "shore," and which he fondly imagined was that of the most high-toned southern gentleman.

"Happy—honor, sir; you put up with my mother, Dr. Rhawn, when I was a mere shaver."

"Yes, yes! I was a famous hunter and fisherman, too, when I was a young man. Last time I was at Onion creek gunning was just ten years ago. Did I tell you about that Mr. Fleming?" tapping the sharp-featured old man on the arm.

"Yes, several times," drily.

"You think there 's no danger of the river's closing above, Captain? I must make Pittsburg by Thursday."

"I reckon on doin' it, sir. The ice is a runnin' tolerable thick, it 's true. The Di Vernon is the last boat that 'll run up the Ohio this winter. Thar 's none comin' behind us," said Shaw, leisurely.

Shaw was a leisurely, solid young man, from the top of his new high beaver hat to the cow-skin boots, on which the mud and soot of many years had, unmolested, left their marks. He wore a check shirt, velveteen waiscoat of faded purple, and leather-colored trousers jammed into the boots. On top of this work-day dress, to do honor to his mother, he had put on a new broadcloth frock-coat, and the shiny, genteel hat aforesaid. Across his broad chest always hung a gold chain dangling with heavy seals, and on his stubby forefinger blazed a costly ruby set in pearls, yet jewel and chain seemed as if they had grown there deliberately; they belonged to his personality quite as much as did dusty shirt or patched jacket. For the rest, Truman Shaw was a captain, the outgrowth as usual of a pilot. He was known too on the river as the most profane man on it; he was probably the champion swearer, whose swearing was a birthright, because he went at the business steadily, without the slightest anger; he never lost his wind between oaths. With woman Truman never had been known to let fall a single damn. If cursing clothed him on deck as a garment, he dropped it as easily when in the cabin, and was underneath an honest, obstinate, good-hearted lad. Miss Sewell, a young lady from Connecticut who had been teaching in the South, began now, as usual, to quiz him for the amusement of the other passengers.

"What a pretty name you chose for your boat, Captain," she said; "I infer that he is a favorite of yours?"

"Scott? I knew Jim Scott, ma'am. But Philiby run the river afore my time."

"I should have said the character: Di Vernon you know."

"Oh yes! Yes, old Di had a first-rate character. Never had no accident. I'd not have named my boat for her else. Never name your boat for an unlucky craft ma'am."

Miss Sewell gave a shrill little laugh. Her sense of humor was weak, but she laughed at the feeblest joke if it escaped somebody else. Dr. Rhawn was looking at her gravely.

"You could afford to hunt larger game," he said in a low voice. "Come Shaw, we 'll go ashore."

Miss Sewell with another lady went up on deck and leaned over the railing, a contemptuous smile on her thin, finely-lined face. She was going home for a month's vacation, and could afford to indulge the disgust for Southern and Western people which had been choking in her for a year.

"This Silas Rhawn, for instance," she said looking after him critically through half closed eyes. "Why, Mary, there is not a more popular man in Middle Kentucky; yet in New England he would rate as a prosy gabbler, hopelessly commonplace. What weight can such men hold in the great scales?"

Miss Sewell had been teaching in Kentucky; before that on a Mississippi plantation. She felt that she was going up out of a sterile desert into a land flowing with intellectual milk and honey. It was quite right that she, a Brahmin of the Brahmins, should give verdict and sentence as omniscient judge and jury on the Pariahs who dwelt on these barbarous suburbs of Ignorance. There was a good deal of this tone and temper assumed by New Englanders who were in the South at that time. It told —in '61.

Dr Rhawn, meantime, going up the muddy wharf, told the captain for the twentieth time of his hunting feats ten years ago.

Shaw nodded. "Cussed little bore!" he thought good-humoredly.

Dr. Rhawn, at home, was a hard student; he was not naturally clever, so that study cost more from him than from other men. He was a poorly-paid country doctor, and sometimes, what with this incessant study and the hard work, and the anxiety to keep Jane and the three children comfortable, he really felt quite like an old decrepit man. But to-day he was not a day older than twenty. He could hardly keep from turning somersaults in the snow.

"If your mother has a horse to spare, Truman," he said, "I 'll be off at once to old Hammitt's. I don't want to lose an hour. You see my wife's brother happened along and took my patients. That 's the way I got the harness off. Such a thing might not happen again these fifty years. I don't want to lose an hour."

"No, of course not. Come into the bar. I 'll go in and see about the horse. I reckon mother 's inside somewhere."

The doctor turned into the bar. There was a sooty stove and a sooty counter, and behind it a row of barrels of whisky, cider and apple-molasses; kegs of maple sugar: over them shelves with alternately layers of cheese, pink calico, boots, and Brandreth's pills; in the corner a pine box marked P. O. The doctor dropped in a letter he had written to Jane. "God bless the girl! I wish I had her along."

But with the dropping of the letter he had cut loose from home, work, civilization. Now for his frolic. He buttoned on the leggings, whistling "Zip Coon," drew on his old surtout, lighted his pipe.

Shaw would have the horse round in a minute. The captain came in. His heavy countenance had undergone some curious change since he went out.

"The mare 's all right. Nip 's a saddlin' her fur you."

"What 's the matter, Shaw?"

"My mother 's in yonder. Sick. It 's small-pox I reckon by the look on 't. She haint had no care, except from that half-blind old nigger woman, Nip. The folks 's all bin afeard to come nigh her." His quiet, and the utter absence of his wonted oaths, impressed the doctor with the extent of Shaw's excitement.

"I 'll go in and look at her," he said gravely. "Very likely it is not as bad as you think."

"I wish you would, Doc."

The doctor followed him into a dark little room at the back of the store, where

Mrs. Shaw had her untidy bed in the midst of boxes of candles, soap and other stock. When he opened the door the insufferable odor made both men draw back.

"Small-pox, and no mistake," said Rhawn. "Go into the bar, Shaw. I 'll examine her alone."

In about twenty minutes he came into the bar-room.

"It 's a pretty severe case, Truman. But there 's really no danger provided she has proper nursing. You must get somebody. That old darkey is of no account."

"Get somebody!" Shaw laughed. "Who'd you get? Thar 's only two neighbors back in the hills, and a gold mine would n't hire one of them to come nigh a case of small-pox."

There was a moment's pause, in which the Yankee clock on the shelf ticked away vociferously. "I 've got to stay," said Shaw, at last. "That 's about the size on 't."

"I suppose so," said Rhawn. "She has no daughter?"

"Not a chick nor child but me. She 'd have give her heart's blood for me any day, even when I was sowin' the worst of my oats. This don't seem much to do for her," he muttered reflectively, grinding the toe of his boot into the muddy floor, "but it 'll cost like the devil."

"Young Territt can take the boat up."

"Territt? That infant?" Shaw burst into an uneasy roar of laughter. "No; the boat 'll have to lay up at Arcadia fur the winter."

"And how would the passengers go on up? Oh, Shaw, that 's impossible!"

"The only way fur them to get up would be on sleds, even if the sleds could be had—which they can't," interjected Shaw.

"And the snow must lie five feet deep along the river bottoms. There are two babies there and sickly women. No, no; that won't do."

"I don't see any way out of it," returned Shaw, chewing as vehemently at the lump of tobacco in his mouth as if to squeeze an idea out of it. "I 'm not the man to neglect my boat. No man on the river 'd say that. But this is life an' death. If it was anybody but poor old Mammy——"

"She 's calling you now, Truman."

Shaw spat out the tobacco, rinsed his mouth hastily and hurried in.

Doctor Rhawn walked up and down the space between the barrels, thinking of something so intently that his pipe went out. Outside was the mare fastened to a post ready for him. In the distance the path to old Hammitt's wound over the mountains, which rose range on range, white and sparkling, into the frosty sky. He remembered the chase he and the old man had given a panther. He had told the story a thousand times since to his patients; the hunt for days on its track—his heart used fairly to stop beating when he would pounce on the velvety, three-lobed, clawless print of its paw in the mud; the ravenous hunger after the day's tramp, the taste of the delicious corn bread and fat pork, the coming upon the beast suddenly under a rock, Hammitt's missing fire, the leap of the brute, the "ping" of his own bullet, the sush, sush of the blood from its heart on to the dead leaves. Why, the icy air up yonder was like wine! There were plenty of panthers yet on the deer trails. He had been looking forward to this for ten years.

Back of the bar was the foul little room and the ugly, vulgar old woman with her fetid disease.

It was no great heroic sacrifice which the little doctor felt called upon to make; only the giving up of a holiday. One of those commonplace little chances to be unselfish and generous which our Master gives to all of us almost daily.

When Shaw came back the doctor had taken off his leggings and overcoat.

"How long would it take you to run the Di Vernon up to Pittsburg and to get back again?"

"I can do it inside of a week. Shorter if the ice don't thicken. Why, what d'ye mean, Doc?" eying him anxiously.

"I 'll stay with your mother. You go ahead. But mind, Shaw, you be back here on time, if you have to walk it. My furlough only lasts ten days at the outside."

Shaw stood looking at him, his jaws working hard, though there was no tobacco in his mouth.

"You 're a good fellow, Doc," he said uncertainly, and then broke out. "No, I 'll be d—d if you shall do it! It 's too hard. Let the passengers foot it."

"Nonsense," said Rhawn quietly. "It 's all settled. I 'll make myself comfortable; don't you fear. You need n't be uneasy about your mother, either. It 's not a virulent case. Go along now, I 'll not say good-bye to the passengers. There's a good deal of risk of contagion. Change your own clothes, Shaw, before you go aboard."

Shaw felt that the little man was master of the emergency; he made such a mere matter of business of it that the thanks which the captain tried to stammer out seemed somehow sentimental and unnecessary. The last sound which he heard as he left the house was the doctor calling to Nip to bring up a scuttleful of coals and to put on the tea-kettle. He was already part and parcel of the Arcadian Emporium.

It would never do, of course, to mention small-pox on board, although Shaw felt that it was mean to keep silence about the doctor's heroism.

Old Mr. Fleming was grumbling in the men's cabin. "It 's an hour and a quarter, sir," holding out his watch, "and the ice is growing thicker every minute. I suppose it was essential that you should see Rhawn off on his tom-fooling of a hunt, whether we get to Pittsburg or not."

"He has not started on his hunt yet," said Shaw gently, and the old man, who had expected a volley of oaths and who was in the humor to give them back, went off growling.

The Di Vernon began to plough her way up the river, which was now a bed of floating lumps of ice and frozen mud.

"Thar's not another boat on the river could make Pittsburg," remarked Territt smoothing his apple cheeks complacently with his pudgy ringed finger.

"Damnation! Don't be more of an ass than you can help!" snapped Shaw, who was leaning over the railing looking at the fast-vanishing Emporium. Suddenly he started in dismay. Rhawn had opened two of the windows. He was letting in the fresh air! Did he mean to poison her? Truman made a step to reverse the wheel and run the boat on shore. But he was too late. He gave the matter up with a grunt and the Di Vernon held on her way.

On Tuesday morning, just as the boat puffed up to the wharf at Wheeling, two men stood smoking in the bar-room of the Powhatan House in that town. One of them wore a cap and inky office jacket and had evidently just come from a neighboring counting-house; the other, a traveler's overalls, leggings, and a frogged camlet "Boston wrapper" which covered him from neck to heel

"Well, Tom," he said, "I 'm glad to have had even this glimpse of you. Out in that Ohio wilderness we lose sight of our old friends along with all the rest of civilization. It 's five years since I 've seen a familiar face."

"Why not stay then, Duchert? There will be another stage going east to-morrow."

"I doubt it. The snow 's falling fast; and it lies deep in the gorges by Cumberland now. I must take the stage this afternoon. How soon does it go?" he called to the agent and bar-keeper.

"In an hour, sir."

"I 'm booked for a back seat?"

"Certainly, Judge."

Mr. Duchert laughed, turning to his friend, "I must be getting on to middle-age, eh? The grog-mixers invariably dub me judge or governor." He eyed Tom's stout paunch and florid face critically and passed his hand involuntarily over the bald spot on his own head, then began to poke the coal in the grate with a slow, thoughtful whistle. "It 's all right with you, Tom. You 've a wife and family to make middle-age endurable. But it would be a damnable muddy swamp to me. I can 't afford to grow old."

Tom hesitated. "You never think of marrying, Bob?"

"No, no," hastily. "I mean to keep a free foot and enjoy life. What wretched cigars this fellow keeps!"

Tom felt himself rebuffed, but he stood talking with his friend until the red coach with its four stout bays drew up to the door.

The trunks were piled on to the boot; the carpeted steps opened with a clap at the door. "I beg pardon, Judge," said the agent, "but there are two lady passengers. Two just arrived this moment—steamboat Di Vernon—back seat, you know?"

"Oh, certainly; any seat for me." He wrung Tom's hand. "God bless you, old fellow. Don't go home and tell your wife I'm a rake or a woman-hater. Good-bye. Take care of yourself." Tom stood nodding and smiling on the hotel porch. He had a vague idea that Duchert was a wild fellow who would not settle himself, and Duchert knew it, and laughed as he arranged the straw about his feet. What would Tom say if he knew that he had hardly spoken to a woman for three years; that he had been fool enough to be blind and careless to all the pretty girls he knew before he went West, because he had quarreled with one? There were many of them with whom he could no doubt have been happy out on that lonely farm. "But there were none of them like Maria," he thought, staring vacantly out at the crowded porch and falling snow. "Not one. I was hard hit—hard hit! I wonder where on God's earth she is now." He took off his hat and waved it with a laugh to Tom, as the guard clattered up the steps and banged the door. They were off. The two lady passengers, mere bundles of quilted cloaks and green veils, settled themselves comfortably on the back seat, and told each other that it was frightfully cold half-a-dozen times in the first quarter of a mile. Mr. Duchert politely made a similar remark with variations, but only one lady assented. She was a pert school girl with a negro accent. The other was silent. There was no other passenger. The journey across the mountains was then a matter of a fortnight's time. "What if I should have them alone on my hands all the way across?" thought Mr. Duchert with a shudder. He was long past the age when two weeks of *petites soins* to two unknown women would have filled him with rapturous joy. He liked to stretch his legs at ease now, and to smoke in comfort. Even in thinking of Maria out in his solitary farm-house he was apt to remember her New England skill in housekeeping, her neat supper-table, and her excellent pies.

The school-girl put up her veil and talked fluently. Whose plantation was this? Whose house was that? What was the true story of M'Culloch's leap down yonder hill? She was quite sure they would go over every precipice at the side of the turnpike; she shrieked at each; and would not somebody see if the driver was not drunk? She saw him go in for liquor at last toll-gate. Her companion was inexorably silent. Mr. Duchert was left to drag out the few replies necessary. At the next little inn where the horses were changed he got out, his patience being quite exhausted.

"No other passengers on the way-bill?" he asked of the driver who was mixing his whisky inside.

"None this side of Cumberland. We drop the young lady at Hard-Scrabble, ten miles on. The other goes clear through. Here's the way-bill."

Mr. Duchert took it as he warmed his fingers at the stove, and glanced at it carelessly. "Good God!" he muttered.

"Eh? Speak to me?" said the driver.

"No. I'll take the seat on the box to Hard-Scrabble."

"You'll find it cold, sir. The wind's agen us."

"No matter."

"Now Hard-Scrabble," said the driver when they had started, wishing to be civil, "lies right on the line. Half's in Virginny; half in Pennsylvaney. Lots of runaway couples come up from Virginny to be married without a license."

"A sort of Gretna Green; I understand," said the passenger. He did not speak again until they drove into the little village, and then he said with a queer laugh: "Any man can come here, then, and be married without bans or license or preliminaries?"

"Yes; pervided"—slyly—"he has the right woman."

"Oh, certainly. Provided he has the right woman."

The coach stopped at a chilly frame house. The young lady alighted, talking faster than ever, and was received into the bosom of her family. Mr. Duchert alighted, too,

and walked on to the inn. He went in and stood by the fire. When the landlord spoke to him he did not answer—did not hear him, in fact. It was not his legs or arms that were cold, it was his heart; it was like a heavy lump in his chest.

"What a fool I am!" he thought. "A boy of sixteen would not be so shaken. Give me some brandy."

When the glass was brought he paid for it, set it down and walked out, leaving it untasted. When he stood on the porch, the leisurely falling of the snow, the gabble of the hostler as he harnessed the fresh horses, seemed out of place and insolent to him. This was a crisis, a breathing spell in the world; as if he were going to die or—to live again.

The horses were harnessed, the driver on the box. "Will you come up, sir, or go inside?" he said, cracking his whip.

Duchert stood motionless.

"Will you come up agen, sir?"

"No." He went forward quickly and opened the door. He seated himself on the back seat beside her. When the coach drove from the door down into the whirling snow again he resolutely pushed aside her cloaks and took her hand.

"It is I, Maria."

"Yes, Robert."

"Do you forgive me? I was to blame. I behaved like a scoundrel, I suppose. But it's six years ago, and I never loved any woman but you. Why, I was thinking of you the very minute you entered the coach. Say you forgive me, Maria."

Maria said very little, but she put up her veil. She had been crying for an hour or two, and her nose was red and her eyes full of meaning, and her chin quivered, and she was altogether a much more lovable person than the proper, intellectual Miss Sewell whom her pupils knew.

They traveled together alone to Cumberland. It was bitter winter weather outside; the snow fell and the wind blew, but when they came out of the coach their cheeks were ruddy and their eyes as bright as if it were June and the world was full of roses. Mr. Duchert went to the landlord and asked some mysterious questions about a clergyman; then he came back and urged some request on her.

"Why not here?" he said. "We are no longer young, Maria. We have no time to spare; we are both lone and friendless—"

"Presently, presently," she said, drawing off her glove. Give her time to think. And what a strange chance it was! They had so nearly missed each other! If the Di Vernon, now, had been delayed an hour he would have gone on before her, and they never would have met perhaps in all their lives.

But Doctor Rhawn knew nothing of this, nor did she ever think of the little man at his commonplace, disagreeable task.

Seven o'clock on Thursday morning, Alice Hardy, the wife of a Pittsburg mill hand, called sharply to her husband: "You're ten minutes late, Jem. You'll be docked! The bell of the Works has stopped ringing."

"It has n't rung at all." He came out of the bed-room into the kitchen where she was clearing away the dishes used in their scanty breakfast. The two rooms were clean, so were the three children; but there were terrible hints of want in the bare walls and wan little faces.

"We run on half-time to-day, Alice."

"Oh, James!"

She dropped the pan she held and came up to him, a blank dismay on her face. The Monongahela Works was a small concern and paid low wages to its men; so low that Hardy's weekly earnings had barely kept the family from actual want.

"What do they mean?" she cried. "Half of what you've been making! The children will starve outright."

"It's not their fault, Alice," he said. He was a big, high-shouldered, loggish, patient man. "Young Mr. Robert's done all he could to keep the Works goin' on account of the men. It's Faraday that's pushin' him. He's in debt to Faraday. Only ten thousand, I hear say; but he can't raise a dollar."

Alice turned and looked at the children—at little crippled Rob with his hunger-bitten face.

"You can't do it!" she said sharply.

"Not for all the Mr. Roberts alive! Just all of you men tell him you can't work on half-time, and get work elsewhere."

"We can't get it. There 's hundreds of men lookin' for work now. Seems as ef women never do understand." He put on his hat with a long breath and went down to the Works. The men were standing about the gate, talking in undertones together, anxious, querulous; but when the owner came up the street and nodded to them as he passed in, every face relaxed into a friendly smile. "Young Mr. Robert" had been honest enough to earn their goodwill, though his wages were low. Presently, however, one or two men came out and whispered a few words to those nearest them. The news spread; the crowd converged to one point with a sudden panic. "Come in!" shouted a burly Irishman, "we'll go to foind the manager and get the truth of it."

The manager, a lean, sharp-faced Scotchman, was in the packing-room when the crowd of men entered.

"Mr. Ferguson," said one garrulous, pushing little fellow, "we hear that Mr. Robert is going to make an assignment and the mill will be closed to-morrow. Is it true?"

"Nothing is determined upon. I can tell you nothing about it. That will do!" as the man began to speak again. "Keep your limber tongue quiet, Dunbar. If you or any other man 's dissatisfied, let him get work elsewhere. Now, clear out of this!"

The men retreated cursing, but under their breath. They were afraid of Ferguson. Only Jem Hardy stood immovable.

"Can I see Mr. Robert?"

"No."

"I want to tell him about the children. If the mill stops, the children 'll starve. There 's no work in the town."

"Now see here, Hardy, be reasonable. Mr. Robert has run on full time at a loss for you men. Go out. Don't let him hear you talk about starving children. He has a big load of his own to carry."

Hardy went out and joined the group in the yard. Ferguson turned into the office. The young man there looked up from his desk; he was a handsome, genial young fellow, but his features were sunken now from anxiety and loss of sleep.

"The men 'll be in great distress?" he asked guiltily. "I have heard them but I could not face them."

"Never mind them. It 's not your fault, sir."

"Yes it is. I should n't have ventured so far. But I was so sure! If I could pay Faraday, and had a little capital, I 'd make a fortune out of the mill yet!"

"There 's no chance ——?" hesitated Ferguson.

"I wrote to my uncle in St. Louis. He knows all about the business; he encouraged me to go into it; he has the money if he had the will to help me. But he has not even answered my letter."

"There has not been a boat for two or three days. I thought I heard a whistle a few minutes ago."

Before he had done speaking there was a tap at the door. It opened, and old Mr. Fleming came in wrapped in a traveling blanket, his eyes bleared with the cold.

"Uncle Jacob!" shouted Robert in rapture.

"Yes, yes, and a pretty job Uncle Jacob has taken in hand! Came up on the Di Vernon; run aground five times; nigh frozen every night. And I 've got here none too soon, I hear. Make an assignment to-morrow? Let 's hear all about it."

The door was shut, and the three men remained closeted all day.

That evening James Hardy came up the stairs with a heavy tread. His face was red and his eyes bright, but he had not been drinking. He thumped down a big package on the table, and came up to the fire where Alice sat with little lame Rob in her arms. She looked up dully at him.

"I've heard it," she said. "They 've told me. The mill stops running to-morrow."

"Then they told you a lie! It goes on running, and it runs full time, and wages is raised up to the usual rates. Young Mr. Robert, he 's took his uncle in, and the firm 's to be 'Fleming & Fleming,' with plenty of money to back it. God bless him, I say.

He come to me as I left the mill just now, says he, 'James,' says he, 'here 's a few dollars to cheer up the children a bit. I heard you this morning,' says he. You see I put the case plainly to Mr. Ferguson, and that sort o' brought things right. So there's some meat, and let 's have a rousing supper."

The next morning, Mr. Fleming with his nephew came into the mill, and the men gave the young fellow a hearty cheer.

"I think they like me," he said, his eyes glistening. "It makes me shudder to think what their condition would have been if you had not been willing to help, or if the Di Vernon had been delayed a day longer."

"Then you had no holiday!" said Mrs. Rhawn, after the doctor (who had come home ruddy and hearty and fuller of fun than ever) had told his story. The little woman was ready to cry with disappointment.

"Oh I had a splendid day's shooting after Shaw came back. And really, Jane, it would not have done to keep all the passengers there."

"I don't suppose," she said angrily, "it made the slightest difference to them! The world would have gone on just as well if you had taken your holiday."

"Very likely it would. But it was only a little sacrifice, Jenny, and it seemed the right thing to do."

Rebecca Harding Davis.

THE VANISHED BELIEF IN WITCHCRAFT.

THERE lies before me an old book, the contents of which are indicated in the title, "*Sadducismus Triumphatus* [Sadduceeism Conquered]: or full and plain evidence concerning witches and apparitions. In two parts. The first treating of their possibility, the second, of their real existence. By Joseph Glanvil, late chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty, and Fellow of the Royal Society. With a letter of Henry More on the same subject, and an authentic but wonderful story of certain Swedish witches; done into English by Anth. Hornack, Preacher at the Savoy." This book bears the date of 1681. At that time, the theological belief in the reality of witchcraft had begun to be shaken, and had entered on the stage of obsolescence. Yet judicial convictions for this supposed crime had not ceased. The witchcraft executions at Salem were ten years later. And the denial of this sort of diabolical covenants by which men and women secured the services of demons in order to inflict torture by their aid upon the innocent objects of their malignity was considered a proof of unsoundness in theology, and as being at a short remove from infidelity. Skepticism on this subject was treated by orthodox divines as a presumptuous attack on an article of religious belief, sanctioned from time immemorial by wise and good men, and fortified by plain testimonies of Scripture. To call in question this belief was not only to cast discredit on a vast mass of unimpeachable testimony, which had been accumulating from the most ancient times, but it involved, also, an audacious assault upon an element and an invaluable buttress of Revelation. The deniers of witchcraft were the conceited enemies of religion. They were the old Sadducees come to life again. It was more than hinted that they were instigated to their inexcusable disbelief by the Leader of the evil spirits himself, who, under the shield of these infidel auxiliaries, could better perform his works of deception.

Henry More, who introduces Glanvil's book, is the Cambridge Platonist whose mystical writings in behalf of theism and the Gospel have been highly appreciated by metaphysicians as well as divines; although he followed Plato in holding to the preëxistence of souls. More praises the wisdom of Providence in providing a practical confutation of "Hobbians and Spinozians and the

rest of that Rabble" who disbelieve in angels and spirits, by giving "ever and anon such fresh examples of apparitions and witchcrafts as may rub up and awaken their benumbed and lethargic minds into a suspicion at least that there are other intelligent beings besides these that are clad in heavy earth or clay." So strongly moved is this usually genial writer at the course taken by the wanton and arrogant disbelievers in witchcraft, that he styles them contemptuously, "The small philosophic Sir Foplings of this present age," who "are as much afraid of these stories [of wizards and witches] as an ape is of a whip."

More remarkable still is the tone of the author whom the preface from which I have just quoted introduces. Glanvil was one of the earliest members elected to the Royal Society. He was a warm champion of the experimental philosophy. His *Skepsis Scientifica* is a vigorous attack upon the Aristotelian system and upon its founder, and a zealous plea for the Baconian method. In philosophy he is counted among the advanced men of that day. But he trembled for religion, if the belief in witches and apparitions were allowed to be assailed with impunity. "Those," he says, "that dare not bluntly say there is no God, content themselves (for a fair step and introduction) to deny there are spirits or witches." They comprise "most of the looser gentry, and the small pretenders to philosophy and wit;" "atheism is begun in Sadducism." In support of the proposition that there have been unlawful confederacies with evil spirits, "by virtue of which the hellish accomplices perform things above their natural powers," Glanvil appeals to all histories, which abound in the exploits of the instruments of darkness; to thousands of eye and ear-witnesses, some of them discerning and grave, and having no interest to contrive a lie; to standing public records; to the laws of many nations; to the verdicts of wise and honored judges; to the fact that thousands in England had suffered death for their "vile compacts with apostate spirits." To reject this belief, supported by all this varied evidence, is to make laws built upon chimeras, to hold that wise men are jugglers, that the gravest judges are murderers, and the "sagest persons, fools or designing impostors."

After the theoretical discussion upon the nature of spirits, which involves the metaphysics of the matter, follow the proofs from Scripture, extending from the record of the magicians of Egypt down to the account of the demoniacs of the New Testament. An elaborate examination of the narrative of the Witch of Endor takes into view the various solutions which ignore diabolic agency in the transaction. These are denounced as untenable and rationalistic evasions of clear statements of Scripture.

The concluding portion of the volume presents a copious "collection of Relations," —facts going to verify, beyond all reasonable dispute, the reality of witchcraft.

Glanvil's work displays the views which had long been current. Richard Baxter published narratives of witchcraft which he had received from Cotton Mather, and pronounced that man "an obdurate Sadducee," who was not convinced by these irresistible proofs. In his later work on "The Certainty of the World of Spirits," he reiterated the same judgment, which is expressed also elsewhere in his writings. That prodigy of learning, Ralph Cudworth, one of the foremost of English philosophical theologians, asserts that the evidence of the reality of these dark confederacies between men and devils is so great, both from Scripture and human testimony, that disbelievers "in this present age, can hardly escape the suspicion of having some hankering towards atheism." John Wesley, as late as 1768, after the belief in witchcraft had been generally given up by intelligent persons, utters his "solemn protest" against this concession to the enemies of the Bible. "They well know," he says, "whether Christians know it or not, that the giving up of witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible" It would not be difficult to collect a *catena* of passages from eminent divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as well as from preceding ages, in which disbelief on this subject is declared to be a reprehensible form of infidelity, and one which directly leads to the denial of the prime verities of religion.

The Salem witchcraft was only one brief chapter in the voluminous record of suffering and death which was consequent on this belief. The misfortune was that the Salem tragedy occurred just at the epoch when the old faith in diabolical compacts was beginning to wane; and this tragedy was, therefore, a fresh recollection when that faith came to lose its hold of the general mind. Being the last act in the drama, it was the longest remembered. Ministers, neither in New England nor in Europe, were the victims of the delusion more than laymen. If Baxter maintained the criminality of witches, his friend, Sir Matthew Hale sent them to the scaffold. One of the most elaborate defences of the accepted doctrine is the work of Bodin, the great French publicist, which was published in 1580. In New England there were special reasons why such a delusion might easily prevail. It is perfectly in keeping with the Puritan opinion of that day for Cotton Mather to say: "The devils have doubtless felt a more than ordinary vexation from the arrival of those Christians, with their sacred exercises of Christianity, in this wilderness; but the sovereignty of heaven has permitted them still to remain in the wilderness, for our vexation, as well as their own."[1] The scape-goat was sent to Azazel in the desert. Regions of this kind were favorite haunts of devils. The arrival of the Puritan emigrants was an invasion of them in their own abodes. This is certain, that the idea of the New England settlers that Satan had a special hostility to their enterprise, was sanctioned by English Puritan divines of the highest repute. The gloomy experience of Indian wars, and of the terror engendered by them, and even the physical aspect of the country, with its deep solitudes and vast, unbroken forests, might easily affect the imagination of the colonists, in whom these ideas relative to Satan were deeply planted. It shows of what strong stuff our godly ancestors were made, that, instead of being overcome with timidity, they braced themselves to a stern conflict with the angry prince of evil, and with his myrmidons.

[1] Magnalia, B. vi, ch. vii.

We must go farther and affirm that the *phenomena* of witchcraft, whatever is to be said of the superstition involved in the old interpretation of them, are too multiplied, and rest on too much evidence to be treated as unreal, or as the result of pure deceit. Let it be granted that there is always an admixture of fraud, that personal malignity and the mischievous desire to impose on credulity play an important part in transactions of this kind, especially where a community has been thrown into a ferment. There will be accusers and witnesses to confess that they have invented their stories; but when a large deduction for fraud and falsehood has been made, there remains a vast residuum of evidence which still requires explanation. The interesting volumes of "Records of Salem Witchcraft, copied from the original documents," contain a considerable amount of such evidence. The narratives, of which examples are given in Glanvil's work, and which, in many cases, come from trustworthy witnesses, are of the same character. There can be no reasonable doubt that in numerous instances facts of this nature have occurred: individuals, sometimes as many as five or ten, have felt themselves "tortured,"—choked, or pricked as with thorns or pins, or thrown into convulsions—and have connected these pains with the supposed apparition of some person whom they have taken to be their tormentor; and that when brought into his presence, they have at the sight of him fallen in fits, and felt the same tortures which the imagined apparition had inflicted. Medical science now refers these well attested experiences to neuralgia, hysteria, and to the wonderful and varied forms of hallucination which modern study has made familiar. Phenomena which were referred to supernatural beings are now differently explained. But the phenomena existed; and they took their color in part from the ruling ideas of those who were subject to them. When one reads the official descriptions of what occurred before Stoughton's court at Salem, he is, to be sure, often filled with pity for the poor accused, but he is not without sympathy with the judges who were confronted by the strange and almost bewildering

scenes enacted under their eyes. It must be remembered that in the annals of witchcraft, a very large fraction of those who have been accused have been old and half-demented persons,—hags, in the modern acceptation of the term,—who by impressing the young and timid with a kind of fear and repugnance, have given rise to those nervous conditions and imaginings out of which the phenomena in question arise. Many an old woman with the habit of mumbling to herself has been put to death for inflicting mysterious tortures upon innocent children, who supposed themselves afflicted by her apparition. The inability to repeat, without mistake, the Lord's Prayer was always regarded as one of the signs of witchcraft. It is easy to account for the failure of persons of this class to endure such a test. This criterion was applied in some cases at Salem; but not the water-test, which King James I., a devout defender of the orthodox doctrine of witchcraft, explained on the supposition that the element which is used in holy baptism will reject from itself confederates with the devil. A witch, it was held, would not sink. In judicial proceedings in the seventeenth century, however, it was not upon tests of this character that reliance was chiefly placed. The testimony of the individuals who alleged that they were tortured by a person charged with being a wizard or witch, was taken and often carefully scrutinized. They were brought into the presence of the accused, whose apparition they professed to have seen, and if they cried out against him and were thrown into the torments which they had formerly experienced, or others of a like nature, the proof was generally considered complete. Tests, like the repetition of the Lord's Prayer, were introduced as corroborative evidence.

Witchcraft is a vanished belief. It lingers among the savage tribes whom Mr. Tylor describes in his "Primitive Culture," vestiges of whose customs he discovers in the most refined civilization. Spiritualism probably does not contain among its tenets the idea of a league between men and devils, by which men are empowered to afflict the objects of their mischievous or malicious dislike. Witches and wizards, with their compacts with the Devil, signed in blood, their midnight convocations, their careering through the air on broomsticks, tortures inflicted by apparitions, *incubi* and *succubi*, have been banished to the realm of fable. Beliefs of this kind, if they are ever found, are taken as proofs, not of orthodox, but of heterodox opinion. Witches and fairies dwell together in dream-land. A doctrine, the denial of which two centuries ago in New England would have been considered proof positive of infidel tendencies, and a long stride towards atheism; a doctrine which the most revered divines identified with a standing or falling Bible; which was commended to favor by the almost concurrent voices of the learned of preceding Christian ages; which bishops and councils had stamped with a solemn approval; on the ground of which death had been inflicted on thousands upon thousands of men and women, especially from the thirteenth century onwards,—this doctrine has now disappeared. It is alien to our consciousness. It is no longer included in the stock of religious beliefs. The first skepticism respecting it was resented and deplored by good men as an evidence of the degeneracy "of the present age,"—that bad "present age which good men in every generation have pronounced worse than any other before it. The first signs of the obsolescence of this ancient belief were observed with dismay by sincerely pious men, who rallied for the defence of the faith, and grasped the ark more tenaciously the more they saw it to be in danger. They hurled their proof-texts—"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live;" they spurned the novel interpretations which made the "witch" to be a mere juggler; they shouted, "Sadducee;" they scattered their sarcasms on the effrontery of the new lights who fancied themselves on a loftier pinnacle than the generations before them. All was in vain. The obsolescent belief soon became obsolete. The eighteenth century smiled at the credulity of the seventeenth; and the nineteenth century does the same. Witchcraft, along with faith in it, has vanished. The devils who helped their human allies to pinch and prick sleep-

ing children, sometimes to poison cattle, and upset milk-pails, have taken their flight. Salem is quiet from the incursions out of Tartarus; it is actually, as well as nominally, a city of peace. Gradually, and yet rapidly, men came to disbelieve what they had before believed. Emancipated from the old tenet, they began to deride it as a weak superstition. Spasmodic efforts to save the decaying doctrine proved useless. Even the potent voice of Wesley fell on listless ears.

How interesting to observe the intellectual changes which pass over society! How curious to mark the steadily flowing currents of opinion, which no efforts avail to arrest! These revolutions often occur almost silently, as daylight fades into evening, or as the night brightens into the dawn.

How shall we account for the vanishing of the belief in witchcraft? Mr. Lecky, in his book on "Rationalism in Europe," is inclined to relegate intellectual changes of this character to the region of mystery. There are occult laws of the intellect, he would imply, which operate with a secret and irresistible energy, but which to a great extent baffle our attempts at analysis. Modifications of a radical sort in the way of looking at things take place, on a broad scale, in human society; and the result is that opinions which had before ruled in the minds of men insensibly relax their hold, and, at length, die out altogether. I do not think that intellectual changes of this nature are so difficult of explanation.

Let us begin by glancing at the causes which terminated the Salem tragedy, and see what help, if any, we can derive from this source for the solution of the problem. These causes are summed up in a contemporary Paper which Cotton Mather interweaves in the "Magnalia." "How doth it appear," it is there asked, "that there was a going too far in this affair?" The first reason given is the number of persons who were accused, which came to be about a hundred. It was unreasonable to suppose that in so intelligent a place, and "in so small a compass of land," so many should so "abominably leap into the devil's lap at once." That is, there were too many witches for the size of the place, and considering the knowledge of the people. Secondly, people of blameless and holy lives were accused. It seemed uncharitable to charge such with having made iniquitous bargains with the devil; "and charity is a Christian duty commended to us." Thirdly, the increase of the number of the afflicted raised a suspicion of some mistake which "gave an advantage to the Accuser of the brethren to make a breach upon us." Fourthly, all that were executed denied their guilt to the last. Some of them were "knowing persons," and had led good lives. Had they been guilty, some at least would have confessed. Fifthly, when the persecution ceased, the afflicted "grew presently well," and the accused were generally quiet. Finally, there were records of like mistakes in other countries. These reasons, it cannot be denied, are just, and creditable to those who were influenced by them to stay their hand. The Mathers came forward with the doctrine that Satan might assume the appearance of an innocent person. The evidence, therefore, from apparitions could not be relied on; nor could the fact that the pains of the accusers were rekindled at the sight of the accused. In other words, it was all a trick of Satan, who, instead of being confederate with the alleged criminals, had deluded the accusers and witnesses. It is a pity that this natural suggestion had not been applied earlier. During the witch trials, it had been brought forward. The following is an extract from the examination of Susannah Martin at Salem (Official Records, p. 201):

"What have you done towards the hurt of these?

I have done nothing.

Why it is you, or your appearance.

I cannot help it.

That may be your master that hurts them.

I desire to lead my life according to the word of God.

Is this according to the word of God?

If I were such a person I would tell you the truth.

How comes your appearance just now to hurt these?

How do I know?

Are you not willing to tell the truth?

I cannot tell. He that appeared in Sam::

[Samuel's] shape, can appear in any one's shape."

The friends and neighbors of John Proctor of Ipswich, in their petition in behalf of him, say (p. 72) that God "sometimes may permit Satan to personate, dissemble, and thereby abuse innocents, and such as do in the fear of God defy the devil and all his works." They refer to the history of Job, and, also, to the abuse he [Satan] does the famous Samuel in Desquieting his silent Dust by Shaddowing [that is, adumbrating] his venerable person in answer to the charms of witchcraft." In the examina- of poor old George Jacobs, he said to the Judges: "I am as innocent as the child born to-night. I have lived thirty-three years here in Salem." The following is a portion of the subsequent dialogue (pp. 256, 257):

"Here are 3 evidences.

You tax me for a wizard, you may as well tax me for a buzzard. I have done no harm.

Is it no harm to afflict these?

I never did it.

But how comes it [the apparition] to be in your appearance?

The Devil can take any likeness.

Not without their consent.

Here old Jacobs, who could not even read, and bluntly said to the judges: "Well! burn me or hang me; I will stand in the truth of Christ; I know nothing of it,"—anticipated the doctrine of the Mathers, which Stoughton and his colleagues did not then accept. The "Great and General Court" of Massachusetts, in the act of October 17, 1711, for the reversal of the attainders of the individuals punished for witchcraft, refer to "the influence and energy of the evil spirits, so great at that time, acting in and upon those who were the principal accusers and witnesses" (Official Record, p. 217). This shows that, twenty years after the tragedy was over, it was the accusers and witnesses who were thought to have been the subjects of Satanic delusion. This same act, also, adverts to the fact that some of the principal accusers and witnesses "in those dark and severe prosecutions" had discovered themselves to be persons of profligate character. In short, the victims who perished are declared innocent, and their death is attributed to mingled delusion and fraud in their accusers.

These explanations, it will be seen, do not dispense with diabolic agency. The transactions at Salem and in the vicinity are attributed to the malignant contrivances of the Devil. But the supposition of a contract by which human beings engage his services for the molestation of others, is dropped. The first and characteristic element in the sin of witchcraft is no longer included in the theory. An important step is thus taken towards a more rational hypothesis. The persons who were imprisoned and hung were not the tools of Satan, but the blameless victims of the infernal devices by which he moved others to accuse them.

Few persons, if any, at the present day, rest in the view which satisfied the Great and General Court of Massachusetts, in 1711. We have to inquire, then, into the causes which have produced the revolution in our belief on this subject.

The first of these general causes is the progress of science, which has created the fixed habit of inquiring for natural causes before reverting to the supposition of præternatural agents. The scientific tendency steadily gained ground in virtue of the manifest success of the scientific method in its practical application to physical and psychological phenomena. The scientific tendency was constantly vindicating itself, and thus commending itself to favor. It thus acquired, so to speak, an increasing momentum. More and more, it sent men in quest of natural causes for phenomena that required to be accounted for. "The law of parsimony," to use the phrase of Sir William Hamilton, was felt to forbid the hypothesis of abnormal and super-terrestrial agents, until the possibilities of explanation by ordinary causes had been exhausted. In striking instances, the preternatural theory was overthrown, and driven from the field, by the palpable experiments and demonstrations of science. Increase Mather, on an occasion when a comet hung in the heavens, proclaimed in a discourse to the

inhabitants of Boston, that it was sent to warn them of impending judgments. He fortified his opinion by a learned recital of cases in which "blazing stars" had been followed by dire judgments from Heaven. This might seem plausible, but ceased to be so when the astronomers had calculated the course of the comet, predicted the time of its reappearance, and brought it within the bounds of law, so that it became, as it were, domesticated in the cosmical system. The first settlers of New England were amazed at the violence of the thunder-storms. They had seen nothing like it in the old country. Cotton Mather, in accordance with a common belief, referred meteorological phenomena of a startling character to the Prince of the power of the air. That was his region, as Neptune of old was thought to have the dominion of the seas. His special animosity against the New Englanders readily explained this hurling of thunderbolts with such unexampled frequency and violence. The blaze and crash of the summer tempest were from the artillery of Satan. When this view had once been adopted, the circumstance that "meeting-houses and ministers' houses" had been struck more often than other buildings, afforded to Mather's mind a strong confirmation of it. But when Franklin and others drew down the lightning upon the string of a kite, and protected "meeting-houses and ministers' houses" by putting rods upon them, the Devil was driven off his ground. Cotton Mather and Benjamin Franklin! What a contrast do these names suggest! Yet Franklin was already twenty-two years old when Mather died. Franklin profited much by Mather's "Essays to do Good;" for Cotton Mather, notwithstanding his superstition and foibles, was a worthy man. But Mather, had he been born later, might have learned much from Franklin, as well as Franklin from Mather.

As the consequence partly of the scientific tendencies of which I have just spoken, far less account is made, by Christian people, of diabolical agency, than was formerly the fact. In the first centuries of the Church, when contemporaneous Jewish theology was potent in its influence, and when even the divinities of the classic mythology were believed to be demons, actually existing and active for mischief, calamities of all sorts, whether they befell individuals or communities, were ascribed to the Devil and his minions. Diseases, tempests, the failure of the crops, and numberless other evils, were attributed to the instrumentality of Satan. When we come down to modern centuries, we find a similar habit of thought. Luther imputed his bodily infirmities to the mischievous agency of the Devil. Even Whitefield, in the eighteenth century, accounts for an attack of colic by laying it to the presence of demons in his bowels. Injuries to men and animals, blighted fields, even trivial accidents in the household, like the breaking of an article of furniture, were not unfrequently charged upon the always present, untiring, invisible emissaries of the Evil One. Under such circumstances, satanic agency was far more a subject of reflection than it can possibly be at present, when Christian people consider that the main, if not exclusive, function of Satan is that of a tempter, whose enticements cannot be distinguished, by mental analysis, from the solicitations of our own propensities. The exclusion of diabolical agency from the field of material phenomena, this great curtailment of the sphere of satanic influence, carries in it an incredulity respecting everything of the nature of witchcraft. This disbelief, then, is part and parcel of that restriction of diabolical influence within a comparatively narrow circle, which results from the increased knowledge of natural law, and from the greater caution and sobriety of judgment with regard to things præternatural, or claiming to be such.

The second general cause of the obsolescence of the belief in witchcraft, was the revolt of humane feeling against the cruel punishments of which that belief was the occasion. The operation of humane emotion in this direction may be illustrated by reference to a like effect in the case of religious persecution. That deviations from othodox opinion should be punished by pains and penalties, to be inflicted by the civil authority upon those whom the Church condemns, was a doctrine which prevailed through the

middle ages. It had come down from the later days of the Roman Empire, when the idea was cherished that uniformity in religion must be effected by coercion. The doctrine that the State is bound to punish and stifle heresy, which had been accepted for a thousand years, was held in full earnest by the Reformers. Calvin, among others, published a book in defence of it. Texts were gathered up from the Old Testament in support of it. If an individual here or there expressed a doubt on this point, he was denounced as a Gallio, an indifferentist. The Protestants, it need not be said, put their doctrine in practice. Yet the severity of Protestant persecution was very much diminished by the silent, yet growing, protest of humane feeling, which, without denying at first the theory of persecution, could not reconcile itself to the infliction of imprisonment and death for wrong opinions. The heart began to be at variance with the head. The suspicion that there must be some mistake in these practices was engendered by the sensibility which was wounded by them. Involuntary sympathy, apart from logic, stimulated inquiry into the rightfulness of proceedings with respect to which the understanding of itself had not suggested a doubt. Inquiry brought light. The limited function of the civil authority, the inability of men to determine the degree of criminality in intellectual error, the dictates of the Golden Rule, the inherent rights of conscience, now revealed themselves in a clearer light. What religious men in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries considered a sacred duty of the magistrate, we now hold to be a grievous crime. In the records of the trials for witchcraft in this country and in England, we can discern occasionally the perplexity of kind-hearted men, who were driven in one direction by a theological error, and in another by the promptings of compassion. Misgivings, having their source in humane emotion, might be smothered by the force of superstition, fortified as it was by a tremendous weight of authority; but they awoke again with increased power. The instincts of the heart were not subdued by the weapons of logic. And here it is that Mr. Lecky, and other writers of the same school, ignore a consideration that deserves to be made prominent. It cannot fairly be questioned that the development of humane feeling, to which the eradication of so many cruelties and abuses is due, springs from the influence of the Gospel. The better apprehension of the spirit of Christ, and the steadily increasing influence of the Christian religion, are certainly principal factors in producing this amelioration of sentiment. The religion of the middle ages was Christianity, but it was not the pure Christianity of the New Testament. The light had to pass through the refracting atmosphere of ignorance and passion. Christianity had been received by uncivilized nations, with the lively imaginations and untamed passions of youth. The Christianity which they received was mingled with superstitions which had attached themselves to it in the decadence of the Roman Empire. But the light was powerful, and by degrees the clouds dispersed under its rays. The Reformation could not, at one stroke, dispel from the human mind errors which had been the growth of ages.

How often do we have occasion to recall the sententious line of Lucretius, relative to the calamities which have had their source in religion:

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!

In the name of religion what cruel deeds have been perpetrated! To what hatred and contention, to what desolating wars, and baleful terrors, religion has given rise! Yet, how shallow is the conclusion of the Epicurean Poet, which some are even now ready to take up! Religion is not, therefore, an evil. It is the chief blessing of man. Let the same sort of reasoning which condemns religion for the distress to which it has given occasion, be applied to any great sentiment of human nature. Of what untold miseries has the passion of love, as between the sexes, been the source! What jealousies, what conflicts, what destruction of life by suicide, or by the hand of another, what varied wretchedness in family life, owe their being to the existence of this element in the soul! Yet who would eradicate it? The consequence of quenching this passion

altogether would be, as every one knows, the annihilation of the social relations on which civilization and human happiness depend. The lesson is plain. What is desirable is the purification, not the destruction, of religion. True religion is love to God and to man. Who doubts that this love is a spring of blessedness to the individual, and to the world of mankind?

George P. Fisher.

COLVIN THE SINNER.

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

CHAPTER I.

JUDGE SEABORN had a creed, and the first article of his creed was,

"The good of the many."

Judge Seaborn inherited his creed, being a descendant of the Regicides. His ancestors believed that the sacrifice of the few, however innocent, was sometimes necessary to secure the good of the many. A very benevolent and comfortable belief to hold in theory. Judge Seaborn was called upon to illustrate the first article of his creed.

The Seaborn estate, sometimes larger, and sometimes smaller, descended reguarly from father to son through several generations. It lay without the heart of the city, and when it came into possession of the present Judge, portion after portion had been sold to meet accumulating demands, till less than one-half the original estate remained. To prevent its further reduction, and to rebuild the family mansion to descend to his children and grandchildren, became an obligation of the first importance. Land enough remained to keep at a desirable distance his fellow-beings of the west, and a wooded hill-side sloped down to a prosy little river that formed his eastern boundary. He replaced the old house on the brow of the hill with an elegant and substantial structure, and under his skillful management the wooded slope to the riverside became a beautiful lawn, where birds sang, and flowers grew, and children played through the long summer days. This came to pass, however, only as the result of unremitting toil, care, anxiety and time. It was years before he succeeded in getting everything to his mind, but at last it was finished and he surveyed his premises with keenest satisfaction. Here he would spend the remainder of his days in honestly earned comfort—here he would die in peace, bequeathing his descendants a handsome inheritance.

About this time a new line of railway was projected, and a charter applied for. Alive to the interests of the city he voted for the charter.

A few months later, as he returned from his office one evening, he discovered a number of suspicious-looking stakes driven in front and rear of his cherished lawn. A party of surveyors with their instruments had been about the premises all day. The Judge grew uneasy, began to reconsider his vote, and taking his hat went out to make inquiries.

They were surveying the route of the new railroad.

But he thought that the route was already laid out? They were to enter the city on the opposite side.

Yes, but the routes first proposed proved upon examination to be impracticable. It was altogether too expensive.

"Well," said the Judge, "it will be altogether too expensive to enter by any such route as they have staked out to-day."

The conflict that ensued is a matter of local history. It was a corporation against an individual with the usual result. Not only did they propose to enter the city in close proximity to Judge Seaborn's secluded residence, but to cross his cherished lawn between the river and his house, and to plant machine shops, car house, round house,

and all the other belongings of an enterprising railroad center, within stone's throw of those delightful east windows where he had planned to pass his leisure hours during the remainder of his days. Across the street, nearly opposite, was to be built the union depot, where bellowing engines and loaded trains would pause and pass at all hours of the day and night.

Judge Seaborn was born with an uncompromising will; his relatives could testify to that fact, and as he grew older he habitually carried his points and executed his plans. Defeat, even in a matter that was not personal, brought a sort of unbearable anguish. Submission was an unlearned lesson, and when a man is past fifty he rarely takes up new studies. Into this fight he threw all his energies of body and mind, and industriously availed himself of all moral and legal rights and evasions. But the corporation was backed by the charter, and the charter was backed by the State. Judge Seaborn succeeded in delaying, but not in avoiding, the inevitable result. He had that morning personally resisted the first man who attempted to put spade into what he persisted in calling *his* land, for he had refused to receive the somewhat more than fair compensation, so far as money goes, which the commission appointed to settle the matter had awarded him, and he had as a consequence a case of assault and battery to settle, and the digging up of his fair lawn went on. It seemed to him that he felt every thrust of the spades as if they were driven into his own body. The lawn he had defended had grown to be himself. It did not occur to him that the first article of his creed, "the good of the many," namely, the railroad company and the traveling public, demanded and secured his sacrifice. The sacrifice might have been borne, but the defeat was unbearable. He entered his house, muttering between set teeth:

"I will not stay here another day. The Seaborn estate shall be sold to the highest bidder."

No one ventured to follow him to the library; the door was locked, and he sat through the day looking over documents, hearing the sound of axes and spades. At night, no answer being made to repeated summons, the door was forced, and there sat the Judge, his hands filled with papers, staring blankly at the wall. He had said that he would not stay there another day, and he had left in a manner quite unexpected to himself. The coroner said that it was "apoplexy." It did not occur to any one to say that it was the first article of his creed, and probably it would have been a serious blunder if it had.

The temporal affairs of the Judge were found to be considerably involved. It costs something to fight a corporation, especially when a man gives not only his money but his whole attention to the fight. Oddly enough, however, the homestead that Judge Seaborn had at last determined to sell must remain a permanent possession. The Judge had himself settled that matter, in a will executed before his conflict with the railroad for the survival of the fittest or the good of the many. In order to make certain that the home upon which he had expended and expressed himself should speak of him to his posterity, he had by a last will and testament bequeathed it to his grandchildren in trust for their children yet in the future. Notwithstanding the carelessness of lawyers in constructing their own wills, this will proved to be invincible. Whatever else was sold—and pretty much everything else belonging to the estate had to be sold—the homestead must remain. The sum allotted by the commissioners for damage to the estate was employed to pay the Judge's debts in the final settlement of his affairs. If the immediate heirs inherited their father's injured feelings, they did not inherit his scruples. One cannot inherit everything. Probably the Judge would have turned in his grave if he had known that his children, with more or less equanimity, accepted the situation and were reasonably happy, notwithstanding the trains and the babel that rose from early dawn till late night from the workshops near at hand. But he was not supposed to know, unless, indeed, the various members of his family who departed this life in quick succession advised him of that fact. A few

years later a widowed daughter, Augusta Seaborn Birge, and her two sons, Colvin and Mitchell Birge, were the only remaining heirs. It is these grandsons with whom we have to deal; grandsons who were benefited or otherwise by having had a grandfather.

It is a puzzling fact that aristocratic parents are prone to give birth to democratic boys. It confuses one's notions of hereditary tendencies, but perhaps it is the appointed way to equipoise the social scale. When Mrs. Birge discovered that Colvin and Mitchell had torn up the heliotropes and geraniums in the small plot of ground confided to their especial cultivation, to make room for a miniature railroad with sticks for ties and strings for rails, she could sympathize with the credulous hen who unwittingly hatched a brood of ducks and saw them take to the water before her very eyes.

"Why, Colvin! how *could* you?" she exclaimed.

"It was easy enough," answered Colvin. "We got hold of the stalks and pulled 'em up. That biggest geranium was a tougher, though; but I went at it with both hands, and Mitch got hold too, and we pulled and pulled, and all at once up it came. Mitch cried a little, and I guess there 's some dirt on the back of my blouse, but it 'll brush off."

Mrs. Birge looked at Colvin with a sort of fearful wonder in her maternal eyes. She had learned a good deal about boys within the past six or eight years, but would they always go on developing and acquiring unexpected and humiliating traits?

"Colvin, don't let me hear you say 'tougher' or 'Mitch' again. Where *did* you learn such things?"

"Well, mamma, I won't if I can help it. Here, Mitch—Mitchell I mean—hurry up and bring your hands full of dirt. This hole must be filled up or the rails won't stay on the ties."

The mother turned to look at the younger son who had succeeded in scooping up with his small hands earth enough to fill his new hat, which he was dragging over the ground by the brim. The sun shone brightly on the brown hair and delicate features of this boy whom she had hoped would be a girl, and who, despite his boyhood, was more girlish than half the girls—gentle, slender, slow and often petulant. The petulance could be attributed to delicate health. He was always getting colds, always falling ill, and must be forever watched and cared for. Colvin, being three years the elder and every inch a man, cared for him like a father, but he expected implicit obedience in return, and Mitchell was not always ready to make returns in that way. It was quite evident that Mitchell had "cried a little" when the big geranium came up, for there were two Saturn-like rings around his eyes, where a flood tide of tears had washed the dirt from his fists and deposited it upon his face. Mrs. Birge could not repress a smile as she looked at the busy little fellow, till she heard Calvin ejaculate as he saw Mitchell's earth-filled hat:

"That 's bully, Mitch! You *can* do some things. Here, fill my hat, and be quick." And he snatched off his own hat, uncovering thick, black hair and a large head.

"Colvin! Colvin!" There was a warning in the tone, and he straightened up with swift, decisive motion, a solidly-built figure set upon two sturdy legs. The eyes that looked in the mother's face were so deep a blue that sometimes they seemed to be quite black; but she knew that the determined little lips could be made to quiver and the deep blue eyes grow bluer still, through the tears that came when the resolute but tender heart was moved by some appeal from herself. She had given up driving that boy, having found an easier and more satisfactory way of managing him. He resumed his upright position so suddenly that a handful of earth flirted up on the skirt of his mother's dress.

"I beg your pardon, mamma," said he glancing at the earth; "but I am in such a hurry. This road must be finished before noon."

"Colvin, I wish to speak with you."

"I know it, mamma; but I 'm in a dreadful hurry. Can't you wait till noon?"

"Look here, my boy, see how much mischief you have done; torn up your pretty flowers and ruined your clothes. Mitchell cannot wear that hat again."

"Oh yes he can, mamma; tip out the dirt and it will be all right;" and he tipped over the hat, careful to deposit the earth exactly where he wanted it, vigorously thumping the crown. But the moist earth would cling to the pretty white braid, and there were marks of soiled fingers around the brim. The little hat was quite spoiled. "I didn't s'pose 't would stick so," said he dubiously. "But"—his face suddenly brightening—"we can have it to cart dirt in all the time now, can't we?"

"No. Give me the hat and come into the house and have your faces washed."

"But can't we come out again? I *must* finish that road."

Mrs. Birge knew that Colvin would be haunted by that unfinished railroad. The only way to get it out of his mind was to let him finish it. As they reached the house she said: "If I make a bargain with you, Colvin, will you keep your side of the bargain?"

"Of course I will."

"Then you may go back and play till noon, if after this you will not build railroads nor pull up the flowers."

Calvin looked sober; that was requiring a good deal. "Not build any more railroads—never?" he asked doubtfully.

"Not build any more railroads. It is not pretty play, and it spoils your clothes."

Suddenly he thought he saw his way out of it, and he said promptly: "I won't build any more railroads *out of dirt*, nor pull up the flowers again."

His mother smiled at the way he managed his side of the bargain, and she felt sure that Colvin was born to be a lawyer and a great statesman. One of his ancestors on the Seaborn side had been a governor of his native state. Probably Colvin would be a governor or a senator, or perhaps President of the United States. At all events she felt lenient towards him; she knew that he would keep his side of the bargain, and the boys were allowed to return to their play. No promise was required of Mitchell.

Mrs. Birge went to her room in a meditative mood. The housemaid knew this from the fact that she was so long ascending the hall stairs. The Seaborn hall was vast and dim, and from the lower landing the stairs seemed to stretch endlessly away. Mrs. Birge was accustomed to do her thinking on these stairs. She required from three minutes to an hour, according to her mood, to reach the upper landing. Bridget stood concealed by the half-closed door, with her eyes fastened on the tall figure robed in black; the inclined head and pale face and the noiselessly moving lips. The slender hand was laid on the balustrade, acting automatically with the slow-moving foot, as with long pauses she ascended stair after stair. The dim light streaming through the stained glass over the outer door fell upon her in *parti* colors. The girl was not given to fancies, but she was a devout Catholic, and somehow from the silence, the vague light and the moving lips, she imagined that Mrs. Birge was saying her prayers. She seemed like a sinner performing a penance, or a saint laboriously climbing to heaven. And as Mrs. Birge went up those stairs several times a day, and some days consumed a considerable portion of her time in that way, the girl believed her mistress to be a very devout woman. If, however, she could have read those moving lips as a deaf mute reads, she would have read, as Mrs. Birge stood with one foot on the second stair:

"Where has Colvin heard that word 'bully'? No mother could have been more careful or solicitous than I have been. My boys were never allowed to play with other children, however well-bred, lest they should learn undesirable words or ways; they were never left to the unwatched care of servants for a single hour; I have devoted myself soul and body to their care and training, and yet here is Colvin, nine years old, talking slang as if it were his vernacular. Could it have come to him as the fructifying principle comes to grain and trees? And if so, how is it to be ejected or neutralized?"

This was one of the many questions to which no scientific or satisfactory answer could be given, and with a sigh she ascended the third stair. Here she reflected:

"Even if it came to him in the air, it

would have remained unfruitful unless it found a congenial soil. That is what troubles me. The Seaborns were never a vulgar people; they would no more use slang than they would eat dirt. But I am told that there was an ancestor on the Birge side, and not so very remote, who was a tin-peddler, having his origin and associations among very common people. Probably he was addicted to slang, though he afterward became a man of means and respectability, and sent his sons to college, and all that. It may be that Colvin has inherited some of that tin-peddler blood. If he has, will it be laid to my charge? I was not aware that such a person had existed till after Colvin was born. It is a solemn thing to be held responsible, not only for my posterity, but for my posterity's ancestry."

A Puritan of the Puritans, Mrs. Birge was accustomed to believe a great deal, and was often weighed down by a sense of responsibility. It was hard work to get up the next stair.

"Now there is that little railroad. How could a descendant of the Seaborns voluntarily build a railroad, and upon his own premises too? If he had an aversion for anything, I should suppose he would have an aversion for railroads. Perhaps I ought to have a high board fence built around the entire premises, but I suppose there would be a knot-hole somewhere, or the boards would shrink and leave cracks that they could see through. Now *I* cannot see through that thick hedge and picket fence, though to be sure I have no disposition to see through, and if Colvin can see through that hedge, he could see through a board fence. At all events, the hedge is sufficient to keep him in and to keep others out."

The satisfaction of that thought enabled her to put another step between the lower landing and herself.

"It is a singular fact that the more I know of boys, the less certain I am of my ability to manage them—in truth the older I grow the less certain I am of anything. I used to have positive convictions—I was tolerably sure that I, Augusta Seaborn Birge, knew some things; but I have had to unlearn pretty much all that ever I learned, and somehow doubts flock in on all sides. It is humiliating and disheartening, especially when so much depends upon me, a widowed mother." Here she fell into a wordless muse, a reaching out of thought beyond all things present that rendered her unconscious of the lapse of time.

The day was growing warm and the boys were getting tired of their new play. Ever and anon soiled hands were drawn across moist faces, till they were tatooed with dirt. Colvin stood with his hands on his hips, contemplating his work, when a surprising sound reached his ears.

"Litta boys! litta boys!"

It was a sweet voice, as musical as the warble of a bird. Mitchell looked up at the sky and Colvin peered into the trees.

"Litta boys! litta boys!"

This time Colvin caught the direction of the sound, and his eyes went straight to the hedge of fir trees, which had been assiduously cultivated till it had become an impassable boundary between the small portion of lawn remaining to the Seaborn estate, and the portion owned and occupied by the railroad company. Only the thick, green hedge was to be seen.

"What is oo doin', litta boys?"

Now the voice seemed to come out of the ground, and Colvin fell on his hands and knees to peer through the narrow spaces between the trunks of the hedge-trees, where for a few inches above the ground there were neither branches nor leaves to prevent his seeing a foot or two beyond the boundary line. Mitchell promptly followed his brother's example.

A pretty picture met their gaze. Close to the ground two little hands grasped two pickets; a small face with starry eyes and dazzling teeth pressed between the pickets. A tuft of bright red curls nodded over the white forehead. But there was no body, only the head and the hands, as if it were a gay little crocus budding and blooming almost before it was out of the earth.

"What is oo doin', litta boys?"

"Building a railroad," answered Colvin without moving his eyes from the bright face. "Building a railroad," echoed Mitchell.

"Does oo know how to build a wail-woad?"

"Yes, but we have n't any cars nor engines."

"Too bad," sympathized the small voice.

Because they could not think of anything else to say, they stared at each other, Colvin and Mitchell on their hands and knees, and the little face pressing closer between the pickets as eager to get through.

Children are never surprised, they always expect whatever happens. It is not until we begin to make plans for ourselves that we learn to be surprised. It did not seem strange to Colvin or Mitchell that a bodiless head with starry eyes should be looking at them. They would never think to ask where it came from or if it had a name. Perhaps they supposed it grew there, as the heliotropes and geraniums grew in their plot of ground. But it did not grow there, it could not keep still long enough to grow anywhere; neither was it a bodiless head, for a very lively little body to which the head was attached lay prone on the ground driving its toes into the sand.

"I wis' I tould dit in ar."

"In here?" asked Calvin.

"Es."

"Come in then."

"I tan't. 'Is teeps me out," pushing against the pickets grasped by the small hands.

"You push the wrong way," said the practical Colvin. If he had been a man he would have added, "that 's just like a woman," but being a boy he crept under the hedge and tried first one picket and then another till suddenly one gave way; the nail at the bottom was rusted, and breaking off allowed the picket to swing loose.

Colvin backed out, keeping his eyes fixed on the head with its tousled red curls pushing through the opening he had made. The shoulders turning sidewise to accommodate themselves to the space, followed the head; and by the time Colvin stood on his feet there rose up beside him a little girl, four years old, bare-headed, with a torn apron and one shoeless foot. She shyly brushed her hair back of her ears, and smoothed her apron, trying to hide the rent made when she crept between the pickets, and not knowing what else to do, for the boys stood speechless, she put her finger in her mouth and dug the heel of her one shoe into the soft turf. Looking at the other foot she said suddenly:

"I los' my soo."

"Where?" demanded Colvin.

"In the frog. I tould n't dit it out."

"In the frog? What 's the frog?"

"Oo don't know what is a frog?"

"No, not a frog that you could lose a shoe in."

"Oo tan't build a wailroad 'en," said the little thing decisively.

"Yes I can," affirmed Colvin, his eyes beginning to flash.

"No oo tan't."

"I say I can. See there:" and he pointed to the finished railroad. The quick eyes went over the strings and the sticks.

"Tain't wight," and she laughed a musical little laugh pleasant to hear. Colvin, however, had no ear for music just then. His face was getting scarlet and he said hotly:

"Yes it is right. You don't know nothing; I am a *great* deal older than you are."

"Tain't wight," she persisted.

There is no telling with any degree of certainty how this first conflict might have ended, for the big boy and the little girl stood eying each other, growing more and more wrathful, and with no sign of compromise on either side, when Mitchell stepped up to the little girl, stuttering in his eagerness:

"Y-you sh-sha'n't contradict, it's wi-wicked and it makes my C-Colvin feel bad."

There was a quick change in the little girl's face; the set lips parted, the belligerent expression vanished, and moving nearer to Colvin she asked softly,

"*Does* oo feel bad?"

Colvin stood on his dignity, too angry to answer. What business had that little thing to say that his railroad was n't right?

Meanwhile the child looked at him earnestly; she began to get anxious; she wanted him to say something. There was fight enough in her; she relished opposition; but then, if he felt *bad*, why it was a tender little

heart that could n't endure to have any one feel bad. She crept nearer, with entreating eyes, and stretching up her mite of a hand till it softly touched his cheek, she whispered:

"I shorway; I wont do so again."

A precedent was established.

Colvin could n't hold out against those eyes, and especially against the touch of that baby hand. She saw him yielding; the small face beamed and she said briskly:

"Oor wailwoad *is* wight, only oo has n't dot any frog. I sho' oo how to make a frog."

A frog was just the thing that he wanted to know how to make, but he would not own up. It was absurd that so small a thing should know more than he knew, and he said magnanimously:

"No matter about *me*. I have time enough, but *you* can make a frog if you want to."

This seedling—this embryo woman—wanted to show how much she knew; she was eager to have the boys, especially Colvin, think well of her. Mitchell helped her to find more sticks and strings, while Colvin stood fanning himself with his hat, and she made a frog, joining it to one of the rails of Colvin's track, explaining as well as she could, that a frog was, in railroad parlance, a strip of steel like a long letter V, connecting two converging rails when it was desirable to merge two tracks into one, or *vice versa;* the result being two tracks springing from one track, without the bother of a switch.

"But how could you lose your shoe in the frog?" asked Colvin, forgetting his caution in the interest with which he followed her illustration.

"Why oo see the heel of my sou dot wight inside the frog," said she putting her small finger where the inner converging lines of the V intersected each other.

"In the joint of the frog," corrected Colvin, for he began to understand.

"Es, and I tould n't dit it out."

"Is it there now?"

"Es."

"What are you going to do? When the train comes along, it will run over your shoe."

"Es," and feeling that he was about to blame her, she tried to divert his attention by telling about switches and Mike the switchman, who had a most wonderful switch-house just the other side of the hedge, when suddenly a distressed voice was heard in the distance calling:

"Cicily, Cicily, where are you? That child is certainly run over and killed. What shall I do?"

O! O! I fordot, and she's woked up," exclaimed the little girl in consternation, and dropping a handful of sticks she dove under the hedge, pried herself out between the pickets and was gone.

Mrs. Birge had not reached the upper landing. She was only about half way up the stairs. She had one of her dull headaches and could not think clearly; for that reason she was longer than usual. The little visitor had come and gone, while this vigilant mother was on the stairs thinking of her boys, and her thoughts ran into a meditation that was more an unuttered prayer than anything else. If she had known exactly what had occurred, she would have said:

"'While the men slept, the enemy came and sowed tares and went his way,'" for she had an appropriate text for almost every occasion, or she might have asked, "What have I done that Eve should enter my Eden, bringing an 'estate of sin and misery?'" But fortunately she did not know, and if she could have known, she would not have understood.

LAST DAYS.

The long brown beach lies sleeping in the sun,
  The hot white noon leans idly to the bay,
Cloud upon folded cloud, above my head,
  Opens the blossom of the perfect day.

There is a color like a living soul
  Upon the half-revealed but half-veiled sky;
Glad to sad eyes, reclines the flushed, full tide,
  Celestial body that shall never die.

My prayers look out like orphans through their tears;
  My heart cries out, Oh life! Oh life! for thee.
But One across the water draweth nigh,
  Too kind and so too dumb to answer me.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE A HARD TIME.

My neighbor Duncan is usually in the best of spirits. He has good health, a happy home, a steady income that is sufficient for his modest tastes, and that instinct for helpfulness which gives the sweetest of flavors to one's daily intercourse with his fellows. The other evening I dropped in upon him for a chat. He was sitting alone in his little box of a library, an open letter on the table beside him, and an expression on his face that was sadder than it often wears.

"What 's the matter?" I said bluntly, as we shook hands—I was taken so unawares by this change in his usual cheery manner, while the memory of the face he wore the day his little boy was drowned flashed back upon me.

"Oh, nothing," he answered, with a half laugh; "I've been meditating on the management of the universe, and that 's deep water to wade into, you know!"

We chatted a little about the latest news, and one or two neighborhood matters, and he came back to the track of thought from which my entrance had switched him off. "I had a letter to-day," he said, "from a cousin from whom I had not heard before for two or three years. We were neighbors and playmates in boyhood, but while he was in his teens he struck out for the West, and I have seen him only once or twice since. I knew he had not been very prosperous, but I did n't know what straits he was in. His life seems to have been just a succession of misfortunes. First the ague laid hold of him and shook his strength out of him every summer. One year his team was stolen, and another his cow fell sick and died. What with sickness and failures in crops he finally got so deeply in debt that his little farm was sold under foreclosure. Then his youngest boy met with an accident that has left him a cripple for life and rolled up a big doctor's bill. And now his wife, who had been taking in washing so as to buy shoes and books that she might keep the children in school, is ill, and the poor fellow is utterly discouraged. It would make your heart ache to read his letter. It set me to thinking, as I sat here alone, what a sorrowful and bitter experience life has been to so many people whom I have known.

"There 's Mrs. Rumsey, out on Meadow street; a kitten has as much care as she had in her girlhood. But what a heart-breaking life she has led since then. You know the panic came on just after her husband's death and swept away every penny of her property. And with those four children clinging to her skirts she has had a steady death grapple with the wolf at the door ever since. I suppose none of the neighbors know how often she goes without her supper because they have so little to eat, and how often the children are sent to bed at dark to keep them warm because they cannot afford to have a fire.

"And there 's poor, bed-ridden Mrs. Foote. It 's seventeen years since that woman has stepped out of her room or stood on her

feet. Her oldest boy died at Andersonville. Her only girl is in the Asylum for Imbeciles. They are too poor to keep hired help and her husband does his own housework. He lives so far from the factory that after he leaves in the morning he cannot return till evening, so he sets a cup of cold tea and a slice of cold toast on the stand at the head of her bed for her dinner, and she sees no one till he comes back at night, unless some neighbor drops in for a few minutes. And I 'm afraid the neighbors are so busy with their own affairs and so used to the thought of her misfortune that they do not call on her very often. Think of wearing out day after day in that way for such an eternity of pain and inactivity as seventeen years!

"And then there 's Whipple, who has failed in every business undertaking he ever entered upon. He has tried to do his best, but I don't think he ever had a single taste of success in anything. He lacks the faculty for getting along, and I don't suppose he is any more to blame for it than a man is for having been born without arms or with club feet. He seems to have settled down lately into a sort of hopeless conviction of his own incompetency—about as bitter an experience, I think, as can come to a man who is as sensitive as Whipple is."

"Nevertheless," said I, as he paused a moment, "are not such experiences as these quite exceptional? Do not most of the people whom you and I know live very comfortable lives after all?"

"We are apt to think so," he answered, "so long as we are plodding along comfortably ourselves. But I think one who is at all sensitive to the suffering of others must often be weighed down by the misery and sorrow all around him. Some glimpse into the private life of a neighbor shows us troubles that we never suspected, and gives us a hint of how much pain there is that is never published. How many parents are worried night and day by the sin and crime of children who have not followed their teachings; how many victims there are of hasty or ill-assorted marriages, from whose lives the sweetest flavor and deepest joy are gone beyond recovery; how many little children are left motherless, with a life-long sense of loss, even though their own years number three-score and ten; how many homes there are from which death has snatched every child, or into which the little ones so longed for have never come; how many people are laid aside in hopeless invalidism from all the beneficent activities of life; how many widowed ones there are before whom stretch years of unutterable loneliness; what wide-spread suffering follows, for many years, the shipwreck of a single bank, or the visit of the yellow fever to a single city; what a great sea of sorrow surges, year in and out, all around us, swallowing up so much comfort, and courage, and even confidence in God! On some lives troubles come in dreadful succession, year after year—a steady pounding as of the great hammer of Fate. And in the long run the happiest have no exemption. Trouble is on the track of every one of us, and sooner or later it hunts us down. It seems sometimes as if the loving, tender heart of God himself would break over the misery of the world he has made. The thought of Christ's sensitive sympathy with human suffering gives a new significance to the description of him as a 'man of sorrows.'"

He paused here. But he was full of the subject, and I was glad to draw him out by a question now and then on the explanations and compensations of these darker aspects of life. I will not try to report the hour's talk—but will only tie together a cluster of my friend's suggestions, selecting two or three that interested me most.

1. From our low outlook in this life we cannot expect to take in the scope, and relations, and significance of these earthly experiences. We know it is not fair to sit in judgment on human work—a house, a picture, a machine—when it is but half finished. God's work with men is not finished here. This life is only a breath in eternal existence. The failures, the trials, the discouragements of the school room are real sorrows in child life, and the mother sympathizes with them. But she knows how trifling they are, and how trifling they will seem, in the light of the larger life for which they are a preparation and to which they will so soon give place. She does not

suffer them to command her interference or disturb her wise plans. So, I think, God—the pitiful, the tender, the omnipotent Father—is undisturbed, is happy, while this unceasing wail from earth rises to His ears. He sees the end from the beginning. Somehow, in the alchemy of His beneficent Providence He will bring good out of it all—out of the hardest and the worst of it. A private soldier, fighting in one of Napoleon's battles, sees the enemy's artillery mowing swaths through a regiment that is not allowed to return a shot, sees a cavalry detachment ordered to charge a position they cannot hope to carry, sees supports withdrawn from a point in the line which the enemy is pressing harder than it can bear. In the dust, and smoke, and noise of his narrow outlook he sees only confusion, cross purposes and repulses. The lives of the best soldiers seem to be thrown away. But Napoleon is making no such mistakes. In these feints and retreats and seeming miscarriages he is working out his plan of battle. Yet the private soldier can criticize Napoleon's generalship much better than we can unriddle God's providence. They would not be God's ways if we could understand them.

2. As a matter of philosophy we do see that the hard experiences of life have their uses. Walking amid so many dangers, we learn the sense of responsibility, we attain the manly qualities of courage, self-care, attention, as we otherwise could not. Without them life would drop into dull, dozing self-indulgence. With no need of the shelter and safeguards of these dear homes, society would become a homeless herd. And we never do our best except under some compulsion. Most men need yelping, open-mouthed hunger at their heels to drive them on. The heroic force in character, its manliest quality, comes out only in struggle. The widow, with her slaving days and sleepless nights, as she tries to feed, and clothe, and school, and keep together her little children, has a hard lot—only God and she know its hardship and sorrow. But in this sacrament and crucible of suffering there is likely to be the making of her children—something for which they will be thankful to their latest years of Christian usefulness. Then, too, there would be no place for the sweet graces of charity and sympathy if there were no pain, no poverty, no lack in human life. How would the best flavor be lost from life without them! Bereavement and sorrow, also, send us home to God, like scared or hurt children to the mother's knee and enfolding love. They bring the other world nearer; and there is nothing we need so much as the apprehension of heavenly things and the sense of God. We can afford to pay any price for that. Heaven would be nothing to us if we had heaven on earth. Surely we are better—or ought to be—for being tamed, and checked, and caged somewhat by these hardships, and rebuffs, and limitations.

3. One who is not living a godly life is out of gear with God's world, at the best. In the very nature of the case things must go wrong with him, must be blind and mysterious to him. The beneficent becomes baleful. The place for the locomotive is on the track. When its wheels leave the rails even gravitation turns against it, and disaster follows through the same laws that had before wrought for its safety and efficiency.

But, 4, it is profoundly true, as no impenitent soul can at all understand, that he that doeth God's will shall know of his doctrine and of his dealings as the unbeliever cannot, and where he cannot understand he can wait, content with the divine assurance that what he knows not now he shall know hereafter. At least this is evident—that God in His thought for us does not set such store on health, and creature comforts, and the fellowship of friends as we are apt to. We may exaggerate their value. It is not what we have or where we are, but what we are that is of supreme consequence in his sight. We are not here simply to have a good time. We are here to perfect character, and every loss, every defeat, every distress, ripens and ennobles character when met with a Christian spirit. No matter how mysterious God's dealings with his children, all things *do* work together for their good. How much that thought in-

volves! Nothing can happen to a Christian from which he may not snatch a blessing. His own mistakes are lessons in better living; the slights, and suspicions and slanders of others are God's call to a higher level of life, whose peace such arrows cannot reach or disturb; his bereavements qualify him to comfort others with the comfort wherewith he has been comforted of God. What a wonderful alchemy it is!

5. No matter how the problems of life may sometimes oppress us; no matter how inexplicable all this woe and agony in God's world may appear; no matter how impossible it may seem to justify God's ways to men—as if we puny folk could expect to do that!—one thing yet remains to us; to *do* the best we can. To be pure, to be helpful, to be just, to be righteous, is in any event the one thing to live for. As Charles Kingsly wrote to his young curate, just after "Essays and Reviews" appeared, "Do what is right the best way you can, and wait to the end to know." No better prescription for doubt was ever written. Anyhow, everywhere, always; in the darkest hour, in the sorest distress, in the thickest mystery, this supreme duty and privilege is still ours—to do the best we know how.

J. B. T. Marsh.

SOCIALISM IN GERMANY AND RUSSIA.

The startling career of that spirit of dissatisfaction with what is, of a frantic desire for radical social and political change, which bears the designation sometimes of "Socialism," sometimes of "Communism," sometimes—as in Russia—of "Nihilism," once more proves the old truth that extremes beget extremes. The most remarkable and suggestive fact of that career is, that socialism only thrives and grows vigorous and formidable where there exists a real grievance. Oppression, despotic laws and proceedings, government with little or no reference to the will of the governed, burdensome taxation to which the masses have not assented, violent conscription for wars in which the people have but a remote and often merely sentimental interest; these are the nourishment upon which Socialism feeds, and by which it becomes stalwart. Socialism is an eager, though often blind and wayward protest against real evils. By pointing to these, it gains adherents right and left; and by proposing to abolish them, in some vague way to be sure, difficult to discover, much more to define, it draws to its organization multitudes of the oppressed.

Illustrations of this fact are not far to seek. In the United States there are few and slight grievances for Socialism to feed upon. Men do pretty much as they please. The sober and industrious generally find work. There are no standing army, no gigantic armaments, no crushing war budgets, no greed of conquest. The laws bear very equally upon all. What is one man's right is another's. Every man has his full chance. Therefore, we find that the attempt of Socialism to take root upon our soil is vain. There has been a flurry of Socialism among us; but see how speedily it is vanishing, how feeble have been its essays, how fleeting its power to disturb our composure!

A still more striking example of this is found in the recent history of France; it is an example presenting a very clear cut and sharply defined contrast. France was the very birth-place of Socialism. It was French writers like Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, who first indoctrinated the people with the ideas now known as Socialistic. It was French writers like St. Simon and Prudhomme, and agitators like Marat, who first sought to induce the people to seek to put these Socialistic ideas into prosaic practice. It was in France, indeed, that Socialism did actually attempt to found a polity, first in the first, again in the third Revolution. It was in France that Communism, the logical

outgrowth of the doctrines of Voltaire, developed by St. Simou, waxed so strong as to seize and hold Paris, set up a government there, and for months to hold the capital against the combined force and opinion of the country.

Eight years have elapsed since the tragedy of the lurid aud bloody rule of the Commune in Paris. The Empire gave way to a provisional government ruled by monarchists; the government ruled by monarchists has now given way to a moderate, genuine and orderly Republic. What made Socialism strong in the days of Louis Phillippe, what made Communism strong in the days of Napoleon III., was the fact that the people had palpable grievances and suffered palpable oppression; and these were the frantic and fanatical and desperate media by which they sought to abolish the grievances, and to throw off the oppression. Now what do we witness under the moderate Republic? Every Frenchman has become the equal of every other. The exasperating restrictions upon freedom of the press and of meeting have been to a large degree removed. The ballot is sacred, and protected to all. The will of France is truly reflected in the legislature. The President, a monarchist, submits to that will and subdues his own. The grievances of the Empire have pretty much vanished. There is, in short, genuine republican liberty in France. And what has been the effect of this change on Socialism? It has scotched it, and Socialism is dying. Well-ordered liberty is its vermifuge. It is fatal to it. It starves it to death for want of its necessary sustenance. So completely, indeed, has Socialism become powerless in France that Rochefort's incendiary articles, freely printed, are treated with a wise and safe contempt by the government. M. de Marcine, the able and honest Republican Minister of the Interior, declared in a recent speech, that "there is no nation where false and pernicious doctrines touching the organization of society find less echo and less favor than in France."

This experience of France, and that of America, are supplemented by the experience also of free England. Agitation, even the most violent and radical, finds free vent in our mother country; the wildest talk there falls harmless. England is strong enough and free enough even to allow Irish politicians to talk freely about a separate Parliament, and a severance of the Union. The Socialist finds it hard in Eugland to discover anything to complain seriously about; he cannot charge the government with being oppressive, or that the rights of Englishmen are unequal. Every English peasant or proletary feels himself free, and is indiguant at any suggestion that he is otherwise. In tolerably free Italy and tolerably free Spaiu, the Socialism that not long ago gravely threatened the Savoy and Bourbou dynasties is no longer formidable. The Intransigentes of Spain, who very nearly accomplished a successful revolution in the peninsula within ten years, are no longer heard of, and perhaps do not even exist. The Italian Socialists find that even the great name of Garibaldi is no longer potent to conjure with. Constitutional freedom, established in good faith, has scared away these skeletons in the closets of the nations.

There remain two great and mighty countries where Socialism and Nihilism are at this moment terrible facts; where their growth has been rapid, and is still rapidly going on; where they have become so formidable that they engage the profoundest contemplations of the most able statesmen, call forth the extraordinary powers of governments already despotic, and where they actually and seriously threaten thrones that have stood solid through the storms and vicissitudes of centuries. Socialism, retreating as fast as the light of freedom has spread over western and southern Europe, withering before its warmth as Mephistopheles withers before the upturned cross which the soldiers in the opera make out of the handles of their swords, has retreated to the congenial regions where warlike ambition imposes taxes and conscriptions; where the people are the servants of autocratic will and have no escape from it, and where there is no outlet except in secret conspiracy and midnight combination for the disaffection which has spread wider, year by year, through the suffering masses.

German Socialism in its active political

phase has not yet had twenty years of existence; to-day, it is believed that the Socialists in Kaiser William's dominions, number at least one twenty-fifth of the entire adult male population. The founder of this militant Socialism was one of the most brilliant men and one of the strongest characters that Germany has produced within the present century. Ferdinand Lassalle was at once a philosopher and a fanatic. In the German mind alone are these apparently inconsistent traits often found closely united. To be learned and a radical is essentially a Teutonic *rôle*. Enthusiasm and logic go together in many German brains. Lassalle, who died fourteen years ago at the age of thirty-nine, would, if he were still living, be only fifty-three. Very early in life he betrayed the unmistakable signs of genius. He was ardent alike in study and in action. Alexander Von Humboldt, who knew him, called him "the miraculous child;" Heine declared that he gave promise of a dazzling career; and within a few months past Prince Bismarck himself, in the very act of denouncing Socialism, paid a tribute to Lassalle's intellectual vigor and to the charm of his character and conversation. Lassalle at thirty was a man of learning. He wrote a treatise on Heraclius which has been pronounced by a hostile English critic, "a work of vast research and penetrating thought." The philosophical and studious part of his unique career comprised the earlier half of his adult life. When he was thirty-seven he appeared in a new character. He began to agitate with socialistic ideas. He harangued meetings of the laboring classes; he wrote a pamphlet that he called "the workingman's programme;" he incited a mob to riot, was arrested, and imprisoned for a month. This only added fire to the flame of his destructive zeal. Other pamphlets flowed from him urging the workingmen to combine, and demanding that the state should supply laboring associations with capital upon which to work.

Lassalle himself was rich, an orator, young, prepossessing in appearance, a refined and profound scholar, a man of most winning manners. He went from place to place—from Leipsic to Frankfort, from Frankfort to Mayence and Coblentz, a new Peter the Hermit, preaching a proletarial crusade. Everywhere he was received with an enthusiasm that astonished and alarmed the government. He vehemently assailed the rich and titled, and grew hotter in his zeal and more bitter in his assaults the further he went. His career came to a sudden and tragic end. He was killed in a duel in 1864, at the age of thirty-nine. But he had planted a vigorous seed, which sprouted, grew and budded rapidly. He was, without question, the founder of Socialism in Germany.

But compared with the chiefs who succeeded him, Lassalle was moderate and orderly. He had not advocated revolution and bloodshed; nor had he gone the length of proposing an equal division of property, the abolition of marriage and the obliteration of the Church. Karl Marx, a far more violent fanatic, rose to carry the doctrines of Socialism to these extremes, and to leave Lassalle's ideas and party far behind. For a while there was a division in the ranks of the German Socialists, one party remaining true to Lassalle's comparatively moderate ideas, the other as eagerly embracing those of Marx. The latter, however, finally prevailed over the whole body. Three years ago the Socialists all combined in one organization; its radical wing impressing and imposing its programme upon the rest. This programme is, a complete reorganization of society; "all wealth is to be appropriated for the benefit of the working class; no man in the state of the future is to possess more than he personally acquires in conjunction with other members of properly formed associations." The revolutionary maxims of the Frenchman Prudhomme, "*La propriété, c'est la vol*," is fully adopted, with all that it implies, by the German Socialist. German Socialism, though it began with Lassalle in the last decade, did not assume really formidable proportions until after the Franco-German war of 1870–71. Before that memorable event it had been rather a dream of philosophers and thinkers than a practical purpose aimed at by masses of men. There were trades unions and laborers' associations of one kind and another in the larger

places and industrial centers; but these had not yet gone further than the principle of combination for strikes and mutual aid in time of distress. After the French war, the whole character of the movement changed. It became revolutionary and concrete. Socialistic ideas worked from philosophers, professors, university students, downward among the toiling masses. Secret societies were formed throughout Germany for the avowed object of overturning the existing social and political condition of things. In these, not only extreme, but bloody doctrines were preached. Added to this powerful agency were the newspapers, which sprang up here and there to openly avow and preach Socialistic doctrines. Socialistic candidates for the German Parliament boldly presented themselves to the electors, and some of them were actually chosen. A Socialist party, led by able and courageous men, made its appearance at Berlin, a "Mountain" sitting under the very shadow of the new Empire. And finally, we witness two deliberate attempts made upon the life of the venerable Emperor; one by a rude man of the people ignorant, loud, desperate and cynical—Hödel; the other, by a quiet, cool, scholarly man of science—Nöbiling; both Socialists to the core, and obeying the extreme and desperate law to which the later doctrines of Socialism inevitably lead.

The German Socialists now number, as has been said, one twenty-fifth of all grown Germans; or something like half a million of the Emperor's subjects. Prince Bismarck stated his belief, in the recent debate on the bill to suppress Socialism, that in Berlin alone there are at least sixty thousand Socialists. Forty-one newspapers are published in the Empire devoted to their ideas, and their subscribers number nearly two hundred thousand. Of the German Socialists, no less than ninety-five per cent. are workingmen; the rest are professors, students, speculative rather than practical Socialists; though the instance of Nöbiling shows that in the latter class are some men who are ready, at the risk of life itself, to assert their doctrines by dastardly deeds. Of course there are very many men included in the swelling ranks of Socialism who abhor assassination, and who stop far short of bloodshed as a remedy for the ills from which they suffer. They all believe themselves oppressed; all seek for effectual means to get rid of this oppression. They do not, however, all believe in attaining this end by violent means. The more moderate rather aim to procure a radical change in the laws by the legitimate methods of agitation and legislation. Yet the more extreme Socialists are the more powerful. The Jacobin element overtops and swamps the Girondin; and the revolutionary spirit is that which, after all, gives its vim and force to this remarkable movement.

The reasons why Socialism has grown thus rapidly and become thus formidable are not very far to seek. The German laborer is usually a thoughtful and intelligent man. He cogitates upon the effect of institutions and laws, and upon their bearing on his own situation. He sees himself invested with only two rights in the exercise of which he is the equal of the higher classes. One of these is the right to vote at parliamentary elections; the other, the right, which as often as not he would be quite willing to waive, of serving in the Imperial armies for a certain period. But this is a right that he is forced to exercise, being a prescribed duty also, from which he cannot escape. On the other hand, he finds and feels that he is grievously taxed by a government that does not help him, to support an army which he is very much inclined to regard as his natural enemy, and for a brilliant and luxurious court which perpetually obtrudes upon him the contrast between its lavish splendors and his own poverty. "Every private carriage," says a recent English writer, describing the disaffected German proletary, "that he sees rolling swiftly along the streets, every well-dressed man and woman he meets, obviously in the enjoyment of mundane good things, he regards as a wrong done him by society as at present constituted; and he burns with a desire to upset arrangements and annihilate institutions which plainly result in his exclusion from every material advantage that makes up comfort and happiness in this life."

And this life in which he has so hard a lot

unhappily seems to the Socialist workingman of Germany all there is worth striving for. The immense majority of this class have no religious belief. They either doubt whether there is a future existence, or are convinced that there is none. Atheism is taught by the Socialistic newspapers and orators. The faith of the workingman, therefore, his aims and hopes, his strivings and struggles, his alliances and hatreds, are confined to the bettering of himself and his during this life. He seeks material well-being, physical comfort; and, having no concern about future punishment, and but a vague conception of the moral distinctions of things, he is ready to accept and use those means that are likely to prove effectual, to attain a more satisfactory worldly position. Socialism in Germany is thus seen to be the very creed of despair; but it derives its sustenance from the repression, the tyranny, the favoritism and the ambition of the government. Never could responsibility be more directly and clearly traced than that of the German Empire for this giant evil which threatens its existence.

That Socialism is a present, serious, and increasing peril to the German Empire, is attested by the arbitrary measures which have just been taken to suppress it. Immediately after the attempt on the Emperor's life, Prince Bismarck introduced a "Repressive Bill" into the Reichstag. This bill, by a combination between the Liberals and Socialists, was rejected. The Chancellor at once dissolved the body, and ordered new elections. The new Reichstag met; the Repressive Bill was once more introduced, and after some amendments has at last become a law. See how stringent the German Government thinks it necessary to be, in order to put down this organized rebellion against the State. Power is given to the police to dissolve, without warning, all secret organizations suspected of being connected with Socialism; and the property of their members may become confiscated, without trial by jury, and "distributed among the poor." In the discretion of the police, any Socialist speaker or writer, and even anyone who lets apartments for Socialist meetings, may be summarily imprisoned, or fined, or both. Newspapers, after one warning, may be suppressed. The keepers of bookstores or libraries, who keep Socialistic books or pamphlets, may be treated with equal abruptness and severity. A man suspected of being a Socialist may be banished from the district where he dwells; and foreign Socialists are to be conducted without ceremony beyond the frontier. The only two modifications which the Liberals could compel Bismarck to accept were, that newspapers should be once warned, before being doomed to extinction; and that the operation of the law should be limited to two and a half years.

As Wendell Phillips once said of the attempts to put down the abolition propaganda, this measure is simply "guarding a powder magazine with a lighted torch." Only when the German Government begins at the other end, by giving the people real liberty, by disarming, by reducing taxation, by permitting emigration to flow free, and by reforms which will transform Germany into a constitutional polity, will it strike at the true causes of Socialism, and probe the disease in its seat and center. If we mistake not, the Repressive Bill is a blunder. It will breed, not stifle, Socialism. It will drive it into greater secresy, and more desperate resolves. Already there are abundant signs that the Socialists, far from being dismayed or overawed, are more resolved than ever to pursue their agitations and proselytism. The lighted torch is much too near the powder magazine; and may, at an unsuspected moment, kindle an explosion fatal to monarchy in the Fatherland.

Nihilism in Russia is all the more dark, secret, and dangerous than Socialism in Germany, as the government of Russia is more despotic, autocratic, extravagant, and corrupt than is that of Germany. There is still another and potent reason why Nihilism should flourish with a yet ranker growth in the Czar's dominions, than that of Socialism in the Fatherland. It has recently been shown by Mr. Wallace, a very able writer on Russia, that the commune—economic life *in common*—is the basis of the rural organism throughout the Empire. Taxes are levied, not on the individual, but on the ru-

ral district, or village; the community makes contracts for work on behalf of its laborers; the village, in some sort, owns the land that the peasant and the freedman serf till. The idea of the *tribe*, of the holding of all property for the common good, is familiar to the "moujik." Here, then, is a most congenial soil for the seed of Socialism; and added to it are two other grounds of propagation. The Russians, both educated and ignorant, both high class and low class, have been latterly drifting fast from their ancient creed into outright materialism: opinion and faith are passing through an era of revolutionary change. Again, when the Socialist agitator points to the grinding taxation, to the wide-spread corruption in the government, to the despotic will of the Czar, often cruelly and relentlessly exercised, to the wholesale conscription, he makes an appeal to a population, almost every individual of which is, or has at some time been, a direct sufferer from these evils.

From these, and other less conspicuous causes, there has rapidly spread in recent years a dangerous element of Socialistic ideas, blank atheism, and radical democracy. This element, moreover, is very far from being confined to the lower strata of the Czar's subjects. Not long ago, a plot was unearthed, implicating dukes, princesses, bankers, merchants, scholars, and even government officials, in a conspiracy directed against the throne. Another discovery made by the police, within two years, was yet more startling. A peasant reported the existence of a formidable organization, which was busily engaged in spreading incendiary pamphlets among the laboring classes, and produced some of these pamphlets as a proof of the tale he unfolded. An investigation brought to light the fact that a number of young men and women, educated and of good birth, had gone to work in the factories, for the sole purpose of mingling with the operatives, and disseminating seditious papers. Their arrest revealed the existence of a secret organization, with its center at Moscow, and branches in various other large towns. In one instance, the police found three young men and four girls living in a single room together, cooking their own food, and waiting upon themselves, and who yet proved to be of gentle blood and highly intelligent. They were operatives in the factory. In their closet was found a mass of printed treason, forged passports, all the paraphernalia of conspiracy. Forty-seven members of this society were arrested and condemned; and among them were eleven nobles, seven sons of priests, and local officials, farmers, and peasants. Fifteen were women, and of these a majority were under twenty-two years of age. Some of them were young ladies of family, lovely in person, refined in manner, accomplished in feminine arts.

This society was undoubtedly a section of the great Nihilist organization, which is stated, at this moment, to comprise at least *three millions* of Russian subjects. Its character and purposes may be judged from the rules found by the police. According to these, the members were absolutely equal; mutually responsible; and must have entire confidence in each other and in the society. They were sworn to devote themselves exclusively to the purposes of revolution; to be ready to sever every tie of blood or friendship in the cause; to sacrifice self, and keep secrets; and to submit blindly to every command of the organization. Each member held office in turn, and for a month only; there was no official superiority. The aim of the conspiracy was to destroy society as it is, and replace it by a social form in which there should be no private property, and no distinction of class or wealth. The means by which these objects were to be obtained were, by circulating Socialistic pamphlets, by talking with the artisans and peasants, by stirring up discontent, by forming cabals, by founding funds and libraries; and by constant and persistent agitation. It may be added, that assassination undoubtedly finds a place among the methods by which the Nihilist hopes to achieve his revolutionary ends.

Within the past two years, and since the startling discovery which first awoke the Russian Government to a consciousness of the formidable extent and purposes of Nihilism, many further evidences of its strength, rapid growth, and fanatical in-

tents have been betrayed. An English correspondent not long ago wrote from St. Petersburg to a London paper: "Many persons in the highest circles do not hesitate, in select company, to express their sympathy with political exiles and criminals. Concerts are given for the benefit of the families of Siberian convicts; and the wives of high officials are known to be sympathizers with the democratic conspiracy." That this conspiracy is in deadly earnest, may be judged from the assassinations which, within a year, have demonstrated their presence and their resolve. General Trepoff, Prefect of the Imperial police, was shot down in his own office by a handsome and elegant young woman, Vera Sussalitch, and died within twenty-four hours. Vera Sussalitch was tried by a jury, several of whom were government officials, and she was *acquitted*. No fact could be more significant or more startling. Later, another high officer of police, as he was taking his morning walk in St. Petersburg, was approached by two men, one of whom stabbed and killed him without a word. Both escaped and have not been found. There is no sort of doubt that they were Nihilists. To-day the Czar of Russia is afraid to go abroad unattended by a numerous force, in the streets of his own capitol. He is literally in perpetual danger from the pistol and the dagger of the Nihilist. Not long ago, it transpired that in Switzerland there existed a society of no less than two hundred Russian female students, ardently devoted and giving all their time and energies to the cause of revolution. "A tradesman named Voinoralski," says an English account, "of Penza, who was the natural son of a Russian princess, and happened to be very wealthy, devoted his large pecuniary resources to the aid of the societies, and organized an extensive staff of traveling propagandists; who, disguised as nuns, doctors, tutors, factory girls, mountebanks and what not, traversed the Empire from end to end; circulating incendiary pamphlets, and assuring the people that if they would combine to massacre the upper classes, and to sieze their property, they might live in ease and luxury on the plunder."

The discovery of Voinoralski's operations resulted in the arrest of no less than two hundred persons. An analysis of these two hundred is most suggestive. There were sixty gentlemen and twenty-two ladies of rank, some of title, all "belonging to the aristocracy;" four army officers; thirty-one sons of priests; ten merchants; twenty-three shop-keepers; seventeen peasants; four Germans. They were kept in prison two years without a trial. Then justice took cognizance of their existence, arraigned them, judged them, and sentenced the entire body to perpetual exile amid the desolate wastes of Siberia.

If in Berlin there are sixty thousand Socialists, there are, without a doubt, one hundred thousand Nihilists in St. Petersburg.

The methods employed by the Russian autocracy to suspress this wide-spread infection of conspiracy against the State, are far more brief and peremptory than those of Germany. The offenders are simply consigned to the mercies of martial law. The Czar has no parliament to hamper his action, and for public opinion the Winter Palace has a lofty contempt. That, however, the government is no longer willing to entrust the trial of prisoners, as in the case of Vera Sussalitch, to a jury, even a jury packed by men of property and officials of the administration, shows how rapidly, in its estimation, Nihilism has grown formidable. Nihilist prisoners are now taken before what are simply and virtually courts martial. They are tried in secret, and as often as not the public, including their relatives, never know what their sentence is, or what has become their fate. It is but too probable that the destination of those who every week mysteriously disappear, is the bleak and desolate wastes of Siberia.

It becomes, under the state of things which has been briefly described, a matter of intense interest to speculate whether the governments of despotic Russia and semi-despotic Germany will awake in time, and discover what the true remedy for the evil of Socialism is, as it has been discovered by France. It seems to us, who look on at this distance, and from this vantage ground, that that true remedy lies, not in repression,

but in reform. It is a problem, indeed, whether reform is yet possible, without revolution. We have seen that Socialism and Nihilism feed upon real grievances in these two Empires. Are those grievances so firmly rooted that they cannot be torn up by the roots; or has Socialism proceeded so far that amid such convulsions as a radical reform would arouse it would still desperately assert itself, and perhaps conquer?

This can only be solved by the future; but it seems clear that the only thing that can yet save Germany and Russia is the adoption of constitutions, which will replace Imperial despotism by a reign of the popular will. *George M. Towle.*

A LOCAL HABITATION AND A NAME.

One often searches a long time for something which he has had all the while in his hand.

The question what to do with our poor has suddenly assumed an alarming importance. The depression of the industries and the corruption of morals have given us new classes of paupers and new forms of pauperism. What to do with poverty, especially as it assumes the tramp form, is a serious puzzle.

Now if any one will take the statutes of his State and read all the provisions therein contained relative to the maintenance of the poor, he will take the first step toward forming a clear judgment in the premises. A long line of human experience is embodied in these statutory provisions — experience which has covered greatly varied conditions. Whoever will read the statutory provisions I am sure will be convinced that he has in hand much for which he has been searching. I shall not quote or even give a summary of the statutes on this subject; I prefer simply to recommend the reading of them *in situ.* But there are some evident principles underlying this legislation to which I wish to call attention.

The first one is that *all poor people belong somewhere.* If the statutes represent human experience, then human experience has judged it best that the poor be *localized*— pinned down pretty rigidly *to where they belong.*

The great trouble which we have is not, what to do with *our own* poor, but what to do with *everybody else's* poor.

The difficulties of trampism, so far as it is *poverty*, are already met in the statutes. So far as it is criminality, we do have a new demonstration which it may tax our wisdom more seriously to meet.

The law says every man belongs somewhere. Every man has a right somewhere. If industry fails him for support he has a right to support from the wealth of the town or county where he belongs; and the right and manly thing for him to do is to claim such support there and not elsewhere.

The first and best thing that can be done for the poor is to make them exhaust the possibilities of the industries of their own locality, and on failure of that, if it comes to the matter of charity, to try the charities of their own locality. The sole and sufficient answer to the tramp is—"Go where you belong." That is an answer which can and ought to be given "out of a pure heart" and with charity "unfeigned."

We have had so much to eat and drink in this country that we have not minded giving a meal to any man, irrespective of his habitat. But now we find that this careless course has raised up for us an army of wanderers who are useless for all purposes of work and open to all opportunities of crime. The way to disband this army is to stop its supplies. If we have anything to give, let it be given to some person whom we can definitely locate.

The truth is that very few tramps do exhaust the possibilities of industry in their own localities. There is and has been room almost anywhere in this country for a man

who was willing to work. One of the greatest difficulties of the present time is that most poor people are willing to do only *some kinds* of work. They will take to the road before they will do anything outside a particular trade which they may have learned. The first blessing we can confer on the poor is to secure in them the willingness to work—a desire not to dictate the situation but to work at anything which offers. This disposition can best be developed in a man by the public sentiment brought to bear on him in his own neighborhood. Many a man who gets his support without work from one year's end to the other by tramping, would not be a charge on his own town a single day if he were held there. Such men ought to be kept from the road, and they can be if the road yields nothing. If self-support is the first thing to be desired, then we must inexorably refuse food and even work to the unlocated. The rule must be that the food and the work of a locality belong to the poor of that locality.

The statutes make it a grave misdemeanor to "run" paupers from one town or county to another. The crime is really the same whether it is committed by the pauper himself or by some other party. The wrong is in the imposition upon a people of a burden which in justice and fairness does not belong to them. Trampism is simply perpetual violation of this statute; and they who feed tramps aid and abet in the violation of a wholesome law.

There is another principle underlying these statutes, and that is that the poor *belong to somebody.* It is made obligatory upon relatives within certain degrees of consanguinity to support their own poor. This is one of the most healthy of these statutory regulations—one whose moral bearing is plainly enough to be discerned.

Family ties are now so much in solution that it will do any one good to come in contact with the firm strength and persistence of these statutes as they bear on the duties of relatives one to another. After finding out where a poor person belongs, the next thing is to find out *to* whom he belongs and compel attention to his wants from his own kith and kin who are able to assist.

Do people who give indiscriminately ever reflect how much they are doing toward breaking up the very foundations of civilization and morals? They are making it possible for a man to live without regard to the family relation, and are encouraging families to cast out their poor and cease to care for them. They are making it possible for a man to deny his own, which is not only a bad sort of infidelity but is destructive of civilization itself.

We used to point a moral against slavery, because a slave had but one name—Cæsar, Dinah. That fact, we said, was enough to show that there was no family relation in slavery. But the tramp is one remove further from civilization than the slave himself, for the tramp has no name at all. Not only can you not call him Mr. Blank, but you cannot even call him John or James. That seems to be the reduction of manhood to its lowest terms.

Here the rule comes in to feed no one whose name you do not know.

The able-bodied of this unknown class can go to those to whom they belong. If any one of them should be sick the statutes provide a way for his relief, and it is best to use the statutory method.

I think the title I have given this article sums up the statutory wisdom of the matter, and all I desire is that the mass of the people should see that it is wisdom. Then we may be relieved of the worst features which poverty assumes.

To drift about when circumstances have straitened us has been the course pursued by many of us. So we are all somewhat to blame for this development of trampism. When we conclude to fight it out on the line where we are and to hold others to the same conclusion we shall all be better off.

If, however, we relieve ourselves from responsibility for unlocalized and unnamed poverty, we shall do what is incumbent on us only by doubling our diligence in service of the poor who do belong to us. We can find more work for our poor neighbors. We can look into all the homes of our neighborhood and see that no one has excuse for abandoning our locality and his

own family ties. Then we can help proper organizations in those unfortunate localities where all are poor. The times invite not to less but to greater charity; and it will be all the greater if it is rationally distributed.

C. Caverno.

ONE OF THE CONVERTS.

"If we'd had the property, Silas, I would n't say a word; but he gave everything to John, and now let John support him. He might 'a' known 'twould 'a' been run out; but he always set John before you, and thought no woman was so smart as Harri't. If I *don't* do my work better than Harri't Barnes——!"

"That's father's way. To Harri't he holds you up as a model."

"His way or not, I've endured it as long as I'm going to. Harri't has kept a hired-girl, and had two dresses to my one; and she's not going to turn him off on me now, when he's old and feeble."

"He likes living here best; there are too many children at John's."

"He should 'ave thought of that years ago. I've had him here almost nine months, and nobody can say but I've done my duty by him,—putting up a bed in my best room, and cooking extra, besides getting up nights to see about his fire, which you would n't do yourself, Silas Barnes. I've had John's children tracking in over my hall oil-cloth to ask after their grandfather, whom they did n't treat decently at home; 'n' I've had John and Harri't making a call on father their excuse for getting a warm dinner here, every time they're in the village; 'n' I'm not going to be so used any longer. You may tell John Barnes the first time you see him that he must take his father home and support him, as is his duty!"

"It won't be for long; 't won't be for long, Car'line," said a strained, tremulous voice.

A deeply-wrinkled, scared-looking old man, had, unobserved, shuffled into the room, and with shaking hands had carefully placed an empty plate on the bright "enameled" table-spread.

The faded woman on the shining oil-cloth before the stove, turned suddenly, pity and regret striking against the conviction of the justice of her statements with a shock that sent the blood to her forehead.

This midle-aged woman and the old man were the only things worn in the room. Every pink rose-bud on the wall-paper retained the unmarred perfection of the hour before bloom; not a soiled spot disfigured the home-made carpet; the stove and the coal-hods shone like mirrors; and Silas was sleek, tranquil, and well-fed looking,—a mechanic, whose income had n't varied fifty dollars annually for ten years, and whose savings-bank deposits had been equally uniform.

"Father," said Mrs Barnes, "if you'd done for Silas and me one half what you've done for John and Harri't, I'd work my fingers off for you, 'n' willingly; but they've had everything of yours, and you've never given me so much as a new dress."

"Car'line," quavered the old man, "I'd willingly give you a dress if I'd anything to get it with. I've been wishing all along back I could get you something,—if only some little thing,—just to show you an old man's gratitude; but I have n't a cent to get anything with, Car'line,—not a cent; it's all gone;—every cent, Car'line."

"And a burning shame 't is to those who've had it, too! I've nothing against you, father. You'd a right to dispose of your property as you chose, I suppose; but how church-members, as John and Harri't are, can reconcile their conduct with their consciences, *I* can't see. Silas and I ain't professors; but we'd keep you in a minute if it did n't belong to them; 'n' I ain't made of iron, either, though some people seem to think I am."

With nervous tears starting to her eyes, Mrs. Barnes left the room.

"Don't mind her, father," said Silas, calmly making a fat figure in his memorandum-book. "She' kind o' tired out. I *told* her not to begin house-cleaning so early."

"You might as well speak to John; speak to John," said the old man, hobbling away.

Mrs. Barnes was going to the city this morning. The mirror before which she made her toilet reflected thin, dull hair falling around a dull, thin face, nose discolored from weeping, and forehead disfigured by freckles. It may appear presumptuous to assume the interest of cultivated tastes in such as she; but not after it is seen that she was one of the many endowed by nature with fine instincts, yet denied any touch of grace or beauty in person or in exterior circumstances. Her life had been as bare of romance as of beauty. She had married in accordance with the strongly-expressed wishes of her mother, who thought Silas would "make a good provider." Two or three years after her marriage she had said to the peripatetic modiste, who made over her black silks, that she did n't know how she should get along without Silas,—an impassioned remark that afterwards caused her severe foreboding. She feared it would circulate in Dryfield gossip as a "silly speech,"—an unvanquishable form of derision, quite crushing to a sensitive nature.

All the cramped, warped idealism of her life had burst into harmony around her children; all the pent-up poetry and passion of her nature had poured itself, torrent-like, around them; but then—, and now?

She pulled out the second bureau drawer below her,—little flannel sacques, with wrinkles still in the inner sides of the sleeves; a merino cloak with ribbon-strings that have been chewed; a little hood, the imprint of a perspiring head against the back. Her eyes rested upon the vacancy in the little hood.

"O, my God!" she ejaculated, and shut the drawer with a bang.

She dropped her forehead upon the erect handle of the hair-brush, in her hand, and hot, heavy tears spattered fast upon the precious varnish of her bureau-top.

"Harri't has her children, has everything; and I have nothing, nothing, *nothing!* O, God, how can I be good!"

In all ages of the world flickering little lights upon dark waters have gone suddenly out. In later days women have wrapped their faces in folds of gloom, seeking only darkness and silence; but here and there, now and then, have broken forth cries heard farther upon the waters and between the breakers than any measured music on sea or land.

Mrs. Barnes wrote no poems. It may be doubted whether she read any,—her literary attention being principally bestowed upon the New England news items in her weekly paper. All the same were there ever in her heart unloosed, bleeding fibres, wavering, trembling forever around empty space.

In all great wrecks of love and hope, there must remain fragments of unspent force, demanding employ. Mrs. Barnes had, after a time, concentrated hers upon her housekeeping. The altar of her idealism became her best room.

The walls of her best room were studded with black walnut brackets supporting vases from the "dollar-store,"—plain porcelain and ground glass, undecorated with any amateur art "applications;" for Mrs. Barnes's tastes were delicate to the limits of her culture. High up were embroidered or bespattered "mottoes" from the Scriptures and standard evangelical hymn books; and between mottoes and brackets ranged pictures. Mrs. Barnes's taste in cheap chromos was faultless; her "Castles on the Rhine" were quite granitic, and the autumn scenery around her "Artist's Brooks" was colored with an honest respect for the customs of nature. Her engravings and photographs were principally of child-life. An "Holy Child" of Correggio she had paid for by taking in sewing. "A chubby little feller," Silas pronounced it.

Opposite this picture hung portraits of her own darlings, enlarged from tin-types by a wandering artist, who received orders from families recently bereaved, and who had acquired in the business an unconscious habit of sympathetic melancholy.

Those who knew from what loss and yearnings this parlor was evoked, sat rever-

ential in it to a degree they never felt in drawing-rooms with ebonized and lacquered woods, with thrilling canvas and empassioned marble, and heavy drapery gliding athwart inlaid floors. Those only who knew what her parlor was to this woman, could appreciate her sacrifice in setting up a bedstead in it, and assigning it to the daily occupancy of a decrepit old man.

The last glimpse Mrs. Barnes had of her house on her way to the train included Grandfather Barnes drawing the shade in the parlor south window to the top roller; and the green in the parlor carpet faded in the sun.

The cars this morning were full of people "going to hear Moody." Superficially, the crowd seemed impelled by curiosity, behind which might, indeed, lie a lurking hope of conversion or elevation,—something as people purchase prize-packages of stationery, expecting an equivalent for their expenditure in the paper, but not indifferent to the possibilities of a gift. Looking deeper, the observer recognized another attestation of the universal restlessness of the human soul. He felt the presence of hearts wrenched by loss and defeat, yet palpitating on with painful lesions; of lives struggling within a snarl of inter-netted temptations, necessities, and impulses,—every one willing, at least, that amid the brackish pools and bitter fountains of his soul, some sparkling waters of Meribah might be struck into flow.

Mrs. Barnes had not come to the city to attend the meetings. Her shopping, which consisted principally of purchasing house-linen, and taking samples of dress-goods for the melancholy pleasure of testing the fibre at home, and regretting that she could n't purchase the fabric, was soon completed, and she came out upon a street, through which were passing crowded horse-cars placarded, "Moody and Sankey;" "To the Tabernacle." Impulsively she signaled a car, and without a thought of whether or not Silas would return the bread to the safe, and sweep up the crumbs after dinner, she was on board, bound "To the Tabernacle!"

While Mrs. Barnes did her shopping, Grandfather Barnes had been receiving a pastoral call from the Rev. Hiram Bingham Clarke,—a man of the kindest intentions informed by the least conceivable tact. He possessed a ready command of all the dismal tropes and doleful similes traditionally appropriate for the aged and feeble. Once, in a prayer for an old lady notoriously fond of life, he told the Lord with great unction that she was just tottering on the verge of the tomb, and the effect upon her imagination was such that she went into a decline and died in a few days.

"Glad to see you. Car'line ain't to home; but take a chair," said Grandfather Barnes. "Fine weather?"

"Yes; the heavens are full of the glory of the Lord."

"I don't remember such a spring since '27. That year the ground settled in March. Such weather makes a man feel young again."

"Oh yes; though our days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, or like the grass of the field, 'the wind passeth over it and it is gone.' Were it not for sustaining grace we might long for that fountain fabled to confer immortal youth."

"How is your rheumatism?"—leaning forward, and shrieking across the sensitive drum of the old man's ear.

"Pretty bad along through the month o' March, thankee; but I kin hear just as well as ever I could, if folks 'll only speak plain. Folks don't talk as they did when I was young; they kind o' mumble their words."

"The preservation of our senses to extreme old age is a great blessing. My father was very deaf. He lived to be eighty years old."

Grandfather Barnes was eighty-two.

"If this weather holds we can make our garden soon. Peas might be put into the ground now. Frost don't kill peas." The old man straightened up like a person of affairs.

"I hope you enjoy a sense of spiritual and divine things."

"Yes; yes; I think a good deal on those things. Seen any potato-bugs alive this spring?"

"No; notwithstanding scourges, I trust we shall be given as usual the corn in the earlier and the later harvests."

"Well, the bugs don't seem to touch the corn. I kept 'em out o' John's garden pretty well last year. I don't much believe in Paris green though. I hold to hand-picking, though my eyesight ain't what it used to be."

"It seems to be ordered that our faculties shall fail before our candle finally goeth out in its place. You 've had a long life."

The old man sighed. That about the candle going out was terribly depressing.

"It seems scurcely no time since I was out droppin' potatoes, and John and Silas were little chaps followin' along the furrows and asking questions. John was a master-hand to ask questions. He had the most go-ahead; but, in some way, he don't seem to get along as well as Silas. 'Tain't of much use to have go-ahead unless it goes the right way."

"No. Energy must ever be guided by Discretion." Mr. Clarke enunciated this aphorism with the firmness of a conscious, living illustration.

"Silas has a good wife, and a good wife helps a man 'mazingly; not but that Harri't means well, but she hain't Car'line's faculty. Car'line's 'mazin' neat, as well as economical. She ain't the strongest woman that ever was, either. It 's made her a sight o' work havin' me here; and she gets worn out every summer with the flies. I don't see why it is women nowadays have such an antipathy to a fly. 'Ceptin' in muggy weather, along in July and August, there ain't a more peaceable-disposed kind o' timid creetur than a fly."

"He hath made everything good in its season," absently quoted Mr. Clarke.

"So I think. There was a fly got in here last fall. 'T was on one of those lonesome days arter the leaves had fallen, and all the crickets, and grasshoppers, and wasps had friz up. Car'line was gone that arternoon,—a warm, hazy, Injun summer kind o' arternoon, 'n' I was settin' here alone, thinkin' about all my folks that are dead, 'n' I heard something buzzin' in the winder; and then I heard it agin. I sarched and found a fly, a big feller, 'n' he was a sight o' company for me that arternoon; buzz he did, jest as lively. Well, he was there the next day, 'n' the next, 'n' finally I got to dependin' on that fly, and you 'd be surprised to know how 'tached I grew to him. I used to lay cake-crumbs and bits of sugar on the upper sash for him. Cold nights along through December, I 'd wake up and be afeard he 'd friz, but when the sun got up warm the next day, out he 'd come, just as cheerful as ever. I used to tremble when Car'line came in to make the bed for fear she 'd hear him. If she 'd heard that fly I would n't a giv' a sixpence for his life, not a sixpence. Seemed sometimes as if he buzzed when there wa 'n't no kind o' need on't. I used to get clear out o' patience with him,—seemed so kind o' fool-hardy. Well, sir, if you 'll believe me, that fly kept along until February. Arter that last hard, cold snap I could n't find him. He might a-been touched with the frost, or he might a-got clear discouraged, and gin up,—cold weather hangin' on so; but this mornin' as I was a settin' here, arter Car'line went off, I heard something buzzin' an' buzzin', kinder nateral, and I rolled up the curtain, and there he was; yes, sir, there he was, just as natural as life, sir. Hear him, now?"

"I think I do."

"You see I don't have much s'ciety. Silas 's away at the shop, 'n' Car'line 's out sewin', 'n' people don't care about visitin' an old man; 'n' any little thing like that fly that keeps along day arter day, so kind o' merry and cheerful,—why it 's a sight o' comfort. I s'pose I 've got to go back to John's pretty soon. John is a good boy, but the children are either raisin' Cain, or havin' measles, or croup, or suthin'; 'n' Harri't 's a well-disposed woman, but she hain't Car'line's way. I never did see anyone who could fix folks up so comfortable as Car'line can, and she does beat everything for making broth. Well, I suppose the Lord knows what 's best!"

Mr. Clarke seized upon this opportunity to propose offering prayer. Realizing, as clergymen occasionally do in this exercise, that he had liberty of speech with exemption from interruption, he explained Grandfather Barnes's situation to the Lord, expressed such feelings as ought to animate an old man, and craved appropriate bless-

ings; then he bade the old man good afternoon, having, with the best intentions in the world, made him feel as old, lonely, and homeless as he conveniently could.

This consoler of men was past middle-life, and knew all about things exegetical, dialectic, and homiletic; it was rather a pity that he didn't know more about things human.

At lunch-time "up town" that bright March day, Mr. Nathaniel Bevoise, Jr. said to his sister Althea: "Mamma and I are going to drive to the Uplands this afternoon. Would n't you like to go?"

He knew perfectly how well she would like to go, but he made no comment upon the reply: "Thank you, Thane; I am going as usual, to the Tabernacle."

Neither did the elegant Mrs. Bevoise lift as much as an eyelid. That family had long ago accepted the fact that Althea was "peculiar." At times they felt a kind of security in her peculiarity, as if while hostile arrows were falling thick, they dwelt in the tent with a hostage whose presence was protection, even if her dress and language were outlandish.

A little before three o'clock, Althea in her own room dropped upon her knees and gently laid her face amid the brown cushions of her chair. There were some large, pale blue hyacinths in the window, and the mild breath of this rare spring day, as if distended with fragrance, puffed the creamy lace drapery inward, softly brushing her loosely rolled hair. Its half-way holy touch was unfelt by Althea. She had a habit before attending these meetings of a wordless surrender to the Divine will, of a conscious silent opening of mind and heart that she might be placed in harmony with the Divine thought; and when she arose to draw on her gloves, though no whisper had passed over her lips, her face bore that radiance that may be the symbol designed for the portals of the "temple of the Holy Ghost."

This was one of those days when spiritual truths thrilled through and through that city. Unusual prayer had removed usual visual dimness, and given clear perception of those truths which are neither usual nor unusual, but immutable. A power seemed not so much swaying men as lifting them like one body to love and light. The crowd thronged down the tabernacle aisles speechless, but inspired with expression. The rough brick walls threw down their painted texts as if they were conscious instruments of proclamation in the service of Him who first gave the promises. Now the great semi-circle was packed, and all along its circumference standing figures leaned dark against the light walls.

Althea had a platform ticket and had taken a seat near the platform edge. She was deeply impressed by the spectacle. Her breath came fast and her large eyes were suffused.

Oh for supernal power to convert all this temporary elevation into that faith and will that should permeate daily life, and transform temptations and trials into ministers of virtue! Then should this host be fitted for that land of which they were singing,—

"Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll."

As the voices surged back and forth, the singers oblivious of their yesterdays and their to-morrows, a quaint fancy came to Althea looking up at the windows in the roof, tipped outward to admit the air,—that an angel winging his way over the city peeped in, surprised to find a place so much like home. The next instant she became conscious of a marvelously white handkerchief in vigorous use in the audience just below her.

That woman was too old to be interesting, and too young to excite sympathy; too well dressed to be picturesque, and too plainly dressed to be other than common. Althea, at a single glance, knew as well where to place her socially as her exclusive mamma could have told; but Althea knew some other things of which Mrs. Nathaniel Bevoise, Sr., was ignorant.

The sermon was upon Christ seeking sinners. Now and then a ray of brightness flitted across that woman's face, but the clouds put it out. Once or twice Althea saw the sad, tired eyes lifted to her own face,—half appealingly, she imagined. She could not know how her face excited the reverence of this beauty-loving woman, half

disposed to reach out a hand and touch her garment's hem. "The girl may not be good though, after all," thought Mrs. Barnes. "Sweet-looking girls are not invariably."

The audience had risen. The huge amphitheater was again filled with song.

"Oh to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel
For the Master's use made meet."

Saintly old Dr. Polycarp pronounced the benediction. Althea instead of waiting as she sometimes did to see the chairs empty and cloud-like in the distance, stepped quickly down, and laid a hand on the arm of the woman with the white handkerchief.

"I did n't know—I thought perhaps—you were not a Christian?"

Mrs. Barnes was too agitated to reply.

"Would you mind going over to the church across the street? There we can sit down and have a quiet talk."

Mrs. Barnes assented, choking back her tears. Althea took the woman's arm and led her out. A stylish carriage was just then bowling down Christopher Avenue.

"Do look there, Thane! Did you ever?" said Mrs. Nathaniel Bevoise, Sr. A hat was very impressively lifted, but Althea saw nothing. Mother and son were both silent, then remarked that the blue hills of Malvern were very beautiful to-day. Althea was peculiar.

Althea was plainly dressed, but Mrs. Barnes was not insensible to the harmony of rich browns and links of Roman gold glittering amid lace of a rose-leaf pattern. She was sensitive too, to the quality of this girl's spiritual fibre. Young ladies who seek to do good patronizingly, with an eye thriftily open to the jewels in their own prospective crowns, would have found this woman a discouraging subject.

People were passing down to the vestry of the B—— street church, but only here and there was a loiterer in the aisles, or a silent worshiper in the pews of the audience-room. Althea led the way to the gallery facing the organ. "We shall not be exposed to interruption here," she said. How cool and restful looked the green carpet and upholstering of orchestra and pulpit! Some one came along, touched the reed organ in the chancel and sang:

"I know I am weak and sinful,
It comes to me more and more;
But since the Savior bids me in,
I'll enter the open door."

Half carelessly, but quite clearly, the words floated up through the sweet, cool space: "I'll enter the open door." Mrs. Barnes's lids drooped tremulously.

Althea placed her arm gently around the woman's shoulder and knelt with her. Once before in her life, after her last child died, had this woman knelt to pray; but she had sprang up when she had heard Silas down stairs calling:

"Car'line, Car'line, where *be* you, Car'line?"

The attitude was in itself an act of submission. A heavy sob broke from her. The song was closing with:

"I scarce can see for weeping;
But I'll knock at the open door."

That gentle arm was holding her close; a voice as low and sweet as if it were indeed at the feet of the Master, said:

"This sister is Thine, too, O Savior! Thou dost love her and dost know her, altogether; all the wearinesses and the wants, the losses and the crosses. Teach her Thy love. Show her Thy forgiveness."

"Once for all, O sinner, receive it;
Once for all, O brother, believe it,"

came faintly from the distance.

"She is one of those for whom Thou didst suffer the night-agony in Gethsemane and the noonday torture on Calvary. Let her lose her heart into the fulness of Thy love. She gives herself to Thee. She lays down her sins, her anxieties, and her self-will. She asks only Thy service. Take her; Thou wilt; Thou dost."

Miss Bevoise's low, swift words were soon concluded.

"Will you pray?"

"Not now; not here; I feel all you have said; I do trust Him. He knows."

Miss Bevoise with a ready appreciation of the woman's delicacy, rose: "You say that. You will always feel that? Sit down here now, please."

Miss Bevoise talked a little, with that

simplicity and directness which earnestness and sympathy alone impart, and Mrs. Barnes treasured every word.

Five or six people had come up to join the dreamy performer at the organ. While they were getting ready to sing, a tenor strolled down the aisles towards the rear gallery where sat Althea and Mrs. Barnes, absently singing:

"Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from sin,
Unto Him be the glory forever, Amen!"

Shadows had fallen, until the gilded pipes of the great organ glowed dimly, and the singers at the reed organ bent to discern the hymns, when Mrs. Barnes rose to leave.

"I shall have to hurry, or I shall lose my train," said she. "This has been the most blessed day of my life!"

Althea saw the woman into a car, and herself walked quietly away. Her home was near, but she went on to the end of a street where stood a great stone church, one of the advance of large buildings pushing out upon the flats.

It was early twilight. A pale violet veil of haze stretched over the near, unoccupied flats, and as far as the deeper hued hills of Chichester and the Uplands. The lamps, early lit across Chester square, gleamed like guiding stars at the feet of heavenly hills, and a silvery inlet of the bay glimmered and was lost, and glimmered again. Only an occasional footfall echoed from the pavement. Shielded from observation by a pillar of the church, Althea leaned back, slowly drawing in her breath. Here, too, was—God!

It was an hour of spiritual revelation. The thick-coming inward visions seemed for an instant too powerful for her slender frame, and she walked across the short stone portico and back to her pillar, clasping and unclasping her hands for nerve relief. Years may elapse after the soul has known self-surrender before it is sufficiently in unison with the Divine Heart to beat strongly with sympathy for the world. Gradations in the perception of human kinship, imperfectly defined by language, God gives in successive eras of life.

Back of Althea lay the city, every vein and artery of its familiar, throbbing life wrapped in her thoughts; before her the silent, outstretching flats, the purple veil, and the golden lights. Between what the one was and the other typified should henceforth lie her service.

"These are Thine, and I am Thine; I thank Thee, my God, for the riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord!"

A band down upon the park, not far off, began playing,—the first open-air concert of the season. Althea walked away in the sweet, vibrant gloaming, hearing over and over again the refrain:

"Oh to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet
A broken and emptied vessel
For the Master's use made meet."

"You ain't sick, are you Car'line?" asked Silas.

"O, no!"

"I'll make you a cup o' tea to 'liven you up. Father 'n I've had supper, but I've kept the tea-kettle on. I expected you home on the two o'clock."

"I took a cup of tea at the depot, thank you, Silas. I've been to meeting this afternoon."

After a moment's silence, Silas set his chair squarely back against the wall, and stepped softly out by the back door. Silas had received a shock. Did his wife's unnatural serenity portend that she had "experienced religion?" Silas had an awe of this old New England phrase, as of something unfathomably mysterious. He dreaded to re-enter the house. Supposing Car'line should propose having family prayers! A cold perspiration started forth on his forehead; his great limbs shook. "I'd rather given five hundred dollars!" murmured he. In his efforts to appear natural upon re-entering the house, his voice squeaked:

"John was down to-day."

Mrs. Barnes started up with her old energy: "You did n't say anything to him about taking home father did you, Silas Barnes?"

"No; I could n't seem to get a chance to speak with him aside."

"Don't you ever! You and I, Silas," continued Mrs. Barnes, softening her tone,

"have n't money, nor education, nor sweet looks and beautiful ways, nor we can't sing, —to do good; but if we can make father's old age any happier, I think we 'd better keep him."

"Just as you say, Car'line," replied Silas somewhat reassured. Works appeared much less terrifying than experience to Silas.

Two days after, John came down again. John was the perfect antithesis of Silas, a thin, nervous, hard-working man. He had once said, in a slight confusion of terms: "Misfortune seems to be always against me." From out a hard-worked leather purse he nervously drew two ten-dollar bills and with unsteady hands tendered them to Caroline.

"It 's for father's keepin'. I meant to ha' brought you more when I sold my critters; but Tommy's breakin' his collar-bone and the doctor's bills used it up."

"Keep it, John; keep it; I don't want it. If father is contented here, he 's welcome."

"Take it; why take it!" pursued John, waving the bills toward the woman. "I don't want to shirk out o' any duty. I 'd be glad to take him home; but our house ain't exactly the place for old folks. The children are so full o' sperrits we can't have things as we would."

"Did you come arter me, John?" anxiously asked the old man, trembling through the doorway.

No, father; you 're going to stay with us," spoke up Mrs. Barnes. "It 's all right, John, all right. You and Harri't have your children to provide for. Silas and I have nobody but ourselves. We 'll take care of father. It 's all right."

"Well, well, Carl'ine, the Lord—well, well!" said the old man, fumbling for his handkerchief.

"Here, you take these, father; she won't."

The old man quickly grasped the bills, and tucked them away with a chuckle.

"Quite a s'prise!" quavered he, hobbling back.

The next week the Rev. Hiram Bingham Clarke again called.

"Walk in; right in this way. You find me here still," said the old man with radiant countenance, "contrary to my expectations, *altogether* contrary to my expectations. John came down arter me; but Car'line, says she: 'He need n't go; Silas and I are going to take care of him.' Beats all. Sometimes I think Car'line 's met with a change, Mr. Clarke. She goes singin' around the house as she hain't afore since the children died; makes us all feel more cheerful; beats all! Mrs. Colonel Williams was in here the other night, and I happened to have a little money by me,—say twenty dollars," here grandfather straightened up—"and I gave it to her, and says I: 'I want you to get Car'line a new dress; something neat and modest, but with ribbins and buttons, such as a woman would naterally like.' Beats all! You ain't settin' on my handkerchief, be you, Mr. Clarke? Sometimes I do put it in that chair, and forget where 'tis. Arter Car'line had been so good, I kept thinking about that fly, 'n feelin' maybe I wa'n't doin' as I 'd be done by. Finally, I called her in, and took her up to the window and raised the shade, and says I: 'There he is!' Then I told her what a comfort he' d been to me, and how I' d watched him, and worried about him cold nights, and nussed him along; how I missed him arter he friz up, and how pleased I was when he came out again lively and singin'—some as a woman might be if her baby that died, come back. 'But kill him if you want to,' says I. 'There he is; I want fair dealin'!'"

"She burst right out cryin', and laid her hand on my shoulder, and says she: 'Oh, you poor, dear old father; you shall have that fly and a dozen more if you wish, and I 'll give you loaf sugar to feed them on!' Beats all! Car'line don't say much about it, but I tell you, Mr. Clarke, I think she 's met with a change."

Elizabeth A. S. Chester.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

A hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land. Is. xxxii. 2.

In the Shadow of the Rock
  Let me rest,
When I feel the tempest's shock
  Thrill my breast;
All in vain the storm shall sweep,
  While I hide,
And my tranquil station keep
  By thy side.

On the parched and desert way
  Where I tread,
With the scorching noon-tide ray
  O'er my head;
Let me find the welcome shade,
  Cool and still,
And my weary steps be stayed
  While I will.

I in peace will rest me there
  Till I see
That the skies again are fair
  Over me;
That the burning heats are past,
  And the day
Bids the traveler at last
  Go his way.

Then my pilgrim staff I'll take,
  And once more
I'll my onward journey make,
  As before;
And with joyous heart and strong
  I will raise
Unto Thee, O Rock, a song
  Glad with praise!

Ray Palmer.

AUNT HULDAH'S SCHOLARS.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

CHAPTER XXII.

Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear.
Temple of Fame.

Rachel and Miss Jane Stevens conferred anxiously in the little interval of "grace" which was thus unexpectedly granted to them. They had no thought of using these minutes for any salvage of their little personal effects in the school-room,—though, curiously enough, this was probably the thought of the half-drunken speaker. Miss

Jane Stevens looked anxiously in at the open windows of the Bethel Chapel. Though there were not many men there, there were enough to crowd each window with black faces, anxious and serious. And Miss Jane knew that these men also were armed; she knew that most of them had used arms in the national army. She knew also that the very worst thing that could happen for the cause which she represented, would be a single shot on either side, fired by one of those angry or those drunken men.

Neither Miss Jane Stevens or Rachel knew what to do or to say. They did not even know why they continued to stand on the school-house steps. But they did know that they were not going to leave them. Meanwhile, the more intelligent leaders of the mob took their men to one and another part of the building and explained where its weakest points were. One gang went so far as to attach a convenient ox-trace to the ground-sill of the log cabin ell, so that a hearty crew working together might demolish that section of the house in a moment.

At this crisis, an unexpected ally, weak enough though she were, appeared. There was no dense crowd upon the steps, and it was without difficulty that a tall, pale woman, freckled and sun-burned, dressed in a dirty frock, evidently of the fashion of the hills, mounted to the upper step, leading by each hand a frightened child.

"Ain't you ashamed, Joseph Perrow?" she said, addressing herself in a certain oratorical manner to the man who had just spoken.

"Ain't you ashamed to be seen in sech company, and on sech an errant? Wen your own sister was dyin' in her house, you and your own children and hern together would 'a' died, for all you. Who was it took keer on em? It wuz this lady, 'n' you knows it, Joseph Perrow; wile you 'n' yours sneaked off, you was so frightened. Take your boy, you sneaking dog, 'n' bring him up yourself, if you choose to burn down this lady's house agin!"

If the Amazon had any doubt about public speaking when she began,—and probably she had,—that doubt had by this time passed away. She was heard,—she was heard with curiosity and interest. This she could see and feel. When a public speaker sees and feels that, the flood-gates surely open, be he experienced in his business or a novice. Mrs. Topin saw that for once she had an audience,—a luxury to which she was not accustomed,—and without giving her wretched brother any chance to reply, to that audience she now addressed herself.

"It was her," she said, pointing to the amazed Rachel, "it was her that come up all the way to the hills, wen there was no other woman,—no, nor man,—in the valley that was not skeered for their life. It was her that lived with them childer, his childer, two on 'em; them two is his, 'n' I've took keer on 'em better nor their mother ever did, poor soul, ever since the day she died. It was her that washed um and fed um and put um to sleep and dressed um, wen no other woman, nor man either, durst come widdin four mile on em," she cried with exultant satire. "And wat 's her thanks for it? Oll the thanks she gits is that you burn down her house for her, that you tie your oxen to her sills for 'er, and treat her wus than if she waz a dumb beast, ye do. Cos she's got no friends to back her but a poor lone critter like me. I wish John Topin was here, I du; but he 's ded gon fightin' yer battles for you, wile you 're guzzlin' whisky at Gravel's. Take yer brats, Jo Perrow; take um home with you, now; start off this minute, 'n' never call me sister agen; 'n' never think I 'll rare your broods for ye. Git along!"

And she thrust the boy and girl upon him. Both screamed at the very loudest; and the boy with timely eloquence cried, "I won't, I won't, I won't go;" and he kicked his dismayed father lustily.

Despite the indignation of the crowd at the interruption, the absurdity of this scene awakened a general guffaw, and the wag of the neighborhood, Griffiths, cried out:

"Wash his shirt for him, Joseph, his'n's dirty;"—a salute which was received with new laughter.

The moment it subsided, before Jo Perrow commanded himself enough to reply, another voice surprised the assembly. They

all turned to see the speaker, who was Jonas Knowles, sitting on horseback.

"Wot the lady says is correct," he said, with the dignity proper in addressing a town meeting. "Ef the young lady she pinted to, had n't been up to her house wen she woz, my friend on the steps oppusit wood ha' been childless as well as a widower at this moment o' time, sure uz you live," Jonas also perceived that he had an audience, and began now to indulge in the luxuries of oratory. "I 'm a stranger in the neighborhood myself, I am, and I haint a good hand to advise; but I understood my friend on the steps to say that a town meeting had resolved on destroyin' this schoolus. I should like to observe, therefore, that that meetin' was not properly called."

They heard him to this word, but no farther. "Go to hell;" "Hold your gab;" "Who are you?"—such cries and others less courtly which need not be recorded interrupted him in his oratory. The sum of these observations was that he was a damned Yankee himself, and the sooner he was put out of the way the better. His ill-timed parliamentary suggestion seemed to have swept away in a minute all the results of poor Mrs. Topin's appeal.

It had, however, gained a few minutes, and even minutes were of value that afternoon. While this little episode passed, a group of half a dozen joined the party, and sat in their saddles, without leaving their horses, though these seemed to have been hard pushed.

An insolent boy followed up the general acclaim by saying: "We did not come here to hear blue-bellied Yankees." To which a clear voice, speaking loudly in the unmistakable accent of Virginia, replied:

"That 's so. I did n't for one, and I think none of these gentlemen did. But perhaps you 'll hear me a minute, and my friend here when I have done. No man here will say I love the Yankees too much. I was fighting them as long as I could; which is more then this gentleman was," and he pointed scornfully at poor Joe Perrow. "I see some brave men here who were in my regiment, and they know that in those days we never fought women or pulled down school-houses. I do not see any man here who was in a Yankee hospital with me, so I will say myself, that I hope you will always be as well treated as I was thar, or as these children were by this young lady whose school-house you want to destroy."

The Colonel had gained his audience by this time, and he, from long successes at the bar and in the assemblies of men, was too well used to the luxury to use it to his ruin.

Indeed, it was the first time that the people in this out-of-the-way nook had heard their favorite hero since he had returned from a Northern hospital. He followed his advantage thoughtfully and wisely.

"Is this Virginia?" he said scornfully; "the land of laws and gentlemen? Is it in a meeting of Virginians, that I find men who want to stand by horse-thieves and incendiaries? Let me tell you, my friends, that the two men who went to jail yesterday from this school-house, are two men you would have spurned from your company, had you known their true names. I do not know what lying disguise they took here, but those two men are Dycus and Ruddel, the two horse-thieves and murderers of Kentucky, who have been driven out of every Southern State, and came here to abuse your hospitality. And these two ladies, and my excellent friend, the minister of this church," here he bowed to Elder Bottle, who was standing alone in wonder on the steps of his chapel, "they have come here for a purpose which every man of honor thanks them for, I should have said till I came to this meeting, and every true Virginian. When my friend, Mr. Knowles, who I think took an active part in the building of this house, when he understands our Southern country better, he will not think that Virginian gentlemen are afraid of too much education."

"That 's so! that 's so! Hurrah for Colonel Ramsdinn! That 's the talk!" These were the sporadic cries of one and another fellow-citizen, who, if Joe Perrow had had the divine gift of oratory, would have been applauding him as readily.

The fortunes of the day, however, were not left to oratory or to logic. "My friend,

here," to whom Colonel Ramsdinn had alluded, and whom he had asked them to hear, was the sheriff of the county, as the assembly very well knew, though in the varying fortunes of the civil war it was now some years since he had visited Laurens Harbour. Others of the company of whisky-drinkers at the corner store besides Dycus and Ruddles, had occasion to dread his inquisition, and as it happened these were among the more prominent movers in the abatement of the "noosence." On the other hand, the meeting was enlarged every moment by the presence of horsemen, who came from both directions, up and down the main road, called together by the general rumor that something was in the wind at the Harbour, and disposed to see what it was. Many of them had ridden four and five miles for this purpose. A law of natural selection brought mounted men to the field before those whose circumstances compelled them to come on foot; and thus it happened that Colonel Ramsdinn was heard before he closed by many of the independent farmers or planters in the neighborhood, intelligent men who had a stake in the county, and did not mean that its good name should be thrown away by a few drunken dogs from Gravel's whisky shop. The early arrival of Colonel Ramsdinn and of the sheriff gave to these men their natural leaders whom they respected, and whom they had followed, indeed, before now, without flinching on well-fought fields. Even before the sheriff began his little address, therefore, the shot-gun crowd from the whisky shop was losing some of its most noisy leaders. Joe Perrow called in vain for one and another on whom he had placed most reliance. The sheriff, on his side, saw that he had the real strength of the neighborhood around him, and that he need not attempt to gain time, or fear a square appeal to the good sense and honor of the assembly.

"Every word the Colonel tells you, gentlemen, is God's own truth," he said. "Elder Bottle and his friends have the honor of arresting the two meanest horse-thieves in the Confederacy, and I am happy to inform you that I shall have a warrant from Richmond to-night to send them to Kentucky. And I hope, gentlemen," he added grimly, "that they may both be hanged before I have the pleasure of coming to the Harbour again, though I hope that may be very soon. They raise hemp in Kentucky, gentlemen." Here the crowd signified by applause that he might be sure of their sympathy. "Now, gentlemen," continued the practical sheriff, "I am glad to be in the Harbour again. I was dining with the Colonel and we heerd there was a meetin', and we were glad to attend. I am sure that all the citizens of the Harbour and the neighborhood will be glad to assist me and the friends of good order, in putting into their proper place all thieves and blacklegs." Here a hearty cheer interrupted the sheriff. "I've nothing more to say," said he, "but to express my thanks to my friend Colonel Knowles, whom I'm happy to meet here, for the interest he took personally in these poor people," turning to Mrs. Topin, "w'en they had no other friends. And I'm glad to say to him, in this open meetin', that the gentlemen of the valley are very glad of such settlers, let them come from w'are they will, and the more of them the better" So saying he shook hands with Jonas Knowles cordially.

It was perfectly clear by this time, what the "sense of the meeting" was. Colonel Ramsdinn, with a good deal of form, sent over to Elder Bottle to ask him to come into the school-house with him. The worthy Elder, with his two gray-haired brethren, did so with courtesy; did the honors of the occasion with great dignity; and to the Colonel, to an English gentleman with him, to the sheriff and two or three other planters, pointed out the more notable of the maps and other decorations of the simple edifice. So well bred, indeed, were all of the party, and so much impressed with the gravity of the occasion, that every one pretended not to observe, what in fact everyone saw as they entered. Tirah, who in the recesses of the school-house had not fully understood what was passing on the outside, took this solemn entry as the consummation of the invasion. As the party entered the door, therefore, she leaped from

the furthest window and ran, carrying with her the two splendid globes which she regarded as she might have done had they been Palladiums to the school-house. Of this flight, however, everyone pretended to take no notice, neither Rachel nor Miss Jane Stevens daring to allude to it.

By the time the little progress through the school-house was well finished, most of the gentry outside from the "corner store" had sneaked away.

"I think" said the Colonel smiling, as the party came out on the steps once more, "I think the nuisance will not be abated now, for some years. Miss Fredet, I think I need not ask the Elder to present me to you. I am already the debtor to some very lovely friends of yours, I believe."

Rachel said his obligations must be large, if he had not repaid them in his service of that afternoon. "As to that," said the Colonel, laughing, "we are taking care of our own reputation, as much as of your school. For we are not quite out of the world, as I was explaining to Mr. Dalrymple. I only hope that the fame of the new school-house may be trumpeted as far and as wide as was the destruction of the old one.

"But here is Mr. Sheriff eager to pay his respects to your brave friends, who collared his horse-thieves so handsomely. Pray where are they, Miss Fredet?"

Rachel called to Witherup and Spang, who were talking well pleased with one of the farmers from up the valley, and presented them to Colonel Ramsdinn. He thanked them cordially for their signal service in the cause of law and order, and asked them what occasion drew them into the valley?

The young men modestly explained that they had started on foot, perhaps imprudently, led by one of the appeals of which in those early days the Virginian newspapers were full to people from all the world to come and settle on the "sacred soil."

"Your name is not frequently heard Mr. Witherup? Was it your father whom I knew in the thirty-fourth Congress?"

"It must have been my uncle, sir," said young Witherup, and he smiled. "As we passed up the valley the other day I think we passed your house, Colonel, without knowing it. I was telling my friend here, how glad my uncle always was when any of the vagrants were carried by his place to Bromwich to be tried."

"Yes," said Colonel Ramsdinn, "you met Retclive that day I think,—yesterday, was not it? He told me about it,—and I think neither of us was jealous because you did not favor us with a call. But we are keeping these ladies too long. Miss Fredet, Miss ——"

Rachel presented Miss Jane Stevens in form,—a ceremony which till now had been omitted. "I am expecting a party of friends at Oak Woods to-night," continued he. "Shall we do ourselves the honor of visiting the school to-morrow, and then will you dine with us afterwards? Come in our Virginia fashion, ladies, and spend your holiday with us,—and the Sabbath. You see, Miss Stevens, though I am not a schoolmaster I know there is no school on Saturday."

Then he mounted his horse, shook hands, one by one, with several of the neighboring gentlemen who were chatting together as they sat on theirs. Then as if something were still expected from him,—wholly without form, however, he said aloud: "I am sure gentlemen the county is much obliged to you for your prompt attendance to-day. Really our good name compels us to make short work with this riff-raff. Mr. Sheriff, I think, has gone on to see about the license of this brute Gravel yonder; but I think he needs no help from us. Good evening, gentlemen, may we meet soon on some more agreeable occasion. Good evening, Mr. Knowles, you must let us see you at Oak Woods more often. Good evening, Mr. Spang,—Mr. Witherup, good evening. Good evening, Elder." And so with his English friend he rode away. A hearty cheer from the windows of the Bethel was his welcome as he passed that building. He bowed civilly, touched his hat, and was gone.

Mr. Dalrymple, the English gentleman who accompanied him, understood that the

occasion must have been sufficiently disagreeable to him, although he had carried his point so decisively. He left Colonel Ramsdinn to his silent thoughts for five minutes or more while he chose to indulge them, and then did not speak till by some indifferent remark the Colonel had renewed conversation.

"I have been trying to place the younger lady," said Mr. Dalrymple, "the pretty one. I feel as if I had seen her, but I cannot tell where."

"I never had seen her," was the Colonel's reply, "and it is but just now that I knew she was so near me. I do know some very nice young people who were near friends of hers. It was a queer thing—all of it—and a pleasant one" he added after a pause. "I was laid up in the hospital, as I told you, when I was taken prisoner. Then I made acquaintance through the kindness of my nurse,—those hospitals were perfect in such service,—I made acquaintance with a relative of mine of the northern branch, and through her with these two young ladies, one a Miss Ferguson, and the other one of the Boston Bradstreets. They had both known our pretty school-mistress as a fellow-pupil at a school in Brooklyn."

"Brooklyn! Oh yes," cried Dalrymple, "I see it all now. It was there I saw her. And there I saw one of the most remarkable women in your country, or in any country,—their teacher, a Mrs. Merriam; your Miss Bradstreet too, I knew; or Mabel did, my wife. We traveled with her the day she left school, and Mabel saw she was crying her eyes out, and comforted her.

"They were both spirited girls," said the other. "They volunteered into this hospital, as you know the girls were all so ready to do, North and South; and they were the life of their wards."

"I can believe that," replied Dalrymple, "from what I saw of the school. I came there on a queer errand. This Mrs. Merriam was the near friend of a young man named Wadsworth, who without knowing it had started I know not how many people on a sort of simple gospel which I have found traces of, why even when I was under Garibaldi in Calabria. Not but it is a very old gospel too," he added with that simple smile of his.

"The gospel of 'look out and not in,' is it not?" asked Ramsdinn, also smiling and trying to catch the other's eye. "Miss Bradstreet told me you taught her that text, and I have taught it to my children."

"That was one of the four corner-stones. The day she was so sad I thought she needed it."

"I know them all," said Ramsdinn. "It is Faith, and Hope, and Love, with a double emphasis on Love."

"The Detroit Club puts 'Love' thus," said Dalrymple. "'Look out and not in,' and 'Lend a Hand,' and 'Charity in Idea,' and 'Charity in Fact.'"

"What do you mean by the 'Detroit Club'?"

"Oh, once when my head was knocked open, and I nearly dead and 'clane gone,' some simple fellows in Detroit, who swear by these four corner-stones, or four mottoes, picked me out of Lake Huron, I might say, and started me again."

"A good thing for this world of ours," said Ramsdinn seriously, "if Faith, Hope, and Love ever do get translated into the common talk of this century."

"This Wadsworth man seems to have thought so too, as do plenty of other people. What has interested me and my wife has been going about to see America in the homes of the people who loved him, and this grew into visiting the homes of those who loved them. For really," and now he spoke a little anxiously, as if Ramsdinn might think he were preaching, "really the ten people at that man's funeral were represented, only three years after, by as many people as a hundred to my certain knowledge, who had taken up his habit of looking up and not down, forward and not back, out and not in, in this practical way which they call 'lending a hand.'"

"This Mrs. Merriam was one of those ten. We call her one of the original ten."

"Miss Bradstreet has told me all this in substance before," said Colonel Ramsdinn. "Why do you speak of it as strange? It seems to me the simplest thing in the world. It is all the working religion I ever had,

though I had never heard of your Wadsworth, and I have found it enough."

"What I meant strange was the finding the memory of him so widely scattered."

"Oh no! That is not strange. That must be. Of course one person tells as many as ten people, affects them, sways them, if there be confidence and love. Love is omnipotent. Nothing is as simple as that,—unless it be that 'Ten Times One is Ten.'"

And they jumped from their horses.

CHAPTER XXIII.

All crimes shall cease. and ancient frauds shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from Heaven descend.
The Messiah.

As Tirah retired to the woods, with such haste as she could make, weighted as she was with her heavy burden, her mind misgave her when she found no man pursued her. But she maintained her purpose, hardly daring to look, indeed, and carried the objects of her care in safety to a certain hiding-place known to herself, but to no other child of Ham, and to no child of Shem or of Japhet. Then she came back boldly to the open clearing, ready for her part in any conflict. To her amazement, not to say dismay, all was still. The different groups of gentlemen were going away, and even Elder Bottle was bidding good-bye to a few negroes, who stood boldly on the steps outside the Bethel with their guns upon their shoulders.

Tirah came up to the school-house rather sheepishly. Miss Jane Stevens was locking the door as she approached.

"All 's safe Tirah," said that lady, who could indulge in a joke on great occasions. "All 's safe; nothing hurt, and nothing gone but the two globes; where can they be, Tirah? Somebody carried them away in the crowd."

"Oh Miss Janestevens, nebber you fear for de globes, ah! You noze it was me. But I was frightened dat time, Miss Janestevens wen dey all come in so solemn. I git de globes her' 'fore you want um."

"You may well do that, Tirah," said Miss Jane, laughing, "and I sha'n't scold you this time. I feel 'like as if' I should never scold anybody again," and the dear saint led the amazed girl, who could not understand the victory, back into the Elder's house, to the midst of the congratulations of the little assembly there. Mrs. Bottle was already distressing herself to think what extemporized feast might be sufficient for so fortunate an occasion.

Rachel might have wished the next morning that the scholars could keep their heads a little better, or that they were more cleanly in apparel, by way of preparing for the promised visit; but certainly she could not have asked for a larger attendance, for it seemed as if every child whose name had been on her register was there, and as if the hills and the deeps had given up unknown children also who appeared now for the first time. To her and Miss Jane Stevens the school room seemed to enclose chaos for the first hour. And so it was matter of rejoicing that the Oak Woods party did not come early. The first recess passed and no Oak Woods party came at all. Then vague murmurs of disappointment crept through the ranks, and Tirah felt called upon to reconnoiter the roadway from a point where it passes on a little rising ground. Her survey of the approach, however, disclosed nothing. Fortunately for its reputation, the school had had so much chance to subside into some approach to regularity, when Tirah's quick step to the door announced at last an arrival. Rachel sighed vainly for the discipline of Georgetown. But she need not have sighed. Her ranks did not break, and of all the eager party which came in probably not one knew whether the scholars looked this way or that, or whether there were any scholars at all.

First of all, holding up her riding habit so that she fairly ran, came Mrs. Templeman. Rachel, amazed, met her in front of her table, and in a moment the eager lady's arms were around her.

"My dear, dear child, you are alive after all; and you look sunnier and prettier and better than you did before it began. You have some magic elixir! Is it really you?"

"Is it really you?" asked the wondering Rachel.

"Indeed it is, dear child. I by myself. I in the flesh; and I did not mean to surprise you. I am no such goose. I wrote we were coming. Where is Mr. Templeman? And the goose sent the letter—I don't know where—and it's in my pocket now. Got it last night. But where are the others? See!"

Sure enough; the rather clumsy carriage had come up; the laborious descent from it had been accomplished by flying; and to Rachel's amazement, Clara, Thekla and Percy, the irrepressible, presented themselves. The gentlemen of the party, and Mrs. Ramsdinn and Mrs. Dalrymple, stood back, well pleased They would not disturb the recognition.

This, too, had not been meant as a studied surprise. The whole was one of Mrs. Templeman's inspired victories over time and space; and all through that day she insisted that it was one of the simplest things in the world. To a prosaic matter-of-fact reader, it may be explained that her husband had been appointed to meet Colonel Ramsdinn and several other gentlemen, on a commission which sat in recess of Congress. The old hotel at Bath had been fixed as the convenient point of meeting; and Mrs. Templeman had then written to Rachel that she would come up the valley and see her, if she could not slip down to Bath. This letter had been taken to Laurens Hill, in Georgia, to say truth, the magic letters VA. were not upon it, and it was now in the author's pocket, having come back to her. As they left Washington, she had boldly telegraphed Clara and Percy to join her; and on the wings of love and steam they had done so. The moment they arrived at Bath, of course, they sent a dispatch to Thekla hard by at Bromwich, and of course she joined also.

"And I knew Virginian hospitality so well," said Mrs. Templeman later in the day as she was describing this, "that I knew Mr. and Mrs. Ramsdinn would not mind how many friends I brought with me; particularly, Colonel, when they were all such pretty girls."

But these explanations came later, and are introduced here only to appease an incredulous reader. Thereat followed the delight of welcoming the girls, and the introductions to Mrs. Ramsdinn and Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple, the English couple staying at her house on their hands. Miss Jane Stevens had to be presented. Mrs. Templeman had to renew her acquaintance with Tirah, and the quick Colonel made the girl hold down her head with pleased shame and a broad grin when he asked her if she dared trust the globes among so many visitors.

After a while there was some pretence at order. There was the honest semblance of continuing school "just as if we had not come in, Miss Stevens," said poor Horace Dalrymple, the English colonel, who hated schools, and always had, since he was flogged at one almost daily. And Miss Jane Stevens got out the class of whom there was the most hope that they might remember something, tried to mesmerize them into something like order and sense, and was beginning on the sacred mysteries of the greatest common denominator and the least common multiple, when the impetuous Mrs. Templeman broke in:

"Pardon me, dear Miss Jane Stevens, they will do that beautifully. Mrs. Dalrymple, they know it a great deal better than you and I do; but really we have so little time might they not sing?"

Miss Jane Stevens understood that a little jubilant singing met the occasion better than the least common multiple. The children sang "County Guy" without the slightest understanding of one syllable of it. They sang "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" and when Colonel Ramsdinn boldly asked for some patriotic songs, Miss Jane Stevens with equal boldness bade them sing "Old Virginny," "My Maryland," in a well doctored version, offensive to nobody, and last of all "Star Spangled Banner." The gentlemen made no demur: the ladies were a little frightened. Mrs. Templeman had been talking to Tirah. When the applause for the patriotism ceased, she nodded to that distinguished conductor, and Tirah led, shy at first but

gaining courage as she sang, the others joining with enthusiasm :

"In de morning I 's gwine away
No one ter pity me.

You can't git lost in de wilderness;
Dar's a little candle in your heart.

Beat back, beat back, de power ob hell,
And let God's children take de field.

I leff my home to sing and pray;
I trust ole Satan will go away.

Wait till I gits on de golden shoes;
I 'll run 'bout Hebben an' car' de news.

De gates of Hebben am opened wide,
De angels throng on eb'ry side.

Car' me 'way and let me go;
Don't wan' be left behind.

See Jesus sitting in de chariot wide;
Two white horses side by side.

Oh keep your shoes upon your feet,
And you shall walk in de golden street.

And if I blow my lungs away
I 'll have em again in de judgment day."

It is impossible to attempt to describe the intensity of feeling with which all the scholars joined in before they were done.

"No more school after that," said Mrs. Templeman to Miss Jane Stevens, her face flooded with tears. And she turned to the children. "No more school to-day children. You have done very well and we are very much obliged to you; and Miss Jane Stevens says you shall have a holiday so that you may remember the visit of our English friends. "Tirah, here are a few good things for the school," and from au immense hand-bag she dragged out two large packages of candy and bonbons.

"Now, dear Rachel, dear Miss Jane Stevens, you are to come with us; is it not so? at least till Monday? Stay Thekla, Clara, what are you doing girls?"

"Oh, Thekla!" said Rachel, "what am I thinking of?" And she whispered to Tirah, who brought in, in a moment, young Witherup and Spang. "Here are two friends of yours, Thekla. I do not know where I should be had they not been friends of mine."

The young men smiled, well pleased, as Thekla gave them each a hand. They were two of her "Guard of Honor." And Thekla showed at her watch-chain the same Maltese cross which Rachel had noticed as a breast-pin worn by each of them.

"See, George," said Thekla, "what I am trying to unpack. Will Gadsden painted it, and had it all ready for me to send for a decoratiou to Rachel's new school." It was the motto of their order,

"Look up and not down."

"Why, Thekla," cried Percy, "you are beforehaud with us. And ours are not so big as yours."

The package at which she and Clara were pulling opened at the instant before one tug of the "Irrepressible," and she drew out in triumph two more mottoes embroidered with lavish glory of color and of gold. "Look Forward and not Back," and "Look Out and not In."

"Nobody need ask," said Mr. Horace Dalrymple, seriously, "what school you come from."

"We are Aunt Huldah's scholars," said Clara, gravely.

"And Miss Fredet has certainly shown," said Horace, "what I should think all of you understood, how to 'Lend a Hand.'"

"We are talking in oracles," he said to Colonel Ramsdinn.

"I think they were owned as truths of old," replied the Colonel, with a smile.

"Only yesterday," said Dalrymple, "I wrote to Mrs. Merriam—we call her one of the 'Original Ten,' Colonel,—and I asked her if she could tell me how many of her pupils, or of theirs, might be spoken of as loyal to these four mottoes."

"Count me for one," said the Colonel, as he took Rachel by one hand and Percy by the other, "and no recent convert, either"

"Don't leave me out," cried Mrs. Templeman, giving one hand to Rachel and the other to Miss Jane Stevens. Thekla and her young friends had been talking so eagerly that they hardly knew what passed. But these words roused them and they also turned to look on Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple. On the other end of the platform Mrs.

Ramsdinn, who had been standing with Miss Jane Stevens, called Tirah. "If anybody belongs here," she said sweetly, "it is you."

And so it happened that as Horace Dalrymple and his wife stood below the platform, the little group of friends formed itself in a curved line above him.

The business-like Englishman ran his eye well pleased along the line, counting audibly, "one, two, three, four, seven, eight," he said.

TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN!

COL. RAMSDINN, RACHEL,
PERCY, MRS. TEMPLEMAN,
SPANG, MISS JANE STEVENS,
THEKLA, TIRAH,
WITHERUP, MRS. RAMSDINN.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

AN EXPERIENCE MEETING IN WATER STREET.

To one approaching Water street either from the upper portion of New York or by way of Fulton Ferry from Brooklyn, it is difficult to believe that the word "slums" can be applicable. On week days the whirl of business life; the hurrying masses of preoccupied-looking men; the constant stream of drays and heavy wagons, and the bales and piles of goods of every description, from rolls of leather and towers of paper boxes up to sugar hogsheads and enormous boilers, indicate only the American devotion to its god, the dollar. And on Sunday the utter absence of all ordinary sights and sounds; the deserted streets and silent warehouses, would seem to evidence the most careful keeping of the fourth commandment. For two or three blocks, stoves and boilers are sole proprietors of the deserted thoroughfare, and only as Peck Slip is passed does a suggestion of what is to come suddenly dawn upon one, as the whole character suddenly changes, and the sound of music from a sailors' boarding house is heard. With Dover street and the great pier of the East River bridge ends the dominion of trade in its higher forms, and a new trade, old as the foundations of the world—the trade in men's souls—takes its place. In a former article the general feeling of the locality was given, but on Sunday a special effort seems to be made to enhance the attractions of the vile dens, thick set for blocks, till warehouses again take their place. Fresh sand and sawdust is strewn; a more tempting arrangement of bottles and kegs is made, and before every den, sitting in doorways or out on sidewalks, a little more tinsel adornment, a little more paint, ghastly white and crude red, are the poor souls whose business is to decoy and ruin; the most hopeless, unapproachable class in all that region. With them, however, we have nothing to do to-day. From some side alley comes a woman's scream, and the swarm of ragged children runs eagerly to see what fun is to be had. A scuffle is going on in the nearest den; blows are heard, and a stream of oaths, and it is a relief to see the open door of 316, and hear the men's voices singing:

> "Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
> Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save."

This preliminary half-hour or less of singing is one of the strongest elements in drawing in the rough and dangerous men, who come perhaps from a cock-fight, or a pugilistic match, and stop for a moment to beat time to the sharply-accented rythm of those airs. To the sailor, turned adrift after his last penny is gone, or the wretch so steeped in liquor and prolonged debauch that hardly an avenue to mind or soul remains open, the attraction is the same. Brutal or vacant faces peer in at the window, then at the door, and at last creep into a back seat and listen with hanging heads, and often tears stealing down the coarse, unutterably grimy cheeks.

On this particular Sunday which I have

in mind, the singing stopped for a few moments, as one and another crowded about "old Padgett," the "old" in this case being rather an adjective of interest than to be taken literally. Six years before, at the time the meetings began, Padgett was one of the steadiest drunkards in the ward; able to "carry more liquor and do a bigger day's work on it than any six common swiggers." Unfortunately his wife answered the first portion of his characterization, but not the last, and their home, a basement on Cherry street, was a foul and horrible den.

"My clothes, an' my wife's, an' all we had in the world, wouldn't a brought a dollar at auction," Padgett had said at one of the meetings. "I earned wages, but I swallered 'em, an' so did she, an' when I come into the old building, and seen Jerry an' his different looks, I would n't believe my eyes. I give my heart to God that very night, an' the next day I says, down on the dock, where I work now, same's I did then, 'I've struck, boys; I'm not goin' to serve the Devil no longer,'

'You!' they says, 'You! That's a great go. Here, old Padgett; we'll give you this one day for your holding out. No, we'll give you till you get the first dollar. We'll see about you then.' Well, they've seen. I haint fallen, though I've been tempted many a time, but it came hard to bring my wife round."

Here a moon-faced woman, with wide almost vacant blue eyes, had risen.

"Yes it did come hard. Many's the time he's come home to find me dead drunk on the floor, with the money he'd given me to get his supper with, but he wouldn't lose patience. He'd pray an' pray, an' he kep' bringin' me here. I come a year before I seemed to have any sense. I was Catholic, an' anyway I couldn't seem to understand. But it come. I remember the night. They was singing, 'Light in the darkness, sailor; day is at hand;' an' it streamed into my mind like sunrise. From that day to this I've held on, an' I won't let go, please the Lord, as long as I've got breath to say: 'Jesus save me.' I try to be a good wife."

"That's so, Jinny," said old Padgett as she had sat down, flushed with feeling, and all vacancy gone from the blue eyes. "That's so."

To-day old Padgett's eyes were swollen with weeping, and his voice shook as he told one and another that he had left his work and tried for almost a month to care for his wife, whose mind had gradually been failing, and who was now violently insane.

"I could manage her up to yesterday," he said, "but she took to breakin' everythin'. She wanted dishes an' all in a pile in the middle o' the room, an' then let fly at 'em, an' at last she let fly at me anything that came handy. They said it was dangerous, an' I made up my mind to take her to the Tombs, so't she could be sent up to the 'sylum, but it come hard. Oh, it did come hard! When I see them gates shut, an' she never lookin' back, seems as if my heart just broke. 'Thy will be done,' I tried to say, but I can't but just do it. Pray for me."

"The great physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus,"

began the organist, who had listened with closest attention, and Padgett joined in, though tears were streaming down his weather-beaten face. Jerry was in his place, and kneeling now, said:

"Let us all pray for our brother in trouble, and for everybody in trouble, here an' everywhere."

The comprehensive petition ended, a young man with strong Scotch accent, read the parable of the Prodigal Son, giving immense emphasis as he came to the verse, "And he did fill his belly with the husks that the swine did eat."

"That 's what you come to," he said, looking about, "husks, prickly and choky, and no good for anything but filling. You begin an' think the Devil 'll give you a good belly-full off the fat o' the land, an' maybe he does to get you well started, wheels greased for the down track. Then away you go, and all to once you bring up at the bottom, in a mound o' shucks, and fill yourself with them when you aint swallowing the east wind. Anyway you get an emptiness and a crawling, but it's astonishing how long you'll stand it before you'll get ready

to say, 'I will arise and go to my father.' Victuals and to spare don't seem so good as an old husk out of a field, that maybe the very swine wouldn't chew on, but you come to it some time. Come to it to-day. Ain't you tired of it all? Do you want to be kicked round any longer? *I* didn't, I tell ye. I'd gone bummin' around this ward, cursin' an' swearin', an' I got enough long before I knew how to stop. Here's a chance for every one of you."

"Eleven!" called Jerry, and they all sung:

> "There is a gate that stands ajar,
> And through its portals gleaming,
> A radiance from the Cross afar,
> The Savior's Love revealing.
> Oh, depths of mercy! can it be,
> That gate was left ajar for me?"

Jerry was silent for a moment as the refrain ended. Every eye was fixed upon him.

> "—— Can it be
> That gate was left ajar for me?"

he repeated, rising slowly. "I tell you it astonishes me more every time I think of it. You think I'd get tired telling this same story over an' over. People say: 'Oh, I should think there'd be a dreadful sameness about your meetings. Don't you get tired of them?' Tired! Is a man tired o' bein' pulled out o' the fire, or tired o' bein' the one that pulls? Not much! I tell you, it's as fresh to-day as it was eleven years ago. I remember what I was, and I'll tell you now. Not to tickle anybody's ears though. Do you suppose it tickles my ears to stand up here an' say I was a thief—a dirty rascal of a thief? Don't you think I'd like to be quiet about it? Well, but I shan't be quiet. There's a man here just out of prison; been in for a ten-year term. There's another—my eye's on him now; out on the river last night an' I know it. There's a lot down by the door; ragged and dirty, the way I was. I shan't take the time now. The meeting's open. Let every man and woman here that's been saved from sin and shame, speak up and tell it. Tell it lively too. Chop off both ends and give us the middle. There's your card; one minute apiece, but a minute holds a pile. I don't suppose it took Peter a minute to sing out, when he felt himself going. I don't suppose the thief on the cross drawled his words to fill out a minute, when he said, 'Lord remember me, when thou comest into thy Kingdom.' Speak out. Tell the story."

"There can't be anybody in a bigger hurry to tell it than me," said a pale, haggard-looking man about thirty-five. "I was a drunkard, the worst kind. My children would a' starved but for the neighbors; four children with barely rags to cover' em, and them an' my wife barefoot in the cold winter weather. I'd been on a spree a fortnight when I came in here to hear a song. A man that's here to-night invited me in to hear a song, an' when I went out, didn't I hate that man! I kep' a comin' though. God's sperrit followed me up tight. Then I moved, and my wife says, 'You'd better stay where you are. Folks know you here, but go anywhere else, an' everybody 'll point at your naked youngones.' I felt bad. I says: 'I'm goin' to the devil in this rum-hole, an' I won't stay no longer.' I went to a new place, but spreed worse 'n ever. At last I give in. I went up to that bench an' knelt down, a dirty, nasty drunkard, an' prayed to be made clean. That was ten months ago. To-night I *am* clean. My children's got decent clothes and a bed; the first bed in their lives. I met a man as I came along, that used to sell me rum. 'Hallo Sam!' says he; 'You've turned soft. Jerry McAuley on the brain!' 'Yes' says I, 'I suppose it is soft to keep my money to feed my own children instead 'o feedin' yours.' 'Humph!' says he, an' went off. I've run over the minute, I ax your pardon all round."

"All right," said Jerry, "You've got it pretty well boiled down."

"It'd take the minute to tell the prisons I've been in," said a tall, wiry man, wearing a pair of heavy silver-bowed spectacles, "I'm fifty-three year old, and thirty-five year o' me life I've been in Sidney an' Gibralter, an' many a one in this country. I knowed Jerry well when he was a thief, an' the 18th o' last March I come in here to see him, bein' just out, after three year in. He warned me to stop, an' I did stop. I was born a thief; trained by me own father an' mother to steal, an' all of us in

quod together when I was eight years old, me an' me mother an' aunt. I've been an honest man eleven weeks, and I done my first day's honest work a while back; the first honest dollar I ever earned in me life. If I can turn round, anybody can, an' I ask your prayers that I may n't go back."

"Jesus keep me near the cross,"

began the organist, who from long familiarity with both hymns and people knew precisely what met the need of the moment.

A young man, with the cropped head of a recent prisoner, a head and face indicating the rough and criminal, yet lighted by a pair of brilliant dark eyes, rose hastily.

"I want to tell yees all, me dear friends; I was troubled with an affliction very bad. I was an infidel. I ciphered it all out my own way. There was n't no God nor no hell; nayther no heaven, an' I had that smart feelin' about it, I said any man wid sinse might do the same, an' save himself a heap o' trouble. I come here to fight another man. I meant to lick him good for gettin' up here and sayin' 'Jasus saves me,' after me been teachin' him for months there was n't no Jasus. But something got a holt of me. I wint out scared like, an' I come agin, an' yees all know, it's seven months now an' better since I caved in, an' wint up to that bench, and give me heart to the Lord. I'll niver take it back long 's he gives me power to hold on, an' I 'm an honest man now, an' in a good place too. No more prison for me. I'm a free man, body an' soul."

"I haint got much to say," said an old man, bent over a cane on which he leaned. "I was seventy year old, when I come here three year ago. Seventy year o' sin an' wickedness; me children gone to the bad, an' meself a miserable old drunkard. But I was saved then, an' Mr. McAuley knows if I've stuck it out an' been faithful. I don't deserve it. I says every day I don't deserve it, but I've got it, an' the sins o' my life is forgiven, bless His Holy name."

Then came:

"The mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I'll enter the open door."

"That 's as true a word as ever a set o' sinners sung," began a powerful looking man, who rose before the chorus ended to make sure of his turn. "I tell ye I 'd spent forty year, jest bummin' around. Do two or maybe three days' work, an' then spree the rest o' the time. I was n't a thief never, but I was everything else; gambler an' swearer, an' all. I served the devil lively. Did for him with legs an' arms too. Smashed things up in the bar-room; smashed the bar-keeper too, an' everything else that came handy. But I got so low I had n't nothin' but an old flannel shirt an' pants, an' my boots with a ventilatin' hole for every toe, an' my heels right out plain an' wisible. Had the horrors twice, an' was about ready to go off the dock. I 'd had enough you see, but something brought me in here one night I did n't even know there was such a place, but I heard the singin' and come in, an' though I was drunk I had sense enough to go up to that bench, an' I said then it's nip an' tuck now. I'll either go to the devil hand and foot, or to the Lord the same way; all there is in any how. Show me which! Well, you 'll see which. Look at me. I've been clean an' decent over two year. I've got a wife an' a baby too, an' a home I aint ashamed of, an' I'm happy, an' that I never was before. You fellers all know me, and know jest what I was. Oh, why don't everybody come to this Jesus?"

Another hymn and then a running fire of short experiences, some eight or ten occupying not more than five minutes. Then a woman rose; a markedly Jewish face, and the strong accent of the German Jew.

"I bless Gott dat ever I come here. Oh, my tear friends, how vill I tell you how vicked I vas! So vicked! I schvear, and tell lies, und haf such a demper, I trow de dishes at mine husband ven he come to eat. And I hated Christians. I say, dey should be killed every one. I would hurt dem if I could. One time a Bible reader, she come and gif me ein Bible. When I see de New Testament, I begin with my fingers, an' efery day I pinch out de name of Jesus. It take a good vhile. Efery day I haf to read so to see de name of Jesus, an' efery

day I pinch him out. Then at last it is all out an' I am glad. Oh, vhat shame it make me now to see dat Bible so! Then my husband run away, an' leaf me an' de five children, an' I cannot get work enough, an' we go hungry. I vas in such drouble. And one day mine neighbor comes, and she say, 'Come mit me.' I go to a nice place. All de time I remember some words I read in dat Testament, and dey stick to me. So I come, but I say, 'I am a Jew, I like not to come.' Dere vas a man, an' he say he been a Jew too, an' I could spit on him, but den I begins to gry I feels so queer. and den some one say: 'Come; it vont hurt you to be prayed for,' but I say, 'Got away mit you, I vill not.' I keep comin'. It seem good, and at last I did understand, an' I pray, an' beg everybody pray. Oh, my sins are so big! I want to lose dem. I want to love Jesus! I keep prayin', an' in one day dey are all gone. Oh, I am so happy. You vill not believe. I do not ever vant to schvear any more. No, not any more. I do not vant to holler an' be mad. No, not any more. I do not vant to tell lies; no, not any more. Gott is so gut to me. I could not be vicked any more. Oh, pray for me, an' help me to be gut."

At this point an interruption occurred. Among the rougher men near the door an old man in a sailor's blue shirt had taken his place; a man between sixty and seventy with every mark of long dissipation. His hat was gone, as is often the case, and he had come from across the street, barefoot, having pawned his shoes for a final drink. Heavy and gross; his nose bulging with rum-blossoms; his thin white hair gone in patches, like the forlorn mangy white dogs of this locality; trembling with weakness and incipient "horrors," and looking about with twinkling, uncertain, blue eyes, he seemed one of the saddest illustrations of what the old Water street had power to do. His seat had not satisfied him. Once or twice he had changed, and now he arose and stumbled up the aisle to the front, sitting down with a thump, and looking about curiously at the new faces. Jerry eyed him a moment, but apparently decided the case at present needed no interference. The organ sounded the first notes of "The Sweet By and By," and the old man dropped his head upon his breast, and shed a drunken tear or two. Then he folded his arms, and looking at Jerry said, with a strong Scotch buzz:

"O, dear-r dear-r, dearie me! Here I be: here I be!" As the words ended, it seemed to occur to him, that like Mr. Wegg, he had "fallen into poetry unawares," and with great cheerfulness and briskness he repeated his couplet, looking about for approbation. One of the "regulars," came and sat down by him and whispered a few words.

"All right," was the prompt answer, and for a time he remained silent. A slender, delicate-looking young man, not over twenty-five, had risen, and as the hymn ended began:

"You 've heard me before, but it 's a story I 'll tell as long as I have breath to tell it. Eleven months ago I come in here, the wretchedest man you ever see. It was n't for want of money either. I had three hundred dollars in my pocket. But I 'll tell you what the matter was. I was sick of sin, an' did n't know how to stop. I was sent up to Trenton when I was n't but seventeen for a burglary, and I 'd just come out from a seven years' term. I was one of the tough cases, an' I 'd been punished till I was that ugly I 'd a killed them keepers gladly. I cracked a place not long after I come out, an' this money was from that, but I 'd made up my mind I would n't run no more risks, an' I come down to Jerry to see if I could get any honest work. Oh, my heart ached, I was so tired o' bein' knocked around! I 'd been on the street since I was four years old, all owin' to drink in my family, an' I had n't never drunk I hated it so, but I 'd done everything else. I knelt down when Jerry asked me to, and prayed I might be honest, but it was n't till that ill-gotten money was gone, an' I came to that bench before you all, an' confessed what I had been, an' told you what I meant to be, that I got peace. God knows I was honest, an' Jesus saved me then, an' to-day there ain't a happier man in New York. I 've got a good

home, the first I ever had, an' I'm so full of thankfulness I can't keep still hardly."

A slight pause came here.

"What's the matter?" asked Jerry. "You don't meau, after hearin' that kind of a story, that you're goin' to lie back an' take it easy! Time's most gone. Speak out, an' tell what the Lord has done for you."

Three or four were on their feet at once, and the experiences followed quickly. "I was a thief too, but praise the Lord I ain't one no more." "I was a regular old bummer, but Jesus saved me." "I wasn't a bummer nor a thief, I was respectable and didn't mean to get into such a crowd, but I did, aud here I am, saved." "I'm a sinner, more than I want to tell, but Jesus saves even me."

"That's the way it ought to be," said Jerry, approvingly. "There aiu't one here but has something to say, an' the more that say it, the better meeting we have. Go on, friends."

"I tell ye," said a small, alert man, "I've got plenty to say, an' no mind to keep back any of it if I had time for the hull. What I want to say is, tobacco was my stumbling block. Jerry's right when he says we 'd better all give it up. There I was after I was converted; knocked off liquor, but clung to that tobacco. Chew and smoke, smoke and chew, au' then spit! Why, you'd think I'd a *pond* o' spit in me, the way it squirted. And that thirsty! Drink the river dry, an' not have enough. But I knew it was a nasty habit. I got sick o' workin', standin' in a puddle o' tobacco juice, an' I tried to stop. *Could n't* stop. Knocked off, an' then begun agin. Then I prayed, an' got you to pray here, an' the Lord took away the appetite. I went down to the dock an' chucked in my tobacco, an' from that hour to this I hain't touched it. Glory be to God, he saves me from all them sins. I've got enough now to keep me busy, but I hain't no more trouble from tobacco."

"Nor me," said a deep voice from the opposite side. "It all goes together. I chewed, an' then drank because I was thirsty, and then chewed some more, an' got drunk about every day. Then I had the toothache awful bad, an' a man told me smokin' cured it. That was after I was converted, an' was thinkin' about givin' it up. Then I thought I could n't; but at last I did, an' it seemed as if every tooth in my head would hop out. Oh, I could n't stand it! So I come up to the bench, an' I says, 'I give it up for God's glory. I did n't want to lead no man into temptation, an' do help me not to go back.' Do you know that ended that toothache? Sure's you're alive. I hain't had it from that day to this, an' that's why I know Jesus can do anything. Jest take it to the Lord in prayer. That's all."

"Have you trials and temptations?"

sang the people, and another man stood up.

"I want to tell you, my friends, salt's salt, an' if the salt you salt with ain't salt, how you goin' to salt it?"

A pause, and the man flushing deeply sat down.

"You're tangled up like, that's all," said Jerry. "I see well enough, you want us to be lively Christians; pleuty o' seasonin', an' no wishy-washiness. Ain't that it?"

"That's it," said the embarrassed speaker with a smile of relief, and another arose.

"I tell ye a man's passions ride up jest the way his collar does sometimes. You ever fought with your own shirt-collar, wheu a button's off an' it rides up an' rasps your ears, an' skins your neck, an' you'd give half a dollar to keep it down? That's me, an' tobacco, an' liquor, and swearin': I tell ye I had more 'n I could do. I thought I'd reform on my own hook. I did n't waut no hangin' on to somebody's skirts, an' goin' into Heaven that way. But I had to come to it. I was jest beaten every time. An' now I hang on, an' the harder I hang the better I get along, an' that's me."

"If Heaven had cost me five dollars I could n't a got there," said another. "I was that ragged an old clothes man would n't a bid ou me; no, nor a rag-picker a taken me up on his hook; but here I am. Oh, I tell ye, anybody can be saved. I said I could n't be. I was too far gone, but

here I am, clean, an' good clothes too. You say you can't be saved. You can be. Jesus took holt of me just the way he saved wretches when he was down here, an' don't you suppose His arm is long enough to reach across eighteen hundred years and get a holt of you? Try it."

"I was a swearer. I swore enough for the whole ward;" said another. "I tell ye my tongue jest *licked round* them oaths. I spent time makin' up the worst ones I could think of. But I hain't swore but once for eleven months, an' that was when a man madded me so I was pretty nigh killing him. But I come to even then, an' walked away from him, an' that night I confessed it here, and I hain't wanted to since, though I 'm tempted enough every day of my life. Life ain't so easy when you board, an' a lot o' fellers slings boots at you if you pray, but I 'm bound to stick it out, an' I get such joy and comfort. I 'd go through fire for it. I tell you this religion 's a blessin'."

"Jesus leads me such a way—such a way! Well, it beats me!" said another, explosively, and then sat down.

"It beats us all," said Jerry, rising. "It 's time to change the meeting, an' I wish it was n't, for there 's plenty more all ready to speak. I see it in their eyes. But we want to pray for those men by the door. Which one of you 'll stand up for prayers? The whole row! Bless the Lord! Don't you be afraid. Sit down again a minute, while I tell you the way it used to be with me. You 've heard I was a bummer an' a thief, but you did n't know how far down I got. There was a time I 'd plenty of money. War time; when I sneaked round at home, and got men drunk, so 's to enlist 'em an' take half their money. But that flew. The devil's money always does. I get more now out o' five dollars than I used out of fifty. I got that low down I 'd hang round the bucket shops, and sawdust the floor and clean up the nastiness just for one glass o' bad rum. And I 'd hang round, an' look at every soul that come in like a hungry dog, hopin' they 'd treat. They 'd send me out. 'Come, Jerry; give us a rest. Go out and take a cool-off round the block.' Oh, how mean I 'd feel! But I 'd come out. I was like as if I 'd die, if I did n't get a drink. I had a home, too. Want to know what it was like? I 'll tell you. It was in a cellar on Front street. Me an' three men slept on some foul straw in the corner. Often the tide came in, an' we 'd wake, an' the water well over us and risin'. We kept a log there, an' we 'd get up on the log, an' float round till it went down. One night some fellows stole the log an' locked the door for fun. The tide was high, an' we were pretty drunk, an' could n't find the log nor the door neither, an' before we kicked the door down the water was up to our necks, an' we sober enough, an' scared to death for fear we 'd drown. Then I had another home. That was the same kind, only I changed my base an' tried a Brooklyn cellar instead of a New York one. There ain't much choice. Oh, was n't I a dirty rag-shop of a man! You ought to see the home I've got now; right upstairs here. Any of you may go an' look that wants to. I tell you I sit down, an' the tears come in my eyes many a time, when I see my pretty, nice furniture an' carpets, an' everything good an' comfortable, an' think what a thing I was, an' what the Lord gives me now. Want to know how I started being a drunken bummer? Lemonade with a stick in it. That 's the way I begun, an' then I wanted my stick bigger, an' soon I wanted it straight. I tell ye I got to be deader 'n Lazarus, but God lifted me out of that grave, an' saved me. None of my people would look at me. I disgraced 'em all. My sister begged me to clear out an' not bring no more shame on 'em, an' my mother the same. I 'd a patch on my nose the year round, an' a black eye, too; sometimes a pair of 'em. Get into a fight an' smash things. Turn off the gas for fun, an' then break chairs an' everything else. Get taken up an' off to station house. Next morning up to Tombs. 'Ten days, young man.' 'Six months, young man.' Nice kind o' fun, wasn 't it? Now it 's done with, an' the worst of it is I 'm most done with, too. I spent the best o' my life in deviltry, an' now, when I want to live an' bring souls to Christ, I 've got to go before very long. But as long as I 've a

breath I'll say this one thing: that there ain't one of you so far gone but that Jesus will save you an' make a new man of you. Now sing, 'Just as I am, without one plea,' and every one come up that is tired of sin, an' wants to try an' be different."

The old man in front had listened intently, and rose at once, falling on his knees, and covering his face. The bench filled, another had to be vacated before all could find place. Jerry's face glowed, and so did that of his wife as she led forward the last candidate, a sailor boy of eighteen or twenty. Both prayed with an intensity of earnestness that no repetition seemed ever able to lessen. Then came the prayer from each one of the kneeling figures, broken by sobs, or murmured so that none could hear, yet fervent and far-reaching beyond any word in their past lives; the first conscious appeal to the mysterious power working in and for them. Then all rose to their places, and Jerry hesitated a moment as he saw the twinkling eyes of the old sailor fixed full upon him, then turned to the other end of the bench. One or two refused to speak, but the majority rose at once, and declared their intention to lead a better life, one man laughing with purest happiness as he said:

"I tell ye my friends I can't hardly hold in. I was that down when I come up here, I jest wished the floor 'd open an' take me in, an' when I said just now, 'Lord Jesus, do take my wicked soul and show me how to do different,' seemed like as if a door opened an' I seen sunshine, an' my trouble jest went. Oh, how I feel!"

At last the old man was reached.

"Do you feel you are a great sinner?" asked Jerry, and the whole bench turned, as the answer came with prompt distinctness.

"Never sinned in me life."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. I ain't a thief nor a blackguard. I hain't been in prison. The most I've done aint much. Mought a told a lee now an' again; mought a told a lee, but it was for fun. Never sinned in me life."

"Do you want to be saved? Do you believe you can be saved?"

"To be sure, an' why not?" returned the old man, in a high, interrogative key, and Jerry who saw he was too drunk to be responsible, turned to the next and last, a short, thick-set man with heavy face and beetling eyebrows, a face working with emotion, as he rose and for a moment stood silent.

"I'm Perky Joe," he said at last. "I'm Perky Joe, and there ain't a man in the Seventh Ward but knows just what I was. I've fit in many a match, an' I don't suppose a worse sinner ever come up here. I don't know what made me come, but I'm tired of knockin' around. I'm nigh seventy, too, though I don't look it, and it's about time I made up my mind where I'll fetch up. I'd like to start for heaven, an' I made a vow I will, but the Lord knows if I'll keep it."

"You won't in your own strength," said Jerry. "You will if you trust the Lord."

"I'm a goin' to if I can find out how," said Perky Joe. "But it's somethin' I don't know nothin' about, though I want to. I've got to be shown how. I'm comin' here agin to find out."

"You need n't be afraid but what you will if you are honest," said a voice from the audience. "Folks that go up in earnest won't be let go in doubt. I know that well enough, for it was so with me."

"Some o' this fuss mought better be made over me," said the old sailor, rising with an injured expression; but the first chord of the doxology was struck and all joined at once, thus hindering further interruption.

The men of the little society connected with the mission, whose business it is to provide shelter and food for a few days, till the new convert has obtained respectable work, gathered about the occupants of the bench, while the sailor lad told his story to Mrs. McAuley. The heartiest of greetings passed between the various members. Invitations to tea were freely circulated, and one husband and wife whom I knew well, and whose home was only one room, went away with a train of four guests.

"Do you believe these are genuine cases?" asked a skeptical stranger, and remembering my own doubts at first, I made haste to answer in detail.

"I can point out two frauds as we stand, but that is not a very startling proportion among the three hundred and more here to-day. And I can give you names and numbers of men and women here who have been reformed since I began to know the mission, and whose homes, under my own eyes, have changed from filthy dens to clean and decent rooms, with comfortable appointments."

"Then you know them personally? I did not suppose any but the missionaries went among this class. They are dangerous are they not? You can't go round in such places."

"They were dangerous, but are not. Come again, and you can find out for yourself. That is always more satisfactory."

"I can't understand it at all," said my interlocutor, the puzzled expression deepening. "These people seem so respectable. They don't *look* bad. They look good. If they've been as bad as they say, why don't they show it more?"

"The Lord wipes out the lines," said Mrs. McAuley's pleasant voice. "I watch them going out week by week. You'd think they never could. Deep seams in their faces, and yet they all go. See what a good face that boy has? They call him 'Sunshine,' he's always so happy, but you never saw a harder looking boy than he was two years ago; swearing every other word. There are plenty like him."

The stranger went slowly away, looking curiously in each face, as he passed, and stopping at the door to slip a bill into the small box for contributions.

"He'll come again, and he'll learn something too," said Jerry.

Helen Campbell.

FISHERS OF MEN.

BY S. T. JAMES.

CHAPTER VI.

THE same steamer which brought Arkwright a letter from Miss Goddard, brought one written within a few feet of Miss Goddard's desk to Miss Alice Garden, and it may help to explain the severity of Miss Goddard's tone.

"If my letter has a spasmodic look about the tails of the g's and y's, my dear Alice, I wish it distinctly understood that it is only my hand that is nervous and flighty. I myself am perfectly cool as well as perfectly exasperated. I am in the condition which the Apostle recommends when he says, 'Be ye angry and sin not.' I am angry and I have no sin to repent of unless it be that I did not box a certain person's ears. I suppose I never again shall have so good an opportunity for doing it righteously. Of course you have already guessed whose ears would have been boxed, but, my dear, you have not yet guessed the provocation, and I suppose you could not, for *you* never saw Miss Marian Goddard, and whatever Mr. Edward Arkwright may say, *I* say she is hateful.

"I have begun at the end, as usual, and must now do my best to begin over again at the beginning. I am not prejudiced, as you know, and I never have fancies one way or the other, but I distrusted this young *Americaine* the moment I set my eyes on her, and I have continued to distrust her ever since. I think I wrote something about her in one of my letters. Nonsense! I won't prevaricate in writing. I know perfectly well that I wrote about her, and what I said. Of course it's none of my business what Miss Goddard is, or who she is, but ever since I guessed your secret, though you did not tell me I did, I have been very much interested in watching her. Well, lately she has taken it into her head to be very intimate with me. I am only a demure English woman, studying painting, and she is a dashing young *Americaine* who looks at the trains in Verouese's pictures to

see how they are hung, but still she can amuse herself with me. So the other day she tapped with her velvet paws on my door and came in as I bade her. I had gone upstairs for the night and was writing a letter to you, the latest letter before this. She patronized me a little very sweetly, and then took up my case of photographs. 'May I look at them?' she asked; 'I do so like to look at family photographs.' 'Oh, certainly,' said I. 'You will see my mother, the Queen, and Princess Beatrice and Prince Alfred and all the royal family.' But in among them as I knew were your picture and Ellen's and Alfred's. I pretended not to watch her, but I knew she looked at the back of your picture where your name and age were like a tombstone inscription. 'Is this one of the princesses?' she asked innocently. 'Oh yes,' said I, 'that is Princess Alice, who has emigrated to America and lives with her brother, Prince Alfred, under the reign of Edward the VIII.' I don't know why I made such a silly speech, but I knew she was deceitful, and I wanted to run far ahead of her and then turn round and see if she was following. She changed color, and laughed. 'So that is your sister Alice, is it?' she said. 'What a sweet pretty girl she is.' You may imagine my resentment at this. Of course you can't hear her say it, and you don't know how much spite she can put into her pretty speeches. However, I added a little to the color and said you were as good as you were beautiful, or words to that effect. 'And where is Ellen?' she asked. I showed her Nell's picture, and asked with a little curtsey, 'How did you know I had a sister Ellen, Miss Goddard?' 'From Edward the VIII.,' said she. 'I knew whom you meant well enough, Miss Garden. Mr. Edward Arkwright is a friend who wrote me lately and mentioned that he had happened to see the sister of one of his workmen, and on enquiring of the family learned that one of them was at this same house. It was very easy for me to guess that you had heard from your sister of Mr. Arkwright's being at the house. There was no need of your being so secret about it.' She said all this coolly and—there is no other word for it—impertinently. 'Well,' said I, 'it certainly is not strange that my sister should write me of a friend who has been so kind and thoughtful as Mr. Arkwright. I am glad he is your friend, for I am sure he must be a splendid man,' and then I went on praising him, as if I had known him all my life. You should have seen her listen and look. One would have thought I was tearing his character to pieces. 'Does your sister write as enthusiastically of him as you talk?' she asked drily when I stopped, 'or where did you get your information?' I could have bitten my tongue off. I answered carelessly, 'Oh, I have an imaginative mind and I can take an old ankle bone of fact and construct a roaring lion out of it.' Then I was a little dismayed, because you see, Allie, it was n't quite fair to drag you in, and I had said a good deal more than you ever wrote me. I drew from what you and Ellen had written me and just touched it up a little. I felt it necessary to come to your rescue, so I said good-naturedly, 'Come, Miss Goddard, if you won't tell, I'll show you a little of my sister's letters, and you can see how brilliant an imagination I have.' So I showed her a bit of your letter in which you described him to me. I have my misgivings, but it was all so straightforward in you that I could n't help thinking that you would get yourself and me and everybody else that was in the scrape out of it by this means. I always did blunder. 'Your sister is very penetrating,' said Miss Goddard politely. 'To whom did she say Mr. Arkwright was engaged?' 'Oh, I did n't mean to show you that part of the letter,' I cried in dismay; 'but you know she did n't say at all; she never has told me.' Miss Goddard looked as if she did n't believe a word I said. Then it was that I wanted to box her ears. That was nearly an hour ago, for I began to write as soon after she left as possible, that I might give you a strict account of this very unfortunate interview, for unfortunate I conceive it to be, without knowing why, only I feel like smothering myself with the pillow. . . . P. S. I thought I was through, but just as I signed my name there was a tap at my door, and Lady Goddard stood

there, calm and impressive. 'Miss Garden,' said she, 'excuse me for troubling you again, but it has occurred to me that you may be laboring under some mistake.' She colored a little and then added: 'You may have guessed very naturally that I am engaged to Mr. Arkwright. I wish to set you right. I am not engaged to him. Pray pardon this reference to my personal affairs;' and then she turned about and swept majestically into the next door, distant three feet. Now, my dear, I hope you'll sleep after receiving this letter, but I shan't sleep after writing it, and I doubt if I shall sleep till I hear from you again. Miss Goddard hath murdered sleep.—F. G."

There are few persons who set about comforting mourners and succeed in the task. Yet mourners receive much comfort from friends, and the amount of comfort in the world at any time bears a large ratio to the amount of sorrow. It is the characteristic of true comfort that it comes most frequently under other names and in disguises which its very sincerity compels it to assume. We keep away from those who are in grief under the plea that we will not intrude upon the sacredness of their sorrow, but in reality our refraining is a reluctance, very often, to disturb our own comfort. We go to them with our forced words of polite sympathy, but often our visit is only the satisfaction of our own uneasy sense of duty. Neither our absence nor our presence then carry any comfort, yet there are silences which make themselves heard with an inexpressible tenderness, and there are frank sympathies of look, word and act which make grief to be the very touchstone of humanity.

The morning after his mother's death, before he had risen, Arkwright answered a knock at his chamber door and was told that Mr. Pastorius was below.

"Let him come up here," he said, and as he lay with his cheek on his hand, Pastorius entered. He had a large, bushy head of hair which had given him among his friends the sobriquet of the Lion, but no one ever so described him to another without adding, in some form, "I should have no objection to meeting a lion if he could smile like Pastorius," for he had a way of throwing his head back and smiling till his face was irradiated, but he rarely laughed except in a soft, musical undertone. As he entered the room now and went to his friend's bedside, with outstretched hand, his smile was in singular harmony with the words of greeting:

"I am sorry, Edward, sorry for you."

"Have you come like Job's friends? My mother is dead, my Foundry is burned to the ground, I have been dismissed by the girl I loved. Or perhaps you have come like the messenger to tell me of further miseries."

"'Also the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before.'"

"Yes, after Job had served out his time of suffering. I sat up last night, John, because I could not sleep, and occupied myself with reading Job. I don't know when I have read the book before—certainly not since I was a child and read the Bible through for five dollars. What a book it is! I shut it up finally and leaned out of the window and looked at the stars. It's odd what trivial circumstances occur to us sometimes at very quiet moments. I was a little boy when my father died, and I remembered being placed on a chair, while the family sat about, and bade to read a piece of blank verse called the Wells of Baca. That thin little black book which some comforting friend had sent in was the stone given me when I was hungry for some genuine word. It all came back to me as I leaned out of the window last night, and to tell the truth I cannot help dreading the condolence I shall receive. I shall be perpetually murmuring to myself the Wells of Baca, the Wells of Baca."

"We're a helpless set with our inarticulate speech," said Pastorius, "but then the person who hears is as deaf as he who speaks is dumb. We don't understand our own grief much better than we do other people's. You and I are making signs to each other now. We have to put up with such speech as is common to us. Meanwhile it is something to find that our land is not entirely occupied by savages. I was at the Port yesterday after you had come

home, and as I stood looking at the ruins, one of the men stepped up to me; it was that Garden whom I had met with you.

"'You 're a friend of Mr. Arkwright's, are n't you, sir?' he asked.

"'Yes,' said I. 'And he needs all he has just now.'

"'I wish you would ask him to forgive Alfred Garden for acting the part of an enemy. It may seem like brag, but I think that I killed his mother and burned the Foundry down.' I stared at him, and he explained the matter further, that he had been afraid of being called your friend; he kept something back there I could see; at any rate he was determined that the men should think there was no special relation between you and him, and so he had done violence to his better feelings and had headed the complainants. Your speech cured him, he said, and certainly I never saw a more penitent fellow. I think you may rest assured that you have at least one faithful one in that crowd."

"Perhaps so," said Arkwright, whose mind seemed to be drifting away from the conversation. Then he recovered himself.

"John," he said, "I wish you would do me a favor. Go to Garden and tell him I am very far from bearing any grudge against him. The fact is, John, this disaster seems already to be ages behind me. I won't try to explain myself until I understand myself, but I think I have undergone or am undergoing a moral and mental catastrophe. I believe naturalists are debating whether our present globe represents a series of catastrophies or an evolutionary process. I suppose people who can't be evolutionized have to be catastrophied."

It was a singular fact that while the counting-room of the Foundry was substantially uninjured by the fire, the old rusty sign of Job Arkwright & Sons had suffered so much from abrasion as to be illegible. The day of disasters had seemed to obliterate it to all appearance, and it had become loosened from its fastenings, so as to hang for a fortnight in a very undecided manner from the post. At the end of that time, the surviving member of the firm who had been busy in the counting-room all day, came out one evening, accompanied by his old clerk, who bore a burden of books in his arm and deposited them in a carriage that stood by the door.

"I shall take the old sign down now," said Arkwright, easily detaching it from its nails. "That has hung there for nearly seventy years. It seems a pity to destroy it."

"Give it to me, Mr. Edward, if you do not want it."

"Why, Mr. Simon, you are positively sentimental. I have a touch of feeling about it myself, and I really cannot destroy it. Take it and do what you please with it. I am afraid no manner of scouring will ever restore the name."

"The name 's gone, that 's sure, Mr. Edward, and I should n't mind it, if the thing itself had not gone; the business I mean." Mr. Simon consulted his watch abstractly as if he would note the time when it all ended.

"Better to stop a watch than let it run down," said Arkwright. "That 's one of my brother's proverbs, I believe."

"Your brother was a powerful man on proverbs, Mr. Edward. If he had lived——"

"Yes, I know. He would have carried the business through; but I 'm not my brother, and it is with some difficulty that I am myself. Come, get into the carriage, Mr. Simon. I 'll take you to your house and leave you and the sign there. You must not fret about the business. It will take us a good two months to wind up affairs, and you 'll enjoy coming to my house to do that. I sent your desk there this afternoon, and you 'll be astonished to find how familiar everything will be in a few days." In truth, Mr. Simon mourned over the closing of the business, and refused to be comforted.

"It is not the business which he regrets," said Arkwright, in speaking of it afterward to Pastorius, "but the routine. He has grown so used to doing certain things at certain hours and in certain places, that he is thoroughly uncomfortable at having his order broken up. I never before so thoroughly realized the tyranny of routine. This poor man has been so held together by business forms that I am actually afraid

lest when the last account I have is closed, he will drop to pieces from want of some internal cohesive power. My day of deliverance is his day of sentence."

"Then let us honor the power of business which could so hold together an otherwise crumbling nature. Dust we are and to dust we return, but every one obeys some power that holds his dust in shapely form until it is ready for decay. What will your men do?"

"Most of them are going to Whitcomb, who has a large increase of business, I am told. He made a compromise with his men, but when he found I was not going on, he gave out that he could employ more men if he gave lower wages, and he had so many offers at the low rate that he was able to carry his point, and everything, I believe, is going on swimmingly with him. He has bought most of my unfulfilled contracts. I made it a stipulation that he should employ certain men who I knew were good workmen. He is a shrewd manager."

"Has Garden gone to him?"

"No. I think he is going back to England."

"Will he take his family with him?"

"His sisters? I suppose so. I have not seen them since the fire."

"And you? You have not told me what you will do when your business is settled."

"I do not yet know, John. I have thought of going abroad. I have thought of other things. I am not quite clear in my own mind, but my uncertainty is a very different matter from that which used to trouble me when I was engaged in my business. You can scarcely have forgotten the many conversations we had respecting my business and my plans in it and my qualification for it?"

"I remember, the general impression left on my mind, that you were groping about in the dark."

"Exactly; and while I cannot say that I am now in a blaze of light, I wish I could give you an idea of the singular lightness of mind which I feel. The sensation of being engaged in that to which one was not foreordained is simply horrible. I never was intended to be a brass and iron founder, or a business man at all; my whole nature rebelled against it, and all the rest of the world was against me, ancestors, circumstances, reasonableness—oh, I could find no difficulty in arguing the matter and proving conclusively that I was and could be nothing else. Yet all the while this poor beaten, convinced *I* within me was protesting, mutely perhaps, but with uneasing muteness. I never knew an hour of positive peace of mind until I gave up the contest and determined that I would no longer obey a voice which did not respond to a voice within me. I can't undertake to make this clear to people generally. I can't lay down any principles to guide other people. I can only say that I have been fighting myself this past year, and that whatever I am to be, I am to reach the result not by struggling against myself, but by struggling against such outside difficulties as I may meet. When one is in conflict with that which is outside of himself, and sin for one thing is outside of our real selves, he grows strong by wrestling; but no one grows strong by wrestling with the will of God, and I conceive that will to be written in our souls in this matter of our life's occupation or profession."

"So now you have given up struggling against your destiny and are waiting to learn what your destiny is?"

"Yes, and not without hope that it will soon be disclosed to me. I don't think I am inactive, and I hold confidently to the belief that no one who is in earnest is ever long left in doubt. The next step is shown him as soon as he is ready to take it."

The closing of his business, on which he was fully resolved, occupied Arkwright quite steadily, but left him, nevertheless, more leisure of mind and of body than he had recently been enjoying. The autumn days brought him occasional runs into the country, which he took chiefly by himself. Solitude was grateful to him now, and he sometimes fancied that in the quiet woods he might hear the voice for which he was waiting. Nearly a month had passed since the day which had witnessed so great a change in his life. He had nearly completed the business arrangements which he had been

making; his mother's death, still fresh in his mind, was yet becoming a part of his past life; death at her age seemed so much more of a finality, much more retrievable, too, than when it comes in childhood. But the shock of Marian Goddard's letter was like a suspended blow. He had been struck suddenly, but there was something so unreasonable about it in his mind that it seemed possible to avert the blow already given. It was as if he had agreed in his mind not to acknowledge the fact until it had been confirmed. He had at once written, not that evening, but the next day, and he was waiting a reply.

The reply came in annother form. Before his letter could have been answered, he had a few lines from his old friend and traveling companion, Louis Lockwood. It is unnecessary for us to see more than the few lines that began his letter.

"Dear Puddler, can you wipe the sweat from your honest brow and spare a few of your precious moments to hear a piece of idle gossip? While you have been rolling up your barrels of money, I have been sipping honey, and am now admiring myself as an accomplished example of *un homme fiancé.* She has accepted me—it is therefore *un fait* to be *accomplé* one of these days. She talks so much French that I have caught a word or two from her. I don't need to introduce her, for I remember hearing you rave about her—Miss Marian Goddard. I used to think you had a strength for her yourself, but possession is nine-tenths, and I am so far in possession of happiness that I don't grudge you any prospective amount you may once have taken. It 's a queer sensation this of being engaged. It came upon me quite unexpectedly. To parody a remark which I dimly conceive to be famous—I awoke one morning an engaged man. But heaven only knows how many ways there are of getting engaged. Of course my experience is sacred and all that, and I don't propose to confide it to you. The main argument is all you need. . . "

This somewhat forced gaiety gave an air to Lockwood of being somewhat ill at ease, and Arkwright mused long on the letter without making it at all a full commentary on Marian's. That he had been cruelly misunderstood or evil reported of, that the girl whom he had loved had not waited for his explanations and had given none herself, but had yielded to the admiration of another—so much was plain to him, and he drew back from trying to fathom the mystery. It was like a bad dream; he did not want to trace its outline into some plain matter-of-fact beginning. In truth, he could not afford to have the mystery cleared, for it would, he dimly felt, sweep away a happy remembrance, and turn trust of one into distrust of many.

He did not answer Lockwood's letter, and he gave up expecting an answer to his own sent to Miss Goddard. In that he had written simply and with a straightforward honesty which he knew conld not be made stronger by any other testimony. If he was not to be believed by what his letter had told, it was out of his power to force belief. So that too lay behind him in his old life along with his mother's companionship and his broken business. He had abstained all this time, in scrupulous vindication of his honor, from going where he had gone so familiarly, but on a Sunday after receiving Lockwood's letter, his walk took him by the well-known road and he found himself with his hand on the gate at Alfred Garden's. No one was in the yard and when he knocked at the door he got no answer. He looked up at the windows. They were closed and the blinds were drawn. There was some sign of disorder about, the look of a house which has been dismantled. He could not believe that the Gardens had actually gone to England. He had asked, from time to time, and it was only a day or two since that Simon had spoken of meeting Garden. But he could find no entrance, and he turned away disappointed. He was more than disappointed. A sudden fear chilled him, as he discovered how carefully he had been concealing from himself his real wishes. At first he was inclined to make some inquiries of the neighbors, but he was in no mood to hear anything unpleasant, and he turned away. Rather than go back he sauntered down a lane which led to the disused powder maga-

zine which stood upon a little promontory jutting out into the river. A clump of pine trees made a pleasant spot, and the river bending in either direction was singularly graceful and quiet here. The city on the one side and the factories on the other were shut from sight here, and he threw himself upon the pine needles that lay thickly on the ground, leaned his chin on his hands and watched the river. He moved his arm to change his position and struck an object which he had not noticed. It was a prayer-book of the English church, and he drew it toward him, and glanced at the fly leaf. The name drew him quickly to his feet and he began exploring the nooks of the little promontory. Suddenly, making a turn, he came face to face with Alice Garden.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you," he said; "I was afraid you had gone. I went to your house, but it was not only locked, it had the look of being shut up. I sauntered down here, and as good fortune would have it, I stumbled on your prayer-book and knew you could not be far away."

"We are just going to leave," she said. "We have given up the house and are staying for a few days at a neighbor's." There was a constraint about her manner which struck Arkwright even before she spoke and embarrassed him.

"Then let us have one of our old-fashioned talks," he said at length, returning to the place where he had found her book. She followed timidly, but sat upon a wooden bench that was hacked with the carving of countless pocket knives. "I heard you were going away, but I did not think it would be so soon."

"Alfred is anxious to get back to England, and my sister Fanny has urged us to return."

"Is she in England?"

"Yes, by this time. She was to leave last Thursday."

"Shall you come to America soon again?"

"I do not know," she said sadly. "I am afraid not."

"Why 'afraid not?'" asked Arkwright, looking up.

"I ought not to have said that, but I am more than half American in my likings, and there is little in England, except my sister, to call me back again. But, Mr. Arkwright, may I ask you what you are going to do? Alfred has told me that you will not rebuild the Foundry."

"I am glad you asked me, for I think if I tell you I shall tell myself more clearly. Do you know what that means? I have been trying to answer the question these four weeks past, but I have really been wanting all this time to have it asked. It is singular how much more clearly one can answer outside than inside questions. May I be a little egotistical? You don't answer me, and I will be brave and run the risk of being misunderstood. Yes, I have given up the life of a business man. That is clear. It was not for me. Something else lies before me and it is so quiet here, and you listen so well that I think I can say aloud what I never have actually said to myself. I have a great respect and admiration for men of action, but I do not belong to that class and I cannot be made to belong to it. Some people know beforehand the certain result of experiment and so avoid the experiment. I did not; I thought I needed to make trial of a business life, and I was not without hope that it would harden and form certain irresolute and speculative ways that I had. I know now that it could not, for it is just these ways which make up my mental nature, for good or evil. You see that I am always weighing and considering and asking and doubting, and this habit of mind is destructive to promptness and efficiency in business. What a splendid faculty it is that makes a man hold his business firmly, judge soundly, and carry forward all his ventures with a steady hand and a clear purpose. I have not that faculty. Do you think it is an agreeable retrospect to regard myself as a man that has failed? That has been my occupation of late. But I could not take that view of myself if I did not believe that there was something that I could do. Miss Garden, should you take me for a leader of men?" Arkwright turned to her with a half amused, half grave look.

"Yes," she replied, emphatically.

"Thank you, though how you reached your conclusion I don't know. Well, if to

see spiritual thiugs with a certain clearness and positiveness; if to turn naturally to the larger aspects of duty and the broader relations of life; if to be stimulated by high ideals and to fiud delight in worship, to be eager to set before men worthy ends, to have hope aud faith in God and a belief that he governs and makes even our bitterness to be great—if all this belongs to one who is a leader, then in all humility I must accept the name and the service. It is strange for me to be talking so to you, yet it seems very natural, too. When I was in the old life you were not so much a part of that as a constant reminder to me of something else, and that something else is what occupies me now. Do not think that I am in an ecstacy or fancy myself another Paul or great man in any way. I simply confess to you, my friend, that for me there remains only one possible life. I see the rush of busy men about me, and it looks far more healthy to me now that I am out of it, than when I was a part of it. All the large desires and hopes I had in the old days are to me now far more real and feasible than when I myself was seeking to reduce them to practice. It is not for me to do that, but I can show others the way, or rather I can stimulate others to do what I never could do under the same stimulus. Each his own place. Be it mine to lead, be it others' to execute. I do not euvy them their power. Once I wanted it, but it was not given to me. Instead I find that there has been given me somewhat else—a mind to think, a voice to speak. That way lies my life hereafter. Yes. I am an enthusiast; that is the power given to me." He had risen as he said the last words and stood before the girl. She bent her head and did not look up. At last she said, simply,

"Then you have not failed."

"No, I have not failed. My failure, if it comes, lies in the future." They walked slowly back from the river and spoke freely of many matters. Arkwright spoke of his mother, spoke again of his business, and a little of his plans.

"I am tarrying at Jerusalem," he said smiling, "and waiting my orders."

"It is impossible not to believe in you," said his companion suddenly, her face flushing as she said it.

"Thank you. Such belief makes it easier for me to believe in myself." He gave her his hand. "I was just going to say 'goodbye,'" he said, "when I checked myself. I won't say it."

"Then I need not?"

"No." He raised her hand to his lips and turned swiftly away. "Not now!" he cried to himself. "I may not now. Something holds me back. But the time will come."

Something must be forgiven to an enthusiast in the early dawn of his inspiration, but most refuse to make that something prudence. Yet prudence under a divine name withheld the quickened young man from suddenly turning this girl along his own way. It was a sense, to speak in somewhat vague terms, of a need of ripening. It could not be that he should so quickly pass from the warm life of one love, though it had been suddenly darkened, into the peaceful life of another. To him, sensible of high aims imperfectly defined, there was yet a profound sense of being led, and not at this moment did he hear the voice bidding him to tarry. To her, who had known him in various phases, there had never been absent an appreciation of a hidden life now partially revealed, yet the relation had brought with it other feelings on her part than those of maidenly love. Perhaps it was well for her also, then, that this love should have been consecrated to a passion which would one day enclose and purify that which flowed by its side.

THE END.

FLOWER OF GRASS.

The gracefulness that homely life takes on
When love is at its root, you saw in her:
No color, but soft tints in lovely blur,—
A charm which if so much as named was gone,
Like light out of a passing cloud. Yet when
The fairer faces bloomed on you alone,
Without the softening of her presence, then
Into their look had something garish grown,—
Some tenderness had faded from the air,—
A loss so subtle and so undefined
The thought was blamed that hinted loss was there.

The nature of such souls is to be blind
To self, and to self-seeking; let them blend
Their life as harmony and atmosphere
With other lives; let them but have a friend
Whose merit they may set off, or endear,
And they are gladder than in any guess
Or dreams of their own separate happiness.

Earth were not sweet without such souls as hers:
Even of the rose and lily might we tire;
She was the flower of grass, that only stirs
To soothe the air, and nothing doth require
But to forget itself in doing good;
One of life's lowly, saintly multitude.

Lucy Larcom.

MOSES AND THE MONUMENTS.

[*From the German of Heinrich Brugsch.*]

If the old monuments of Egypt, which have been restored to speech to-day, have a special interest for the scholar, it is when they touch on the same time as the events of the Scriptures, and open to us a comparison between their own records and the sacred traditions of Christendom. In the dawn of Egyptian archæology, the light shed on even the most undoubted facts of the past seemed little more than a glimmering cloud. But the morning rays already reach far enough to give form to the outlines of the vague mass in the background of earliest history; and it is the task of the inquirer to follow the lines until the cloud vanishes as the several parts are blended in one clear picture. I have chosen from the rich treasure of sacred history, as it comes into closer or wider connection with Egypt, that portion which gives us a sure historic ground in the name of the great Hebrew lawgiver. I shall assume a full acquaintance with the story of Moses and the Exodus of the Hebrew people; and thus proceed at once to place side by side with the facts of Scripture, the records which have thus far been proved with certainty from the monuments of ancient Egypt.

Not to enter too nicely into chronological dates, the exactness of which varies in the opinion of our experts somewhere from fifty to sixty years, we may fix this as the result

of our latest discoveries, that the time between the entrance of the Israelites into Egypt and their Exodus is filled by one of the most famous epochs, specially known as the 18th dynasty of Theban kings. A long series of royal houses from the oldest dwelling in Memphis, and renowned for the building of the gigantic Pyramid tombs, to the dynasties of Southern Egypt centred in Thebes, had for twenty centuries reigned with splendor over the double realm. Suddenly, as we learn from the traditions, nomad Assyrian races of Semitic stock, driven in vast numbers in search of pasture-lands, burst from the East over the isthmus of Suez, and organized by warrior chiefs, soon seized on the blooming region of the Eastern Delta. They overcame the Egyptian armies, broke up the possessions of the Pharaohs in the eastern states of the lower country, and chose themselves kings, who fixed their residence in Tanis, or as it is called in the Egyptian tongue, Hauar (Avaris). With these first conquests, the pride of the foreign invaders grew, until at last they not only held the whole Delta as far as Memphis, but even laid the of singk Southern Egypt under tribute and vassalage. The people were forced for more than five hundred years to endure the yoke of these strangers, whom the inscriptions denote sometimes by the name of Amu, that is, neatherds, sometimes by the name of Aadu, or the hateful, the invaders.

Among the kings of these foreign neatherds, there was especially one named Apophis, who lived in friendly relations with the Egyptian king of Thebes. He dwelt, like his predecessors, in Tanis, and established there the special worship of Sutech, the deity corresponding in the Egyptian rite to the Semitic Baal. In this home of oldest civilization, brought into contact with the remnant of the former population, the nomadic strangers soon felt a longing for the refined manners and customs around them; and there naturally followed an age of new culture, through which the Egyptian element won a marked victory. The foreign kings in Tanis borrowed the habit of the court, built in the style of Egypt, and even adopted, as the monuments show, the hieroglyphic writing in the decoratiou of their works of memorial art. But the sway of the Semites in the lower country reached its end when bolder Pharaohs arose toward the close of the 8th Theban dynasty, and in many triumphant battles, of which the monuments expressly speak, shook off the yoke of the stranger. Tanis, the capital of the Semitic power, attacked by sea and land, was taken by the Egyptians; and very soon the oppressed became the oppressors of the foreign settlers in the eastern Delta, whose traces remain clearly visible to this day in the same parts of the lower coast. From that time begins a brilliant epoch of history, which fills the 19th, 18th and 17th centuries before our era. The armies of the Pharaohs pressed into Palestine, marched on the great royal road past Gaza and Megiddo, even to the shores of the Euphrates and Tigris, laid tribute on Babel and Nineveh, until the monarchs at last reared their trophies of conquest ou the boundaries of Assyria, where, as the hieroglyphic texts tell us, the heaven rests on its four pillars. Numberless inscriptions covering the walls of temple and tomb on the banks of the Nile are eloquent of these Asiatic conquests, which were regarded as divine judgments against the former Semitic tyranny. Thousands of captives were led from the borders of Asia to Memphis and Thebes, to be employed in the task-work of building those colossal temples, which to-day awaken the wonder of the traveler as if they defied decay. Many paintings on these show us the prisoners busied in the erection of the Theban fanes; they draw water to moisten the clay; they knead it, shape the bricks in wooden moulds, spread them for drying in the sun, drag them in loads to the building-ground; and at last complete the walls. All is under the oversight of Egyptian officers, who stand in leisurely attitude, armed with staves, to watch the captive workmen. Each special work is explained by proper inscriptions; and the laborers themselves are named as "the prisoners, whom the king has drafted for the building of the temple."

The power of Egypt thus grew visibly;

and the southern region of the Nile was filled with stately buildings even to Meroe, where a new dynasty, the 19th, followed the last reigning house. At its head stands King Ramses I., about the middle of the 15th century before our era. It is in the reign of his grandson, the 2d Ramses, who came to the throne about 1400 A. C., and ruled 66 years, that the first monumental witness is found to the narrative of the Hebrew Scriptures.

Ramses was alike famous for his conquests in foreign lands, especially his march against the then mighty and civilized Hethites, with whom Abraham stood in such friendly relations, and for his labors in defence of Egypt against invasion from the North. He established, according to the undoubted evidence of the monuments, a chain of fortified places from Pelusium to Heliopolis. To these strongholds belonged particularly two walled cities, one called Ramses, the other Pithom; both situated in what is now the Wady of Tumilat, near the sweet-water canal, which joins the Nile with the Red sea. To readers of the Bible, the Egyptian names of these two places will at once recall the words of Exodus, I, 11: "and they built for Pharaoh, the cities of Pithom and Rameses, as treasure-cities." The Hebrew records name the builder simply Pharaoh, without adding his proper name; but the frequent use of this same word in Scripture for different kings makes it probable that it is a mere title, and this is confirmed in a striking way by the monuments. A very common description of the king on these structures is in the dialect of upper Egypt, Per-aa, and in that of the lower, Pher-ao, which literally means "the great house," or "the high house;" a term quite resembling the well-known title of oriental monarchs, "the sublime Porte." The "high house," or the Pharaoh of the time of oppression, under which Moses was born and brought up, is therefore without doubt the 2d Ramses, who, according to the result of the latest reckoning, ruled in the first half of the 14th century before Christ; and who laid on the children of Israel the cruel task of building these two treasure-cities. Ancient rolls of papyrus, now kept in the British Museum, and handed down from the time of this Pharaoh, give an exact description of these works, especially in regard to the city of Ramses.

In one of these rolls, (Anastasi, 3,) the Egyptian scribe, Pinebsa, sends to his superior, Amenemaput, a written account of the condition in which he found the city. He observes that it is "incomparable;" that the life there is "sweet," the country filled with men, the pools and canals with fish, the fields with birds; that the most fragrant flowers bloomed in the meadows, the fruits tasted like honey, and the barns were bursting with grain. The preparations for the entrance of the king, at his visit in the tenth year of his reign, are minutely described. It is further related how the crowds thronged to greet him, and to offer to the "Great Conqueror" their prayers or complaints. The same worn and tarnished rolls which have furnished the after-world so striking a memento of this happy city, contain on the back certain building reports concerning the structures in the town, although the spot is not exactly defined. We read there the following words, written in a letter by the hand of a secretary to his unnamed superior, in discharge of a special commission.

"Statement of buildings. Twelve in all of the people who were detailed for brick-making, and sent from their homes to the city works. They have furnished daily their tale of bricks, without resting from their task until it was finished. The commission is thus completed which my lord assigned me."

This simple building-notice lends a most precious testimony to the Scriptural story of Pithom and Rameses; and claims our highest regard as a record of the same age, so wondrously kept by Providence for thousands of years in the silent night of the tomb. We know from this weighty proof of the inscriptions that the men described by the Egyptian writer in this general way were not natives, but captives of war; and we may justly infer that they were descendants of the Semitic race in the eastern Delta, whom more than 400 years before the Pharaohs had mastered and oppressed.

That Hebrews were of the number is not only told us by the Scripture history, but further confirmed by the old monuments in the most striking way. We must expect beforehand that the "children of Israel" would be denoted in the monuments by the name of Hebrews, which the Old Testament tells us was wont to be given by foreign races to the chosen people. Indeed, the most recent science has recognized this description in the Egyptian painting Apuru; and we may know the importance of such a discovery from the character of the fact it discloses. We turn again to the inscriptions on stone and papyrus, where this name of Hebrew is brought into contact with the building of Ramses. Under the Egyptian guard, acting as a police over the mercenaries of the Libyan race called Mazai, there is a troop of Hebrews mentioned as employed to break stones in the quarries. There are, in two old papyrus-rolls, now in the Museum at Leyden, in Holland, letters of two scribes at the court of Ramses 2d, to their superiors; a literal translation of which I give here as of special value.

In the first letter, the scribe Kanitsir sends the following to his chief, the secretary Bakenptah: "My lord will be pleased to learn that I have fulfilled the charge which my lord gave me; to wit, the oversight of the rations for the soldiers as well as the Hebrews, who drag the stones to the great city of King Ramses-Miamun, the truth-loving; and who are under the orders of the captain of armed police, Amenemau. I distribute to them their food each month, according to the excellent instructions which my lord has given me." It is plain that the writer was entrusted with the care of these Hebrews at the quarries, in the very division under the chief of police. His correspondence seems to be an official report, or perhaps a special justification against some complaint.

A second papyrus from the same museum is of nearly the same character, and addressed to the Katena or Commander Hui. I give the essential part of the letter in a literal version. "I have executed the task which my lord assigned me; to wit, the distribution of food to the soldiers as well as to the Hebrews who drag stone, etc." To bring forward, furthermore, a stone monument on which the name of Hebrews is mentioned, I shall only recall the long text of the inscription in the rocky valley of Hamamât, which marks the course of the old Egyptian market-street from Koptos on the Nile to the port of Berenice on the Red Sea. In this inscription are named stone works, over which had beeu appointed a guard of the 9,000 laborers employed. In this list is expressly named a company of 800 Hebrews, who are again specified as under the escort of the foreign Mazai police.

If now we may draw a historic conclusion from these *data*, it may be stated as follows:

1. That the Egyptian records affirm King Ramses, the 2d Pharaoh of that name, to be the builder of the cities Pithom and Ramses.

2. That under the same king these records mention the Hebrews, in such a way as to assure us of their employment in the building of Ramses, as serfs under the charge of police.

Furnished with these facts, let us now turn to the scriptures. In these the builder of Pithom and Ramses appears at the same time as the cruel oppressor of the children of Israel, and as a new king, "who knew not Joseph." This fact is significant, for it points with entire certainty to the connection of the ancestors of the Israelites with the royal house.

[1]Joseph was never in the court of an *Egyptian* Pharaoh, but had gained his high rank in the service of those Semitic conquerors, who dwelt at Avaris-Tanis in the

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[1] In the valuable "History of Egypt under the Pharaohs," by the author of this essay, Dr. Brugsch, we have some very striking records of recent discovery in regard to the residence of Joseph in Egypt, which are briefly summed in this note. It is his conclusion from the inscriptions on the monuments of Ramses 2d, that the time of Joseph falls within that of a house of the Hyksos or shepherd kings, from 1730 to 1750, A. C. Another inscription on the tomb El Kab, traced to the 18th royal house, bears witness of a famine of many years, which by the reckoning of the author corresponds to the period of the Pharaoh of Joseph's history. This Pharaoh reigned in Anaxis or Zoan. The name of Joseph's wife, Asnat, is genuine Egyptian, and found in both the old and middle kingdom. Her father, priest of On, or Heliopolis, bears the name of Potipher'a. or in the language of the country Puti-pera, "the gift of the sun." That

lower country, amidst a civilization borrowed from Egypt; and who had pushed their sway even to Memphis and Heliopolis. After the strife for national freedom, made by the first kings of the eighteenth dynasty against the Semitic invaders, the Pharaohs of Egyptian race could certainly have had no desire for the friendship of the usurpers still remaining in their country; but for three hundred years held over them an iron rule, which was carried to its extreme under the second Ramses, and yet further under his successor.

The birth of the Hebrew Lawgiver, Moses, falls under the second Ramses. The Exodus occurred under his successor, whom the monuments call Menepthes; and at that time Moses was eighty years old. If the Pharaoh Menepthes reigned twenty years, as the royal lists assign him, after the sixty-six years of his predecessor, the birth of Moses by the simplest reckoning falls in the 6th year of the reign of Ramses 2d. The biblical account thus tallies the more plainly with the Egyptian dates, since the building of Pithom and Ramses happened in the very first year of the reign of Ramses, who, as I have related, in the tenth year made his entry into the Treasure City. Thus the connection in time between the Pharaohs of the oppression and of the Exodus, when compared with the Mosaic tradition, confirms the proofs already given from the monuments that Ramses 2d was the adoptive father of Moses.

But the building of the two treasure-cities, the gigantic remains in Avaris-Tanis in Bubastos, and many other places east of the Delta, amidst whose ruins the name of the Great King is found even to-day, furnish us yet further hints of a political character for this history. As the outmost line of these buildings formed a chain of fortifications toward the east, an Egyptian wall against inroads from Canaan, especially the then mighty Hethites, so the vast ramparts more toward the interior would give a defence against the restless mass of his own subjects, pervaded by the Semitic spirit. There remains a very notable treaty of this time, which Ramses 2d, in the 21st year of his reign, made with Chetasar, King of the Hethites; and which casts a most instructive light on the state of affairs. This treaty, graven on a rocky wall in Thebes, pledges an alliance between the two Kings and nations; and contains withal the following weighty lines: "Should the subjects of King Ramses come to the King of the Hethites, he shall not receive them, but compel them to return to the King of Egypt." Had Ramses 2d, the Pharaoh of the oppression, maintained such vast power as the numberless inscriptions on his monuments boast; had he remained master of all political movements in his own country, the words of this treaty would have been needless; and therefore the stress laid on the case of desertion leads us to the suspicion that it was not rare during his reign. But these very words and their concealed meaning gain a clear light from the confession of the Pharaoh, given in Scripture: "Come on, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply; and it come to pass, that when there falleth out any war, they join unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them out of the land." Exod. i, 10.

It was not only, however, through such severe measures as have been spoken of, but by political craft that Ramses 2d, and yet more his son, Menepthes, strove to check the fermenting masses of the enslaved Semitic race in lower Egypt. The weightiest proof of this is given us in the sudden introduction of the worship of Baal by both these monarchs. Such a fact can only be rightly understood from the religious standpoint of those ancient times, when by a kindly trait of humanity the deities of various lands were regarded as differing in name only, but as substantially alike. The monuments tell us how Ramses sacrificed to Baal-Sutech, and reared in the old Semitic metropolis of Tanis, the Zoan of Scripture, temples whose colossal relics were still to be seen in later days. Here in Tanis the Baal worship of the protectors of Joseph had

Joseph really held the highest rank after the king is shown by his dignity of Adon "over all Egypt." (Gen. xiv, 9.) Luther has well translated the Hebrew word, "Prince" or "Regent." Gesch. Ægyptens., pp. 242–252. This history, the work of many years, appeared in complete form in 1877, and is not yet translated into English.

remained, especially in the form established by King Apophis; and Ramses paid reverence there, that he might appease the discontent of the Semitic people, and make the God of the strangers gracious to the destiny of his own land. The gigantic sitting figure on the left in the pillared court of the royal museum at Berlin, is the statue of this Pharoah, dedicated by him to the temple of Baal at Tanis, and placed before its portals. This huge colossus was a cotemporary of Moses, and must surely have been seen by him at one time; for the Scripture recalls expressly the city Zoan-Tanis as the place where Moses wrought his miracles before the Pharaoh at the behest of the Almighty. "Marvellous things did he in the sight of their fathers, in the land of Egypt, in the field of Zoan," is the language of the Psalm lxxviii, 12. And again, verse 43: "He wrought his signs in the land of Egypt, and his wonders in the field of Zoan."

But the son of this Pharaoh, Menepthes, was far more anxious than his father to show his reverence for the Baal of Tanis. Too much beset and too weak to stem successfully the revolt of the masses, too far enfeebled to rear even his own monuments, as his fathers had done, by the toil of foreign serfs, he was content to engrave his royal arms on the stones of his predecessors, with the legend, "the worshiper of Sutech-Baal of Tanis," in the poorest style of hieroglyph; and thus to preserve the memory of his name. Both the huge colossi of our museum show, on the rim of the pedestal, the mementoes of the sorely-perplexed king; nay, to reveal the extremity of his weakness, he has, as if he would thereby appease the Semitic revolters, copied the figure of Baal on the back of one colossus, and added the form of his son as priest of the divinity. But God decreed otherwise, and chose Moses as his instrument to overturn the well-laid plans and intrigues of the Egyptian despot.

As to the Egyptian origin of the name Moses, there is now only one undoubted opinion. We know from the monuments, that several persons bore the name, Mas or Massu, a word signifying "the child;" and among them a cotemporary of the great Lawgiver, who held the high rank of a governor of Ethiopia under the Pharaoh of the Exodus. It was by following an old though quite palpable confusion of these two names that Josephus, the Jewish historian, relates how the Lawgiver had in his youth led an Egyptian army to Ethiopia, had penetrated to Meroe, and married the princess Tharbis, after that she from love to him had opened the city gates. Found by an Egyptian princess, brought up in the court of Ramses 2d, in all the wisdom of Egypt, it cannot be wonderful if the name of the foundling was an Egyptian one. But far beyond the mere name, the whole legislation of Moses, his doctrine of sacrifices, of purification and the like, are a proof of his connection with the ideas of ancient Egypt; and we are already able at this day to bring overwhelming evidence of this from the monuments. I must content myself with only pointing here to what has been the subject of special and searching inquiry. Yet I cannot pass in silence one fact, which lends by no means the weakest support to these proofs. The religious monuments of the old Egyptians, whether on records of rock or frail papyrus-leaf, give us the strongest testimony that the sublime truth of the unity of God was well known to the masters of priestly learning; and that their rich, manifold world of deities in animal form was only the covering or the distortion of this doctrine, originally pure, and afterward preserved in the mysteries. This doctrine of one God was revealed only to the initiated, and in the obscure office of the dead was placed in a written roll within the tomb, as a last passport. The name of the one God is not mentioned within these rolls, but only circumscribed in the deep words: "Nuk pu nuk," "I am that I am." Who does not here recall at once the like words in Exod. iii., 14, in which God names himself to Moses and the children of Israel; words which in their Hebrew form Jahveh, and according to the misunderstood expression, Jehovah, have the same meaning as that sentence, Nuk pu nuk, "I am that I am?"

I might, in the fuller exposition of my subject, pass to the connection of the

Mosaic history with other records drawn from these monuments. I might take the miracle of the water smitten from the rock in Horeb, and cite proof that those ancient memorials had already ascribed to some of their kings, among them to Ramses 2d, this wonder-working power of bringing water from the rock by their command. I might add still further, that a large part of the names among the kindred of Moses and the Levites can be found in Egytian writing, or cotemporary monuments. But I fear to touch on the domain of historic guesses. I will therefore be content to have shaken the dust from the old ruins, and unrolled the tarnished papyrus-leaves, in order to show by the sure results of discovery that Moses and the Hebrews have survived in these rich memorials of the Egyptian past; and that through a divine Providence these records have defied the tooth of time for many thousand years, to prove to our own day the credibility and genuineness of the most sacred traditions of Christendom.

E. A. Washburn.

MRS. WILKIN'S DUTY.

She "always tried to do it," she said, but like the kitchen work of poor housekeepers, it was never done up. Tim insisted that there was more than belonged to one family; "Aunt 'Liz'beth took in a good deal for other folks;" and once he slyly chalked a sign upon the front door, "Duty Done Here." But then Tim had arrived at that peculiar age when a boy has no rights and is needed to run of errands, and it is probable that duty—his aunt's, not his own—interfered with his comfort even more than that of older people.

In truth, Mrs. Wilkin's duty was not a convenient article to have about a house. It was a bristling, aggressive affair, always springing up unexpectedly, like one of the dogs so unaccountably petted in some households for their sole virtue of being always in the way. Moving forward, one runs against the creature and it growls; moving backward, one steps upon its tail and it snarls. It lies on the back piazza to be carefully stepped over in the day time and disastrously stumbled over at night; and haunts the front steps to bark at every visitor coming in, and howl after every member of the family going out.

Mrs. Wilkin kept no dog, but her duty sniffed an opportunity and pounced out of its hiding-place, when there came a timid little knock at the dining-room door in the early morning, and its answering revealed a small, quiet-faced, brown-robed figure—face and dress both past the freshness of their youth—carrying a basket.

"Good morning, Mrs. Wilkin."

"Come in?" questioned Mrs. Wilkin, with only half an invitation in her voice.

The acceptance was a half one likewise. The little brown woman stepped in certainly, and poised herself on the outer edge of a chair nearest the door.

"I called to see if you did n't want to buy some knitted articles, or to engage some work of that sort," she began in a gentle, deprecating voice.

"Well, I don't," interposed Mrs. Wilkin very positively. "I do all such work myself."

"I did n't know. Many ladies have n't time, and I 'm glad to do it."

"I suppose so, but I consider it my duty to do all I can myself and set other folks the example, whether they follow it or not," said Mrs. Wilkin, with a slight gesture like emptying her hands of responsibility. "If I was goin' to give out work at all it would be some hard jobs that it would be a help to be rid of, not the pick and choice little easy things that I call rest and not work; but then I ain't as particular as some, and so I do all kinds myself."

A faint flush crossed the visitor's thin

face. She was not quite sure that she had been called indolent and advised to go to work and earn an honest living; the words only had an uncomfortable sound; so her lips kept their timid, gentle smile, though they trembled a little. She held first one hand in its thin cotton glove, and then the other, to the fire; moved uneasily, glanced down at her feet with a dim thought that if they had always chosen the smoothest path it had yet been rough enough to wear out her shoes much faster than she could replace them; and then she arose to go.

"Was n't you rather hard on her, 'Liz-'beth?" asked Mr. Wilkin, with a regretful glance toward the door as it closed.

Mrs. Wilkin returned to her seat at the breakfast table and surveyed him over the shining tin coffee-pot.

"Hard on her? I only told her what I do, and if that pricks her conscience and makes her uncomfortable, it 's not my fault. But you need n't worry; she just said, 'Good mornin,' as sweet as ever. She 's one of the weak kind that can't be stirred up and have n't spunk enough to say their souls are their own. I wonder what such folks are good for; they 'll never make the world any better, that 's sure. They have n't courage enough to help put down any evil if it was right under their noses; they'd only stand and smile. The very sight of one of 'em provokes me! I consider it my duty to speak out when I see things going wrong."

"But then everybody ain't alike, 'Liz-'beth," interposed Mr. Wilkin.

"Need n't tell me that! it 's plain enough," snapped Mrs. Wilkin. "Just look at this neighborhood—peaceable, orderly place two years ago; and now there 's a mill started and all sorts of vagabonds brought here to work in it. If I 'd had my way they would n't have come; an' now they 're here somebody ought to keep a sharp watch on 'em. But that 's the trouble; there 's so many mild, easy folks that want to sit still an' do the knittin' work of life that there 's precious few left to take any care of the good of society."

"I don't see as the mill folks have done any mischief yet, 'Liz'beth."

"Of course you don't see, and nobody else sees; but I know there 's something goin' on, when the lower part of the mill—that old empty store-room back where it can't be seen from the street—is lighted up two or three nights every week," said Mrs. Wilkin triumphantly. "I 've watched the twinkle through the shutters, tight as they 're shut, and seen folks slippin' in through the door too. It 's time it was looked after, and I 'll do my duty, if nobody else does. There may be a gang of thieves or counterfeiters starting for all we know."

A suppressed giggle made Tim suddenly cough and put down his coffee cup.

"Timothy!" exclaimed his aunt severely. "If you can't drink coffee without doin' it so fast that you choke yourself, you 'll have to go without it. I 'll do my best to bring you up right, whatever comes of it."

Bringing up Tim in the way he should go was one of Mrs. Wilkin's strong points. He was the son of her niece; and Belinda had married in opposition to her aunt's advice. Mrs. Wilkin protested and then washed her hands of the whole matter. But when the poor man was so inconsiderate as to die and leave Belinda with half a dozen children just when she needed his help, Mrs. Wilkin's opinion of his general "slackness" was verified. The family were poor, of course. She did n't believe in sending in many things—self-dependence was a duty—but she offered to take Tim.

"Having the boy to raise makes me more careful about the morals of the whole place," she said, returning to her original subject; "and as for there being no thieves 'round here, I 've thought for some time that the meat went pretty fast from our smoke-house."

"Don't—now, 'Liz'beth, I—I 'm sure no one 's stole any," said Mr. Wilkin with a startled, uneasy look. "You—you could n't have counted the hams and everything."

"No, I don't count, but I can miss 'em for all that," affirmed Mrs. Wilkin decidedly. "I know there 's more go than we use."

"Anyway, it 's no difference. I would n't, 'Liz'beth—there 's plenty, you see, more than we want," advised Mr. Wilkin ur-

gently but rather incoherently. Then he caught up his hat and started for the barn.

Mrs. Wilkin looked after him with pitying disapproval.

"When you've more than you want yourself, leave it handy for somebody to steal! Well, that's a new commandment, I do declare!" she said.

"Not so dreadful new, neither, Aunt 'Liz-'beth," interposed Tim stoutly. "'Cause the Bible folks was told to be sure and leave some of their harvest so the poor could come and get it. I read it myself; only it was n't called stealing then, and was to be left handier than all stowed away in smoke-houses."

"Timothy!" began Mrs. Wilkin. But Tim suddenly remembered that the chickens were waiting for their breakfast, and chose to interpret the exclamation as an admonition in that direction.

"Yes'm, I'm goin' to feed 'em right away," he observed, seizing a basket of corn and darting through the door by which his uncle had departed.

In truth it was not altogether easy to mold Tim into the desired shape; there was too much individuality about him. Encasing him in Mrs. Wilkin's code of manners was putting too large a boy into too small a jacket; he was always bursting out at the elbows or tearing off the buttons. Mrs. Wilkins sighed at this new evidence of the number of things in the world that needed her attention; but England never expected every man to do his duty more strongly than Mrs. Wilkin expected to do hers.

That evening the mysterious lights appeared again in the store-room of the mill. She could plainly see them, for just beyond her own back gate an open field sloped directly and steeply down to the building. The road afforded a public and more circuitous mode of reaching it, but from the hill-top the suspicious store-room was directly in range. Mrs. Wilkin determined to take a more thorough observation than the kitchen window allowed, and, throwing a shawl over her head, she picked her way carefully down the icy steps and crossed the yard to the gate. The snowy field lay white and glistening in the moonlight, and, standing in the sheltering shadow of a post, she watched the door below.

But before she discovered any one entering there she heard sounds in another direction—steps in the yard behind her. What if she should prove beyond all doubt that her meat was stolen and detect the thief? With that quick thought she turned her head cautiously. Yes, some one tried the smoke-house door and entered. Breathlessly Mrs. Wilkin waited until the figure re-appeared, passed along in the shade of the house, and then as it emerged into the clear moonlight, she leaned eagerly forward to catch a full sight of it. It was easily recognized. Mr. Wilkin, beyond all question, stealing meat from his own stores!

The revelation was astounding. In her astonishment Mrs. Wilkin incautiously loosened her hold on the gate-post, took a step forward, and her feet slipped upon the treacherous ground. She sat down violently, and in an instant was speeding rapidly down the hill toward her original point of investigation. For once the path of duty was smooth before her—entirely too smooth, and icy. She could not check or guide her progress; her feet struck with force against the mysterious door, pushed it open, and she slid into a hall.

Thieves, gamblers or whoever they were, she must not be discovered by them flashed through Mrs. Wilkin's mind—more an instinct of self-preservation than a thought—and springing to her feet, she slipped behind some boxes piled near her. The noise attracted attention, and, in a moment the store-room door was opened and a boy looked out.

"Guess it's only the door blew open; don't catch good," he reported.

"Lock it then, James, and bring in the key," said a voice from within; and to Mrs. Wilkin's consternation the order was obeyed, and she was a prisoner.

The boy left the other door slightly ajar as he re-entered. A gleam of light shone into the hall, and there were sounds from the room beyond—a scratching of pens, and a woman's voice; it sounded wonderfully like that of the little knitting-woman, directing and encouraging.

"Well done, Susan."

"Now don't be disheartened, Will. Of course while you work in the mill, and can only study at night, you can't get along just as some do who can go to school all day; but what you learn may be of more use to you. We care most for the things that cost us trouble."

There were a few simple mathematical problems, and then a reading, and the words, spelled out with difficulty by some, were Bible words.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind." "Vaunteth not itself," "Seeketh her own," "Thinketh no evil," "Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things."

It was easily understood. Mrs. Wilkin leaned forward a little, and could peep into the room. Fifteen or twenty boys and girls from the mill gathered into a night school. Then those wonderful words read so slowly and emphatically, seemed suddenly to assume a new and deeper meaning than Mrs. Wilkin had ever thought of their possessing—some things do show so much more clearly in the dark than in the light.

As the timid little woman, who would have been frightened at her own voice in any other audience as large, explained in her simple, gentle way the passage read, it occurred to the listener outside that some one was keeping a "sharp watch" on these mill people, after all, and that this might be a better way of doing it than would be practiced by any police force. It was a very informal school. One girl had brought her best dress that the teacher might show her how to mend a rent in it, and another was trying to knit a pair of mittens for her brother. Every winter has its thaws. Mrs. Wilkin had a heart down under all the crust of opinions that she had christened duty; she became interested despite her uncomfortable situation.

The position was unpleasant. She did not like playing eaves-dropper to this innocent gathering, but there seemed no help for it. She could not escape through the locked door; and boldly revealing herself, and explaining her absurd suspicions, and the remarkable way in which she had come there, was more than even her thought could endure. So she kept her place, hoping that when the pupils were dismissed she might slip out among them unnoticed. But when the lesson hour ended they departed slowly, by twos and threes, the open door flinging a flood of light out into the hall. At last only one lingered, and Mrs. Wilkin listened intently as she caught his voice.

"Now, Tim," said the little knitting-woman, "I like to have you come, you know that, and I'll help you all I can, but you really must tell your aunt about it."

"Well, you see, I don't know what she 'll say," began Tim irresolutely.

"But that should n't hinder you from doing your duty."

"Don't know about that," said Tim still doubtfully. "You see Aunt 'Liz'beth's got an awful 'mount of duty of her own, and it's such a partic'lar kind that other folks can't get much chance to do theirs only when hers is a nappin'. Why Uncle Reub gives my mother lots of meat, but he just slips it off and don't tell."

"Well, if you don't know what is right for you, I do know what is right for me," said the little teacher with a quiet laugh; "and I can't let you come again until you tell your aunt how you spend your evenings."

Mrs. Wilkin nodded a vigorous approval, but it was evident that Tim departed in a state of dissatisfaction.

There was a sound of a crutch tapping on the floor, and Mrs. Wilkin remembered that a little lame brother had sometimes gone about with the knitting-woman. They two were left alone in the room, and went around shaking out the fire, and putting up books and papers.

"Only ten cents a week for each one—that's so little," said the boyish tones musingly.

"Yes, but it isn't so very much that I can teach them," answered the little woman humbly. "And then it's all they can afford to pay, poor things! And you know we began more for their sakes than our own, though we do need money. Courage, though, Johnny! it all counts, and you shall have your overcoat pretty soon now. Besides, this is work that blesses both ways—in what we give as well as what we get."

If she could only pass that open door! Mrs. Wilkin was growing benumbed by standing so long in the cold. Finally the lights were extinguished, and the two came out. Just then, fortunately, Johnny remembered that they had left a book behind them, and as the unconscious jailers turned back the prisoner seized her opportunity and escaped.

She was sitting alone by the fire when Tim, who had made his homeward route sufficiently circuitous to include a call on his mother, returned. He sat down near her, twisted his fingers uneasily, and Mrs Wilkin guessed what was coming.

"There 's been an evenin' school started here, Aunt 'Liz'beth."

"So I understand," responded Mrs. Wilkin coolly.

"Why, I thought"—began Tim with wide-open eyes of surprise, and then checked himself with a sudden reflection that it might not be wise to recall the conversation of the morning. "I'd like to go to it—that is, I have been once or twice," he said. "Fact is, Aunt 'Liz'beth, when we lived down the river, before you took me, there was n't any school for me to go to, and so I'm behind other fellers. Miss Kelsy she makes 'rithmetic so plain, and helps me with writin', and so—"

"You might do worse," said Mrs. Wilkin briefly. "Go if you want to. Only one thing, Timothy Stone, I won't have any ten-cent business about it! Honest is honest, and it's worth more 'n ten cents a week to teach *you* anything, as *I* know."

Tim forgot to be astonished at his aunt's knowledge, and overlooked the reflection upon himself, in the pleasure of expressing a desire that he had cherished secretly but hopelessly.

"She would n't take any more pay, 'cause she'd want to serve all alike, but oh, Aunt 'Liz'beth, if I just could give her and Johnny something nice for Christmas!"

"Humph! I'll think about it," answered Mrs. Wilkin not disapprovingly.

"'Liz'beth," began Mr. Wilkin nervously the next morning, "I would n't say nothin' to anybody about thieves, or watchin' them mill folks, if I was you."

"I don't mean to," replied his wife with an odd pucker about her lips.

"Well, I'm glad of it—I really am," said Mr. Wilkin in a tone of great relief. "I don't think anybody's stole anything, and somehow it seems to me as if our duty nowadays is a good deal like it was when them Israelites took Jericho—only just marchin' against the bit of wall that 's right in front of us, and lettin' our neighbor take care of what 's in front of him. It sort of seems that way, 'Liz'beth."

Mrs. Wilkin did not answer, but she took her revenge that evening, when Mr. Wilkin was going out.

"Reuben," she said quietly, "if you see any thieves 'round our smoke-house, just tell 'em there 's a couple of chickens hanging near the door, that I dressed a purpose. It 's natural Belinda 'd like a change of meat as well as other folks."

Kate W. Hamilton.

A LETTER TO MARY ANN.

DEAR MARY ANN:—I have had so many letters and so many visits from you and your aunts, sisters, and nieces, asking advice on the subject of taking up literature as a profession, that it seems to me the best way is to answer your letter in print, so that you can all see for yourselves what an old hand, after years of various experience, thinks of the trade—for women.

To begin with, I want a text for my sermon—for what is a sermon good for without the highest authority to justify it?—and there is none more apt for the first part of this discourse than this: "Let every man abide in the calling wherein he is called."

This is peculiarly pertinent to literature; it is best for every man to have a decided

natural bent toward the life he adopts and follows; and more men have been ruined by being put in the wrong place by parents, or by force of outward circumstance that they had not strength to resist, than is commonly understood. As regards the literary profession, it is imperatively necessary to have at least a strong talent for writing, in order to write even moderately well. That genius is not absolutely demanded, all our modern publications of miscellaneous articles abundantly testify; but without a certain amount of talent there is no positive success to be had; therefore, unless you feel sure you can write and must write for publication—that it is your natural duty and destiny—do not attempt it; try anything else; for a woman may be an excellent housekeeper, a pattern school-teacher, an exquisite seamstress, or a tasteful milliner, who could not write even a tolerable story, and who would find it far easier as well as more successful to abide in the calling wherein she is called.

Then a distinct education is really needed for authorship; a thorough drilling in our own language, and a wide range of reading. For myself, I owe whatever power of expression I have to the patient care of my mother, who educated me chiefly herself, and made it a part of my daily drill that I should learn by heart a column of a fine print Walker's dictionary, and then write two sentences containing two of the words properly used. I have now the little book begun when I was six years old, written in a child's round hand, and filled with the day's occurrences. These quaint, priggish paragraphs with the long words underlined, were stiff and constrained enough at first, like the work of any one who handles new tools; but I recognize them now as of the greatest benefit to my future work. And a great range of reading is needful, even of desultory reading, not merely to obtain general information, though that is necessary of course, but to prevent the formation of a style so marked as to be obnoxious. We are all imitative beings, and any writer who confines himself to one class of reading will unconsciously adopt the flavor of that class, and become didactic, flippant, sentimental, or humorous accordingly; and "*toujours*" anything is as bad as "*toujours perdrix.*"

Certain moral qualities are also needed, which can be cultivated; and the first of these is patience.

It seems to a novice that nothing can be easier than the career of an established and successful author; and to a certain extent this is true of men, but not of women. If a man has a reputation as a writer, it does him great service; there are a few men in America who might write the wildest nonsense, and in their script and under their name no editor would dare to refuse it; but it is not so with women. Let me give you, dear Mary Ann, the history of perhaps the best story I ever wrote, and I have written for the American public more or less for thirty years. I sent this manuscript with which I myself was pleased,—and I very rarely am pleased with my own achievements, they fall so far short of what I meant them to be,—to one of our first magazines; they returned it, saying they had all the serials in hand they could use; as my story was only in two parts, not necessarily to be published in two numbers, I perceived at once that this was only a polite excuse. Not daunted I sent it to still another magazine; it came back again with an elaborately polite letter, saying that the canons of taste forbade the editor to accept a story so sad in its motive; that it was a duty to brighten life for the public, not darken it with melancholy detail; so with much regret, etc., etc., it was returned. In the next issue of that magazine there was a ghastly story by Turgenieff, beside which my simple detail of a common New England family was really hilarious; and also a dreary story of confused woe and despair from a popular American (male) author! At the very commencement of that magazine I was courteously invited by the editor to write for it, but they have never yet accepted a story I have sent them. Why "this is thus," as the late Artemas Ward used to inquire, I do not know; but this is the sort of thing that befalls a woman who writes, and all she can do is to accept the situation. With rather a heavy heart—for I needed

the money very much—I tried a third periodical; and the wandering article was to my surprise and delight accepted with such a laudatory letter that I fairly blushed on reading it, old as I am, and I have never had a story so widely or so highly praised.

Again and again I send and re-send a story, a poem, or a more didatic article from one paper to another, and it generally finds a place at last; yet I have "more than four" unaccepted manuscripts that nobody wants, lying now in my desk. When I die they will probably sell, and I keep them with that possibility in view. This is why I say you need patience first, last, and unceasingly, if you are going to write for a living.

Then you must have courage, or you will be killed by critics and criticism daily. I owe a great deal of my own equanimity on this head to a very early experience. When I was thirteen years old a celebrated public man died suddenly, and I was moved to write an elegiac poem on the occasion. I knew perfectly well it was not remarkable, but the idea of seeing myself in print was too delightful to be resisted, so I sent it to the daily paper, and being fairly rhythmical and grammatical it was printed at once. My father in some way discovered that I wrote it, and was mightily pleased; he took the paper at the breakfast table and handed it to my grandfather, a gentleman of education and taste, asking him what he thought of that poetry. He read it over and laid down the paper carelessly:

"Oh it 's the ordinary stuff: such things are all trashy of course."

"But, father, R wrote it."

My dear old grandfather's handsome face changed at once; he picked up the discarded journal, and with eyes full of delighted tears went on to praise the "stuff" to the skies, and call it wonderful. But, child as I was, I had learned my lesson; and many a time since, when I could trace a virulent criticism back to some neglect of its writer, or a favorable one to the kind heart of a friend, I have thought of my first critic, and smiled at the futility of dependence on such variable sources of pain or pleasure.

Candid criticism is always of use to a candid writer, but extremes of blame or praise are to be distrusted, and met with equal courage.

You will need courage also to bear what will seem to you injustice. I do not propose to enter into any discussion here as to the relative value of masculine and feminine work. I only say that as a rule men are paid more than women. I have known myself a comparatively new writer of fiction whose article was sent to a magazine by a friend, himself an old and popular writer, to whose own pen the article was attributed by the editor, paid fifty dollars for the same number of words for which I received thirty; and this is only one instance. It is the thing that is, and being a woman you will have to submit to it; therefore have the strength to do so quietly, for there is no help for you.

Moreover have the moral strength to say what you think honestly; it is a great temptation to a poor woman to write trash when she finds it sells better than true and finished work; but if you value your own self-respect you cannot and will not do this, however poor you are.

Then there is another trouble in literary work; it is very poorly paid. I do not mean that the money is not paid in proportion to the work, for I think it is, especially to a popular writer; but the trouble is the long waiting for that which you have earned, and the uncertainty of a payment which depends on the time of printing the manuscript. There are but two firms in this country who habitually pay on acceptance; elsewhere the writer must wait any uncertain length of time for an uncertain result. I have myself been put off two years and a half in one instance; frequently a year. This makes writing a precarious mode of getting a living indeed; it involves an author in necessary debt, and life is a steady "grind" when we dread to meet our fellow-creatures, and have a sinking heart to see them pass the house because we owe them the very necessaries of life, and cannot pay our bills till it pleases this magazine or that paper to print the article which means to us, shoes, or potatoes, or flour! To be at liberty to do the best work an author should

have some regular income beside that which he earns; but how few have!

It follows of course that those publishers who pay for manuscript have their choice of the best, and next to them come those weekly papers which pay for contributions. Of these last I know of only one which is regular in its payments—every article being paid for the week after printing; the rest delay, and linger, and possibly have to be dunned—a most distasteful necessity to a lady—before they pay such debts. One paper, edited by two clergymen, I have long ceased to write for because I could not afford to wait so long after an article was printed as I was obliged to wait in every instance there for my money. To have a regular salary such as a teacher, or a seamstress, or a housekeeper or a servant receives would be delightful compared with this constant work and constant debt; for though checks delay, hunger and cold and the thousand needs of daily life will not; and living on nothing while you wait for publication is a poor experiment.

Then, again, you need health and strength to write, for it is hard work. Nothing exhausts so utterly as a day of writing; and how is it with weeks and months? You feel that a clergyman earns a large salary who writes two sermons of perhaps thirty-five hundred words each, every week; and I generally write about nine thousand, and have written as many as fifteen thousand words in five days, and attended to my house and the needs of an invalid beside; yet I have never made a thousand dollars in any year.

"When you write," said my physician to me, "you draw from the very source of your vitality, not from its distributed energies; no wonder you are exhausted;" and I have felt the truth of his words in the aching head and cramped fingers and weary irritability that will follow mental exertion, even in such good health as I happily possess. No! there is no royal road to literary work any more than to washing and ironing; it is poor pay for the exhausting labor, and it is work never done, and very hard work at that; all the harder because of its slow and uncertain reward.

There are often unpleasant, and as often funny things, connected with a literary life. If you write a story to-day all about a girl who died of heart-break, as the silly creatures sometimes do, you are sure to hear that it is your own story; as if any woman would write her soul out in that fashion! Or if you happen to make some life-like characterization, it is fitted for you to some friend or acquaintance, who is indignant of course. I have once incurred the dire wrath of a lady because I gave her Christian name to two very unpleasant personages whom I saw fit to chronicle; her name being one of the most common in use. I wrote a story some years ago for a religious paper at the request of the editor who was a clergyman; the story was meant to illustrate the use of the Bible as a daily guide in all our affairs, one of the characters in it was a clergyman, who, like many another man in that position, was somewhat selfish, irritable and inconsiderate; but being at heart a good and honest man, was brought to see his faults by the use of Bible texts in the mouth of a simple, ignorant servant girl. That story was returned to me as quite unfit for publication, as it was "a deliberate attack on the Christian ministry as a profession!"

I suppose I had unconsciously touched that reverend gentlemen in some sore spot of his own character, for the story was directly accepted by another religious paper and copied far and wide, even into English journals, and I was asked more thau once to republish it as a tract.

I have had stories returned, one because there was a profane expression put into the mouth of a character, who was represented as surprised into that one oath and deeply penitent for it; one in which I had written "stomach-ache," came back marked, "Say 'a pain;'" and also "for 'big' say 'large;'" with sundry other corrective suggestions of the same sort. Many others have been declined for reasons as peculiar and dogmatic, all of which articles found places elsewhere. But this is "all in the day's work," and there are disagreeables in every trade. Among the worst to me even yet, is the need people seem to feel of praising a woman openly and fulsomely to her face.

I never shall forget how I felt when I first saw my name in big letters in a shop window, announcing a book. It seemed to me I must hide in the nearest cellar; that I was disgraced for life; and I quiver to this day with a sort of terror when people begin to talk about "that last sweet thing you wrote." I hope you will have more poise and equanimity, Mary Ann, if you take up the trade, for nobody believes in my shyness at all and the real pain I feel passes for silly affectation; but it hurts just as much!

You will ask why I write at all if I have so much to say about the disagreeable things of a literary life. I began because I could not help it; and I went on because I had to work in some way for my living, and there were reasons why my home duties could be done better if I wrote and staid at home than if I went away to teach school. These duties exist still, though in another shape. Then I love to write; and as I have taken care of myself ever since I left school, and hope to do so as long as I live, it is better to have work I love to do than work I dislike. All I want to say to you and your relations and friends is: Don't take up this sort of work unless you have a natural gift for it; unless you can add to that the requisite mental training, and also the moral education which you will need for your comfort if not your success. If you are doing anything else which you like to do, can do and are regularly paid for, with intervals of rest forced upon you which you perhaps would not take otherwise, my advice to you is, to "abide in the calling wherein you are called" But if you are called to be literary, I heartily wish you better success than ever befell me, and easier work than has fallen to my share, with a thousand fold more of the enjoyments that can and do attend a literary success, but which poverty and circumstance, two angry goddesses to rule a woman's horoscope, have prevented me from achieving or even tasting.

Rose Terry Cooke.

FIGHTING THE STORM.

"A FEARFUL day, neighbor Scheffer!"

"You say truly, neighbor Balt; there has been nothing like it since the great storm of '24. Heaven have pity on us!"

So muttered to each other the villagers of Seckendorf, as they crouched behind the rocks along the river-bank in the gray of that wild March morning, with a hurricane such as no living man could remember rushing and roaring down the valley. Young and old, even babies and bed-ridden grandmothers, were all gathered there; for it was no time to linger within walls which cracked and groaned with every blast, and might at any moment come crashing down in one mass of ruin.

Even in that sheltered spot the jackets of the men and the long hair of the women flapped in the wind like torn canvas; but out in the open ground the fury of the storm was fearful to look at. Tall trees were bending like whips, huge stones crashing down the surrounding ridges, twigs and even large branches flying through the air like straws; while on the unsheltered uplands, more than one shepherd's hut had been literally blown to pieces, and lay strewn far and wide over the hillside, a shapeless wreck of shattered timbers.

But even more fearful was the sight of the flooded river below, which, swollen by weeks of rain, and lashed into fury by the tremendous gale, went foaming down the narrow valley with a roar that seemed to shake the very rocks that walled it in; and as the peasants stood gazing at it, one of them, a stalwart herdsman from the upland pastures, pointed, with a sudden paleness on his sunburned features, to the little cottage that stood on an island in the center of the stream, at the window of which a human face had just shown itself.

"It's the ferryman and his family," whispered one; "they have n't had time to escape."

"God help them, then!" muttered another; "it's all over with them now!"

At that moment the clatter of hoofs was heard along the stony road, and a single horseman came tearing down toward the bank, his white hair and his horse's mane streaming on the wind like a pennon. A murmer ran through the crowd as he approached: "It's our master—it's the Count of Hildesheim!"

Even before he reached the spot, the Count had evidently seen the danger of the island family; for his first words were:

"Two hundred thalers to the man who saves them. Who will go?"

The men looked at each other in silence. There were no faint hearts among *them*; but the bravest man might well have shrunk from that boiling whirl of foam, in whose grasp the strongest boat would have been as nothing. More than one eye kindled, more than one hand clenched itself; but nobody stepped forward. And at that moment a huge wave went roaring up over the islet, and striking the cottage wall tore it away like paper, while the shrieks of the children and their mother, who were now plainly visible, were heard even above the howling of the storm.

"Will you let them perish before your eyes?" roared the Count. "If I were ten years younger I'd go myself!"

Just then a solitary figure, which seemed to have risen through the earth, so suddenly did it appear, was seen on the very brink of the river, launching a small boat. In another instant boat and man vanished together into the whirlwind of spray that filled the air. The Count clutched his horse's mane, and his lips moved as if in prayer; while more than one stifled cry broke from the peasants as the little bark at length reappeared close to the islet, dancing like a feather amid the roaring waves that surged up around. But the ferryman had seen the coming help, and prepared for it. In an instant his wife was lowered down, with her baby in her arms. The two other children followed; but alas; there was no place for the father in the tiny skiff, already overloaded.

The two brave men exchanged a look, and understood each other. Off went the boat, shooting down the foaming current like an arrow. More than once all seemed over; but the oarsman's hand was sure, and at last, far down the stream, he brought his charge safe to land. Then, without halting a moment, he seized the tow rope, and dragging his boat up to the point whence he had started, shot out into the raging flood once more.

"God be with him!" cried the Count, fervently; "no other man in Saxony would have dared such a deed!"

Stoutly did the gallant man strain at his task; but he came only just in time. The ferryman had barely leaped into the boat when the whole building came crashing down. In an instant the whole crowd was in motion, and, headed by the Count himself, they rushed down the bank to meet the rescued man and his deliverer as they touched the shore.

"There, my brave fellow?" cried the old noble, holding out his purse to the oarsman; "never was money better earned!"

"Not so, Sir Count," answered the other; "God has enabled me to keep myself by the work of my own hands, and I need nothing more. Give your gold to this poor man and his family, who have lost their all."

And without awaiting a reply, he turned on his heel and disappeared.

David Ker.

THE STILL HOUR.

MEN often give in the hope of receiving again; their charity is bread cast upon the waters that they hope to find somewhere after (or perhaps, before) many days. Of charity that has not paid, many bitter complaints are heard. But God's ways are not our ways. He gives in the hope of giving more. That is his object in giving. "Grace for grace," grace *upon* grace, is his method; one gift is sent to make room for another. As one day's dew and sunshine enables the flower to take more dew and sunshine the next day, so all God's spiritual gifts enlarge the spiritual nature to the end that more grace may be bestowed. If we have received any good thing from him it is not a sign that he wants anything from us; it is a token that he wants to give us something more.

WHEN the two disciples, walking with Jesus to Emmaus, drew near to the village whither they went, it is said that "he made as though he would have gone further; but they constrained him, saying, 'Abide with us, for it is toward evening and the day is far spent.' And he went in to tarry with them." Did he not wish all the while to tarry with them? Did he not know that he should tarry with them? Why, then, did he "make as though" he would go further? Was not this insincerity? Did he not by actions, which are said to speak louder than words, declare that to be his wish and purpose which was not his wish and purpose? Such a small criticism as this might easily enough be made, not only by those who seek to discredit the divinity of Christ, but also by quite another class of teachers. There are those who will not own that Christ ever accommodated his teaching to the defective knowledge of those to whom he spoke. But does not every wise teacher continually do this? Does he not keep back the knowledge that he might give them with no effort, because he knows that it is better for them to find it by searching for it? An acted ignorance, an assumed curiosity on the part of the teacher, often stimulates a pupil more than many exhortations to study. It is an over-nice scrupulousness that would condemn the whole Socratic method of teaching. No other method gives such great zest to learning. And something like this is seen in this case. Jesus does mean to tarry with these disciples; but he does not mean to stop without an invitation, because he knows that their pleasure in entertaining him will be far greater if he is their invited guest, than if he invites himself. He wants them to have the reward that comes from the proffer and the exercise of a kindly hospitality. From this point we get a wide outlook over the whole field of prayer. God often withholds gifts that he wishes and intends to give us, simply because he knows that it will do us good to ask for them It is not his purpose but our relation to him that is changed by our prayers.

IN times of trouble one's faith is sometimes confirmed by looking away from the narrower circles of personal concern to the broader movements of God's providence. In the midst of bereavement, when we cannot see the meaning of our losses, and when our faith in the divine goodness is sorely tried, it is well to look abroad, and see what the universe teaches us of God. The larger view can scarcely be otherwise than reassuring. Even Matthew Arnold testifies that the Eternal Power "not ourselves" that rules the universe "makes for righteousness." And Strauss himself bears witness that "order and law, reason and goodness," are the guiding principles of the cosmos. Well, then, if in these greater relations God is proved to be good, he must be good also in the lesser affairs of our individual lives. If "order and law, *reason and goodness*" rule the universe they must rule every part of it—that region where our possessions lie, as well as the regious beyond the farthest stars. And therefore we may trust this infinite Love and Power, even when we cannot understand His workings. We know that God's will is a good will, though we may not be able to explain all that He does; and in that assurance we may always pray that His will may be done.

ONE of the commonest and worst of the vices is the vice of comparison. There is good authority for saying that those who measure themselves by themselves and compare themselves among themselves are not wise. The Pharisee who went up into the temple to pray fell into this snare. "God, I thank thee that I am not *as other men are*." That is the language of spiritual pride and of censoriousness. Thinking in this strain he is sure to paint others as black as he can in order that he may show himself to the better advantage on this background. It would have been well to thank God for not being suffered to fall into grievous sin; but the comparison between himself and other men was sure to

bring with it many harsh judgments and many hateful passions. Such a comparison, moreover, puts the true standard of character out of sight; for that is the law that demands perfection. God's requirement is not, "Be as good as other men;" it is, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Besides, such a comparison is very likely to be unjust. How do you know that you are better than "this publican," Sir Pharisee? Perhaps his life may outwardly seem worse than yours; but it may be that he, though vicious and unprincipled and degraded in the eyes of men, is a better man than you are in the sight of God. It may be that he has been crippled from infancy with a heritage of bad passions. It may be that he was born with an organization that inclined him to indulgence. It may be that his environment from his earliest life has been evil. And it may be that against all these hindrances he has striven bravely—far more bravely than you have ever striven; and though his achievements, so far as man can see, have not been remarkable, God may credit this man, who has lived a bad life, with more real moral heroism than you have ever shown. You had better not thank God that you are better than other men, for God knows both you and them; and he may know that they are better than you.

GIVE us, evermore, O Light divine, power to see the truth and will to welcome it, from whose lips soever it may come! And grant us, not less, the heart to rejoice in all goodness, in whose life soever it may be revealed!

"GOOD WILL to men" was part of the promise of the advent; and a good will is not merely a "gentle" will, but a strong will. The divine grace has quite as much to do in strengthening weak wills as in subduing unruly ones. Power to stand against temptation, power to hold in check the appetites, power to curb the fierce temper, power to hold oneself steadily to a disagreeable task,—such power as this many men sadly lack. The most pitiful cases that the philanthropist finds, are cases of good-natured persons who are simply lacking in moral stamina. Now the Gospel gives promise of help just here. To the man who has found himself weak in the hour of temptation it brings the needed re-enforcement. It will give to the wavering tenacity of purpose; to the fickle stability of character; to the pliable the inflexibility of virtue. It will put energy into all one's righteous volitions, and give him power to become one of the sons of God. Thus the Gospel does its work at the very center of the personality, and becomes what Principal Shairp calls "the moral motive power." But let it be remembered that this help is given only to those who help themselves. It is not a substitute for human volition; it is the re-enforcement of human volition. It is only by my will that I lay hold on God's will; if I have no will of my own to be good, how can God strengthen my will? To confirm the thing that is not is a task to which Omnipotence itself is not equal. "Wilt thou be made whole?" is the summons of the divine grace to the infirm moral nature; and nothing but the "I will" of the human choice can lay hold on the "I will" of the divine Healer.

THE foundation of religion is not faith but knowledge. One must know something before he can believe anything. I must know that I exist; that I am the same person who was existing a week or a month or a year ago, and who then had certain thoughts or did certain acts that I now remember; I must know that I ought to do right, and that I am free to choose the right;—my existence, my personal identity, my moral obligation, my moral freedom—all these things I must know before I can begin to have any religious belief at all. These are sometimes called the first truths of reason, but they are equally the first truths of religion. They are the postulates of religious science. Yet they are not articles of faith, in any sense of the word. We do not believe them; we cannot believe them; we know them. So it is plain that the knowing faculty outranks the believing faculty, and that knowledge is more fundamental even in our religion than belief. These truths of which we have spoken are "the master light of all our seeing." With this lamp in our hand we go forth among the creeds, and we are fools if we walk in any path where it cannot be steadily carried. Our religion is not then a blind credence; it is a faith that is built on the clearest knowledge, and that always, in the darkest places, has some clear light to go by.

LORD, I believe in Thee,
  In want, in pain, in grief;
I trust Thee where I cannot see;
  Help Thou my unbelief!

Thy law is in my heart;
  With that I follow Thee;
If sin still rule the worser part,
  Be merciful to me!

I trust my brother, too;
  In him, though lost, I find
Some spark Thy breath may yet renew;
  For Thou to him art kind.

All that are Thine are mine;
  To save men Thou didst come;
Live in my life, O Love divine,
  Then I, too, may save some.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

HOW OUR NEIGHBORS LIVE.

One of the daily papers took pains the other day to show the meaning of "a dollar a day" as the wages of a widow with three children depeuding on her labor. The showing was an instructive one, but it by no means exhausts the subject. Let us follow in the same line with an illustration, of which facts will furnish parallels in every community.

Here is a man, the father of six children, who has regular work at one dollar and twenty-five cents a day. The oldest of these children is a boy of thirteen, who is in his last year in the Grammar school, and whom the father, with commendable regard for his son's future welfare, wishes to keep iu school until the Grammar school course is completed. The ouly bread-winner of the family is, therefore, the father; and for these eight persons his dollar and a quarter a day is the entire subsistence. Out of the thirty-two dollars of his monthly earnings, six dollars must go for rent. The coal for one fire will cost ou the average not less than four dollars a month more. It is difficult to see how the commonest and coarsest clothing, including shoes for the winter, could be obtained for this family for less than an average of seventy-five cents a month for each person. Subtracting now the cost of rent, fuel and clothing from the monthly wages aud making no allowance for furniture, or doctor's bill, or sundries, we have a remainder of sixteen dollars a month with which to purchase food for eight persons—exactly two dollars a month for each, or for the whole family a little less than four dollars a week.

Now the fact is that there are a great many families in all our eastern cities that are living on an income as small as this; living, too, upright and honorable lives; making no complaints and asking no favors. They are not paupers and they never will be; they would rather die than beg; out of some of the homes where these straitened conditions prevail some of our best citizens will come. But we wish to ask all well-to-do people who think that they are living economically to sum up their grocer's and butcher's bills for a month, and then consider what sixteen dollars would do toward providing a family of eight with food for the same length of time. It is perfectly plain that such a family can have but little meat, and only the coarsest bread; it is not quite plain that they will always have as much as they want of that. Some of the children born into these households will probably die for want of proper nourishment; those of strong vitality will pull through, and may live to be industrious and worthy men aud women. The courage and patience of some of the fathers and mothers that are making this brave fight with starvation is itself an inspiration; the children that have before them every day such example of clear grit ought to turn out well.

For many of these families, it ought also to be said, the pinching times do not always last. The older children begin to earn a little by and by, and thus the reveuues of the household are slightly augmented, and a little additiou makes a vast difference in the comfort of the family. For a few years, however, the lot of a good many of our industrious and self-respecting families is a hard one, and we have simply sought to show our kind-hearted readers just how hard it is, and exactly what it signifies for a laborer with a large family to subsist on a dollar and a quarter a day.

What can be done about it?

Iu the first place we would suggest to the employers of labor that they ought not to be living sumptuously, nor to be pocketing large profits or dividends while men with families are working for them at a dollar and a quarter a day. Of course, if there are no profits, or if their business is carried on at a loss, the employer is absolved from the duty of increasing the wages of his workmen; but when there are profits to divide, simple humanity demands that the laborer should have a larger share of them The railroad company or manufacturing corporation that cuts down the wages of its employes to a dollar and a quarter a day in order that it may keep up its dividends to eight or ten per cent, is probably guilty of the sin of Cain; and though the popular belief is that corporations have no souls, the stain of this sin will surely be found on somebody's soul at the judgment day.

In the second place, such a family as we have described ought to have a little help during the time of their hardest struggle, while their children are all young and in school. Mr. Joseph Cook suggests that it ought to come from the overseers of the poor; he argues that if the state compels parents to send children to school while they need the children's earnings, the state ought to make up this loss to the parents. We do not like the suggestion. Above all things let us guard all our households from every appearance of pauperism.

Neither do we think it well as a general rule that such families as these should be helped by local charitable societies or relief associations. It ought to be done in such a way as to preserve and stimulate their self-respect; and to this end it is better that it should be done by kind hearted individuals, who will take a personal interest in them, and administer their material aid with good will and good judgment. There are worthy families connected with many of our churches that deserve such aid; and the church relation ought to make it easy to find them out and help them. There is wealth enough, and good will enough in the land to protect all such industrious and self-respecting people from distress; all that is needed is that those who have the ability and the generosity should take a little pains to put themselves in personal communication with their lowlier neighbors.

SECTS AND SCHISMS.

The rejoicings which we sometimes hear over the disappearance of the sect spirit from our religious life are somewhat premature. The sentiment of Christian union is, indeed, quite popular nowadays; but the practice of it is not so common. Many Christians in the various sects are fond of coming together in what are called union meetings, where there is no end of goodish talk about the unity of believers; but the real mischiefs of schism are not much abated.

The practical evils of sectarianism are seen in the multiplication of religious organizations. In almost all the towns and cities of the land there are more churches and chapels than are needed to accommodate the worshipers, present or prospective; yet, even in these hard times, the number is constantly increasing. Two neighboring churches will meet in a "union" service, and say pretty things to each other about "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," and one of them will go out from this feast of brotherly love, and plant a "mission" right under the eaves of the other, the purpose of which is to divide the field of its neighbor and to secure for its sect a part of the harvest which the other church was doing its best to gather. Thus new religious organizations, which are meant to be the germs of churches, are continually being formed where they are not needed. If there is a part of the city where the Methodists have no church, into that part of the city the Methodists will go and plant a "mission," no matter how many churches of other names there may be in that neighborhood. All the other denominations do the same thing. The multiplication of organizations for purely sectarian reasons goes on steadily, mauger all our soft talk about Christian union. "Art thou in health, my brother?" one church says to another in the union meeting,—and stabs its neighbor under the fifth rib the next day with a rival organization. By counts that have been recently made in some of the cities it is shown that, ordinarily, not half of the sittings in the various churches are occupied. But, if things go on as they have been going, long before these churches are filled their number will be doubled.

In the small places the case is worse, if that be possible. Often a town containing not more than one thousand inhabitants will contain five churches. The population may be dwindling, while the churches are increasing in number. The consolidation of organizations is what ought to take place in these small towns; the three or six starving and quarreling churches ought to give place to one or two thriving and peaceable ones; a great economy would thus be effected and a great scandal removed; and it would seem that if "Christian union" be anything more than a hypocritical and mawkish sentiment this result would be speedily reached. Very few steps, however, have been taken anywhere in this direction; and most of these have been retraced. Toward the removal of the crying disgrace which sectarianism has brought upon our American Protestantism, nothing of importance has yet been done. We must judge the sect spirit by its fruits, and not by its flowers of speech; and its fruits are about as abundant and pernicious as ever they were.

How shall we account for this? Why is it that our Protestant Christians of all names persist in practices which are so clearly divisive and ruinous?

Doubtless the blame must be laid in part upon human nature. Men are born partisans; the narrower relations hold them much more firmly than the broader ones; the idols of the tribe are apt to be their chief deities. The sectarianism which curses our religion has its root in the moral evil which our religion seeks to extirpate. The essence of sectarianism is selfishness; and until the divine love shall have wholly supplanted the selfishness of the human heart, there will be more or less of sectarianism in the church.

But a secondary cause of the persistence of this evil spirit in the church is found in the influence of the denominational politicians. Each sect has its managing men to whom its affairs are largely intrusted. These men ought, no doubt, to be at once the wisest and the holiest men in the fellowship; but there is some reason to believe that this is not always the case. They are more apt to be men who are fond of power and leadership, and who are not over-scrupulous about the methods of getting and using it. It is for their interest, of course, that the sect spirit be intensified; the more compact and aggressive the body, the greater is its need of leaders, and the greater is the power committed to its leaders. The editors of the denominational organs, the officers

of the denominational benevolent societies, the recognized spokesmen and authorities of the sect, whether it be highly organized or not,—all these are men whose obvious interest it is that the walls of the sect be strengthened and the partisan zeal of its membership increased. It is true that men in these positions do not always yield to this temptation; we know denominational editors and officials who are truly catholic in their spirit, and who would never intentionally push the enterprises of their own sect at the expense of the welfare of Christ's church; but it must be admitted that men in such positions are strongly tempted in this direction, and that they do not, as a general rule, resist the temptation.

There are good men among the managers of the political parties; but the greater number of these managers are rather narrow and unscrupulous,—caring more for the success of the party than for the good of the country. Precisely so in the church; there are good men among the leaders of the several sects; but the average denominational boss, like the average political boss, is a man who does not fairly represent in his spirit or in his methods the Master whom he professes to serve; who puts the interests of his own sect above the interests of Christ's kingdom; and whose influence upon his brethren tends to make them narrower and more selfish instead of more catholic and more Christian. To the influence of these denominational leaders the present intensity of party spirit in the several sects is largely due. They are the proximate causes of much of the stubborn and wilful sectarianism that we encounter. And there is frequent need in the churches of the same kind of rebellion that sometimes breaks out in the political parties against leaders who mislead and representatives who misrepresent.

Is there any cure for this evil of sectarianism? The growth of Christian principle will work a gradual improvement, no doubt; and no other cure will be radical and permanent. But there is one remedy, which, if it could be widely applied, would hasten the recovery of the church from this morbid condition. The remedy of which we speak is theoretical; it consists in the adoption of a better definition of the church than any of those that have hitherto prevailed. "But what do theories amount to?" some one wants to know. Much, every way, we answer, if you can only show them to be true and get them adopted. The Copernican theory made something of a change in the science of astronomy; the republican theory wrought out some rather important results in the political relations of our fathers. And there is a theory of the church which is at once more scriptural and more Christian than any of the various theories on which the sects are founded; and which, when it is adopted—as we have no doubt that one day it will be—will revolutionize our church life, and put an end to many of the evils which sectarianism fosters. What that theory is we will try to explain at another time.

GHOULS AND A LECTURER.

Some well-meant apologies for Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll have been spoken by the Christians whom he spends his days in coarsely abusing. There is, however, no call for the exhibition of tenderness to Mr. Ingersoll. It is only casting pearls before swine.

In the lecture on "The Mistakes of Moses," with which he is now enlightening the country, this man gives the following as a part of the narrative in Genesis:

> "After the animals were made, God caused all the animals to pass before Adam to see if he could not pick out one that would do for a help-meet for him. Read it and you will find out that God tried to palm off on Adam as a wife one of the beasts of the field."

We suppose that Mr. Ingersoll knows his audiences; it must be a pretty low set of people that are ignorant enough to believe and foul-minded enough to endure such a coarse and monstrous falsehood. It would seem that even a man who had ceased to believe in the historical accuracy of the Bible would find the blood mounting to his cheeks as he listened to this indecent fabrication, whose only purpose must be to shock and wound the sensibilities of Christian believers.

Probably few intelligent Christians at this day believe that the indentical body which is laid in the grave is raised again. Nothing goes into the grave but the dust that returns to dust. Nevertheless these graves of our dead are sacred to all of us; and though nothing of those we loved is left in them, we tenderly cherish them, and are pained to have them disturbed or desecrated. Grant that this is only a sentiment; it is a sentiment that most men share; and any man who rudely tramples on it puts himself out of the pale of good neighborhood. The gentlemen who rifled Mr. Stewart's grave did him no injury; all that they did was to assail in the most wanton and brutal manner those sentiments of his friends that were connected with his place of burial.

Now, even granting that the Bible is all a fable, and that there is no more inspiration in it than there is immortality in the body that is moulder-ing under ground, Mr. Ingersoll's treatment of it is just of a piece with the conduct of the robbers of graves. To a great many people in this country the Bible is still a sacred book. They hold it in their hands with reverence; they find upon its pages the inspiration of their highest hopes and the solace of their deepest sorrows. In times of trouble and temptation it has been their guide and comforter; it is bound up with all their

holiest memories and their dearest associations And now they see this lecturer ramping and pawing over its sacred pages; filling the minds of men with the vilest lies about it; defiling it with his coarse jokes, and holding it up to the contempt of the people. To say that no gentleman would deal in this way with any genuine human sentiment, no matter how mistaken it might be, is to state the truth in a very mild form. And if by this triple combination of untruth, indecency and inhumanity Mr. Ingersoll has not put himself beyond the pale of good neighborhood, it is difficult to see how any man could contrive to do it.

NOTES ON CURRENT EVENTS.

THE programme of the Evangelical Alliance for the Week of Prayer is rather less comprehensive and rather more comprehensible than usual: concentration rather than scatteration seems to have been sought. The observance is becoming quite general, and is proving itself, on the whole, stimulating and useful. We notice that a portion of one evening is given to prayer for "the Press; for a blessing on publishers, editors and authors;" which is a sensible recognition of the great estate that has risen so rapidly into power in these latter days, and that threatens to overshadow the pulpit itself.

THE Baptist churches in this country did well to observe the first Sunday of December as a day of special thanksgiving for the remarkable success that has attended the labors of their missionaries in India during the last two years. Into the church at Ongole, between the 16th of June and the 17th of September last, nine thousand one hundred and forty-seven persons were received, and at the last advices thousands more were awaiting baptism. At other stations the work, though less remarkable, is still very encouraging. Here is not only something to be thankful for, but something to do. The training of all these converts in the ways of Christian living will take labor and patience; and the task must be promptly undertaken.

SOME of the newspapers find something to laugh at in the plan adopted by one of the Universalist churches of New England for promoting a revival of religion. The members of this church have pledged themselves to one another for three months to try to correct personal faults, to pray regularly to God, to read the Bible, to attend meetings and to reflect upon their personal relations to Christ and upon the claims of His church. The limitation of this pledge to the period of three months is the only queer provision. Do these Christian brethren mean to say that they do not intend to go on doing such things after the time is up? It strikes us that each person who joins the church promises in that act to keep on doing these very things as long as he lives. However, it may be well, sometimes, in this formal way to renew the pledge. And now suppose that every member of this church faithfully keeps this pledge: does anybody doubt that a thorough and genuine revival of religion will be in progress in that church before the three months have gone by?

THERE are now sixty-eight Indian boys and girls at General Armstrong's Hampton Institute, for the keeping of forty-nine of whom the Government is to pay annually one hundred and sixty-seven dollars each. The others have been supported hitherto by the benevolence of individuals. Upon these forty-nine, who have been secured by Captain Pratt, an army officer, and brought from the forests of the West to Hampton, the Government proposes to try the experiment of educating them, apart from all the associations of their savage life, in order that they be thoroughly fitted to be teachers and guides of their own people in the industries as well as the sciences of Christian civilization. The task is a difficult one, but General Armstrong can accomplish it, if anybody can. And the additional equipment for this work, which his institution needs and which the Government does not provide, ought to be furnished him forthwith by the Christian people of this country.

MR. MURPHY is meeting with good success in New York city, in spite of the unseemly squabble in which his campaign was begun. Eight thousand signatures to the pledge have been obtained as the result of three weeks' labor, and the work is still going on. There is one lesson, however, that we wish Mr. Murphy would contrive to impress upon the minds of his converts, and especially those of them who act as his "lieutenants,"—namely, that the keeping of pledges and engagements of all sorts is quite as important as the making of them. Several—not all—of these "lieutenants," as we happen to know, are very much in the habit of being ruled by convenience, rather than by conscience, in the fulfillment of their promises. An engagement to speak in a small town is summarily canceled if a call is heard from a bigger town. The word of several of them will not go for much hereafter in many places. Now as between drinking and lying we have no hesitation whatever in saying that lying is the greater evil—the more prevalent evil, too; and if these gentlemen who are trying to persuade drunkards to stop drinking, are at the same time by their example breaking down the cardinal virtues of fidelity and veracity, it is an open question whether on the whole they are doing much good. The inquiry might also occur to them: "If the reformed men keep their pledges after the same fashion that we keep our engagements, how long will they stay reformed?" The

apostles of a dispensation which relies, as Mr. Murphy's does rely, upon the personal honor of men for its success, ought themselves to be men whose word can always be depended on.

We have not hesitated to dissent from some of the opinions and methods of Mr. Joseph Cook, as brought to light in his theological discussions. But the course of lectures which he is now delivering in Boston is likely to be of much greater value. Mr. Cook has studied the labor question carefully; he has had unusual opportunities of seeing both sides of it, and we expect from him a thorough and impartial treatment of it—one that will by no means end with the denunciation of communism, but that will deal no less vigorously with the merciless selfishness of the money power. This is the question of the hour; Mr. Cook has the ear of the public and a chance to do his country a great and lasting service. All good men will pray that he may be wholly divested of the spirit of fear, and filled with the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind.

A fair specimen of the *odium theologicum* lies under our eye. It is a letter printed in the organ of one religious denomination, bringing to light certain alleged disreputable doings in two other denominations—doings connected with the passage of a minister from the one of these denominations to the other. We shall not recite the story, because we do not wish to abet the scandal-mongers. But all the circumstances of the case, as they are brought to light in this narration, show that it was one of great difficulty and delicacy, and lead us to respect the motives of those concerned in it, who have sought to prevent it from becoming a public matter. What these Christian brethren have thought best to be silent about, this man makes haste to proclaim upon the housetops. It is true that he does not mention names; anonymous stabbers of his sort never do that; but he leaves no one in doubt as to the identity of the persons with whom he is dealing. And the motive of this performance is only too plain. It is the outcome of sectarian rancor. This correspondent would never have written, this newspaper would never have published, a letter like this relating to irregularities or misdeeds in their own sect. But here is a fine chance to point out the frailties of two sister (?) churches; to call attention to the bedraggled skirts of the one and to a ridiculous rip in the robe of the other; and your genuine sectarian never misses such a chance. If he can make a point for his own seet by dragging to light troubles in other sects which those immediately concerned do not desire to make public, he feels that "the interests of pure religion" require him to do it. This is the law of love as he understands it, in its application to Christians of another fellowship. And it is just at this point that the sect spirit reveals itself as the antithesis of the Christian spirit; and that the sects are all the while showing themselves to be the enemies of Christ.

The greenback organ of New York City, after reaching an enormous circulation, has stopped circulating, as every intelligent publisher knew that it must do. It was financially impossible to furnish so large a paper weekly for twenty five cents a year. No amount of advertising that could be obtained would make up the enormous difference between the cost of publication and the small sum received from subscribers. If, accordiug to the statements of this journal, its country circulation had swelled to half a million, then half a million country subscribers have learned at a comparatively small expense an important lesson, namely: that the man who undertakes in the way of business to furnish them something for nothing, is either a visionary or a swindler,—perhaps both. And if they will remember that this maxim applies to the management of national finances as well as to the management of newspapers, they will be speedily rid of one of their worst delusions. As for Mr. Shupe, we would respectfully suggest to him that he send to each of his subscribers a small piece of brown paper, on which shall be printed in plain letters: "This is the Advocate for nine months," —or "for six months" or "for three months," as the case may be. If such a statement, backed by the whole moral influence of the Great Fiat Money Party, should not be acceptable to the half million, they would prove themselves very inconsistent and unreasonable.

The most important paragraph in the President's message is that which refers to the condition of things in the Southern states. The President is disappointed in the conduct of the Southern leaders, and he might have been forgiven for speaking much more sharply than he does speak of the violent and dishonorable measures resorted to in several localities in the South for the disfranchisement of the negroes. This is not just the entertainment to which those who with the President have favored the cessation of military interference at the South supposed themselves to be invited. They believed that with the removal of the troops a better mind would come to the Southern whites, and that the rights of the negroes would be safe in their custody. The "ruling race" of those regions ought to know that they have succeeded in shutting the mouths of those who have been pleading their cause at the North during the last five years, and in disgusting everybody hereabouts who cares for justice and honor.

What sort of a man General Butler would have been if he had been born a Jew, bred in a literary atmosphere, and surrounded by a powerful aristocracy may be guessed by studying the

political history of Lord Beaconsfield. The English premier and the Massachusetts marplot are kindred spirits; both of them live upon sensations; neither of them has the vestige of a conscience; the methods of the two are substantially the same, though Beaconsfield is really much more astute than Butler; that is to say, he has more imagination, and contrives by means of that to tell what decent people are likely to think about him and his measures much more accurately than Butler does. It is to be hoped, however, that the fate of Butler is not distant from Beaconsfield; this new and atrocious war that he has hatched up with the Afghans ought to cost him his political head. Such conscienceless creatures generally come to grief sooner or later; the shrewdness that is born of baseness rarely fails to defeat itself.

LITERATURE.

ONE who writes such admirable English as that of Mr. Hamerton, and whose judgments of meu and things are as just and manly as we always expect from him, is sure to invest with a certain charm almost any subject that he chooses to write about. These five short biographies[1] owe their interest quite as much to the felicity of Mr. Hamerton's art as to the greatness of the characters described. Victor Jacquemont, traveler and naturalist; Henri Perreyve, ecclesiastic and orator; Francois Rude, sculptor; Jean Jacques Ampere, historian, archæologist and traveler; and Henri Regnault, painter and patriot, are the five modern Frenchmen whom Mr. Hamerton brings before us; and all of them are men worth knowing. Of the five, probably Americans will find most to attract them in the stories of Perreyve and Regnault.

Perreyve was a French priest, the pupil and friend of the great Lacordaire; and, like his master, he was not only a devoted son of the Roman Catholic Church, but a passionate friend of liberty. "The inconsistency," Mr. Hamerton happily says, "is more obvious to-day than it was before the utterances of the Vatican; but no inconsistency, however glaring, can prevent a man from having his own convictions, and giving them hospitable lodging in his mind, where they have to get on together as they best can. The more perfect his honesty, the less will he be tempted to turn out any of his opinions, that he may appear consistent in the sight of others." Henri Perreyve thought he clearly saw that the civilization of the future must rest upon Christianity and liberty. "The solution which he always proposed for public uneasiness was political freedom along with faith in Jesus Christ." The few years of his ministry were devoted to these two ideas; and with a masterful eloquence that had its source in the simplicity of his nature and the strength of his convictions, he plead for a reconciliation of the warring elements in modern society through "the love of Jesus Christ and the love of liberty." The Protestant who can put such a Catholic as this out of the pale of his brotherhood must be a poor sort of Christian.

Perreyve died in 1865, at the age of 34, after an active ministry of a very few years; but the "influence of his character," as his biographer tells us, "has been steadily increasing since—an influence of a quiet kind, yet persistent. The sincerity and sweetness of his nature; his perfect self-devotion to what he thought the most worthy purposes; his earnest desire to reconcile religious faith with political liberty, have endeared him to thousands of people in France who are seeking after a better spiritual life in combination with more perfect freedom."

With Regnault, Americans have been better acquainted than with Perreyve; his pictures are not wholly unknown to us, and the thrilling tragedy of his death we have not all forgotten. The enlistment as a common soldier of this brilliant young artist, just betrothed, who had won the *Prix de Rome*, who was studying his art in the French Academy at Rome, and who was exempted by this very fact from military service; his refusal to accept a commission; his courage and fortitude, and his death at the front in the defence of Paris, all will be remembered and treasured by Frenchmen as long as the passion of patriotism finds a home in their hearts.

GEORGE MOORE's life[1] which has just been told by the biographer of George Stephenson, deserves to be widely known; because it was so generous in spirit, so thoroughly sensible, so perfectly unpretending, so persistent in the right, so conscious of a high stewardship. Like Stephenson, Moore had to fight his way at first through every embarrassment—poverty, friendlessness, ignorance, bad manners, rustic dress, seeming stupidity—so that the want of sympathy which

[1] Modern Frenchmen: Five Biographies. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

[1] George Moore: Merchant and Philanthropist. By Samuel Smiles. London: George Rutledge & Son.

he chiefly deplores in English society nearly broke his heart on entering London; yet, late in life he was brave enough to write: "My theory of life is, we are apt to dwell too much on the burden of our lot; life would be worth nothing were it not for work, duty, responsibility."

As soon as business provided him something beyond his daily wants, he began his philanthropic career by supplanting the drunken and paralyzed schoolmasters of his native Cumberland with teachers that were not cruel, and that had someting to teach. Strange as it may seem, this cost him a struggle against public opinion. Then, as he went on prospering, every kind of charity received his hearty help; not mere money, but time, counsel, oversight, inspiration. Some old London charities he saved from abandonment by raising money through personal solicitation, walking, as he said, his boots off to do it; some he lifted out of the ruts, and adapted to the changed wants of the times; some he delivered from unjust reproach and inspired anew with his self-sacrificing sympathy. So incessant became the labor that we find him writing in his diary; "Not a minute can I call my own; I attended a meeting in Portman Chapel at 9.30 A. M.; the Fine Arts Gallery at 10.15; the Industrial Dwellings at 11; the Post Office Commission at 2; the Little Boys' Home at 4; the City Mission at 5;" and after that a nobleman's dinner with Mrs. Moore.

Full a score of great city charities drew from him their chief impulse; money from himself and friends when they were in want; inspiration when they were discouraged; reform when they were perverted; and, when only a revolution could save them, he carried the day as much by his tenacity of purpose as by his subscription of ten or twenty thousand pounds. Over and over again he refused a seat in Parliament, refused such high honors as the Mayoralty of London, that he might devote all the energy his business could spare to the London poor. He saw very clearly the necessity of shutting out children from pauperism, and replacing its degrading influence by the cheer of family life, which as he said, God had instituted for the training of little ones.

Teased for money from all sorts of people, he never gave but after examination, and frequently gave twice his annual income; especially he took generous care of all whom he had to employ, sharing the profits of his business with all concerned in it, even the porters; disbursing one hundred and sixteen thousand dollars in this way during a single year; so that all his work-people were in a humble sense sharers of his success.

But his charities had really no limit. The first hospital for Incurables was his work; every sort of home missions found in him steady support and constant oversight. But the grand act of his busy life was relieving starving Paris after the late siege—where he worked some days without sleep, nearly sacrificing his life, being haunted long after with midnight visions of famished women and perishing children. This portion of his story has far more interest than any romance, and gives perfect proof of the energy as well as good sense of all his benevolence. But this was no episode; he was always giving and in all ways; feasting poor people at his country house, finding situations for country boys and girls, furnishing wedding fees for those living together without marriage, giving away religious books by the thouand, relieving poverty-stricken curates by the dozen, expressing in his life the motto of his pocket-book: "What I spent I had; what I saved I lost, what I gave I have."

It is one of the signs of progress in the Universalist denomination that its preachers have, of late, been much less inclined to polemical discussions than formerly, and have been giving themselves with steadily increasing earnestness to the salvation of men from sin rather than to the propagation of their special dogmas. The late controversies about retribution in the "Evangelical" churches have, however, led the Universalists to re-assert with some fervor their theories on this subject, and a volume[1] before us contains a careful and somewhat comprehensive statement of the Universalist theology, in its doctrines of God, of Human Nature, of Sin and its Sequences, of Jesus and the Gospels, of Repentance and Salvation, of Punishment, and of Scripture Interpretation. The essays are written in the most temperate tone, and they display a commendable thoroughness of learning and justness of thought. The "Orthodox" reader will find in the chapter on Sin and its Sequences some strong statements of the inveteracy and the destructive tendency of the moral disease that affects human nature, and in the chapter on Repentance and Salvation, a clear presentation of the need of deliverance from this condition by the divine grace. All those who wish to know what the doctrines of the Universalists are should read this dispassionate statement of them by their own ablest men: especially should it be read by all those preachers who feel it their duty to controvert Universalism from their pulpits, in order that they may know exactly what the errors are which they are endeavoring to expose.

Mr. Rossiter Johnson's demand for a more readable Bible is partly satisfied by an edition[2] of

[1] The Latest Word of Universalism: Thirteen Essays by Thirteen Clergymen. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.

[2] Collins's Paragraph Testament: New York: Collins & Brother.

the New Testament recently published. The divisions into chapter and verse are omitted, and the paragraphing seems to be judiciously done. The puuctuation follows Bagster's text with the addition of quotation marks in distinct speeches and conversatious. The Italic type of the received version indicating doubtful or supplied words is retained. This is a decided blemish, inasmuch as the book is not intended for critical purposes, but simply for devotional reading. These unsightly Italics constantly offeud the eye and disturb the thought of the reader. Otherwise it answers its purpose very well. It is printed in large type, contains Bagster's index of subjects and makes a crown octavo volume of 548 pages.

THE REV. B. F. BARRETT is a thinker who has trained himself to find "correspoudences" between different orders of things; and having, by his connection both with the Unitarians and with the New Church people, formed a high opinion of Channing and also of Swedenborg, he has undertakeu to show "the many and remarkable agreements in the beliefs and teachings of these writers."[1] His strongest allegiance is owed, no doubt, to Swedenborg; the important fact to him is, not that Swedenborg agrees with Channing, but that Channing agrees with Swedenborg; yet he hopes to win from his former friends in the Unitarian ranks some respect for the Swedish seer by showing how in many ways he anticipated their own great protagonist. This finding of agreements between masters of different schools is a pleasant task—Heaven send that it may become increasingly popular! That there must have been points of agreement between two men whose spiritual sight was as clear and whose aims were as pure as those of Swedenborg and Channing we could have told beforehand. Mr. Barrett has done well to point out these harmonies, and his volume will prove instructive and stimulating to all intelligent readers.

A BOOK that has not yet made much noise in the world, but that is fitted to do good service, is Mr. Wyman's "Acquaintance with God."[2] Its subject is the philosophy of Christian experience, and the view which it presents, with plain speech and even temper, is one that does not contradict reason and that commends itself to every man's conscience. Those ministers who are not sure that they have nothing to learn about what conversion is and what changes the religious life implies, would do well to read this unpretending volume; and it is not beyoud the comprehension of the average parishioner.

[1] Swedenborg and Channing. By B. F. Barrett. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

[2] Acquaintance with God; or Salvation and Character. By Rev. E. A. Wyman, Ph. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A WORK of vast learning and of great value to students of ancient literatures is the second edition of Professor Weber's "History of Indian Literature."[1] It is only the literature of the first and second periods of the Indo-Aryan language that this book discusses; but it treats these, especially the first, with a fullness of material and a clearness of method that leave little to be desired. In his introduction Professor Weber sets aside as altogether inconclusive the reasons commonly given for believing that the literature of India is the most ancient literature of the world; but he furnishes other reasons of much more satisfactory character leading to the same conclusion. The literature of the earlier or Vedic period, is divided into four parts,—the Rig-Veda, the Sama-Veda, the Yajur-Veda (which is a double form) and the Atharva-Veda. Each of these is again subdivided into three distinct parts,—Samhita, Brahmana and Sutra. The Samhita is a collection of the ancient religious songs of the Hindus, the Brahmanas consist of rationalistic explanations of the sacrifices celebrated in these songs, and the Sutras are simple condensations or digests of the Brahmanas. A resume is given of Vedic literature under each of these fifteen subdivisions, and the review clearly exhibits the developement not only of learning but also of religion among the Hindus. The second and more familiar period, that of the Sanskrit literature, is treated with less fullness but with equal learning.

THE greatest statesmen have often been the most delightful of letter writers; and Prince Bismarck's gifts as a correspondent are not less remarkable than his genius for statesmanship. The collection of letters[2] now printed show us the Chancellor of the Empire in a new character, and reveal to us the wit, the vivacity and the tenderness of this strong nature. Prince Bismarck is, moreover, as this record shows us, in all respects a human being; he likes good victuals and horses and dogs, and takes a keen pleasure in the life that he now lives in the flesh. It is a pleasure to meet him off duty, in this frank unveiling of his domestic nature, and to find that our respect for him does not suffer in this nearer view.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY'S own history of his travels having been published in an expensive form, it is to be expected that cheaper and less valuable records, drawn from the newspaper re-

[1] The History of Indian Literature. By Albrecht Weber. Translated from the Second German Edition by John Mann. M. A., and Theodor Zachariæ, Ph. D., with the Sanction of the Author. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

[2] Prince Bismarck's Letters to His Wife. His Sister and Others, from 1844 to 1870. Translated from the German by Fitz Maxse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

ports of his journeyings, will find a good sale. Of these the "Hou" J. T. Headley's book,[1] with its monumental title-page, and its profusion of pictures, is one of the most considerable. Time was when Mr. Headley was regarded by a large class of readers as a very eminent and eloquent writer, and we do not see any signs in this volume that his hand has become enfeebled or that his heart has grown cold. He is still the same ardent, impetuous, devoted historian that he always was. There is some lack of consecutiveness in the arrangement of his materials in this volume; and iu the rush of emotion the rhetoric is now aud then a little uixed; but the book will find great favor with all those who admire Mr. Headley's writings, and will serve to amuse many others.

Mr. Calvert's study[2] of Wordsworth is a piece of careful but sympathetic criticism, and will rank along with the essays of Frederic Robertson, Stopford Brooke and Principal Shairp in its appreeiative and almost worshipful estimate of Wordsworth's character and work. The influence which he has exerted over the best minds of our own time is something noteworthy; no other recent poet has been so great a master. And while the last verdict must be that his simplicity is sometimes overstrained, and that his homilies frequently degenerate into the barest prose, yet criticism can only confirm his right to be ranked among the great seers and teachers of mankind. We commend Mr. Calvert's "Study" to a race of poets that content themselves with reproducing the outward aspects and forms of Nature, and are not greatly troubled with

> "A sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

In their "Recollections of Writers,"[3] Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke have preserved for us a delightful bundle of characteristic reminiscences of the later English writers and artists,—Coleridge aud Charles and Mary Lamb and Keats and Cruikshanks and Leech and Leigh Hunt and Dickens and Jerrold and a host of others. Many letters of Huut and Dickens and Jerrold are given, and the gossip about all these famous people is of a good-natured and highly appreciative quality.

One would not look for much poetry in or about Africa; but Mr. Longfellow has contrived to gather for his volume[1] of "Poems of Places" devoted to that continent a goodly array of striking and memorable verse. Carthage, Egypt, Ancient Thebes, the Nile, the Pyramids and the Desert, have furnished themes to many of the best singers; and this collection is a beautiful garland laid by modern art upon the altars of the aucient civilization.

Toplady's familiar hymn with illustrations by Miss L. B. Humphrey is oue of the gift-books[2] of the season. The printing and binding are elegant, but the designs are not remarkable, and the hymn gains nothing of impressiveness as we contemplate them.

The birds of America have been fortunate in their historians, and amoug them Alexander Wilson and his collaborator, Charles Lucian Bonaparte have long been eminent. The three large volumes of their joint work have now beeu republished in one volume.[3] The plates and engravings of the hundred-dollar edition are used iu this edition, though the latter are not colored. This valuable and expensive work is thus sold at the moderate price of seven dollars and a half.

Of recent novels, Mr. E. P. Roe's *A Face Illumined* (New York; Dodd, Mead & Company) is most eagerly bespoken and will have widest sale. The popularity of Mr. Roe's books is something phenomenal, but nothing to be deprecated. The people who buy and read them would fiud the stories of Mr. Howells rather dull; and while Mr. Roe amuses them vastly more than Mr. Howells could, he does them no harm. The public requires for its literary nutriment a large amount of food that is uot highly organized, and for this purpose a pabulum like that of Mr. Roe's stories is not only wholesome, but—if we may be allowed an expressive vulgarism—remarkably "fillin'." . . . Robert Lowell's *Stories from an Old Dutch Town* (Boston: Roberts Brothers) give us the result of some faithful studies of manners, speech and character amoug the Dutchmen of the Mohawk valley: but as stories, they are too rambling and confused in action to afford much pleasure to the reader. . . . Mr. Mason A. Green makes his first serious venture in fiction in *Bitterwood.* (New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.) Mr. Grecu has a keen seuse of humor and some insight into character; many of his descriptions are accurate and vivid, and his moralizings

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1 The Achievements of Stanley and other African Explorers. By Hon. J. T. Headley. Springfield: Hubbard Brothers.

2 Wordsworth; A Biographic Æsthetic Study. By George H. Calvert. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

3 Recollections of Writers. By Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

1 Poems of Places. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. Africa. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

2 Rock of Ages. By Augustus Montague Toplady. With Illustrations by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

3 American Ornithology; or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States. By Alexander Wilson and Charles Lucian Bonaparte. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Springfield: A. Burt.

are frequently apt; but he lacks the constructive faculty. He must study the art of story-telling, and learn to march his materials into action in better order, and with a more intelligible plan of campaign. . . . Miss Virginia F. Townsend's *A Woman's Word and How She Kept It* (Boston: Lee & Shepard) is a love story of a mildly harrowing type. The moral tone of the story is good enough, but its intellectual quality is not of the highest order.

Of children's books for the holidays the supply never fails. Among the best that we have seen is *Nelly's Silver Mine* by H. H. (Boston: Roberts Brothers.) It is a sketch of child-life in Colorado, full of nature and human nature, instructive, wholesome and stimulating. H. H. knows and loves children, and we trust that her first venture in this field will not be her last. . . A neat box contains the Ainslie Series: *Ainslie and His Friends; Grandpa's House; Harry's Winter with the Indians; Four, and What they Did,*—by Helen Campbell. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) These are established and worthy favorites with the children, and in this new and popular edition ought to find many readers. . . . Sophie May's *Little Pitchers* (Boston: Lee & Shepard) is bright and laughable, of course, besides being profitable for doctrine, reproof and instruction in righteousness to the little folks. The author keeps studying children faithfully, and always has some new and good things to tell. The boy who thought God spoke to him "under his jag-knife pocket," and who wanted to whip another fellow for pinching his little sister's fingers "with a pair of clams," can be added, not to her creations, but to her series of reports on childhood. . . . The boys will find in *Burying the Hatchet*, by Elijah Kellogg, (Boston: Lee & Shepard) all the excitement they crave. It is a story of frontier life during the French war; and while the mental health of our boys does not require many additions to this class of books, this book may be regarded as among the best of its class. . . . Any American boy who wishes to know what "being a boy" means in England, will be interested in reading *My Boyhood*, by H. C. Barkley. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) Mr. Barkley gives the flavor of the English boy-life quite as faithfully, no doubt, as Mr. Warner gives that of the American boy in his delightful book; and there is matter of interest, not only for boys, but for students of comparative civilization, in these two recent sketches. . . . A thoroughly healthy story for children is Miss Sleight's *Prairie Days*. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) The free wind of the prairies blows through its pages; its young folks are neither incredibly good nor attractively bad, and its lessons of conduct are sound and sweet. . . . Mr. Horace E. Scudder is, after all, about the cleverest of our writers for children; and his *The Bodleys on Wheels* (Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.) is a delightful series of sketches. Mr. Scudder takes the Bodley family upon an excursion along the north shore of Massachusetts, where they see many notable things and discourse about them charmingly. The book holds the interest of very young readers, and contributes to the knowledge as well as the pleasure of those that are not so young.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A History of American Literature. By Moses Coit Tyler. Vol. I: 1607-1676. Vol. II: 1676-1765. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Discussions in Church Polity: From Contributions to the "Princeton Review" By Charles Hodge, D. D. Selected and arranged by the Rev. William Durant, with a Preface by Archibald Alexander Hodge, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Conscience: With Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Select Notes on the International Sabbath School Lessons for 1879. Explanatory, Illustrative and Practical. By Rev. F. N. and M. A. Peloubet. Boston: Henry Hoyt. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

The Races of European Turkey; Their Condition, History and Prospects. In Three Parts. Part I.—The Byzantine Empire. Part II.—The Modern Greeks and Albanians. Part III.—The Turkish Slavonians, the Wallachians and the Gypsies. By Edson L. Clark. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Sermons Preached in the Church of the First Religious Society of Roxbury. By George Putnam, Minister of the Society. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

On the Right Use of Books. A Lecture. By William P. Atkinson. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

The Great Slighted Fortune. By J. D. Bell. New York: T. Y. Crowell. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson. By her Niece, Geraldine Macpherson. With a Portrait. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Gates into the Psalm Country. By Marvin R. Vincent D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

A Masque of Poets: Including Guy Vernon, a Novelette in Verse. (No Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Landseer. (Artist Biographies.) Boston: Houghton. Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Just How: A Key to the Cook Books. By Mrs A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Select Poems. By Harvey Rice. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Meg; A Pastoral, and Other Poems. By Zadel Barnes Gustafson. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Mother Play and Nursery Songs. Illustrated By Fifty Engravings With Notes to Mothers. By Friedrich Froebel. Translated from the German Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. III.——FEBRUARY, 1879.——No. XIV.

A GAME OF FIVE.

GEORGE CLYDE was superintending the mining works at Winding Lake and living with his only and orphan sister, Carol, at the Blue Cove House. He invited his friend Stanfield to come out for a month and Stanfield went out of his way to pick up Frank Severn at Seaport. Severn could not leave at once but asked Stanfield to wait, and introduced him to his cousin, Ottalie Larch, who was in the city on a visit and with whom Stanfield sat and walked a good deal in the week or two that followed and found it very pleasant. When he and Severn took the train at last for the north, Ottalie Larch had become a large part of Stanfield's meditations, in fact he was thinking rather sore-heartedly what an extremely intelligent, modest, humorous, good girl she was, when Severn turned abruptly and asked if he did n't like her.

"Yes, very much," was Stanfield's reply.

"I knew you would," Severn commented; "I think I'm a lucky fellow, Stan. We don't gush, you know: we 've always been friends and sort of fallen heir to each other; but regard and confidence are better foundations for a house than passion." And more to the same effect.

Stanfield looked round in his face and asked sharply,

"Severn, what are you talking about?"

"Why, did n't I tell you? Don't you know? Ottalie and I are going to be married next spring!"

Stanfield looked at him a moment, then turned away and was very quiet the rest of the journey.

They and the Clydes sailed and rode and climbed about the beautiful lake and the hilly-bordering country, drank the inspiring air, and snuffed the oders of pine and white clover.

Carol Clyde, was a straight, handsome, eager girl, quick as light to catch the infection of merriment and echo it with flashing, involuntary laughter, but as quick to turn sober at a grave word. Young as she was she had had much grief, and its effect was visible though her natural buoyancy remained. With Severn she was all gayety and spirit. It was pleasant to see her brilliant face kindle and her eyes flash, and hear her quick laugh and retort to the merry fellow's banter. With the soberer Stanfield she evinced both gravity and an insatiable curiosity. She would listen to him while he talked and ask question upon question, with a surprising simplicity and directness of eye and speech and untiring interest in what he had to tell her of the world, but always turned away and changed to a lighter humor when Severn appeared.

And for his part, Severn showed an immediate and increasing relish for her company, which Stanfield observing did not find distateful but the contrary. He did not let himself dwell upon it, but kept it apart as a sweet morsel to be enjoyed without reflection. And so swift weeks passed. But upon a certain Saturday morning, as he sat

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on a huge rock he had climbed, the sudden sight of Severn and Carol together below among the trees and the sound of their voices and laughter heard fitfully, brought him a quick and keen remorse which stayed by him all day and with it a tender, regretful impression of the presence of Ottalie Larch. That evening the four friends went rowing and loitered late. As they parted for the night on the shadowy lawn before the house, Stanfield and Severn stood close together and Severn's eyes followed Carol up the steps and in at the door, and even then they remained fixed on the place where she had disappeared. Finally he turned slowly, as if drawn by some fascination, and met Stanfield's steadfast gaze. And Stanfield spoke, his words turning harsh without his intending it.

"Have you forgotten Miss Larch?"

Stanfield could see, dim as it was, that that challenge staggered him and his features settled with a certain heavy solidity, as loose earth will when jarred together; but his eyes did not drop and he said not a word in reply.

And Stanfield added sternly,

"It's time you went back to her."

"Go back yourself," he answered in a low, unnatural voice.

Stanfield dropped his face and swung off. Indeed, he would! He went plunging down the road toward the city half-a-thousand miles away. He staved on drunkenly for hours, held back and yet impelled resistlessly, as if the elemental forces grasped him and would tear him asunder. At last the road wound up a long and weary ascent and, gaining the summit, he turned aside, worn out, and threw himself down under the lee of a great rock and fell asleep. The night was dry and warm and already it was nearly dawn.

The land dipped steeply in a broad sweep from the ridge where Stanfield slept, and the early Sabbath morning crept palpitating upon a village far below. The stir of life, faint and sweet with distance, came up to him and mingled with his dreams, the lowing of kine, the bark of a dog, the tinkling of sheep bells, the softened clarion of barnyard fowls. Then the east flashed, and over the boundless, billowy green ocean came the radiant sunrise.

By and by Stanfield woke out of dreams of peace and joy, and looked down on a world miraculously fair and full of the habitations of care and disquiet. In his sleep he had walked among city streets and parks and beside him went Ottalie Larch, modest and happy. He felt the touch of her hand, the very brushing of her garment; heard her soft voice and light tread. And he woke with a mighty love and longing. He went on down the road toward the south, walking unevenly, torn by contending doubts and instincts but driven by the overpowering yearning of his heart.

Presently, up from the east, as if calling to him, came sweet and solemn the clangor of the village bells. He stopped and listened to the resonant swell and decadence of the pealing tones. He had heard many sermons in his time, and many a great bell and caroling chimes had flung out their invitation to him; but now the thought of the simple, rustic people gathering at that summons, each with his care or fear, his weakness, his ignorance, his humbled pride, to confess and pray for light, for solace, for help, guidance, pardon, release, affected him as never before. A great humility and loneliness came over him, a powerful drawing toward his kind assembling there, and he desired to mingle his own confession of impotence and blindness with theirs. Might there not be some message for him? He left the road and struck straight across country, down steeps, over rock and ravine. He passed through the quiet, shady village streets and came to an old-fashioned meeting house, slipped in and sat down near the door.

There was nothing rotund or polished in the preacher's words, but the first sound of his voice had the fire and power of conviction and enthusiasm, and it took hold of Stanfield like the steadying of a strong hand, before he knew a word that was said. The simple exhortation was nearly at its close. Apparently he had been comforting and stimulating his people in some widespread trouble. He paused as Stanfield entered, and took breath for the final words.

His eyes passed over his hushed and affected audience and were arrested by the pale, haggard, unkempt young stranger, whose disheveled dress only set off in incongruous relief his character of a student and a gentleman; and they remained fixed upon him while he began the delivery of the quoted verses with which he closed, and which he made his own by a strong, fervent sympathy and a natural power and pathos of expression:—

"People scattered abroad,
Poor people of God, who would fain see his face,
Hardly ye follow the road;
So much to hinder the race;
Poor people of God!

And yet why are ye weak?
This God whom ye serve, is not he your support?
Do not his promises speak?
Can ye not trust as ye ought?
Say, people of God?

What! has his hand lost power?
Is that arm shortened which holdeth the spheres?
Gives he a broken tower
To shelter ye from your fears?
Oh no, people of God!

Yes, his promise shall stand,—
Yes, the Lord heareth his people's cry;
His grace shall reign in the land,
The power of hell shall die,
For you, people of God!"

Stanfield was stirred and affected inexpressibly. He hardly heard what followed, but speedily the benediction was said and he came out with the dispersing congregation. He took no heed of the curious eyes that scanned him with excusable wonder, but he turned aside out of the press instinctively, till the throng should pass, and leaned against a tree. Full of his own emotion, he neither saw nor heard anything else till suddenly the clergyman's pale, fine, eager face appeared close before him and gazed intently into his.

"Can I do anything for you, sir?" he asked.

"You have," Stanfield answered. "I am one of God's poor people." Unconsciously he took off his hat and his tumbled hair straggled over his forehead; and he repeated in a low tone, "One of his weak, blind children!"

"You have been tempted?"

"Yes."

"And you are going straight now, with God's help?"

"Yes, I should like to promise you that."

He offered his hand, and the minister took it with a quick, firm grasp, still looking him steadfastly in the face and adding a few urgent words, to which Stanfield only bowed his head. And then the two brothermen, who had never seen or heard of each other before, parted and will not probably meet again.

That afternoon, sitting before the Cove House, he saw a sail boat come round Hammerhead Point and dance in toward the wharf, then dance away again. A lady came over the rocky causeway alone, turning often to look back at the boat, then turned her back upon it and came slowly through the trees. It was Carol. Presently she saw him and hesitated, coming a little way and then looking back. He went to meet her. She saw that he was grave and pale and met him gravely.

"We have been at a camp-meeting across at Red Gap," she told him. "They have gone round with the boat to a more sheltered anchorage."

They sat on a bench under the trees, and were silent, looking off at the white-capped waves and the shallows that ran across them. He asked her what they had heard at the camp-meeting and that led to some serious talk, and when Severn and Clyde came over the hill presently and down the slope, Severn caught sight of them, Stanfield talking earnestly and Carol standing before him with her eyes fixed on his face. Severn stopped a moment and then turned off and went into the house. Stanfield saw him as he turned away and just spoke to Clyde, left the brother and sister together and went in after Severn; but he was already gone out another way.

Stanfield searched and inquired for him in vain, then waited, anxious and conscience-smitten for his return. In the evening he grew impatient and walked away by the mountain road toward Catlin village. Looking in at a lighted place there, to his own surprise he saw Severn with some loud new acquaintances and went in and brought him out. They walked side by side a little

way; Stanfield's head was bowed. Suddenly he turned and took hold of Severn and said in his face,

"Frank, go home."

Severn exclaimed at him savagely and then answered:

"Yes, go home; go home and leave the coast clear for you,—why don't you finish what you mean?"

The blood flew into Stanfield's head so that it sank and swam, but he would not let go of Severn's shoulder or be moved to anger. And when the blackness went out of his eyes he lifted them and said as before,—

"You are mistaken: I don't want to stay. *Come* home; come home with me—did I say go?"

The persistent affection of the toue, glance and grasp wrought upon Severn, and he sank together and shook so that he had to sit down on a step. Stanfield stood beside him and waited for him to lift his head. He did so presently and spoke,

"Take me away, Stan. Don't leave me; don't let go of me; don't go back there."

They set out for Trestleton at once, waited there for a train, and by morning were on their way cityward.

The day afterward Severn came into Staufield's room at Seaport. He looked black and unrefreshed. Stanfield spoke of starting west again immediately.

"If you do I'll go back," Severn said. "You've got to help me through this, Stan. How am I to go back to Ottalie? I've made a horrible blunder there; that was nice stuff I was talking on the train the night we went out, was n't it?"

"I should think it was," Stanfield growled.

"Anyway I can't put on a smug mouth with her as I used to, and it would be lying to her if I did," Severn went on. "Have I any right to deceive her by silence either? Things are not the same and I cau't make them. I'm more than half inclined to be honest with her and tell her the truth at once."

That seemed very plausible doctrine to Stanfield at first and carried his sense with it powerfully. He sat with his face away, but presently a scornful expression grew upon him and he looked up and answered sueeringly,

"That's very fine logic, Severn. What do you mean by truth? You'd keep your word as long as it's pleasant and convenient. There's only one side to a bargain and there's no such thing as a binding obligation. There was no consideration in the contract and you're going to be honest and declare you won't be bound by it. You'd give your note, like Micawber, and thank God that debt was paid."

"No," Severn thundered back, "but when I had lost the money or had it stolen and was sure I could n't get it back, I would n't go sneaking on, pretending I was going to pay iu full at date. I'd swallow my pride and walk up and tell the truth and ask the creditors what they wanted."

"Yes," pursued Stanfield, "and you'd feel justified in gambling with the money or carrying it round in your pocket and showing it in public places. It would never occur to you that you ought to put it in a safe place and shun avoidable risks."

In the end Stanfield stayed.

Two or three weeks later he was still in the city. Walking one morning, moody and alone, he came opposite a little park; it looked green and cool with its fountain playing up among the trees and flashing with a ceaseless, streaming sound, and the voices of children were heard, high and happy. As he looked across, some passer stopped and he turned round and saw Carol Clyde standing beside him. She smiled quietly.

"It looks like a pleasant place," she said.

"Very," he answered; "shall we walk through it?"

"Yes," she replied, and they crossed over. He asked about her brother and when they came.

They strolled round the basin, watching the graceful jet flash and foam in the sunshine. At the farther side the breeze carried the spray over the walk.

"It's too damp for you there," Stanfield said; "here is a seat where we can watch it."

He sat down but she stood beside him, looking up steadfastly at the tossing water. And, handsome as he remembered her,

Stanfield was astonished at the brilliant beauty of her face; he thought he should not be surprised if he saw it shining in the dark. There was a fascination in it, so that when she turned, her eyes met his full upon her. And she said,

"Will you tell me why you went away?"

He did not answer for a minute, but he met her gaze with steadfast gravity.

"No," he said then, "I don't think I have a right."

She looked up at the fountain, then back at him.

"At least you can tell me whether I was the cause?"

Her remarkable simplicity and directness or some vaguely felt power behind them stirred an answering frankness in him.

He replied,—"Yes, you were."

Her eyes did not turn from his, but a deeper fire burned in her cheeks and lips when she spoke again,

"I am sorry for that; I did not mean it, I am sure."

"I know you did not," Stanfield answered. "But I suppose we often do harm without knowing it."

"Then I have done harm?" she queried.

"Did I say that? I did not mean to say that."

"But it is true," she continued, "and if I have hurt anyone, ought I not to know it? Have I made trouble between you and Mr. Severn?"

"No, we are good friends." Then a sudden impulse moved Stanfield and he added rapidly,—"I was mistaken if I said you did harm; if any wrong was done it was richly deserved, unless indeed, it was you that suffered it. You were the innocent one of the three."

She sat down on the bench and her eyes drooped.

"Have I a right to know more?" she asked softly.

"Yes, you have," he instantly answered; he paused and looked past her as he ran over the facts in his mind.

She was the one wronged; what a blind fool he had been! What wonder that Severn had taken her fancy? The least he could do now was to give her the benefit of the truth; Severn deserved no consideration. She should be saved from any possible delusion.

"Yes, you have," he repeated, "Severn was not free: he had no right—do you understand?"

Carol did not answer but cast a keen, quick glance at him and asked,

"Did he go of his own accord?"

Stanfield answered,—"No, I made him."

"Why?" An irresistible eagerness impelled her still. "Why should you?"

He flushed hotly but answered,

"Because I was almost tempted to leave him where he was and go myself in his place."

He bent toward her in the impetuosness of his speech, and she sank back from him; then he saw that she was deathly pale. He wondered he had not noticed it before, but doubtless it was owing to the deep shadow of the trees. He had been rather heartsick when he met her, working up weakly to a difficult determination; and here was another in a like plight. The fellow-feeling filled him with a great sympathy and pity for her. She spoke with an evident effort.

"Then there 's nothing I can do, I suppose. I thought there might be some misunderstanding, and I wanted to clear it up if there were."

"No," he answered, "there 's nothing you can do now but keep away from Severn."

They strolled away slowly and both were silent, and Carol somehow gave Stanfield the feeling that he seemed to give her cheap advice. He could not see her face under her hat, but he bent his head and spoke to her,

"Do I seem to preach idly? I am preaching to myself as much as to you. Do you know, I have come to a decision while we talked that I could not find strength for before."

Just then they came to a gate and he leaned against the post and pointed down the street.

"Do you see that house with the vines, on the second corner? There is a person in that house who is more to me than all the other people in the world. I am going away a thousand miles from her now with-

out saying good-bye. You have helped me to do that; I hope I have helped you?"

He waited to see her face. The air was full of bright, flying drops from the fountain; when she looked up after a little, there were bright drops too in her eyes. She spoke with a childish, upward motion and breaking in the throat,—

"Oh yes, you are kind; I shall do right." Then she added with a sudden vehemence, "Why is it hard to do right?"

He bowed his head. "God knows," he said, and took off his hat. "Perhaps we shall understand one day. Good-bye, Miss Carol."

He took her hand and held it a moment undecidedly, but said no more and turned and went his way.

Carol stood still where he left her. The great, dull roar of the human ocean came to her from every side, as if she stood in a cave at the bottom of the sea; and under the sunshine the little park grew dark and lonesome as the heart of a forest. She walked away shivering; she traversed populous places, streets full of houses and other and greater parks. But everywhere stretched the wilderness. She turned back at last, tired with wandering. Her insatiable curiosity had brought her knowledge truly, but with it she had gained no excess of happiness. Yet still the one guiding motive left was to know, to know all. She burned with a consuming desire to see this unknown rival of hers, to learn her part in the sorry puzzle: how much she knew, whether or not she too were unhappy. She pictured her like the women she met, dark or fair, mild, bold, plain, beautiful, small or stately, —but not one of all those images could she find lovable.

Again she passed by the little park; there was the house he had pointed out. She passed before it and looked at the name on the door: "M. Larch." (It happened that Ottalie was staying with some distant relatives of her own name.)

Larch! She had never heard of that name but once; that was at Deermount. Carol had been a day pupil at a school there, and one of the boarders was named Larch. Could it be the same? Why not ask? She went up the steps and rang the bell.

A servant opened the door; Carol spoke with her a moment, then sent in a message, stepped into the parlor and stood waiting the upshot of the adventure. How strange! she thought. But of course it was not the one; out of a million people it was a thousand to one against it. Yet her brother never went anywhere without meeting some one he knew or some one that knew familiar places and persons. When she heard footsteps coming, a strong panting seized her. She stood with her back turned, trying to master the throbbing, till the footsteps entered; then she turned and recognized the sweet, pure, intelligent face that looked into hers inquiringly. She came forward slowly with her eyes on that face.

"You don't know me, Ottalie Larch," she said. "I was at Deermount with you, but you would not remember me; I was a day scholar and younger. But we all knew you."

She might have added that Ottalie Larch was known as the most lovable of all the girls; but it happened also that Carol Clyde was equally conspicuous as the most beautiful.

"Yes, I remember you very well now," Ottalie answered; "you are Carol Clyde. I am very glad to see you." She approached as she spoke, bent forward with kind gravity and kissed her on the cheek. Carol turned her face instinctively to receive the salute, but she made no answering motion. Ottalie continued to look steadily at her, drew her caressingly to a seat and sat down close beside her.

"It is strange you should find me here," she said then. "I am only here by chance; I don't live here, you know. Do you know the people of the house?"

"No," Carol answered, "I only saw the name on the door. I never heard of any one else called the same, and thought it might be you."

"That's very singular," Ottalie said. "Yours is an uncommon name, too, but I heard of one person named Clyde only the other day. He is superintendent of a mine up at Winding Lake. But of course you don't know him?"

"He is my brother," Carol replied.

"That is more and more strange," pursued Ottalie. "I never heard he had a sister; my friends did not speak of her. Did I tell you, two friends of mine were out there a short time ago?"

"No, that does not make it more strange," Carol answered. "That is the explanation. I know your friends, Mr. Severn and Mr. Stanfield."

"Indeed!" Ottalie commented, astonished, and sat awhile in reflection. Gradually her gravity melted in a faint but mirthful smile that deepened as she talked,—"I have sometimes thought that every one was tied up with every one else, if we had eyes to see all the threads; but you and I seem wound up in a regular spider-web. Don't you think we ought to be good friends?"

"No," Carol answered stolidly, "I don't know that that is a reason why we should be friends. It seems to me more of a reason why we should be enemies." Her eyes were downcast, but she raised them and kept them fixed on Ottalie's face as she went on monotonously,

"I saw Mr. Stanfield a little while ago, this morning; I spent an hour with him close by this. He was on his way here when I met him, but he is n't coming here any more. He is going a thousand miles off, and he said I was the cause of his deciding to go away."

Ottalie shrank before that unaccentuated speech and gaze. She was stricken with a sudden pallor and faintness; her eyes and lips quivered and she sank together shaken and helpless in her chair.

Carol turned her face away. She had come to find out a certain thing, and she had found it; but now that she knew all, she did not find the knowledge more sweet than she who first tasted of the bitter tree. But there was nothing more now, and she rose up, turned about slowly, looking straight before her, then went toward the door without speaking or looking back.

Ottalie moved as if she would speak, pressed her handkerchief to her lips with a sidewise motion of her face, got up, rested her hand on the back of a chair a moment, and followed Carol and stood beside her.

"Wait," she said; but her voice thickened and her eyes fell again, and she could only ask,

"Where are you staying?"

Almost unconsciously Carol let fall the name of a neighboring hotel; then she went away.

The morning following, Ottalie went to the Lafayette hotel and inquired for Miss Clyde. She was directed to the room, met a servant coming out of the door and went in without knocking.

It was a sitting-room with two inner rooms opening out of it. On the table were papers and writing materials.

"Is that you, George?" said Carol's voice after a quiet minute or two.

For answer Ottalie went in; Carol lay on the bed, looking feverish and disordered but beautiful still. She did not raise her face or say anything till Ottalie came to her side, took her unresponsive hand and said gently,

"Are you very ill? Can't I do something for you?'

"No," she answered faintly, "you can do nothing; nobody can do anything."

Ottalie stood a little while, looking down at her, then moved a chair close and sat beside her.

"Carol," she said presently in a low tone such as made the sorry girl's eyes look up at her, "listen to me; I ought to know the truth; I want you to tell me what you know."

"Oh, I know everything," Carol answered. "I'm the only one that seems to know anything; I wish I were the one that knew nothing at all."

"We can't be sure of doing right if we don't know the truth," Ottalie responded softly and with a slight tremor. "If we act in ignorance we may do wrong without knowing it, and bring misery upon others and upon ourselves."

"Do right, do right!" Carol answered in the same even petulant voice. "That's what you all say. It's easy to say, but it's too hard to do. I don't see any one doing anything that 's right for me."

Ottalie looked down at her a moment, then replied low and gravely,—"Don't you believe I would? I will—when I know."

"No," Carol pursued, in the same dull, unmodulated manner, "you won't; you can't. But go on; ask me. What do you want to know?"

"I will tell you what I think," Ottalie said; "and you will tell me whether or not I am right." But she sat downcast then a while, before she could speak again. "You said Mr. Stanfield was going away on your account." She stammered and hesitated, "You don't mean that; you don't mean that he wanted to go or that you wanted him to. Tell me, Carol." She did not move or look up, but answered dreamily,—"No,—no."

"You mean," Ottalie went on slowly and difficultly,—"You mean that you think he would liked to have stayed with you, that he would rather stay with you than anywhere else, but that he would not take advantage of his friend's being—being bound—not being free—you understand? Am I right, Carol?"

Carol's eyes were raised now and bright, her color in her cheeks and her breathing rapid.

"Yes," she answered eagerly, lifting up her arms, "yes,—yes!"

Ottalie's face sank; certainty was a little sterner than belief. But she had schooled herself for it and she looked back calmly in a moment, with the stillness of resolve and mastered pain. Carol lay quiet again with half-closed lids. Ottalie bent over her, closer and closer, till Carol felt the near face and looked up into the eyes that opened their depths upon her.

"Carol," Ottalie said in a tone very low but distinct and penetrating, "I think I can help you; I will do what I can. But first you must promise never to let any one find out what you know, what you think you know about me."

Carol asked eagerly,—"What will you do?"

"I will make Mr. Severn keep him, or bring him back if he is gone; he is too generous to let him go on his account, if he knew. Promise, Carol, and let me go."

Carol saw that Ottalie grew dizzy and sick. For answer she clasped her tightly round the neck and began to sob and cry.

"Oh, no,—no!" she cried out passionately to fierceness. "You mustn't do anything of the kind. You can't do anything; you don't know, I told you you didn't know. You are entirely mistaken. I didn't say that was true, I didn't mean it was true. You can do nothing; it is I that must do. I promised him: I shall do right, I shall do right!" Ottalie could not quiet her for a long while.

About that time Stanfield went into Severn's office to say good-bye.

Severn was not pleased but he showed it rather than said it.

"I won't say good-bye now," declining his friend's proffered hand. "I'll come and see you off."

He was out in the afternoon and, coming back, found it was about time to start to meet Stanfield at the train. There was a note on his desk, addressed in a strange feminine hand, that nevertheless had an undefinable suggestion in it that thrilled him. He opened it and read,—"Come to me at the Lafayette Hotel, Room 27, at once. CAROL CLYDE."

He did not wait an instant, but went there the shortest and quickest way. He looked for room 27, found it, knocked; the door opened, closed behind him, and the work of weeks was undone. He stood face to face with Carol Clyde. She asked instantly, "Has Mr. Stanfield gone?"

Severn looked at his watch.

"No; he leaves by the five o'clock train."

She took hold of his watch and turned it round. It was seventeen minutes to five.

"Can you get there in time?"

"It's just possible."

"Then go,—stop him. Don't let him go."

"But why? I don't understand. I can't keep him."

She told him what would keep him in a brief sentence or two that made him stagger and lean against the wall. She opened the door.

"But Miss Clyde,—Miss Carol—"

"Not a word now!" turning from him impatiently. "Be quick; you'll miss the train."

He rushed out, called a passing hack and sprang on the box. They started rattling up the street.

"Get me to the Due North Depot by five," he called in the driver's face.

"It can't be done," was the reply.

"I'll give you ten dollars," Severn shouted.

Severn was in at the waiting-room door before the horses had stopped. The gates were closed and the train was moving out behind them. He ran out and round the great enclosure. The train had stopped unaccountably and stood just outside. He ran his eye along; the windows were open and at one, two cars back, he saw Stanfield listlessly leaning out. In a moment he was below him calling to him,

"Stan! Come out quick."

He met him on the platform of the car; the train was already moving again. Stanfield put out his hand and said hurriedly;

"Good-bye, Frank. I'm glad I saw you; I'll write."

"Come,—get off," Severn called drawing him down the steps. "You must n't go, quick now,—look out where you jump!"

Stanfield braced himself and shouted,

"You're crazy, Severn,—let go of me. My baggage is checked through and I've paid my fare."

The train was getting under headway. Severn looked out ahead, took a firm grip of the iron guard with one hand, grasped Stanfield round the body with his other arm, and sprang to the ground with him. They struck heavily and staggered forward together, but they kept their footing. Stanfield turned his back and walked away a few paces, looking neither at Severn nor the departing train. Severn came up and took him by the shoulder.

"Look here, Stan," he said, "you don't want to go; there's no reason why you should; you were mistaken. There's no reason for your going away or for my standing by Ottalie; she made the same blunder that I did. I've just found it out. We're both free now, or will be when I've seen her."

Stanfield made no answer, nor indeed did he clearly know anything but his own thoughts till they were riding through the streets again. Then he turned and asked Severn how he had found it out.

Severn answered briefly and stood up to get out.

"Go up to my rooms," he said to Stanfield, "and wait for me. Use anything you want."

He found Stanfield there an hour later.

"It's all clear between Ottalie and me now," he said. "We're cousins and good friends."

He made some changes in his dress, stepping about sharply without speaking.

"Where are you going now?" asked Stanfield.

"To the Lafayette," was the reply.

Stanfield strolled away alone through the summer evening of the city, debating, remembering, castle-building, full of tenderness and solemnity, a divine sense of the possible good of the world tempered by the recurring touch of a poignant doubt. But he ended his rambling at last by stopping at Ottalie's door. It was late when he came out again, but as he loitered homeward through the hushing streets, there was no alloy in his great, deep, reverent joy.

Stanfield and Ottalie walked together on the day following. Ottalie was stiller and more grave than he remembered her, and it vexed him. Finally he stopped in a shaded place and looked in her face.

"Are you unhappy, Ottalie?" he asked with concern. "Are you dissatisfied to-day?"

"No, not for myself. I am very happy."

Her eyes looked confidently into his.

"I am glad of that," he answered. "Don't trouble to-day about others; why need you? We ought to have one day to ourselves. And indeed I don't remember a time when good seemed so unmixed. It makes me laugh when I think of it; it seemed so inextricable and has turned out so absurdly simple. Here were we four playing a game at cross purposes, blindfold and each thinking his own eyes wide open. And then to think that simple, outspoken child should be the one to find out how we were floundering and set us all straight! But the strangest part is that it should come out so smoothly, so happily for all concerned. Did I tell you, when Severn went to see Carol again last night she and Clyde had

started for the north, and Severn has gone after them? It 's the most extraordinary thing. It makes it seem as if the world were made over new and all the tangles unraveled."

Ottalie did not smile in return, but she said, "You are mistaken; the world is not made over new. We have reason to be sober in our happiness. We owe Carol more than you know; she has no such reward as you think. All the joy is between us two. I can't tell you more; but there was another hand at the game, the hand of One whose judgments are unsearchable and His ways past finding out!"

James T. McKay.

TWO DAYS.

ONCE when my heart for gladness
Made songs my lips should voice,
I scoffed at grief and sadness,
I bade the world rejoice.

The very birds I mocked with glee;
The trees I censured laughingly;
To leaf and blade I cried, "A shade
Of deeper green put on for me!"
To bud and flower I said, "The hour
Hath come for richer pageantry!
Put on new bloom!" and not content
With all the splendid sea could show,
Along the windy shore I went,
And sang of mountains capped with snow.
Not leaf nor flower nor bird could yield
A symbol for my joyous heart.
I saw the reapers all a-field;
From out the grass the sparrow start;
The distant hills, the breezy down;—
I heard the church-bells of the town,
And turning to the sacred spire,
I smiled and murmured, "Higher, higher
My heart doth go! My soul doth know,
A sweeter bliss than thou canst show!
The heaven thou reachest to in vain
Is here in me! The cross, the pain,
The burden thou dost lift above,
Are naught to my triumphant love!
What need have I of thee or thine?
My Love is mine, my Love is mine!"

From out a stormy sky there came
God's radiant bow; and dewy wet,
The earth rare odors seemed to raise
In pearly mists, until the flame

Of crimson sunset joined in praise
Of Him whom I had dared forget.

But homeward wending slowly
I sang with happier voice,
The sad, the proud, the lowly,
I bade them all rejoice.

A year the harvest bringing
Laughed sea and plain and hill;
The world with joy was singing,—
My voice alone was still.

The sandy shore as silver shone;
Pink shells along the beach were strewn;
To me it seemed, like opals gleamed
The beaten spray-wreathes strandward blown.
Then far, then near, now faint, now clear,
In gentle, tender monotone,
The sea, the wind, the birds, the leaves,
Kept singing as a mother sings,—
Of sweet, unutterable things,
A comforting to one who grieves.
O generous Nature! Type of Him
Who, mocked, doth never mock again!
Thou smilest not that our eyes are dim,
But, taking to Thy heart our pain,
Dost offer us Thy gracious breast,
Brim full of cheering sympathy,
Until we know that grief is best,
Sent unto us by Him through Thee!
Then swift and still along the hill
The sunset shadows had their will;
And in the mellow, dying day,
The reapers homeward took their way;
While o'er the stubble, softly brown,
Floated the church-chimes of the town.
I turned to gaze. A cross of fire
Burned on that heavenward-pointing spire!

From out that stormy grief there came
God's bow of promise; and I gave
Her body up,—no longer mine.
But mingled in one holy flame,
Our spirits rose to the Divine,
When low I knelt beside her grave.

And in the twilight lonely,
With brow bared to His sky,
I said, "Not sorrow only,
Nor joy,—but peace have I."

Lucrèce.

A CONVENTIONAL CONSCIENCE.

It is a matter in dispute between moralists how many men it takes to grow a conscience, whether one or one hundred. If the perception of right is a primary power, then each one may hope to attain to it; if it is a conventional sentiment of the nature of public opinion, then there must be a public before it can spring up. A hundred men may thus be endowed much more fortunately than any one of their number, as each of them collectively can be clothed more richly and fed more luxuriously than any one of them in solitude. Conscience, then, instead of being, as men have thought it, "the voice of God within us," is the voice of the people without us, and the two doctrines are hopelessly apart, till it can be shown that the voice of the people is the voice of God. Indeed this theory of morals may be set down as the largest stride yet taken in that line of proof.

But whatever is the ultimate seat of conscience, it can hardly be doubted that the average conscience is voiced mainly in public opinion, and that the average man takes up his moral life, as he does his social life, by contact. Those who have a genius for spiritual things, in whose minds the light shines with strange clearness and brilliancy, are rare, and they influence their fellow-men only by that subdivision of power through which many minds and hearts are touched. The light is dispersed, diffused, and reflected till it is softened down to the purposes of ordinary vision. The conventional conscience, whether it be of God's making, or the devil's making, or, more likely still, of the world's making—a border territory between the two—is the general conscience, by whose flickering rays we are walking and from whose deficiencies we are often stumbling.

The relation of the rich and the poor and of all classes to each other in society is the great practical question in morals, and, till we reach a better solution of it than we now have, society will remain in a ferment that will often be destructive and may even be retrogressive.

To be sure we have long held the second command of love to our neighbor, and held it as rooted in the first command of love to God, but never having obeyed either, they abide in the upper air, which we seldom reach, and rarely descend into the lower air, which we hourly breathe. Conventional sentiment has not adopted them, and therefore very few men feel them as a practical power. We might as well take the dust of diamonds, and pour it into water in the hope that it will be dissolved and crystallize again in a beautiful stone, as to commit the precepts of Christ to the popular feeling with the expectation that they will instantly be taken up by it, and disclose in it the law of a spiritual life. Diamonds are made rarely and obscurely in the great cosmic processes. The truths of Revelation wait on long and hidden movements, before they enter into society, and are ready for a new and brilliant arrangement of its pliant material.

We see every day on every side of us and in ourselves the control of the conventional conscience; yet there may arise in memory here and there one in whom some phase of conventionality has been preëminently expressed. I recollect one who seemed to have passed over his life to the keeping of the civil law. He had always been attendant on its judicial proceedings, as constable, sheriff, justice, and seemed unconsciously to himself to have reached the conviction, that herein was the law of life. Every question that touched any proceeding between man and man was brought to the test: Does the law allow it? As the carpenter prides himself in cutting to the line, he congratulated himself on a line of duty that admitted plain definition, and to which he deftly adhered. What the law gave, he gave; what the law withheld, he withheld. Benevolence had no place among his virtues, but justice had grown to such puffy dimensions as to occupy a double seat. He was helpful in keeping the world on its legal track, but whether that track was an up grade or a down grade, whether it turned to

the right or to the left, were questions quite outside of his cosmogony. He found the law in the world when he entered it, and he proposed to do his best to leave it there when he should go out of it.

In the existing collisions of labor and capital, such a man would not be altogether helpless. He would remedy the evil as the task-master remedies the indolence of slavery by another crack of the whip. The legal mind is as stanch against letting things slip backward as it is against pushing them forward. The real difficulty with our social difficulties is that we deal with them under a conventional morality with a conventional conscience, and ourselves conceive nothing better than self-interest, and desire nothing more. This is the principle on which men daily shape their action toward each other in business, and this principle coming forth from selfishness will awaken selfishness as long as the world lasts. Nor as long as the world lasts, can selfishness be at harmony in its various manifestations.

An example of an action guided by a conventional conscience has recently passed under my notice, and I wish to give it in its salient features simply because it is so commonplace, and with a variation of details, is repeated so often in business transactions. Farmers in the West have suffered severely from imprudently borrowing money. Very many of them are involved in obligations that threaten to sweep away the entire fruits of a laborious and self-denying life. While this is in many cases very painfully true, it is also true that a great many farmers in the West owe comparative wealth and a new social position to the gains of borrowed money. In a few fortunate years farms have been paid for, and then held at an advanced price as a permanent footing in the economic world.

The disasters have been due partly to imprudence, but chiefly to unfruitful years. The causes of the overthrow have come like a squall out of gentle winds, and have struck full sails. The capsize has been a disaster more than a misjudgment. Few of us can be just when we are hard-driven, and farmers are not just toward capitalists, who have simply helped them to their sails. Yet this helping process has often gone on in utter oversight of the interests of the parties involved. Hence, when the disaster comes, the recrimination is bitter, and a sense of injury is nourished by the unfortunate as all that is left them. It is to this pefectly selfish loaning of money that my example pertains.

A couple of bankers in a Western city received for loan three thousand dollars from the East, with a very careful injunction that it should not be placed where it could, under any contingency, itself be endangered, or endanger the interest of the person borrowing it. These bankers owned at the time eighty acres of land adjoining the farm of a moderately well-to-do farmer, who was known to them. This farmer, who is an industrious man, of good habits, had in possession a farm of one hundred and ten acres, which bore a mortgage of one thousand dollars. This he was able to carry comfortably, with a good prospect of ultimate payment. These bankers persuaded him to buy the additional eighty acres, promising the most ample time for payment. In a moment of infatuation he was led to do it. He agreed to pay for the eighty acres, two thousand and four hundred dollars. His indebtedness thus became three thousand and four hundred dollars. The bankers, in neglect of the conditions of their trust, took the three thousand dollars in their hands, waiting an investment, and loaned it to the farmer, who returned it to them in part payment of his indebtedness. The loan was secured by a mortgage on the entire one hundred and ninety acres, and this was passed over to their Eastern friend as emphatically a "first class investment." The small remainder of debt the bankers themselves held against their second friend, the farmer, and between their two friends, stood in quiet possession of three thousand dollars—the pending result easily to be predicted by any shrewd man. Times were already pinching, crops were precarious, and the farmer found himself from the very beginning unable to meet the interest in full. The mortgagee remained patient under partial payments for

four years, the last of which was comparatively favorable and promised better things for the future. The crops, however, had no sooner been gathered than these bankers, leading the van of transient creditors, levied on the whole yield. This measure forced a foreclosure of the mortgage with the usual results. A well-meaning, industrious farmer, with no fault of his own save an ear too open to persuasion, finds himself in the middle of life stripped to the skin and turned out to begin again. Yet all this is done under forms of law to which no man can object. A gentleman of a legal conscience can drink his glass, wipe his lips, say amen, and go on to the next case.

But how must such a farmer and all who sympathize with him feel over such a transaction? By a hocus-pocus of law two thousand dollars have been swept from him with no more return than if he had gambled it away at a faro table, or had been robbed of it on the highway. Against a transaction such as this, there is no protection save good-will, save an honest disposition to deal with men in view of their interests as well as our own. A business method like this, in the features of it we have emphasized, brings no censure in the business world, would probably be thought no ground of censure in the church to which one of these bankers belongs. As long as under the forms of law we can inflict such deep, sharp cuts as these, and ourselves hardly observe them, and the community heed them not at all, we shall be but barbarians and nourish in our hearts the hatred of barbarians. The conventional conscience is oftentimes no conscience, but the interspaces over which conscience has not yet extended.

If the people grew consciences, they ought instantly to grow better ones, and if the individual is responsible for this power, some of his responsibilities are badly neglected. The motto would seem to be, Christian men should take up in their affections the precepts of Christ, and return them to the world in their effective, working form, as a vitally organized opinion and experience. The affections incident to good-will are better and more enjoyable than the desires incident to self-interest, but the demonstration is a practical one, not a theoretical one. When it is made, we shall secure the next step in social growth, and capital and labor will coalesce in cheerful work for common enjoyment; and till we can make it we shall abide in a conflict, now mild, now intense, as the fires happen to burn.

The civil law is not at fault. This law is like a well-made sword which yields to the hand of the owner, itself indifferent to pain or to pleasure.

We are held under the divine government fast to the spiritual laws, and can not make the final stages of growth save as we admit fully this latest organic force. If the conventional conscience helps us to hold what we have won, it also retards us in winning what lies before us.

The better theory would seem to be that the voice of God only very slowly becomes, after many an individual incarnation, the voice of the people. *John Bascom.*

MINISTERS AND HOBBIES.

We had a ministers' meeting in our parish not long since, and the question considered was, "What to-day is the greatest internal danger to the Christian Church, setting aside all doctrinal dangers?" Various dangers were discussed, but an aged brother whose life has been a prayer of labor, said that he considered the greatest danger to be from ministers with hobbies, and that just now there was an epidemic of misunderstood ministers—and when he found many such, he always looked about for a cause, and generally found it in one-sided views of ministerial duties. In

other words, when he found ministers of Christ complaining that they were misunderstood, he found that the misunderstanding was generally the result of a hobby. The man gets astride of an idea and thinks he is guiding it, when it is really carrying him and his work to destruction. He is a man with a monomania—and monomaniacs always look upon the world as maniacal. You may set it down as a truism that in proportion as men do not understand themselves, they will declare themselves misunderstood. It may also be set down as a truism, that no man who rides a hobby knows the danger or the speed of the beast that carries him. At every wall of difficulty that he meets with in his profession, he rides his hobby full tilt, and wails and moans at the perversity of the wall if the stones hurt his head. I knew a minister whose hobby was the doctrine of election. He took that one brick out of his structure of theology and tried to make people believe it was the whole structure. He preached it, he discouraged seekers after Christ with it, he made death beds miserable with it, he even insisted that his singers should sing the doctrine of election, and his favorite hymns were those which dwell on the special advantage of having been chosen from the foundation of the world to be sons of God. This man perverted texts to preach sermons on election, he became a very sophist in arguments, and it was painfully amusing to see him try to keep his theological see-saw balanced with free-will on one end of the plank and election on the other. He had n't a soul big enough to grasp both doctrines, nor grace enough to let them alone, and so when free-will which he felt he must believe went up, the other end with election on it was sure to go down, and with all his efforts he could never keep them placidly balanced. He used to talk election and get floored with free-will; and then he would lapse into a mournful discouraged state and say the world did not understand him. Why, dear me, it was all because the world understood him too well. The world is no fool. The popular estimate in the long run is likely to be the correct one. This poor man threw a morsel of bread to his parishioners and tried to make them believe it was the whole loaf. The religion of Jesus Christ is too precious a thing to be broken into fragments. Only the whole satisfies. No man was ever saved by a doctrine. Thomas à Kempis asked a question that only the whole of Christ can answer, when he said "What has a redeemed soul to do with the niceties of theological controversy?" When a man buries himself in a doctrine instead of in the divine heart of Jesus, he will be misunderstood in proportion as the doctrine is difficult to understand, and I 'll defy any man to find a more difficult doctrine than the doctrine of election, as commonly taught. I don't deny the doctrine of election, but I do say that it needs a good deal of explanation, and is no more able to stand alone than a tree without roots. It has got to be propped up by grace, and love, and redemption, and be rooted in the eternal yearning of God to save the whole world. Standing alone it is a heart-sickening doctrine. I heard a young man get up in a prayer-meeting and say he was trying to find Christ, he wanted to serve God and did n't know how to set about it. His face as he spoke was filled with a searching light. He looked about among the old church members for a hand of guidance, and he got from an election hobbyist the following noble verse from the Bible:—"No man *can* come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." All the great "Comes" of the Bible were unspoken and no word was said of God's yearning, tender, constant drawing of all men to him in the person and through the love of the Son. It was as if the parable of the Prodigal Son had been spoken without the Father going out to meet the returning penitent, and the young enquirer sunk down upon his seat, hopeless in his own helplessness and helpless in the dark of his own soul. Fortunately there was somebody to come to the rescue, or this young man might have been wrecked on the doctrine of election, while the Rock of Ages was within reach of his hands. I have never seen or known of any congregation that would submit to be fed with doctrinal food only, and to have one doctrine only to feed on, is spiritual starvation indeed. Yet the minister with a

hobby will never see this. He says he is misunderstood, assumes the airs of a martyr and blames his flock, or what is worse pities it. They will not be saved he illogically cries, and comforts himself with the belief that he has done what he could for them. Now the people know that such a man is the minister of a doctrine and not a minister of the whole religion of Christ,—they do understand the minister, but alas the fault is that he does n't understand himself or his work.

The Rev. Phillips Brooks, than whom no man living better understands the proper relations between a minister and his people, has in his Yale lectures on Preaching, some very wholesome words on men with hobbies. He says, speaking of the preacher and his work: "We are constantly meeting people who seem to have epitomized all the needs of the church, all the requirements of the successful minister, into some one expedient, soms panacea which, if it could only be applied, would overcome every obstacle and bring on at once the perfect day of preaching. These expedients are things good in themselves, making no doubt some very useful part of the whole; but when they are magnified into solitary importance and offered as solutions of the difficulties that beset the Gospel, they are ludicrously insufficient. Many a young minister to-day is staking his whole ministry on some one such idea. He attributes every defect to the imperfect apprehension of that idea in the community. He hopes for every good as that idea comes to be completely realized. He can expect no good without. He can hardly conceive of any evil in connection with it. Perhaps his favorite idea is free churches; a good idea indeed, an idea without which there could have been no Christian Church at all; an idea which beyond all doubt does represent the standard of Christianity, and to which Christian practice must some day return; but by no means the only idea of worship, nor suggesting by any means the only or the principal difficulty in the way of spreading the Gospel. You might break down every pew door and abolish every pew tax and yet wait to see your churches and the kingdom of God fill themselves in vain. Another's consuming thought is congregational singing. As you listen to him rushing hither and thither, shouting the praises of his favorite method and dealing dreadful blows at the four-headed Cerberus which he detests, you are almost ready to believe that if all the people only could lift up their voices and sing, the walls of wickedness must tumble into dust. It is a good and healthy agitation. It is well that we should break through the tyranny of old methods and really sing the praises of the Lord. But it is not going to do the work of casting out sin and winning righteousness. When the army goes into battle the bands must play, but they do not lead the host. And so it is again with the hobby of interdenominational intercourse, of Christian union. It is well, and I would that we had more of it. But, to borrow the army simile again, no courtesies between two regiments ever yet defeated the other army. And so of the church sociable which tries to entice the passer-by to the altar of the Lord, with the familiar but feeble odor of a cup of tea. And so with the children's church; one of the best and purest of the church's inventions for her work, but by no means enough to make a special and peculiar feature of in any congregation. It almost always weakens the preacher for his preaching to adults. There is nothing so insignificant that some petty minister will not make it the Christian panacea. A young minister said to me once, 'Wherever else I fail, there is one point in which my ministry will be a success!' 'And what is that?' said I—expecting something sweet and spiritual. 'In printing' he replied. He had devoted himself to setting forth elaborate advertisements, and orders of services, and Sunday School reward cards, and most complicated parish records, and I suppose his parish is strewn thick with those thick-falling leaves even unto this day. No! The clerical or parish hobby is either the fancy of a man who has failed to apprehend the great work of the Gospel, or the refuge of a man that has failed to do it. Its evils are endless. It makes a fantastic Christianity. It keeps us battering at one point in the long citadel of sin, and lets the enemy safely concentrate his force there to protect it. It

robs us of all power of large appeal, and confines the truth which we preach to some small class of people. It makes us exalt the means above the end, till we come to count the means precious, whether it attain the end or not."

Those who read my article will I am sure pardon me for this long quotation, which says what I wish to say, better than I could say it, and carries with it also the weight of a man whom nobody so much as even dreamed of being the slave of a hobby.

There is one hobby that has crept into the Episcopal church, which is not likely greatly to creep into the ministerial ranks of other churches. I speak of Ritualism; and in speaking of Ritualism I am very particular to capitalize the word, that it may not be confounded with the ritualism that is only a proper incident in God's worship. There are Ritualists and ritualists. Parsons who believe the church to be a thing so pinned on to the skirts of ecclesiastical vestments, and parsons who see only in vestments and candles and the other paraphernalia of worship an advanced stage of churchly decency and order. If there be to any soul spiritual light in outward and visible signs, by all means let that soul have the signs, but let them be only signs. The Ritualistic parson that I speak of is the one who forgets spiritualism and risks doctrines, for the sake of mere outward show. I have known two or three such, and they are vastly different people from the honest and conscientious priests who make use of the highest forms of color, light and music, as a means whereby truths may be taught to people who can only grasp truth by having the eye and the ear tickled with it. So long as Ritualism is the slave of the church and the priest there is no harm in it, but let it become the master and enslave the priest, and it degenerates to mere empty frippery—a source of danger to the church and spiritual ruin to the man who practices it. I have known priests to make a stronger fight for a couple of candles, than they would have made for a doctrine. I well remember one such priest with whom I was brought into close contact. He decorated his church with tawdry mottoes and tawdrier banners. He clad his choir in cassocks and surplices —and spent much money thereon. He put candles on his altar and erected an altar cross. He had processions and recessions in his church, and his people liked the show well enough, but they soon got rid of their pastor; one saying that he was not a good preacher; another that he did not visit enough; another did not consider him spiritually minded, and so on through the whole parish. Neglect everywhere in parochial duties—for what at best can be considered but a non-essential in worship—and worship itself only a small part of the church's work in the world. This priest once said to me—"I do wish you could manage to interest some of the boys in the church." Here I said to myself is an awakening in the right direction. "For," continued he, "we need more voices in the choir." And I pitied the poor man. Such men bring incalculable trouble into the church; not because they teach false doctrine, for men who are devoted to ritualism simply as a hobby don't trouble themselves much as to what doctrines they teach, or fail to teach thereby. They are caught simply by the prettiness of the things. But they do great harm, by overshadowing really grave things by pretty houses of cards and by neglecting the care of souls for a sham worship. Such men think more of the swaddling-cloth of the infant Jesus than of the holy babe that it covers, and would have been quite at home in casting lots for the seamless vestments of our Lord.

Perhaps the worst and most mischievous of hobby-ridden ministers, is he who makes a hobby of some real or fancied personal trait of his own. I knew a minister, who was once complimented by some very soft and spooney young ladies—they were not so very young either—on his simplicity. From that time he cultivated simplicity in and out of the pulpit, and cultivated simplicity is very likely to degenerate into what on the outside looks very like imbecility. The truly simple minister is simple in the childlikedness that Christ commends. No child ever thinks of acting the part of a child. They are childlike because they think nothing about their being children.

This man was simple because he was vain. He was the Reverend Cream Cheese churned into butter, he was so concentratedly simple. His conversation was prattle and his sermons babble. He was so lamb-like that he gambolled away his diaconate, and in his priesthood turned out what all lambs turn out if they escape the butcher. To this day he goes from parish to parish dealing out intellectual baby-talk, not because he thinks the people will like baby-talk but because he is so simple. I once heard this man address some children—and he spoke about as follows :—"I love the pretty little stars because they twinkle so. Do you know what makes the stars twinkle? I don't. Maybe we all shall know some day what makes the stars twinkle so. Would you like to know? I should. Perhaps the good people who have died and gone to heaven know why the stars twinkle so. They must be very happy to know why the stars twinkle so. You must ask God to help you to be good children, and then you will some day be with those good people, and will know why the pretty little stars twinkle so. You must think of this when you look at the stars. Do you know that pretty little song beginning 'Twinkle, twinkle,'" etc. There was ever-so-much more, and the children looked sleepy and disgusted before my friend's fountain of simplicity had half run out.

It would not be a difficult thing to go on and fill the magazine with gossip about ministers that have hobbies, and ride them rough-shod over all opportunities of usefulness. But I need not give instances, for everybody who knows the world at all must have such men in his mind. My hope for this article is that some preacher who is the slave to a hobby may read it, and be by it driven to a season of deep and honest self-examination; that he will see that he is not a misunderstood man save by himself; and that he will seek for a cure where only a cure for spiritual deformities can be found, in the divine heart of God. Christ never forgot that He was Christ, and a Christian minister should never forget that he is Christ's. The field for work is the world, and the whole world requires the whole Christ to cure it of its diseases. Nothing short of this must the minister take into his work. True Christianity is many sided. It is a golden circle that touches every man and woman and child at some point. There is no holy emotion that it cannot awaken; no need that it cannot supply. But as needs are various, so must the Christian religion be taught variously. The whole man must be cultivated and developed for the work. No grace or accomplishment must be cultivated at the expense of another. The whole moral and intellectual man must be brought by turns into the sunlight as the earth is. The religion of Jesus is eminently revolutionary; it was not meant to run in grooves. The way to heaven is not a railway, but through the broad fields and intricate lanes of life.

If there is danger of running into grooves and growing narrow-minded, there is safety in the example of our Lord in his ministrations on earth. He preached, he taught, he visited the sick, he lent his sunny presence to wedding feasts, he prayed in the midst of the gorgeous ritualism of the temple, and in the shades of Gethsemane, and wrapped in the breezes of Olivet. He blessed little children and caressed them. He made social visits. He was a man among men—forgetful never that he carried the sins of the universe upon his shoulders. His ministry was the true pattern of a Christian ministry. In so far as it is imitated by Christian ministers of to-day, in all its many-sided splendor and unselfish yearning after souls, will their success lie. No matter what Brother A. or Brother B. does; follow Christ. Brother A.'s and Brother B.'s work is only good for something wherein it is Christ's work, and it is n't best to follow any fellow-man until one has pondered all the texts about diversities of gifts, and thought a good deal about diversities of parishes and diversities of people. A minister can afford to neglect no instrumentality for bringing souls to the knowledge and love of God, but one instrumentality standing alone is a poor and weak provision for such a work. But after all it is only a question of a man's whole consecration of his whole self to his whole work; where this is

there will be such prayer in labor and such answer to prayer in fullness of faith and grace, that the man will not have senses enough to serve God with; hands enough to work for God with or voice enough to teach the beauty of holiness with, even though he preach it and talk it and sing it—aye, and even shout it. Opportunities for great work—great because God's—will spring up in unlooked for places, and instrumentalities fitting the opportunities will be found in the hands of the worker while yet he is not done asking and searching for them. Such men will never think themselves misunderstood, because they will know that God understands them, and that is all that an honest Christian can ask. More entire consecration! That is cure for ministerial hobbies—and God grant the cure to every man who is trying to ride into the kingdom of heaven on a poor single humanly devised idea. *Wm. M. F. Round.*

CALVIN THE SINNER.*

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

CHAPTER II.

It is not always an easy matter to ascertain who owns a railroad. In some cases it is owned undoubtedly by a conductor or ticket-agent; in others it is supposed to belong to the directors, and sometimes the credulous folk who furnished the money to build and equip the road imagine it is theirs, till suddenly they discover that the only right they ever had, was the right of giving; with the assurance that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," the blessing connected therewith being the only return they ever get for their money. But whatever else may be in doubt, one thing is certain, the railroad never does belong to the dear public for whose use and accommodation it was chartered and built. The road to which Judge Seaborn gave for some time his undivided attention was so happy as to escape this perplexed question of ownership. It belonged simply and solely to Mother Goodenough. That was her daily assertion, and no one ventured to demur or deny. Just how it came into her possession is still a mystery. Perhaps it was one of those underground transactions familiar to financial manipulators, or it may have been one of those compensative measures which make things in this life more nearly even than we are wont to suppose. Having lost everything else, it was no more than fair that she should own a railroad. As her loss and her ownership were supposed to be mysteriously connected, perhaps the statement of the one will help to explain the other.

Up to her forty-fifth year Mrs. John Goodenough was never suspected of ambitious designs or desires. She was one of the quietest and least covetous of women. Her brief married life lacked the strifes and jealousies which tend to stimulate the sometimes latent inquisitive and acquisitive qualities of otherwise amiable women. The affection she had bestowed upon John, Senior, was buried in his grave, or transferred to John, Junior. Some persons require leisure as well as an object to cultivate the affections up to the point where reciprocity becomes a necessity. Mrs. Goodenough may have been one of those persons. She had no leisure to cultivate anything but the necessary bread and butter and the where-with-all to clothe John Junior and herself. At length there came, somewhat unexpectedly, a time when she could no longer cultivate even bread and butter, and John Junior left school to take her place as cultivator and producer for the small family.

This was, to the mother, a great grief. She had expected John to graduate at the High School, fitted for a book-keeper or a bank clerk, or may be an insurance agent—some sort of apparently clean work, not

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physically dangerous. But what boy ever fulfilled his mother's expectations? John's secret ambition was to be a railroad man. Railroading is as fascinating as sea-going, to certain restless natures, and John was more than glad that the only avenue open to him, just then, had its beginning as brakeman on a freight train. In vain the mother protested, his father had been a railroad man and had been killed at his post.

"Well!" said John, "a railroad is just as good a place to be killed on as any other. I *must* have something to do, and I shall not be killed, little mother."

The "must" prevailed. John went to his work with a light heart, determined by diligence and devotion to his duties to merit a speedy promotion.

The promotion came sooner than even *he* anticipated. As his train drove home one foggy night, John ran across the top of the house-cars that were in his division of the train, forgetting, probably, that they were close upon the only low bridge on the road. Nothing unusual was heard or felt by the train men, but the "nine-forty freight" came to its destination that night with a dead man lying on the roof of one of those house-cars. They said it was John, though only his mother could have told whose son it was.

There were two or three lost years, and then, one day a gray-haired little woman was released from a lunatic asylum, somewhat bewildered, but quite harmless. This little woman haunted the railroad premises; the car-shops and the depot. She was always on the platform when the trains arrived: she was looking for some one—some one who would come on a train. She never seemed to know who it was, only that it was some one who did not come, but who would come sooner or later. When the train left the depot she left too, with a patient look on her calm face, only to return smiling and expectant when the next train was due. The habitués at the depot called her "The time-table," but the train men and the officers said respectfully "Good morning Mother Goodenough." She was mother to everybody now.

For a while no one seemed to know how or where she lived. She was sometimes found by the railroad watchman, asleep, in an empty car switched off on a side track. That fact perhaps suggested the plan of a home for her. The watchman spoke to the shop-hands, and the shop-hands talked the matter up among themselves, having a womanish compassion for this lonely creature who belonged to no one, and a committee was appointed to lay their plan before Superintendent Cone, a young man, prompt, decisive, of remarkable executive ability, impatient of imposition, but if approached in the right mood one who would be generous and helpful, especially in a case like this.

"Why yes," said he after a moment's thought, "go ahead and fix it up as comfortably as you can. Mother Goodenough must have a place to lay her head." As the committee, well pleased, were leaving the office, he called out—"Look here, if the poor creature is so destitute, she needs something beside a shelter. We shall have to adopt her, gentlemen. Pass around the hat and we 'll see that she has whatever she needs." He knew that the company he represented was proverbially liberal in such matters. If a man was seriously injured in their employ, he was cared for if he lived, and his family helped if he died. Why should not Mother Goodenough come in for a share of this kindness and attention?

The cluster of railroad buildings that hung like mill-stones upon the skirts of the Seaborn estate, consisted of a round-house where the engines were stabled like so many Promethean horses, repair shops, machine shop, a blacksmith shop with its huge forges breathing fire and smoke, car-houses, and various other necessary structures. The two repair shops and the blacksmith shop formed the three sides of a hollow square opening into "the yard," dubbed by the employees "Around the Horn," from the fact that two or three side-tracks with switches and frogs ran up into this "yard," doubling a short turn called "the Horn," throwing out tracks in different directions like the outspread fingers of a hand, on which stood empty cars, or cars laden with material for the company's shops. It happened now and then that a condemned car

was thrown off on one of these tracks. Not long before Mother Goodenough began to haunt the premises, the caboose car of a freight train was condemned and run off around the Horn, pushed into a vacant corner of the yard, despoiled of its trucks, doors and windows, and placed humbly on the ground waiting to be broken up. Like many a worn-out thing, with or without a soul, it was unfit for active service, but with a little judicious coddling would continue to exist and to shelter for an indefinite period something less able than itself. The committee had requested of Superintendent Cone permission to construct out of this worn-out caboose-car a home for Mother Goodenough.

In less than a week Mother Goodenough was established in her caboose, fitted up with everything necessary for housekeeping on a small scale. She was not in the least surprised, but fell in with the arrangement as if it had been in contemplation from her infancy. Probably she was grateful, but she forgot to say much about it, and went on with her regular business of watching the trains, ready to meet the some one who was to come. Quiet and motherly, her calm face with its crown of white hair was a benediction to all who approached her. The superintendent frequently stopped to speak with Mother Goodenough whenever he came about the premises, and soon ascertained that he had counted without his host when he proposed that the company should adopt the Mother. The reverse was the fact. The Mother had adopted the company. She consulted with him about *her* road—*her* trains—*her* engines and *her* shops—and *her* men. The directors and managers were only *her* agents trustworthy and capable, but still *her* agents. She was so positive about this that no one questioned her authority, an instance of the prodigious force of unqualified assumption and assertion. Cone was accustomed to put his head in at the door of the caboose for orders, and sometimes he sat in her doorway consulting about the affairs of the road. She was confident that he carried out all her suggestions, multifarious as they were. She had the failing common to managers of large concerns, inattention to details, and being a woman she was content to trust. It was a matter of congratulation that her agents were "trustworthy and capable," otherwise her road would have run to ruin, or in other words into the hands of a receiver.

With this railroad Mother, "coming events cast their shadows before." There was no other way of accounting for her condition of preparedness for whatever happened. If an accident occurred along the line of the railway she knew it immediately, and was ready to go with the wrecking-train to the scene of disaster. It was upon one of these wrecking expeditions that she found the individual for whose coming she had waited so long. If the individual came in an unexpected form she was none the less ready and willing to receive what promised to satisfy all her desires, and to give her ample occupation for the rest of her days. The individual came in this way.

As the six-thirty evening express, drawn by the Nebula, Jack Bugbee driver, went out on her trip one bitter cold night, half way across an embankment she drove upon a broken rail. The Nebula and her tender and baggage car passed safely over, but the first passenger car broke loose and plunged off the embankment, burying itself in the ice and shallow water of the meadow. The second and third car followed, falling near the first; the rest of the train left the track but not the embankment. One car lay up and down the embankment somewhat shattered, but not totally wrecked. No person in this car was killed though nearly all were more or less injured. When the wrecking-train reached the scene of disaster this car was empty, and Mother Goodenough devoted herself to rescuing the wounded from the wreck at the foot of the embankment. The remainder of the night was passed in this disheartening work. At daylight cold and tired she wrapped herself in a workman's overcoat, and crept into the empty car that lay up and down the embankment. Here many of the seats and racks, broken from their fastenings, lay piled in the lower end of the car. With a seat cushion for a pillow she was soon fast asleep.

An hour later Mother Goodenough waked; she had an impression that she had been

called. She sat upright and listened, hearing only the sound of axes and the shouts of the new detail of men at work on the wreck. It was intensely cold, and half benumbed she began to creep out of the car as she had crept in, when instantly her progress was arrested by a cry, a faint, pitiful cry from something alive in that wrecked car. She could see nothing to account for the cry, but she heard it again.

"It is a child," she said, and forgetting her weariness she searched among the rubbish at the lower end of the car, till, wedged in a corner, protected by the broken back of a seat, she came upon a babe, wrapped in a shawl, apparently unhurt, but crying with hunger and cold.

Of course the child belonged to some one of the passengers who had been seated in the wrecked car at the time of the accident. Search was at once made for the mother. The uninjured passengers had been transferred to their destination, but the injured passengers were within reach. None of them however owned the babe, nor could they remember having seen or heard a babe in the car previous to the accident. Mother Goodenough fed the little thing, and refused to give it up, except to the rightful owner. At night she went to the caboose with it asleep in her arms. It was a pretty child, very fair, with bright brown eyes and the silkiest, fuzziest hair, unmistakably red. It was without spot or blemish, a girl—probably three months old. The garments were plain, soft and scrupulously clean. There were neither signs nor initials on the blankets or bibs, nothing whatever to distinguish it from the child of respectable parents.

This child was advertised far and near. The company made every effort to restore it to the rightful owner; but weeks and months went on; no owner appeared; no inquiries were made; no one had missed a baby. Mother Goodenough said that it was her child. She had been expecting it years, she had watched every train, she had found it, no other person claimed it; why was it not her child? Her position was impregnable—her question unanswerable and she remained in possession of this railroad offspring, begotten by an accident. The company had now not only a mother but also a child.

At this time an addition was made to Mother Goodenough's residence. The passenger car in which the child was found proved to be damaged beyond repair for road use, and was sent around the Horn, and deposited by the caboose, to which it was joined like an ell to a house, only in this case the ell was larger than the house, and was eventually divided into a parlor and bed-room, while the caboose continued to be the kitchen and to give the establishment its name.

An untold amount of responsibility now devolved upon Mother Goodenough's agents, and it was a great satisfaction to know that they were entirely trustworthy. It would be difficult for an inexperienced person to believe that one small child, less than a year old, could occupy as much of the time and attention of one person, as the care of a railroad and all its belongings. It needs, however, but one trial to convince the most skeptical. Mother Goodenough was no longer obliged to watch the trains, her expected guest having arrived, but she was consequently forced to give up her personal oversight of the road, and to depend upon her foremen to report condition and progress. The superintendent looked in frequently to explain affairs and to receive her commands, and if the baby was awake he staid long enough to toss it up and poke his finger into its dimpled cheek. On one of these occasions he remarked as he perched the little thing on his shoulder,

"This morsel must have a name. It won't do to call her 'baby' always."

Mother Goodenough looked at him in a mild sort of surprise, and answered gently "She 's got a name; she 's always had a name."

"She has? What is it?" asked Cone carelessly.

"Cicily," answered Mother Goodenough taking the child from his shoulder.

"Cicily! Cicily what?"

"Cicily—that 's all."

"No other name? Is it not Cicily Goodenough?"

"No, it never was anything but Cicily, and it never will be anything but Cicily," said Mother Goodenough solemnly, retreating within the door of the caboose, leaving the "Super" standing without, a sure indication that the consultation was, for the present, at an end. She was not given to ceremony especially with her agents. She had ascertained by one of her peculiar mental processes that the child's name was Cicily, and that was all that could be got out of her on the subject.

"What upon earth suggested so odd a name?" queried Cone as with his hands in his pockets he retraced his steps around the Horn. "The company ought to have named her;—she belongs to the company for anything that I can see, and the company will do well by her if she lives. Nothing but Cicily? Every child has a surname and the company's child must have a surname. We can't call it Cicily Railroad; *she* wont have it Cicily Goodenough. It is a bright little thing. If I were married I would adopt the poor waif and give it my own name. Cicily Cone, that 's a pretty name, but it would never do—." He was striding carelessly over the tracks, and just here caught his foot in a switch-bar, and pitched over, spraining his ankle. The sentence was never finished.

Cicily grew; nothing could stop her growing. She grew not only in stature but in a thousand, tender, loving ways, and in more than a thousand perverse, mischievous ways, which kept Mother Goodenough so fully occupied that before Cicily was four years old she had forgotten that she ever owned a railroad. The business talent required to keep that child out of mischief would suffice to run all the railroads in the state. One moment she would be securely seated on the ground before the caboose door, sifting sand through her fingers, contentedly building a turn-table for imaginary engines, or constructing switches for incoming trains; humming to herself in a sweet, bird-like tone; looking as if she intended to remain exactly there, for the remainder of her days, and credulous Mother Goodenough would turn to perform some household duty that really must be done, when in the twinkling of an eye the child was gone. Poor Mother Goodenough, missing the hum started in pursuit. Sometimes she would find her in the blacksmith's shop perched like a squirrel in some out-of-the-way place, watching the men at the forges. She wanted more than anything else to manage one of those steam drop-hammers, and she never doubted her ability to do anything that she wanted to do. It was a sort of supreme satisfaction to watch from her perch Mother Goodenough's anxious face and hear her entreating, "Cicily, Cicily; where are you?" But when she had gotten all the amusement out of that, she would part the hair out of her eyes and laughing a happy little laugh, call out,

"Here I is, Mover Doodnuff." If she was not in the blacksmith shop, she could be found in one of the repair shops on a workman's bench, helping him upholster car seats, or in the paint-shop dabbling in a pot of varnish which some unsophisticated painter had left on the floor. If she was not to be found in the shops, she had probably seen the Turtle, John Smith's switching engine, coming around the Horn, and as soon as she could be heard had called out,

"Don, pease dive me a wide?" She had many a ride over to the depot and back, sitting in the Turtle's cab, holding fast to the cab window-sill, with two, small, vigorous hands. She could not be shaken off, if she was determined to hold on, any more than a bird could be shaken from a twig. She was often in danger, but never in disaster. The Turtle, the only engine allowed around the Horn, had two steps in front, in place of the usual pilot, and more than once, John Smith had hastily swung himself down those steps and holding on with one hand had scooped Cicily up with the other as she sat unconcernedly on the track, not two feet from the slowly-moving engine. When John remonstrated, and told her she would certainly get herself killed, she put her head one side, and with a most skeptical air, remarked, "Don, oo would n't wun over *me*." If Mother Goodenough shut her up in the caboose, she entertained herself by dragging her kitten backwards by the tail, but when the kitten "cwied" Cicily "cwied" too, out of pure

sympathy, and overwhelmed it with caresses.

Mother Goodenough sometimes admitted that Cicily was a most "trying child." To tell her that a thing could not or must not be done, was to insure its being done, or at least attempted, at the earliest possible moment. But she was always "*so* shorway" afterward, so heart-broken under reproof, so full of loving and pathetic endeavors to regain lost favor, that it was quite useless to be angry with this morsel of humanity, this mother of the woman who was to be.

Mother Goodenough was one of those persons who fail to profit by experience, especially where a child is concerned. The very morning that Mrs. Birge found Calvin and Mitchell building a railroad in their garden, Mother Goodenough standing in the caboose door, almost within hearing distance of the exclusive hedge of the Seaborn estate, had told Cicily never to go away from around the Horn, and above all things *never* to cross the regular line tracks, for there the trains were continually coming and going, and she would certainly get run over and killed.

Cicily listened, and instantly it occurred to her that that was the very thing she *must* do, and the very reason she must do it. However, for the present, she wisely kept her position, sifting sand through her fingers and humming to herself. Mother Goodenough wearied by her morning's work, and beguiled by appearances, fell asleep over the stockings she was knitting for those restless, little feet.

At the first nod Cicily sprang up, light as thistle down, and away she sped around the Horn. Once beyond the shops she saw the long, straight lines of railway stretching away North and South. There were two switch houses near the street crossing, between herself and the passenger depot; she must inspect those switch houses, and she wanted to talk with the switch-man over there. She was almost across the tracks when the heel of one shoe caught in the joint of a frog and remained fast. No amount of pulling or jerking would set her foot free. For an instant she was frightened. She glanced up and down the line; there were no trains in sight. She tried to untie her shoe, and succeeded in getting the strings into an inextricable knot. Suddenly she stooped, bit the strings with those sharp teeth, pulled out her foot, and ran.

Three minutes later Calvin and Mitchell heard her calling, "Litta boys, litta boys;" Mrs. Birge was on the stairs planning the future of her boys; Mother Goodenough was asleep in her chair in the caboose.

In emergencies Mrs. Birge was accustomed to repeat to herself, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord"—and she usually stopped just there, for she was n't quite sure that she understood the rest of the passage; and even if she understood it, she was by no means certain that she was one of "the called;" and if she was not one of "the called" she could not conscientiously appropriate the comfort that was, as a *dernier resort*, to be got out of the first half of the passage. Sometimes, too, she tortured herself with this crucial question: "Am *I* one of those who love the Lord?" The, whatever-it-is, that the name represents, seemed so impersonal—so diffused, that it was almost impossible to grasp it by what she knew as love. At such times she was sure of only one thing—that she *feared* this Unknown to whom she believed she was accountable, this Somewhat that she could not understand. Generally, however, she *hoped* that she loved the Lord, even if it was with a despairing sort of hope that cried out, "How can I love that which I do not know?"

On the morning succeeding Cicily's visit to the Seaborn estate, Mrs. Birge found that she must accept one of the two horns of a dilemma, either "all things work together for good," or the powers of darkness were in successful league against her and hers: for her first waking moments made her sharply conscious of a physical wretchedness, that was a sure indication of present and coming illness. Mental anguish was added to physical wretchedness, and unable to cope with either, she laid her head back upon her pillow, and upon the assertion

"All things work together for good to them that love the Lord." It is only when we despair of ourselves that it becomes possible to be helped by anything outside of ourselves. Mrs. Birge was amazed at the rest and comfort contained in that assertion, now that she had laid herself down upon it. For the result of this illness she had no special anxiety, for she believed that even death would stand back before the peremptory claims of her boys, but what would become of them while she was unable to watch over them, what unseen and evil influences would find access to their young hearts? But, if "all things work together for good," she need not be unduly anxious about even that. Calvin could be trusted, and she wisely concluded to give him charge of himself and of his brother. All studies were to be suspended—and the days were to be passed out of doors, in that portion of the grounds environed by the hedge. Thus it came to pass that during the long and very serious illness to which Mrs. Birge was subjected, Cicily became a daily visitor to the Seaborn estate, flitting in and out through the hedge, with her apron full of blocks of wood, bits of iron, pieces of wire, all manner of precious spoil from the refuse heaps of the shops. Calvin kept to his promise never to build any more railroads out of dirt, but what wonderful roads and cars and engines and round-houses were built out of the bits of wood and iron Cicily brought. Cicily seemed to know what was required and how everything should be made. The boys held her in unbounded respect and admiration, watched eagerly for her coming and were comforted when she went away only by her promise to come again. To be sure she *must* quarrel with Calvin; that was foreordained. Then came Mitchell's opportunity, for when the quarrel had reached a certain stage, she devoted herself to Mitchell, industriously ignoring Calvin's presence, the, to him, unkindest cut possible. But when the furtive glances in his direction showed that he was sufficiently punished, and her own heart strenuously supplemented Mitchell's efforts to make peace, she was sure to bring it about, but always in a way that made Calvin feel that though he came off conqueror, she was in the right and he was in the wrong. It was always a barren and unsatisfactory sort of victory, but still a victory, for though they quarreled to the very end of an interview they never parted in anger. What precious days those were! Poor Mrs. Birge would have added another to her many surprises, if she had known that the weary weeks worn away upon a sick bed, commiserating her lonely boys, were the very happiest weeks of their not unhappy childhood. Much as they loved their mother, and essential as she believed herself to them, they could be very comfortable and exceedingly happy without her.

One sunny October morning, Mrs. Birge wrapped in shawls sat in her invalid chair on the veranda watching her boys. Calvin was, for the time being, a horse. Mitchell held the lines and was driving furiously over the lawn. Suddenly she shaded her eyes with her hand, her eyes were weak by reason of her long illness. Did they deceive her now, or could she see standing just within the hedge a little, bare-headed girl? The boys too, had apparently made a discovery, for away rushed horse and driver, and the small object was sandwiched between them.

"What child is that, and where did she come from?" demanded Mrs. Birge as soon as she could articulate.

"That?" answered the housemaid turning to look, "why, that is the railroad child."

"The railroad child! what do you mean?"

The Birge servants were singularly well informed concerning the affairs of the neighborhood, for persons who obeyed their mistress' command to have nothing whatever to do with people and things beyond the Seaborn boundaries. The Seaborns were ever an exclusive people. The housemaid, however, was equal to the occasion. She could tell all that was known of Cicily's past or present.

"But how came she here?"

"That's more 'n the bist uv us ken tell. She niver comes in at the gate, but stands fornent the hedge as if she dropped down from the heavens. She was sich a comfort to the poor, lonely lads while yerself was

sick that we could n't drive the wee thing away—though indade, mum, she niver stayed that long, she was iver comin' and goin' in a flash," answered the housemaid anxious to hedge against any blame that Mrs. Birge might be disposed to place upon her, for allowing the child to come into the grounds.

Mrs. Birge desired a closer view of this railroad child, this heavenly visitant, or whatever else she might be, and the child came shyly, Calvin and Mitchell holding each a hand.

Cicily was singularly attractive, and Mrs. Birge, subdued by her long illness, was in a susceptible mood. She looked at the little waif who had no mother, and no relatives nearer than a railroad, with eyes that grew tender and compassionate. It was a girl too, a sweet-faced little girl. Mrs. Birge had always wanted a girl—she had hoped Mitchell would be a girl—Cicily, with the instinct common to carnivora, human or otherwise, knew that she pleased Mrs. Birge, and drawing nearer, with downcast eyes, timidly touched the pale hand fallen outside the shawls. Cicily must touch everything that she loved. Instantly the pale hand closed over the warm, restless mite and quite thrown off her guard Mrs. Birge ejaculated,

"My child." She got in return a swift, loving glance from starry eyes that caused even her weary heart to beat with quickened energy. An insane impulse, as she subsequently designated it, suddenly possessed Mrs. Birge to adopt this child, to claim it as her own. But as she looked at her boys, that second sober thought, which is almost always a selfish thought, made her slowly shake her head. The child would doubtless be a great care—Mrs. Birge would never again be thoroughly well, and she felt that whatever of time and strength remained to her must be devoted to her sons. And besides, those sons were Seaborns. She had no right to prejudice their interests or prospects by bringing them into associations with nobody's child. Mrs. Birge was a persistent stickler for the hereditary rights and qualities of blood. If her children inherited virtues, perhaps this child inherited vices. Who could tell what dreadful possibilities were hidden away in that dainty but vigorous product of unknown factors? For, of course, this railroad child could not have been born of a railroad, there must have been a father and a mother; the father might have been a thief and the mother something worse. No, the risk was too great. "It is a pity though," thought Mrs. Birge looking at the shining hair. "She will make a beautiful woman some day."

Cicily grew uneasy and drew away her hand. With one of those swift, bird-like flights that characterized her movements she escaped from the veranda. The boys instantly followed, a tandem team was extemporized, and in a moment she was driving a two-in-hand over the grounds.

How gay and happy the three were. Mrs. Birge's eyes grew bright as she heard their shouts and laughter, and followed their rapid motions hither and thither. With a throb of something like maternal jealousy, she saw, as they played on, that her boys were willing captives, gladly obeying the behests of one small girl. Before Cicily came, the boys overjoyed to see their mother out of doors, could think of nothing else. Already they ceased to look back for her nod and smile of approval; the commendation of this railroad child was now sufficient for them. It was not strange that they should be pleased with their first playmate; but it was inexplicable that careful and solicitous as she had ever been of her sons, that their first associate should be, whom?

Mrs. Birge half rose from her seat, moved by the old habit or impulse to go upon the stairs, to think, when a sudden reminder of her inability caused her to resume her seat. She must hold on to the assertion that "all things work together for good," a little longer.

THE SAFEGUARD.

A BABY crept to his father's knee,
  And was lifted up and lulled to rest,
Till the blue eyes closed, so tired was he,
And his little head fell peacefully
  At ease on the ready shoulder there,
  While the baby hand, so soft and fair,
Lay like a shield on his father's breast.

Of old 't was said that when men drew near
  To fierce temptation or deadly strife,
And lost their way in a maze of fear,
Or periled their souls for worldly gear,
  By a way unknown an angel hand
  Would lead them out of the dangerous land,
Into the light of a nobler life.

The story is true for the world to-day;
  We see no white-robed angels mild;
But out of the dark and perilous way
Where men and women forget to pray,
  Into the peace of a purer land
  They are led by a gentle, shielding hand,
The hand of a little helpless child.

Elizabeth W. Denison.

ANNA JAMESON.

No one who grew up under the influence of Anna Jameson's genius, and felt the enthusiastic admiration of her common to all cultivated circles more than thirty years ago;—no one who looking back recognizes with gratitude the stimulus she gave to artistic perception and æsthetic culture;—no one in short who feels how very differently sentiment and criticism were mingled in the writings of Mrs. Jameson and those of Lord Byron, could be indifferent when the Memoirs of the former were announced.

For myself, it sent a thrill of warm excitement through my whole being. I was only a child when I first saw Mrs. Jameson on her return from Canada in 1837, and broken-hearted over the failure of all her plans, she did not fascinate and enthrall me as Harriet Martineau had done, but she commanded a sort of tender respect, because she suffered. I was a young married woman when I first made the acquaintance of her husband, who lived quite near me in Canada during the last four years of his life. At that time and until her death, my feeling for Mrs. Jameson steadily increased in depth, for she occupied herself more and more with the deepest sorrows and disgraces of women, although it was not until 1855 that she identified herself with the great body of Social Reformers, by an address, afterwards printed under the title of "Sisters of Charity." When a second edition was required within a month, the author found courage to write that remarkable "Letter to Lord John Russell," which at

once changed her position as a thinker, and enables us to rank her among the foremost of her period. It may have been to prepare her for such an advocacy, that her own trials were permitted. It was hard to see how they were to benefit her personally, so pure and sweet had she always seemed, but that they left unmistakable traces upon her face and bearing we have proof.

The volume before me carries opposite the title-page an engraving by Adlard after a miniature painted by her father. Opposite to me as I write hangs a picture taken in the last months of 1859, a very short time before her death. Half a century lies between the sibylline face caught by the father's brush, and the thoughtful features of the English matron, sent to me in her last hours, as the picture which she imagined best represented her. Not only half a century, but whole "aeons" of progress seem to have marked the last face as their own.

In her youth, Anna Jameson had a complexion of alabaster whiteness, lighted like a vase from within, and capable of conveying tragic depths of expression. It wore most often a rapt, inspired look which compelled attention, and fascinated Robert Jameson precisely as a fine picture would have done. It was crowned with hair of that peculiar red, which looks in the sunlight like an aureole of flame, and there is little reason to doubt that it flushed like a summer sunrise in response to an impetuous and ungoverned heart. Her arm and hand were especially beautiful and presented a tempting subject to a father's pencil. What is only admiration while I look at the miniature, changes however to a tender reverence, when I turn to the larger picture on which the faithful sun has stamped every line touched in by suffering, sympathy or active interest in her race. I do not say her *sex*, for Mrs. Jameson was one of the few reformers, who understand that neither sex can be helped by itself, but that the well being of either consists in the well being of both.

That reverence in my own mind is due to the fact that this impetuous creature—living actually as an unwedded wife, believed throughout all England to have been forsaken at the altar—kept her heart pulses quiet, her marriage robe spotless, through a half century of unprotected life.

The silences of the Memoir before us are more remarkable than its revelations. We are told nothing of her father's origin—not even her mother's maiden name. We do know when, where or how, Anna Murphy married Robert Jameson, nor is any information given us concerning *his* family, always hitherto represented as one of station and influence. When Mrs. Jameson first came before the world as an author, it was stated that she was married at St. George's —that her husband quitted her at the altar to accept an appointment in the Island of Dominica, procured by his friends as the only condition on which he would consent to a marriage which he had not sought. But the popular interest in the young author was not satisfied with this alone. It was necessary to excuse her for a marriage with a man, whose character was even then likely to compromise any woman whose society he affected. The story therefore ended with the assertion that she was only sixteen at the time of her marriage.

The memoir vague as it is, in most of its details, thoroughly disposes of this romance. It scatters its fragments to the winds by showing that Anna was thirty-one when she married, that she had been a long time independent and self-supporting, that her father was still living and her family circle unbroken.

That the pair made some attempt to live under one roof for the first four years, must be conceded, but an anecdote told by Mrs. Jameson's niece of her first week of married life, shows that her husband's indifference could not be exaggerated and that the romance it created was well rooted.

There are two kinds of curiosity—one narrow, vulgar and sordid, never rising above petty details. There is another—intelligent and justifiable, for it seeks detail only that it may be able to bring into harmony existing circumstances and cherished ideals. This last is of the sort which most people will experience when they turn to the memoir of Anna Jameson.

To the neice whom she idolized and adopted Mrs. Jameson seemed a perfect woman, but it is only just towards all other women, laboring under similar misunderstanding—nay, it is only just toward Chancellor Jameson himself to admit that she was not suited to those small cares which are the necessary duty of the wife.

I cannot tell what he thought or said previous to his appearance in Canada eight years after his marriage. There, the fact that he was a married man did not at first appear, and when it did, he answered all enquiries about Mrs. Jameson civilly but in a manner to forbid further question, and he never gave any one the smallest reason to suppose that she would make her appearance in his new home.

When at last he sought the counsel of other ladies, that he might make some sort of preparation for her coming, he did not say what was certainly true—namely that he had sent for her, urged her, done everything in short but command her to come.

He said that she was coming for her own gratification merely, and the anxious interest of the high bred circle to which he was about to introduce her interpreted the step as one of necessary prudence on the wife's part. Perfectly understanding the bachelor habits of the Chancellor—not anticipating the smallest happiness for the expected guest—they *did* believe that she was coming with an anxious desire to reform his life, to secure if possible a moderate support, in partial compensation for a frustrated life, and to provide for a suitable disposition of his property after his death;—a matter already very doubtful considering the entanglements into which he had permitted himself to be drawn.

Mr. Jameson and his wife were very different in one important regard. In social life *he* respected the most trivial conventions agreed upon by civilized people, or if he broke through the ordinary custom it was more "honored in the breach" than the "observance," and his conversational gifts were such as to entrance his hearer into entire unconsciousness of it.

Mrs. Jameson despised conventional life. As a child she had been the idol of her family. As a young woman society accepted her at their valuation, and admired all she did, and if not as extravagant, her habits and manners were still as little conformed to the ways of others as those of Lady Morgan herself.

She remained what she was born,—affectionate, disinterested and gifted, but she could not be *considerate*. What was comfortable to herself, not what was "convenient in the sight" of all men, was her first thought. This appeared at once in her Canada life, and she forfeited in consequence whatever hope she might otherwise have indulged of conciliating her husband.

She felt the heat of the climate severely, and threw off one article of clothing after another, until her guests found themselves in a far worse position than the ladies who attended the toilet of Anne of Austria. She would make the most solemn promises to attend to the ordering of a dinner for her guests and would become interested in conversation, until she forgot not only the dinner, but her own duty of dressing for it. On more than one occasion, a couple of "pasties" ordered in haste from the "corner shop" formed the only dessert for a party of thirteen, which was Mr. Jameson's favorite number, until at last the phrase of "Mrs. Jameson's dessert" was understood to mean "two *black* currant bakers' tarts!"

"What did you do?" I once said to the wife of the Attorney-General, when she had been describing to me a reception at which the Chancellor had shown the greatest mortification over his lady's toilette; "I should have thought you would have gone home in despair."

"We sat still, turned our eyes away and *listened*," she replied; "one could listen forever when Mrs. Jameson spoke. If the gentlemen went alone we knew they would never come home till morning."

No one who has lived in Canada among the people whom Mrs. Jameson knew, and been indebted to them for society and happiness, could be otherwise than pained by the impression she gives.

"I am in a community of fourth rate, half educated or uneducated people," she wrote to Mr. Noel, "where local politics of

the meanest kind engross the men, and petty gossip and household cares the women."

Nothing can indicate better her own forlorn condition than the asperity of the sentence. What those very people accomplished in a very few years, by abolishing the "Seigneurial Tenure," the "Right of Primogeniture" and the "Clergy Reserves," showed that their politics were far from "local," and that when they were local they nevertheless dealt with the most serious interests of mankind.

If she had conquered the soundness of mind which distinguished her later years as early as 1837, she might have herself nerved the Canadian women to the generous undertakings which are now their distinction. Their estimate for her was more generous than any she was able to form of them. Does any admirer of Mrs. Jameson shrink from the criticism? The words are written by one who loves her, and who is under infinite obligation to her clear seeing, but we must not forget that there are all about us women devoted to literature as a profession. These women have families to care for, kitchens to regulate, and they do both well. If here and there, one woman fails in some small matter let her have the advantage and encouragement of this comparison with a woman undeniably great, who yet failed in some very significant ways.

The Memoir before us would be of far more value if it frankly admitted facts like these, and if it indicated more distinctly the impetuosity of Mrs. Jameson's nature, from which she did not emancipate herself till late in life. Only once in the whole book does she show anything of that lofty indignation, which we know to have distinguished her, whenever a question of *immorals* was touched.

She is writing to Miss Sedgwick at Florence. "Listen to your own heart and to me," she writes, "and not to such people as Madame K." "Am I then born to scribble and speak pretty words about women, and what I consider to be the duty of woman to woman, and then if I see a woman perishing at my feet, morally and physically, am I not to stretch out my hand to save a soul alive?"

One such sentence nearly wipes out the memory of an ill-ordered home, and ought to wipe it out entirely, if the material were not the symbol of the spiritual, if God did not peremptorily require that we should be "faithful over small things," if we would be made capable of or "ruler over large" ones. We know how it was with her friend Lady Byron, whose character has been so beautifully depicted by George Macdonald in a Romance entitled the "Vicar's Daughter." The moment she detected mismanagement in her own household, Lady Byron set herself to obviate it with her whole strength, and no writing of verses or plans for the salvation of the world, prevented her watching over her young housemaid or ordering the economy of her abundant store.

As for the Chancellor—he will never stand too well in the affections of mankind. In the letter to Noel, which I have quoted, Mrs. Jameson says of him: "He has much power, and luckily for him much discretion, and a very determined intention to keep well with all men and lead a peaceful life." "No one loves him" she writes her sister Charlotte "but every one approves him, and his promotion has not caused a single murmur."

These words describe one side of the Chancellor's character very fairly, but when I knew him twelve years later, I should rather have said "No one approves him, but he fascinates many people and the little children love him."

The first time I saw Mr. Jameson, the character of the interview shed a little light upon the man. Thirty years ago, there were few prints and fewer works of art in the Canadian shops, although the private collections of the Province held, and still hold many of great value. I was standing in a print shop, looking at an engraving after Landseer. I cannot tell what it was, for my journals are not at this moment accessible. Suddenly a voice spoke almost in my ear, saying, "It is capitally rendered. I saw Landseer paint that picture. I named it too—we had a dispute about the name—but he had to give up." When I started and turned round in great surprise at finding myself addressed by a stranger, in a place so

subject to etiquette as Toronto, I saw a stout, gray-haired, gouty gentleman, with a prepossessing face which gave no indication of the life he led, leaning heavily on a cane. He took off his hat as I turned, and handed me a card, on which I saw only "The Chancellor." "Excuse me, madam," he said, "when I see any one intent on a good picture, I feel that I have found a friend."

He could hardly have extricated himself from an awkward position more happily, but he turned away at once. His enthusiasm for art equaled that of the remarkable woman whose life he would have wholly blighted, had she not possessed that "genius which is patience" and that purpose which is conscience. He knew every picture and every print of his century, as he had known every artist of disinction. He had pleasant stories to tell of them all, with constant touches of "*vraisemblance*" which made it impossible that one should drop out of the memory. He told no evil of any one, and no coarseness ever disfigured his anecdotes, yet he had grown up in a period which admitted both.

The Memoir is full of pleasant touches which revive dead memories or introduce us for the first time to striking traits in distinguished people. It is amusing to find Joanna Baillie writing of Lady Byron, "She is a most respectable as well as agreeable woman, and has conducted herself through a life of many cares and troubles in a very exemplary manner."

On this side the Atlantic, "exemplary" and "respectable" seem tame words when applied to a life so inspired and inspiring. The one painful blot upon this life, is the difference which separated Lady Byron and Mrs. Jameson after twenty years of close intimacy. Alas! we are tempted to cry out, what is the use of living, of what avail is character, if after so long an intercourse, love for whatever cause is dead! It is useless to speculate over the pain. If the fact which came to Mrs. Jameson's knowledge concerned the lad who was a constant torture to his grandmother so long as he lived, it was natural she should have felt herself wronged, when she was allowed to act without a full knowledge. Could not her friend have explained? have lovingly forgiven everything to a soul so full of suffering? And how is it that people continue to pray and to go on with their schemes for the good of the human race, while somewhere near at hand languishes a soul unforgiven? It ought to be a Christmas custom to solicit forgiveness and forgetfulness, wheresoever we have offended.

In one of her letters Mrs. Jameson thus alludes to an incident which occurred in Italy:—

"At Verona I saw a balloon ascend from the interior of the ancient amphitheater crowded with 15,000 people, a spectacle which I shall always remember as one of the most magnificent I ever beheld in itself, and from the inevitable associations connected with it."

This brings to mind the wonderful spectacle of 40,000 persons assembled in the pavilion when Boston kept her musical jubilee. Had the music or the finance been a far greater failure than any one has ever suspected, what a thrill the mere memory of the "congregations," sends through one's bosom! It suggests the Day of Judgment as a spectacle.

When at last Mr. Jameson's death occurred, it left his widow penniless, and to the suffering occasioned by the shock and the uncertainty which hung over her future was added the sharp pang of moral indignation, for she knew what she deserved, what she had been promised, and to what small deceptions the man she had once honored with her love had allowed himself to descend.

From that moment I think a new and deeper fountain of sympathy for other women opened in her heart. The promptness with which Mrs. Proctor and other friends came to her help touched her deeply. All the rest of her life showed an increased largeness of comprehension of her sex's wrongs, and a far more powerful method of statement concerning them. The author of these Memoirs, Gerardine Bate McPherson, seems to have lived a life as worthy of study as Mrs. Jameson's own. She was the daughter of Mrs. Jameson's favorite sister Louisa, who married an artist in the very

year that she linked her own fate to Robert Jameson's. It is probable she died early, for Mrs. Jameson adopted the child in the delusive hope that she would remain with her as a companion and friend through life. At the age of eighteen she married Robert McPherson, who will be long remembered by his photographs of Rome, the first sun-pictures which put forth a claim to fine art. Mrs. McPherson was stimulated to undertake the Memoir as she thinks by the unjust animadversions of Harriet Martineau, which came to light when that lady's Memoir was printed. I have done my best to find the paragraph alluded to, but so far as a diligent search can make certain, there is only one allusion to Mrs. Jameson in the two weighty and precions volumes. Harriet has been speaking of the great vanity of men, and she goes on to say:—

"The circumstances of women render the vanity of literary women well-nigh unavoidable. Lady Morgan and Lady Davy, Mrs Austin and Mrs. Jameson may make women blush and men smile and be insolent, and their gross and palpable vanities may help to lower the position and discredit the pursuits of other women, but these mischiefs are very much less important than the blighting of promise, or intercepting of national blessings in the case of a Bulwer or a Brougham," and then the author goes on to describe in sentences that will never be quoted against her, for she writes in the kindest and most sympathetic way, the excellences of many of the women she had known. Then I turned to Mrs. McPherson's own pages and read:—

"Yesterday I had luncheon in company with Mrs. Follen and Harriet Martineau; Harriet, fat and portly, and handsomer than ever I saw her; less plain, perhaps, were the more proper word. But she looks so full of radiant and assured self-complacency, that I gazed with admiring astonishment. Gifted, dauntless woman, who has doubt about nothing—"

Surely Roland has found his Oliver!—but Miss Martineau was no more a woman who doubted about nothing, than Mrs. Jameson was one distinguished by gross vanity, yet both had traits that might at some moment have justified the criticism, traits certainly which prevented them from doing *sweet* justice to each other. Ah, how much more tender is God of each human creature, than those same creatures are of each other! What margins of disobedience we are allowed to fill with conscious or unconscious naughtiness, and yet which one of us is quick to excuse another's oversight or transgression?

How sad to look upon are the jealousies, heart-burnings and small intrigues of literary circles! I will take warning from my beloved Miss Martineau and *not* say of literary *women*. Where a social circle is small, highly cultured and without adequate area for the forces it generates these jealousies abound. No straightforward—no truly noble person can ever defend himself from them. He is too intent upon his work to see the blow about to fall, he is too generous to imagine or suspect; as well as too busy to share in the work made ready for idle hands.

Poverty, disappointment and illness may come—this earth would still be a possible Paradise if only Human souls were sweet, helpful, loving, hospitable to each other, intent on duty, unambitious of honor undeserved. It is to be hoped that a time will yet come when a woman like Mrs. Jameson, full of unspoken sorrows, may sun herself in the good-will of her friends, without being suspected of vanity;—when a women like Harriet Martineau, working steadily at her desk for eighteen hours may feel the pleasure of relaxation after duty done, without being suspected of a baseless self-complacency. Both of these women were of the noblest type. They labored not for themselves alone but for mankind. What they earned was not expended on themselves alone but went to the needs of mother or sister quite as freely, but each of them sometimes lacked the final grace of generous judgment. There is no need to direct attention here to the imperishable monument Mrs. Jameson has erected for herself. It is difficult to anticipate a time when her art studies will not possess real value and belong to the classics of sentiment. Why

the traits which enabled her to study thoroughly and remember accurately, which made her perceive every charm in outline, color or suggestive association, did not lead her also to all that was harmonious and attractive in the ordering of a home, is one of the mysteries which God does not permit us to solve, but her small mistakes in this kind undoubtedly united with the deeper and more sacred sorrows of her life, to chasten her impetuosity, refine her tenderness, enlarge her sympathies and perfect her work. She reached the summit of her mental and moral activity in that letter to Lord John Russell which will probably be forgotten as soon as its objects are achieved. "I know women," she says, "to whom the mere sight of physical suffering, of haggard and decrepit age, of deformity, of mental aberration, of vice and cruelty, causes such positive pain, that they could not enter a hospital or a prison without an interval of preparation, without a physical recoil through every nerve; with hands made only to be kissed. We accept them, we make room for them and are glad and thankful that God has given them to us, but is that a reason why *all* women should be trained as if the sole object of their existence was to please? As if for us life had not its solemn and sacred significance, its responsible present, its awful hereafter, as well as for men?" Ten years before she had written words to women which we should continue to echo:—"Superficial knowledge of all kinds is the perdition of women, and a superficial taste in the fine arts leads them into that perverted and frivolous taste for mere prettiness, which is destructive to the best interests of the best artists among us." These words written in the interest of art—while they are a thousand times more applicable in this day of panels, tiles, china painting and embroidery, than they were in 1849—ought not to be restricted in their application. They reach to the heart of every matter with which women have to do. The late years have been fruitful of Biographies over which it will do women good to linger. Not only Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Jameson—but Mary Somerville, Sara Coleridge and Mrs. Fletcher have laid their hearts bare before us, and in the record of quiet women's lives, we have found the fountain of strength for many of the manliest careers the century has seen.

Different as are the individuals and the careers, the pivots on which the latter turn are the same in all these cases. Sincerity and perseverance have borne the fruits of genius. God himself being the Husbandman, these grafts were set because the stock was sound.

Caroline Healey Dall.

A PAIR OF HOME MISSIONARIES.

Well, no. The plain truth is, we can't be called uncompromising church-goers. We are not heathens by any manner of means, we hope we know what belongs to genteel morality in a Christian land, but we exercise considerable freedom of conscience in the matter of regular attendance on the "Stated preaching of the Word." For instance, we never go to church because other folks go, or for fear the neighbors will think us barbarians if we stay at home. We never go because we think it a duty, solemn but tedious, to sit once a week under an orthodox dispensation of religious truth and theological speculation. We are never led to the sanctuary by the force of early habit: partly because we were not hopelessly bent in this direction while young and tender, and partly because we prefer to put away childish habits as such, and do good understandingly. Far be it from us,—fourthly—to make a seventh day exhibition of our fine clothes; this also for two reasons; we seldom have any to exhibit, and

when we do have them, we take special pains not to provoke thereby the envy and admiration of our neighbors. And this very subject leads to another serious cause of our frequent absence from church, a reason that may be held up to rebuke but still an actual stumbling-block—the difficulty of getting our outward apparel into a shape even fairly presentable, both of us and the children, all at the same time. If my overcoat is new and stylish Mrs. John's cloak is sure to be out of date and threadbare. When her winter hat is beyond criticism mine is found to be badly damaged, or the moths have been at her furs. If, by good luck, the children's boots are in at the toes, my pantaloons are out at the—elbows, and by the time their jackets are sent home, one of my gloves turns up missing. On two separate occasions Mrs. John has had a siege of pneumonia, induced by sitting in a cold stone church during gloomy weather in November and January, and last year I brought on my hay fever by listening to a sermon on everlasting punishment, while sitting in a draught between the transept doors one fearfully hot day in August.

Finally, in the list of apologies, we never go to church through want of something else to occupy us. In fact the shoe is on the other foot. We commonly have so much to do on Sunday that we positively can't find time for this most appropriate and helpful ceremony. Dreadful, is n't it! But I don't see how it can be helped. Sometimes we have letters to write; sometimes a new book of sermons to read, a religious novel or essay on modern speculative thought or ancient philosophy, the proper digestion of which requires us to be free from care and labor, a condition only attained on Sunday. Occasionally Mrs. John is worn out with a week of over much serving, and nothing will restore her to a Christian frame of mind and body but a long ride into the country. Do you suppose I'm going to be worse than an infidel and not provide for my own the things needful for their welfare? Better not allow her to work so hard during the week? I should indeed be glad to prevent it, but even if that were possible I must labor six days myself and can only spare the seventh for her. At certain times we both feel so heavily oppressed with the hollowness and the shallowness of artificial life, that we are compelled to indulge in a season of absolute devotion to the material works of the Creator in order to regain our moral and spiritual equilibrium; so we spend the day in the woods looking for bugs and mosses, studying the lights and shadows on the landscape and in the sky, and worshiping God in his own first temples. Over and over again we fight the world the flesh and the devil with such exhausting energy during the week, that by the time we are brought safely through to Saturday night, we are glad to anticipate as far as we can the rest that is promised to faithful doers; and for which express purpose the original Sabbath day is supposed to have been instituted.

To bring these preliminary observations to a close, we have, on the whole, found the popular Jordan turnpike rather an inconvenient road to travel, and prefer to make a straighter, smoother way of our own, of course running our own risks of dangerous ruts, unsound bridges and a doubtful termination.

But as we were sitting at the breakfast table, last Sunday but one, (we always have breakfast half an hour earlier Sunday morning, because we think "it's wrong to doze holy time away" either in bed or in church) Mrs. John surprised us all by saying we must go to church.

When Mrs John makes one of those clear-cut assertions as to what we must do I seldom venture any comment, but order the coach at once; this however was something so surprising that I was disposed to argue the question. The Socratic seems to me the best mode of conducting an argument with women and children, so I began by asking a few pungent questions.

"Why do you wish to go to church?

Do you wish to hear the sermon?

Do you expect anything better than you will find in this new volume of Phillips Brooks?

Are Rev. Dr. A—, Mr. B—, Prof. C— or any other clergymen of this city more eloquent than Mr. Murray, more original than Dr. Bushnell, wiser than Theodore Parker, more saintly than Channing?

Have n't you all these and many more in your own house, not to mention Baxter's Call, Sartor Resartus and Kingsley's Water Babies?

Is n't it better to read these aloud and talk them over with a sympathetic listener like me, than to go a mile or two to hear something not half as good read by a man who will call in the police and have you carried to the lock-up if you offer a word of reply to his limping arguments?

Whence then this insane desire?"

Somehow Mrs. John did n't seem a bit impressed. The truth was I ought not to have asked all my questions at once. She should have answered the first before I asked the second, and so on. But that would have made it a great deal harder for me, and I never could be as wise as Socrates, although I 've tried a great many times.

"Hear the sermon indeed! No, I hear preaching enough at home goodness knows."

This seemed personal, but I maintained a discreet silence and she continued, "I want to go to see the people, men, women and children, ministers and deacons."

"To see the new clothes and study the fashions, you mean."

"I mean what I say. What do I care for fashions?" (That 's true; Mrs. John is n't a high-flier at fashion.) "I want to see the people, to shake hands with them, to talk with them and have them talk with me. I want to find out whether they are sick or well, happy or unhappy, in comfort and prosperity, hopeful and full of faith or the reverse; to give and receive a word of sympathy and encouragement. I 'm convinced John", she proceeded, thrusting her napkin into its ring and pushing back from the table, "that we stay at home too much. We ought to see more of our fellow-men, more of society. We are liable to grow selfish and conceited."

Conceited! The idea of our growing conceited!

"My dear, why don't you give a party?" (When Mrs. John complains of a want of society I always propose giving a party. She treats the proposal with silent contempt) "or return some of your calls?"

The latter is a debatable question, and we might have held a long controversy if she had not resolved to go to church that very day, and returned at once to the main point.

"You know well enough, John, that calls are always short. The topics discussed are the weather, the fashions, and the trials of housekeeping, interspersed with remarks on foreign missions and bodily ailments. At parties we are on a sort of dress parade. What we say and do is more or less affected by vanity or diffidence. Men meet often enough, but they talk nothing but business. At church sociables there are two distinct classes; those who exhaust their wits in providing entertainment, and the dummies who go for the distinguished purpose of being entertained. We must be very amusing or very much amused. But on Sunday at church we meet in absolute sincerity and naturalness. Then we see eye to eye and speak the truth in simplicity of heart. For the time being, at least, we dismiss all envious and ignoble thoughts, all pride of station or intellect, and come as near to being angels in Heaven as we ever can be on the hither side of Jordan. Decidedly we must go to church oftener and we will begin to-day."

It 's surprising how obstacles vanish before a resolute will. The children's boots had been pronounced positively unfit to go anywhere. Five minutes polishing cured all their infirmities. Mrs. John's cloak had been consigned to the limbo of last year's fashions two or three years before. Benzine and an old tooth-brush set it right. "Besides", said Mrs. John, "we cannot hold up an example of economy too often. I really find more exquisite delight in this kind of home missionary work, than I should in displaying the latest styles imported from Paris."

I was busy writing a sermon for home consumption but was assured that I ought to hear an older and abler sermonizer by way of brightening my wits. Accordingly we were all washed, dressed and brushed, tied up, pinned up and buttoned up in season for the Sunday-go-to-meeting horse car.

(I should say just here that one reason why we have n't been to church oftener is

because Mrs. John has felt some compunctions about patronizing the street cars on Sunday. I claim that it is a great deal more wicked for a span of horses and a driver to carry two people to church in a basket phaeton, than it is for them to convey twenty in a street car, aside from the fact that those who can afford no other conveyance than the cars would stay at home without them, presumably stand in greatest need of sanctuary privileges. But she was disturbed about it until I assured her that they use nothing but mules on Suuday, that mules have no souls anyway, and that the teu commandments are printed on the back side of the Sunday time tables.)

When we arrived at the church — wild horses and greeu fagots wont make me tell which one—the exercises had just begun, and Mrs. John whispered to me that we would n't try to see the people till after the sermon.

"Must n't we look at them at all?" I whispered.

"Certainly, you goose. I mean we wont try to speak to them," she responded, at the same time tossing oue of her sweetest smiles to a lady who came into a seat near by and acknowledged her greeting in a truly dignified and pious manner.

It would have been awkward iudeed to carry on an extensive conversation with our fellow-pilgrims, for the minister and choir were already tossing one of the psalms of David back and forth in a game of catch, the congregatiou doing a little field work on the minister's side. Though somewhat late we were by no means the last.

"Is there a funeral to-day," was my next inquiry.

"No, why?"

"Everybody looks so solemn."

"Stop whispering."

As I bow to Mrs. John in all matters of church etiquette, I settled obediently down in my end of the pew to enjoy such intellectual and spiritual food as might be provided.

The bill of fare, if I may use such a carnal phrase in describing a feast of reason and flow of soul, consisted of several interesting and intricate musical compositions skillfully rendered by the choir, and alone worth the whole price of our pew, a fervent prayer of suitable length, the somewhat incoherent singing of hymns by a portion of the congregation, and a most excellent sermon by—well, no matter—by a minister, of course. At sundry times during its delivery Mrs. John looked at me triumphantly, as much as to say "Ar'n't you glad you came," and once or twice I saw tears shining in her eyes—tears that must have been stirred by its eloquent pathos. Considering the avowed object of her presence I was considerably astonished but kept still and listened.

In truth the sermon was too good. Not too long, for it was over in half an hour, but too good, good enough to last a month. If the people could remember it and "live up to it" (it was n't on total depravity) they would soon be fit for translation. For myself I did n't want to hear anything more for six weeks at least. Now this is n't joking. It 's 'honest Indian,' square statement. It was n't a dose of Dead Sea and Obediah's grandchildren, it was n't hair splitting about foreordination and free-will. It was good, sound, manly, Christian gospel, to the core. I enjoyed, appreciated and appropriated every word of it, and could n't think of supplanting it or mixing it up with another prescription of the same sweetness and power, until I had assimilated this completely, and made it my own by attempting to reduce it to daily practice. Why, I 've heard sermons in Springfield that I 've carried around with me in one way or another for a whole year, but if I attempted to carry a hundred and four such, I should expect to turn into an intellectual pack horse, or a sort of spiritual dump cart.

When I mentioned this difficulty afterwards in talking over the matter, Mrs. John dryly remarked that she was sorry I did n't hold more. But I 'm not a mackerel barrel. I might indeed pack these admirable discourses away in layers and possibly dig them up on future occasions of need, in a salted condition, but if they are allowed to sprout and grow, to bud, blossom and bear fruit, I must n't plant too many in one small pot. I forbear however to pursue this

theme for it might open the question as to how far a layman's piety can be gauged by the number of sermons he hears, and how far a minister's usefulness depends on the amount and quality of his Sunday preaching. Suffice it to say that on this occasion my attention was closely held by the sermon till the benediction was—not sacerdotally "pronounced" upon the congregation, but invoked upon "us;" the minister modestly admitting by inference that a final blessing upon himself as well as upon his hearers would not be amiss.

Then it flashed upon me that we had come to church to see the people and indulge in various other ceremonies social and saintly. I glanced at Mrs. John and whispered "Come on now, let's begin," but the broad aisle was already packed with a column of people moving as solidly and rapidly toward the doors as possible. There was no chance for a word, much less a handshake in such a compact mass. We hesitated to plunge into the current lest we be left high and dry on the steps in spite of ourselves. We looked toward the pulpit half expecting to see the Adversary breathing fire and brimstone from his triangular nostrils, and hurling fiery darts upon the retreating congregation. Even the minister had disappeared through some of those ornate passages, screens, draperies, and doorways that give such mystery and grandeur to our modern church altars. To be sure he might pop out again from some quarter —I refer to the minister—but we could n't stop to watch for him, for the broad aisle next our pew, which is pretty well forward, was already empty and our only chance of giving or receiving that honest word of Christian sympathy in behalf of which we had made this extraordinary effort, lay in overtaking some straggler from the main army, who might be compelled by accident to remain a little longer than usual under the consecrated roof. We were too late, we could only catch glimpses of them as they passed with exceeding rectitude of manner down the steps across the walks, and rapidly dispersed in different directions. There were men who are bright and cheerful on week days, now wearing faces as long and grave as if they had just discovered the depth of their own depravity. There were women who know us and who know that we know that they know us, but who don't know whether to bow or look aloft when we come face to face with them. They can't remember whether we have been introduced. Neither can we and we don't care. For

"They have gone, they have all passed by."

It is too late. This company of intelligent men and women, fellow travelers through a vale of woe, have been together at a grand way station in their journey; they have lifted their hats and bent their bodies to one another, looked dumbly and coldly about, jostled each others' elbows, trodden on each others' trains, silently presented fans and open hymn books, conscientiously choked any rising thought of business or visible worldliness,and then coldly and dumbly turning from one another have gone on their way—rejoicing? Not if I understand the signs of joy either earthly or heavenly.

It is certain that Mrs. John and I came home sadder and wiser. After a while the sadness evaporated and the wisdom remained!

"I think we can do more good by staying at home," said Mrs. John.

"Don't be discouraged, my dear, our intentions were good. The trouble is with the churches. I mean the buildings; they are made wrong end first. The people who sit nearest the door, the poor people, strangers, young men, modest, diffident and retiring people, ought to be nearest the pulpit. Then the minister and folks like you and I could get a chance to speak to them, tell them we are glad to see them and ask them to come again, before they are crowded out of doors by the outward-bound current."

"Let us sit by the door ourselves next time."

"No,it would be useless; we are not strong enough alone: but it was a good sermon wasn't it?"

"Splendid; I did n't expect to be half as well pleased."

"I certainly did n't expect you to be half as much moved, coming as you did for another purpose. If I'm not mistaken you

showed visible signs of emotion several times."

"Yes, I know it. 'Twas n't altogether the sermon though, I was thinking how strange and wonderful it is that the simple teachings of the Master, His unfaltering faith in God and boundless love for man, should endure for two thousand years and still be the strongest power in the world—so strange and wonderful that He should have trusted those divine truths that have guided the world ever since their utterance, to the poor, simple, uneducated people around him. As I sat thinking of it and listening to the sermon, the whole church and congregation seemed to be transformed. The blue ceiling was the far-off sky that lay above Lake Galilee: the organ pipes turned into weather-beaten masts of fishermen's boats. Instead of cushioned pews and carpeted aisles, there was a soiled and trodden beach, weedy and wet; tangled nets lay about with dead and dying fishes. There were no fair and delicate faces, there was no costly raiment, but worn and weary men and women gathered together hard at work. The flower-decked pulpit was the battered prow of a stranded hulk, on which were women coarsely dressed and many little children. And there, in their midst, helping them with his own hands at their ignoble tasks the Master stood. I could not see his face for my eyes were filled with tears, but I could hear his voice and I knew that these sorrowing men and women forgot the bitterness of their lot and were nevermore afraid.

"Then the blue sky faded and the sea rolled back. The figures shrank and seemed to fall into a far off long-ago The springing Gothic lines, the stained glass windows, the nodding plumes and flowers came into sight and straightway changed again. It was a gorgeous eastern temple, bright with gold and gems and costly ornament. Gray bearded prophets, Greek philosophers and Roman warriors sat around me. And still among them stood the Master, while the same divine simplicity of truth, the same breathing of boundless love and faith seemed to fill the place and lift it up.

"Once more the vision changed. A mighty multitude of men and women from every land and nation, of every lot and kind, in all conditions and of all aims, rich and poor, high and low, weak and powerful, passed swiftly by. An innumerable host of phantoms but inexpressibly real; and each one seemed to hear and understand the self-same voice, the self-same words that have blessed and saved at all times and in all places whoever hears and heeds them,—

"'A new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another.'"

"Bless me!" said I, as Mrs. John finished her account. "It won't be necessary for me to write any more on my sermon."

"Oh! Papa," suggested our youngest, "I 'll bet mamma went to sleep in church this morning and dreamed all that."

E. C. Gardner.

AS TO SUNDAY DAILIES.

"TEEI-I-IMZSANTRIBBEW-U-UNE!" It is the Sunday morning reveille in Lakopolis. The muffled roll of the street cars two squares away is conducive rather than disturbing to an after daylight nap. The loafers who kept up the tramping round of the saloons so late the night before are curled away in their boozy sleep. The policeman no longer cheers the small hours by whacking the corner lamp-post with his locust, but leans meditatively in the quiet doorway of a neighboring livery stable. The milk wagons are an hour or two later than usual in their clattering round. All city sounds are hushed. Talk of Sabbath morning stillness in the country! With

chanticleer's bugle, and Towser's baying, and the lowing of the cows and the chorus of the birds, it is a delightful uproar in comparison with the city hush. Until the trumpet-throated newsboys, one after another, raid down the street with the morning papers. Then the spell is broken. "*Teei-i-imzsantribbew-u-une!*" It is screamed under your window, shouted across the street, yelled around the corner, shrieked in discordant chorus from every quarter. The boys are loaded down with the damp sheets —two or three times as many as they sell on other mornings. For the Lakopolis dailies bid high for Sunday customers and give them, by all odds, the best issue of the week. It has twice as many pages as on other days. And not only is the quantity of reading matter doubled, but four times as much work is put upon it to make it attractive. Reporters are busy for seven days—whenever there is any let-up in other work—in gathering and garnishing religious news and church gossip for it. My lawyer friend, who does a little knitting-work of leisure evenings, now and then, in writing editorials for it on social topics, says his best ones are always saved by the editor for Sunday morning. The book notices are the fullest that day, and if one new book more than another is attracting special attention a careful review of it is prepared for this paper. The real estate transactions of the week are fully reported. Extra space is given to political topics. And, mindful of the deeper needs of other readers, the busy reporters and exchange editors have prepared big batches of fashion notes, society gossip, theatrical intelligence, base ball reports and sporting news generally.

And, as I said, the paper sells. Jones, who is quite a Sunday gad-about, buys it to see what preachers and subjects are announced for the day before he decides where he will go to church. Bridget, who had a tiff with her mistress last night, slips out into the alley and buys one to study the advertisements of "Help wanted"—of which there are from five to ten times as many as on any other day—determined to change her place, if not her pain, at once. Bridget's mistress buys one at the front door and scans the numerous announcements of the "respectable American girls" who want a situation to do general housework, and maps out an exploring tour among them tomorrow morning. Miss Gabrielle buys it to read the fashion letter from Paris, and the minute descriptions of the trosseaux which the reporters examined at the two avenue weddings last week, and the announcements of soirees, receptions and hops for the week to come. Miss Gabrielle's younger brother, not caring to wait two or three hours for her to idle her way through it and lay it aside, buys a copy for himself, to read the report of yesterday afternoon's base ball match and the latest raid of the train-robbers. Merwin, who is "in real estate," buys it to look over the transactions of the week and see whether Hook & Crook have been making any sales at Maple Park. Giddings, who has an ax to grind in the next city council, buys it to learn the results of the primary meetings the night before. Myers buys it because Sunday forenoon is so dull, and it helps pass away the time till Starr comes around to talk over their shooting trip next month. Perkins, who is an omnivorous reader, buys it to keep up with the news; for the Lakopolis dailies with grim consistency decline to link the Monday to the Saturday issue, by even the briefest summary of the dispatches that appeared in Sunday's paper. Dea. Rand does not usually get it, but this week he is curious to see whether the action of the church committee in making overtures to a new minister has "leaked out." And so it goes. Whatever special reason Dea. Rand, or Miss Gabrielle, or Bridget's mistress, or Mr. Giddings has for wanting to see the paper *this* morning, each one is quite sure, after taking it up, to "glance over" its closely-filled pages at the expense of some of the best hours of the day. And if I take a street car on my way to church I notice that quite a number of my fellow church-goers are still absorbed in it as they ride.

On the general theory of Sunday uses which permits picnics and processions, the running of freight trains and riding on excursion steamers, the writing of business letters and the selling of cigars and beer,

the dickering of watches or colts under the meeting-house shed during "intermission," or the figuring of interest by mental arithmetic during the sermon, little can be said against the Sunday daily. Nevertheless, even the secularist who values Sunday only as a rest-day from work finds sound objection to it. It is not the weightiest argument against it, but it is a good one, that it involves so much Sunday labor; that it makes all days alike to the editor, the reporter, the proof-reader, the compositor, the office clerk, the pressman, the newsboy; that it adds so much to those influences that keep up post-office work, the running of trains, needless street-car travel and a hundred features of Sunday toil. My "Tee-i-imzsantribbew-uune" trumpeter ought to be at home, even if his home is a shanty or a crockery crate. He will grow up a stranger to too many good things at the best. The more's the pity that he should grow up to a Sundayless life. The pressman ought to have Sunday morning with his children—the only one he can have with them during the week. The editor and reporter are pumping from their reserve of vitality fast enough in six days, without doubling the revolutions of the engine on the one day when it should be at rest. And good and great as we know editors are, they nevertheless need Sunday opportunities and inspirations as well as the rest us. It does not answer the purpose that some effort is made to so arrange the working force that each man shall have a part of Sunday for rest. The fact remains that after the hours absolutely necessary for sleep are deducted from this Sunday recess, that which remains is a poor pretence for a weekly rest-day. It is pettifogging the case to answer that it is not the Sunday but the Monday paper that involves the most Sunday labor. Every newspaper man knows that it need not be. Our Monday dailies would answer every purpose if every man but the watchman left the building at midnight on Saturday, not to return for twenty-four hours. None of us would suffer if the earlier editions Monday morning were scant in the details of the murders, fires and railway accidents that form the staple of Sunday night dispatches.

All history and statistics are on the side of those who ask that Sunday shall be a day of rest, to say the least. It is not a good thing—reasoning still from purely secular premises—that the daily paper should bring its two or three columns of gossip about real estate operations to Hook on Sunday morning; its half page of political intelligence and speculation to such party-workers as Giddings; its market reports to the commission merchant who staid at his desk until nine o'clock Saturday night making out accounts of sales; its chit-chat about surprise parties, and soirees, and marriage engagements and millinery openings to Miss Gabrielle; its deck-load of advertisements and business announcements to the men and women who buy and sell and seek employment. These people live in the close atmosphere of these things all the week. They ought not to live in it all day Sunday too. For that day Bridget's mistress needs to put the thought of kitchen commotions out of her mind just as much as she can. Saying nothing, still, about the religious uses of the day, for purely prudential reasons that sort of a rest-day is needed which shall lift the politician out of his politics, the belle out of her social frivolities, the merchant out of his traffic, the lawyer out of the court-room, the farmer out of his harvest field. It is not a small thing that the daily paper, for the sake of swelling a little the profits of its counting-room, takes the wrong side in this matter, and tempts men to keep grinding, in thought and talk, through the Sunday hours at the wheel of week-day occupation. The result is the worse since we, as a people, so far as we make any difference in week-days, crowd Saturday fuller of work and care than any other, instead of following the wholesome custom of English and German life in making it chiefly a holiday. We are the last people in the world who can afford to secularize their Sundays.

But the Christian man who weighs the matter well finds much graver objection to the Sunday daily. His notions of Sunday observance may be strict or liberal—fashioned by the legislation of Moses or the example of Christ. He may think it wrong

to patronize a street-car in going to church, or he may think it better that a dozen families take one car and thus relieve the drivers of a dozen private carriages from so much Sunday labor. In their opinions on a hundred minor matters concerning the right observance of the day Christian people differ. But on this underlying principle all are agreed—that it is a day divinely set apart to rest from worldly work and care, a day specially reserved for spiritual uses. The atmosphere of the daily paper, laden with the exhalations of the police court, the ball ground, the caucus and the stock exchange, is not the atmosphere of that better life to which our Sundays rightfully belong. It is bad enough to be obliged to breathe it so constantly six days out of the seven. It would be a strange thing to make this necessary immersion in it a reason why we should not try while we can to get for a few hours upon a purer height. Not that Christian principles and the Christian life are unconcerned with the police court and the auction room. The trouble is that the daily paper does not approach these secular affairs from that direction. An editorial or two in a semi-religious vein, a story of goodish flavor, the review of a new volume of sermons, a column or two of religious intelligence cannot leaven such a lump. It is the week-day, worldly-minded, pleasure-seeking taste for which the Sunday daily mainly caters. Leave out the dime-novelish details of accident and crime, the fashion letters, the petty social gossip, the sporting news, the business intelligence, the telegrams and contributions and editorials of a purely secular sort, and it could not live a fortnight. To say that it meets a demand—which it finds or makes—proves nothing. The same logic would fling open and multiply beer-gardens, and circuses, and gambling saloons, for Sunday resorts.

Nor does it meet the point to say that much of the matter in the Sunday daily is just as wholesome Sunday reading as much that appears in the religious weekly. We can find better use for Sunday hours than to read *everything* that is brought to us by our weekly "Baptist," "Methodist," or "Churchman"—to say nothing of the two or three undenominational papers besides, to which we may happen to be subscribers. I never knew that the editors of these good weeklies claimed that every column which they send out is specially appropriate for Sunday reading—advertisements and publisher's puffs not excepted. The winter-solstice never fails to bring around in our religious weekly—along with the epistles of those emotional subscribers who "prize it next to the Bible"—the delicate reminder to pastors, and all lovers of their kind, of the importance that every family in the community should be supplied with a good religious paper. I do not carp at the familiar suggestion. The household which no religious paper enters is a century behind the times. Their misfortune is second only to that of the family who have too many such papers—who sip, and nibble, and idle at newspapers on Sunday from breakfast to bed-time, at the expense of intellectual as well as spiritual dyspepsia. Speaking relatively, our leading religious weeklies are admirably edited. But the best of them, nevertheless, contain quite a percentage of inconsequent matter that it is not worth while for nine-tenths of their readers, if they wish to make the most of life, to spend time in skimming. It surely is a grave objection to the Sunday daily that it should offer such a vastly increased percentage of trivial matter solely for Sunday reading.

The necessities and the anxieties of the war were the occasion of our falling, as a people, into many bad habits. The Sunday daily then is no more reason for the Sunday daily now, than the Sunday lint circles after a great battle in 1861 would be the justification of Sunday sewing societies in 1879. The nation lost moral ground in those dreadful years and every lover of his country and his fellows should be interested in regaining it. There is no real necessity for one-tenth of the work about newspaper offices, cheese-factories, railway stations, hotels, drug stores and post-offices that has stolen into the life of this Christian nation in the last fifteen years. The Sabbath strictness of a hundred years ago can never come back again. But every earnest philanthropist,

as well as every Christian soul, should be profoundly concerned to save our country from drifting into what, for want of a better term, we call the Continental Sunday, with its merry-making and thoughtlessness, its lack of spirituality and high purpose. We want a Sunday that shall not be a day of bondage or sluggish endurance. We want one that shall be a day of inspiration, calling men to higher themes, holier resolves and larger views—just such a busy, quickening, cheerful day as it was to those who had the high privilege of sharing with the Master the Sabbaths He spent on earth over eighteen hundred years ago. It is no libel on the daily paper to say that it does not, and cannot be expected to help us make Sunday such an uplifting, soul-strengthening day. We are not likely to be sweeter in spirit, higher in purpose, larger in spiritual sympathy on Monday morning for its entrance into our Sabbaths. It is the ally, consciously or not, of the Continental Sunday. Its own interests push it into that position. It is doubtful whether there is any other influence at work that is doing so much to bring that calamity upon us.

J. B. T. Marsh.

WHAT IS CONSCIENCE?

Almost all discussions upon ethics are shaded and confused by a vague use of the word conscience. Probably no other word in the English language, of such serious import, is so vaguely used. Hardly any two writers attach to it the same meaning, and scarcely more than one writer uses the word in the same sense in two consecutive chapters, if on two consecutive pages.

Sometimes it seems to denote a sort of complex faculty of the human mind, never employed except upon questions of right and wrong connected with personal duty. At other times and by other writers, it seems to denote the totality of all the mental or moral faculties, when thus employed.

But *given* the ideas of "right" and "wrong" and "true" and "false," whether given by intuition, or induction, or in whatever way, it is not apparent that any different faculties are required to decide what is right and what is wrong in the domain of morals, from what are required to decide what is true and what is false in the domain of facts outside of morals. When I am passing judgment upon the moral conduct of another person I am not conscious of using any different faculties. So long as the ideas of right and wrong, and their application, are mere matters of thought, don't come home to me, and don't make any demands upon me, I am conscious of using only my intuitions, my reasoning powers, and my judgment. But when the right and the wrong do come home to me, when they make a demand upon me, when I must needs do the one or the other, then I am conscious that another faculty steps in and has somewhat to say, and sometimes speaks quite loudly. That faculty, I call conscience. Now what are its functions?

As it seems to me, it is no part of the business of conscience to decide what is right and what is wrong. Conscience is not a law unto itself; neither does it make law nor decide what law is. It stands between *known* law on one side and obedience or disobedience on the other. It stands between *knowing* and *doing*.

It sustains the same relation to moral action that appetite and propensity do to physical action—it prompts but does not compel. In either case, if there be any deliberation in the matter, before action takes place, the will steps in and puts an end to the parley.

If the will decides in accordance with the promptings of conscience, the action is subjectively moral. If the will decides against

the promptings of conscience, the action is subjectively immoral whatever the external consequences may be.

As it seems to me, conscience is a feeling, and not an intellection, nor a cognition, nor a judgment. That it is a feeling, seems apparent from several considerations. In the first place, any thoughtful man who will practice careful introspection, will most certainly find his consciousness telling him so. In the next place, it is a warranted use of language to speak of a morbid conscience, just as it is of morbid feeling. It can hardly be called a warranted use of language to speak of morbid intellect. If the intellect be deranged or disordered, we designate the disease as insanity. Absence of intellect we call idiocy; dullness of intellect we call stupidity, but to talk of the morbidity of intellect would be an anomaly. Again, our use of the word "conscientious" indicates the same thing. When we speak of an extremely conscientious man, or a morbidly conscientious man, we do not imply superior intellectuality on the part of that man but rather the reverse. We imply that he is lacking in mental acumen and discrimination; that his judgment is weaker than his feelings; that his feelings are just as intense over a trivial matter as over one of large significance.

In the fourth place, conscience in its *only irresistible function* takes the shape of remorse, and we think all must concede that remorse is purely a feeling.

If conscience is a feeling, then it must be a part of our nature, and not a product of education. Education may modify, may increase or diminish, may purify or vitiate, but never, we think, originate and implant a feeling like this, one phase of which is remorse. Repeated violations may stifle, may put in abeyance, but never, we think, quite extirpate the capacity for it. Sometimes, after having been seemingly extirpated for years, it breaks out with terrific and avenging power. It is not safe for the most hardened villain to presume that he will never hear from conscience again.

If conscience is a part of human nature, it must be inherent in all men everywhere, actually or potentially, developed or undeveloped, and the development of any human faculty is contingent upon environment and circumstances; and it always and everywhere says the same thing—"ought to do the right," "ought not to do the wrong." But the right it will enforce, and the wrong it will prohibit in any individual, nation or age, will depend entirely upon the enlightenment or lack of it, of that individual, nation or age. Under enlightenment we include tradition, education, religion, legislation public opinion, social usages, and the thousand and one influences that go consciously or unconsciously to shape the judgments of mankind.

Conscience, then, is not a guide to the right, but an enforcer of the right—it is not a law-maker nor a law-interpreter, but is a law-executor so far as it can be without trenching on the domain of the will. A standard of morality must be sought outside the conscience. The question, "Is there any absolute standard of morality?" involves ambiguity. Each of the words "absolute" and "morality," has more than one meaning. If absolute be taken in its highest metaphysical sense of unrelated, and morality be taken to mean right action in our relations to other beings, and having no meaning except by reason of such relations, then our question is essentially this: Is there any such thing as unrelated relations?

If morality be taken in the same sense as before, and absolute be taken to mean definite, perfect, all-comprehensive, unvarying in all circumstances and through all duration, then absolute morality would seem to be beyond the ken of any finite mind, and beyond the ability of any human being to practise. Such morality must be confined to an infinite, omniscient, and all-righteous Being.

It would seem indisputable that no such standard has ever yet been conceived or recognised among mankind, either theoretically or practically.

Primitive men seem to have been left to observation and experience to find out what they owed to a Higher Power, and what they owed to each other. They were not long in finding out, as they supposed, that there were certain beneficent deities from whom

they had nothing to fear, and about whom they need not give themselves any concern, and that there were other malignant deities who must be propitiated, and to whom sacrifices were paid. These sacrifices come short of morality because they were based on the instinct of self-preservation, but they were the initial step towards morality.

They were not much longer in finding out that members of the same family and then of the same tribe, owed, and must pay, certain reciprocal duties to each other, or all perish together. Longer experience taught them that this principle must be extended to all persons of the same nation.

Mankind, on a plane of pure nature, never got beyond this. The North American Indians have got no farther to this day. There is not, probably, a warrior of any tribe who would not think it a sin and a shame not to defend every man, squaw, and papoose of his own tribe by the sacrifice of his life, if necessary; and there is not, probably, a warrior of any tribe who would not think it equally a sin and a shame not to scalp, torture, and kill, every man, squaw, and papoose, of any other tribe with which his own might be at war.

In the Old Testament, it must be conceded that so far from finding any absolute or perfect standard of morality, we find what Christianity must pronounce a compromise with actual immorality.

In the New Testament we find a much higher standard. Indeed, it would seem that the command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself," together with the command, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," does contain in a pregnant way a standard of absolute morality, if only finite and fallible man could always infallibly apply it. But it is so pregnant, it involves such countless applications, and raises such countless queries as to whether it is applicable at all, and if so, how it is to be applied, that mankind on their present plane of character and intelligence, can hardly be expected to apply it infallibly.

It may not be a matter of any significance, it may be a matter of accident, but it is a matter of fact that Christ is not recorded as having given that concentrated lesson to his disciples nor to any honest inquirer. He gave it in one instance to a young man who came to him with great self-complacency, seeming to think himself perfect, and seeming to expect commendation; and he gave it in two instances to casuists who came to him tempting him, adding in one instance very significantly, and as it would seem with a tinge of irony, "This do and thou shalt live." We do not mean that he ever taught anything inconsistent with this perfect rule; he did not. But to honest inquirers, he was always elementary and specific. The simplicity and multiplicity of his illustrations, his condescension to dull perceptions, and his patience with short-comings, all showed that he did not expect his followers fully to understand and apply that rule till they reached a very different plane of intelligence and character.

Christian men seem to have been more dull and "slow of heart" in appreciating and applying this all-comprehending precept than almost any other precept of the Master. It took Christendom more than eighteen hundred years to find out that a black man could be a "neighbor" at all, or "had any rights which a white man was bound to respect." It took Christendom an equal length of time to learn that selling rum to an intemperate man for gain, was not fulfilling the law of love. Christian nations have not yet found out that slaughtering each other en masse for a strip of territory or a point of honor, is not fulfilling the law of love. Yet it would seem that more progress has been made in discovering the breadth and depth of this law during the last fifty years, than during the preceding eighteen hundred years. In "the good time coming," if there is any such time coming, doubtless it will be discovered that this precept of the Master has a fullness of meaning and a multiplicity of applications of which Christendom has not yet dreamed.

Lewis J. Dudley.

THE TRUE STORY OF HANS CHRISTIAN.

MANY of the readers of SUNDAY AFTERNOON must remember Dr. Elisha Kent Kane's account of his voyage to the Polar regions in the brig Advance. His beautiful volumes first interested us in the Arctic world. The style was so fresh and clear, and the story of such thrilling interest, that everything in the narrative—the voyage to Rensselaer Harbor, the two dreadful winters spent there, the hunting expeditions, the daily observations, the freezing cold, the sufferings and deaths, the final desertion of the brig and the long sledge-journey down to the native settlements—all fascinated us at the time and fixed themselves in our memory. It was our first real introduction to the Frozen Land: and we have always been glad that it was made under the guidance of so great a man and so genial a writer as Dr. Kane.

One of the characters in his books that aroused special interest was Hans Christian, the Eskimo. His round, boyish face, his good temper, and his skill and luck in hunting hares and seals, reindeer and musk-oxen, made him a favorite; and we often thought of him afterwards, and wanted to know more of his history. We knew that he also accompanied Dr. Hayes, and was with Captains Hall and Nares; but there were many breaks in the narrative. It was, therefore, a delightful surprise, a short time since, to learn all about Hans and his travels. The strangest part of the story is, that we get it not from some Arctic voyager, or Danish official, or from any American or English writer whatever. Curiously enough, Hans himself, in his later life, has turned author; and up in his Greenland home, during the long winters, has written out an account of his own life. He, of course, wrote it in the Eskimo language, and it has been translated into English by Dr. Henry Rink, of Copenhagen. It was first printed about a year ago in the Geographical Magazine, London, and has since been issued in book-form. Let us turn at once to the Memoirs themselves.

I.

The real name of the famous little hunter is Hans Hendrik; and he begins his tale in this wise:—"To relate how the northern part of the big country came to be explored, I write this—I, Hans Hendrik, who first lived at Fiskernaes, belonging to the Moravians, but have now removed north to Kangersuatsiak, belonging to Upernivik." He was born at the mission-station, Lichtenfels, close by Fiskernaes, on the southwestern shore of Greenland. His father was a native of this place, and assisted the three priests in their clerical duties; and sometimes "used to go to the other stations to lead divine service there on the great holidays." His name was Benjamin. The mother came from Cape Farewell—"the end of the country," as Hans calls it—and she had the pretty name of Ernestine. She was Benjamin's second wife, and assisted him in his care of the "Congregation Hall," having "charge of the church lamps," and sweeping, and dusting, and putting things to rights generally, we may suppose. Hans was the oldest of four own brothers, a little sister having died before he was born.

At the time the story begins he was a young man of nineteen. The father had just died, and Hans felt all the responsibility of providing for the family. There was the widowed mother, who went still with strong yet saddened heart about her daily cares. There was the chief bread-winner, Hans, who "was just growing a real kayaker, having got a few seals by harpooning." Next came Simeon, who was now "only a small kayaker." Next to him was Joel, who was in training for a teacher. The youngest was Nathaniel. This was the family, now mainly dependent on the stout arm and willing hand of Hans for a support; living on the rocky, icy coast of Greenland, and compelled to gain their bread—meat, rather—by the very hardest and most dangerous toil; but a happy family, at least until the head was removed, and affectionate withal.

Hans speaks often of his "dear parents," and his pain at parting from his mother, and his longing desire to see all together again. And we need not be surprised at finding them somewhat educated. These, we must remember, were Eskimos reared under the influence of Danish settlers, and the good Moravian brethren. We have seen that the father held a place of trust in the church: and in such circumstances reading and writing are not to be thought strange accomplishments, even for one who could skillfully guide the frail native kayak among the ice-cakes, and harpoon his seal with sure aim.

But a very important day comes. Word runs swiftly through the little settlement that a foreign ship is off the coast. Next it is learned that a native hunter and guide is wanted to go to the far North. Now is the great opportunity of Hans' life. His mind is made up. "Nobody being willing, I, Hans Hendrik, finally took a liking to join them, and said I would go. I went to inform my mother of my intention, and she gainsaid me and begged me not to join them. But I replied, 'If no mischief happen me, I shall return, and I shall earn money for thee; but certainly I pity my dear younger brothers who have not grown food-winners as yet, especially the youngest, Nathaniel.'" This is Hans' account of his joining the Kane Expedition in the summer of 1853. Let us read the Doctor's reference to the young hunter:—"After Hans had given me a touch of his quality by spearing a bird on the wing, I engaged him. He was fat, good-natured, and, except under the excitement of the hunt, as stolid and unimpressible as one of our own Indians. He stipulated that, in addition to his own very moderate wages, I should leave a couple of barrels of bread and fifty-two pounds of pork with his mother; and I became munificent in his eyes when I added the gift of a rifle and a new kayak."

After a fine run up the coast they landed at Upernivik, a place familiar to seamen bound north as the most northerly permanent Danish settlement in Greenland. Leaving this place they steered between Capes Alexander and Isabella into Smith's Sound, where finding a natural harbor on the east side, they put the Advance into winter-quarters, and fitted up everything for a long stay. Dr. Kane himself has told us all about this. Hans refers but little to such matters. His thoughts are upon game, the wild reindeer and hares, which it was his special business to hunt, in order to give the crew fresh meat with their preserved food, and thus keep off the scurvey.

After a time, as the autumn advanced, the sun began to sink lower and lower every day, and all knew that the terrible Arctic night was at hand. Hans had never been so far toward the Pole before. He was now a thousand miles north of his home; and he did not understand it, and was at first greatly troubled. This is what he says: "Then it really grew winter and dreadfully cold, and the sky speedily darkened. Never had I seen the dark seasou like this; to be sure it was awful; I thought we should have no day-light any more. I was seized with fright, and fell a weeping; I never in my life saw such darkness at noontime. As the darkness contiuued for three months, I really believed we should have no daylight more. However, finally it dawned, and brightness having set in, I used to go shooting hares."

Hans' time seems to have been well filled up in sledging, killing bears, reindeer, seals, walruses, and hares. He was with Morton on that long journey to the north of the ship when they looked off on a great open water. At the beginning of the second winter he wanted to join the party that left the ship and tried in vain to reach the South by sledge, but Dr. Kane persuaded him to stay. He speaks very gratefully of "Master Kain's" thanks to him for giving timely notice when the brig caught fire. The fact that the Captain "did not despise native food" quite won the heart of the servant.

During the two winters spent in Rensselaer Harbor, Hans had often met the wild Eskimo families of the North. They sometimes visited the ship. They seemed harmless enough, got game for the white men, and were very kind and obliging. The chief trouble was they would *steal*. Hans

delighted to call them "heathens,"—not civilized, like himself! However, it fell out that on more than one occasion they had taken care of him when wounded or astray from the ship; and he began at length to have quite a liking for them. They had warm huts and plenty of food, being capital hunters; and finally, when Dr. Kane determines in the spring of 1855 to leave the ship, partly burnt and fast in the ice, Hans is no longer with him to set out home on that long and terrible journey to the South. He says that some words of the Captain to him had been severe, and he therefore got permission to visit his unregenerate brethren and did not return. They persuaded him, he says, that the sledge-parties must certainly perish before reaching Upernivik.

After a time, while with them, he determines on matrimony. We know not whether it was in the spring, or at what season, that *this* "young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love," but sure it is that after some difficulty in choosing a mate, and proving conclusively that even a thousand miles beyond the Arctic Circle the course of true love runs no smoother than elsewhere, he secured the choice of his heart. He speaks of the whole matter in quite a business sort of way:—"Afterwards I got a sweetheart whom I resolved never to part with, but to keep as my wife in the country of the Christians. Since then she has been baptized and partaken of the Lord's Supper. But I was greatly delighted at taking along with me one of the unchristened, when I returned to a Kavdlunak (Danish) settlement." A nice little piece of missionary work, you see. And he gives us to understand that he was not unfaithful in teaching all the doctrines of his religion to the somewhat frightened natives. After dwelling here awhile he took his wife and journeyed south to the neighborhood of Cape York.

Dr. Kane has many good words for Hans. He says he was faithful, a devout Moravian, and possessed of fixed, honorable principles. He speaks thus of his own feelings toward the poor Eskimo: "I am attached to Hans; he has always been a sort of henchman, a body-guard, the companion of my walks."

II.

In 1860 another expedition under command of Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, who had been in the Advance, nears the Upper Greenland coast. As a boat puts off for shore, Hans, now the father of a family, recognizes "the doctor and the astronomer," both his friends. "Before reaching the shore they shouted, calling me by name. I said, 'It is I;' on hearing which they were greatly pleased; I, too, was very glad to see these gentlemen, who liked me. They asked me: '*Ju* Hans Hendrick?' I answered: 'Yes, I am it.'" They wished him to leave his wife there, and accompany them alone, as he had done before. "I replied: 'I don't like to leave her; I pity her and her baby.'" So wife, baby, tent, and all the household goods went aboard the ship.

The new life did not agree with Merkut, the little wife; and as they sailed away from her home she fell sick. "After a little while," writes her husband, "we stopped to land. We went out after hares, because my wife was unable to live upon merely foreign food. I got two hares, the others got nothing. On coming on board I gave one of them to my wife, and earned many thanks from her."

At last the ice blocked their course, and they were obliged to come to a stop and prepare for winter. Again our hunter is overjoyed to find plenty of game. Sometimes two, sometimes four reindeer were the result of a forenoon's work, and then a party would haul them to the ship on sledges.

It was here another native, to whom Hans was much attached, turned a Kivigtok. A sort of madness seemed to affect him. He imagined that the strangers with whom he was living were whispering about him, and were suspicious of him. So he took the first opportunity to run away and live by himself. Some of the crew set out after him in the darkness with torches, but he was never seen by them again.

During this expedition that dreadful sledge-journey was made when the astrono-

mer, Mr. Sonntag, perished, and Hans but just survived. It is described by our author at length, and was on this wise. Just before Christmas the two set out toward the South with a team of nine dogs to look for natives. Soon after starting a gale arose from the North and the snow drifted so they could make no headway, but were forced to build a snow-hut and go to sleep. The next day was no better, and they decided to return. But now the ice began to break up, and Mr. Sonntag fell through a weak place and was nearly drowned. Hans with great difficulty dragged him out, and stripping off his wet and frozen clothes got him into his bear-skin sleeping-bag, put him on the sledge and went back to the snow-hut. He was unable to kindle a fire, and was himself almost frozen to death. By blocking up the door of the hut and all the crevices he managed to live through the night; but his companion here breathed his last, and his body was hidden under the snow and ice away from the bears and foxes. Then the lone one, cut off from the ship, set out to find some native huts. He found several, but they were deserted. When hope was almost gone the dogs gave out from weariness, and it seemed then that the last hour was come. "I threw myself down in front of a high cliff, awaiting my death. When here I lay prostrate, I uttered, sighing, 'They say that some one on high watches over me, too;' and I added —'Have mercy on me, and save me, if possible, though I am a great sinner. My dear wife and child are in such a pitiful state—may I first be able to bring them to the land of the baptised!' I also pronounced the following prayer:—

> 'Jesu, lead me by the hand
> While I am here below;
> Forsake me not.
> If thou dost not abide with me, I shall fall;
> But near to thee I am safe.'

"Thereafter I arose, and set off again on foot, after having loosened the dogs. I came to the house and found it partly unroofed. However, by aid of the blubber I carried with me I boiled some water, and slept. When I awakened I went to the sledge, put to the dogs, and proceeded." After a tedious journey the dogs got scent of human footsteps, a faint light shone over the ice from a native hut, and Hans was safe. But he was obliged to stay with his hospitable friends for some time, his wife and the crew on the ship believing him to be dead.

On his return he went after the body of his companion, which he found untouched in its fur bag, and received the thanks of "Commander Ese," as he called Dr. Hayes.

This spring our hunter boasts of killing his largest walrus; nor had the other natives ever met its match.

In the warm months of 1861 the little schooner United States returned to Upernivik; and upon arriving there Dr. Hayes saw that Hans' family were placed in comfortable quarters.

It is very amusing to read in "The Open Polar Sea" the Doctor's description of Hans' domestic arrangements,—the housekeeping of Mrs. Hans, her aversion to soap and water, and the occasional displays of temper; together with what he considers downright laziness. Neither were he and Hans the best of friends. However, when they parted he put into his hand a handsome "wage-sum," besides presents. "He gave me a gun, which I took," says the shrewd hunter, "but another rifle, which likewise he offered, I refused, *as it did not shoot straight.*" So finally Hans turns the laugh upon the Doctor.

III.

Ten years go by, and a letter reaches Hans from Fiskernaes, his native place. There had been changes in the old homestead. Simeon had been lost while kayaking, and "their condition was very sad indeed." We could have wished that something had been said about that good mother, whether she were living; but there is entire silence on the subject.

But another letter comes at the same time from an officer at Upernivik, saying that an American vessel was there and wished our author's services in their cruise North. It was promised that wife and children should go too if he desired. There were now three children in Hans' hut;

Augustina, the eldest, about twelve years old; a little boy, called by the sailors Tobias, six; and Sophia Elizabeth, three. Hans agreed to receive fifty dollars a month as wages, and to do sailor's duty when required, with the exception of "going aloft," and they set off immediately. Aboard the Polaris they find friends. A Westlander, John, or Eskimo Joe, as he is called by American seamen, and his wife Hannah, with their little adopted daughter, Punny, also make company for the Hendriks.

The run North is speedy and very successful. The Polaris penetrates much beyond the farthest point gained by the Advance, and the sledges far on beyond that. Everything looks favorable for a near approach to the Pole. Suddenly, however, Captain Hall—Hans calls him *Ull*—sickens, and in a short time dies. Then the poor Eskimos knew not what to do. They had whispered to each other, "Our parent is very sick. When he is no more how shall we fare, for he is our only protector?" When it was told them that the Master was dead they were greatly distressed. They said, "How will it go with us hereafter, as he was the only one who took care of us? What mournful news that he who loved us so kindly lives no longer!" When the good Master was put into his grave far up on the north coast of Greenland, their troubles began. The days began to shorten, and the ice broke up and drifted them with it, the ship dragging anchor in a heavy gale. Both anchors were put out, but still the Polaris drifted. As the last hope Captain Buddington orders the sailors to climb an iceberg that lay alongside, and fasten a hawser to it. The wind was blowing a gale, and all shrank from the dangerous work. Hans and Joe and one of the sailors finally lash the ship to the berg, but came back with frost-bitten faces. The water immediately froze around the ship, and there they lay all winter. The next summer the captain decides to return home. On August 12, 1872, they start south, and by the middle of October have drifted down near to the entrance to Smith's Sound. In Hans' family circle is now a little baby, just two months old.

At this time the ship was in great danger. Her timbers were strained, both bow and stern injured, and she was leaking considerably, so much so that the women and children and a good supply of provisions were put out on the ice, in anticipation of disaster. The crisis soon comes. One dark night the Polaris breaks loose and drifts off, leaving a part of the crew on the ice.

It was a dreadful moment. They certainly believed that when light returned the ship would come back and take them off: but morning came and no help with it. They could see the vessel, and signaled for relief; but it bore away and left them to their fate. They tried hard to reach the Greenland shore, near to which they were, but in vain: and soon they could see that they too were drifting down, down to the great sea. The whole ice-floe was in motion, and portions at times broke off, carrying part of their provisions and stores far away.

Who were these, floating off on an ice-cake to certain death, as it would seem? There are ten white men, Joe and Hans, with their wives and the five children, the youngest only two months old. Happily enough, the brave and kind Captain Tyson is aboard this strange craft: and happily enough, also, the two seal and bear-hunters are with them.

We cannot tell all the story here, only that for six months that little party of nineteen floated about in Baffin's Bay, and the next spring were picked up by the Tigress off the coast of Labrador after they had spent a long, dark winter on a cake of ice, and traveled in that strange way over 1,500 miles! Hans' story agrees exactly with that of Captain Tyson. He had indeed written out a full account of it, which was lost when getting aboard the Tigress. They were all received very kindly on the steamer and carried to Newfoundland, where the women and children particularly were made much of. The baby, little Charles Polaris Hendrik, falling sick after its rough voyage, was baptized in a Christian fashion that gladdened Hans' heart; and soon he and his family were on their way back home after as strange adventures as ever befell human beings.

IV.

Was our now famous voyager cured of his search for the North Pole? Was he ready to let the Tuluks, as he calls the American and English sailors, take their chances at living alone in the high latitudes, and getting game as they could? He himself could have very little idea or care for the higher demands of science. But he had spent many years with the Tuluks, and notwithstanding his hardships he seemed to like their company very well, and had earned many a fine wage-penny that would be of use to the Hendriks in their old age. So when, in 1875, Captain Nares, of the last English expedition, with the ships Alert and Discovery, came to Upernivik, he was ready to try his fortune again in the same field. This time he goes alone. We suspect that Mrs. Hans had seen enough of Arctic discovery. They were at this time living at a little settlement just south of Upernivik. Of his departure the sturdy Greenlander writes:—"When we put to sea and I looked at the people on shore through the spy-glass, I discovered my little daughter, Sophia Elizabeth, lying prostrate on the top of a big stone and staring at us. It was a sad sight, which made me shed tears from pity. But I felt consoled by thinking that if no mischief should happen me or her we should meet again. I also got sight of my wife standing amongst the crowd and looking after us. I said to myself with a sigh, 'May I return to them in good health.'" Augustina and his "only son" (from which we infer that Charley had died) sailed with him to the main settlement, where he left them crying bitterly on the beach.

Hans was on board the Discovery under Captain Stephenson, "not engaged for sailor's work, but only as hunter, sledge-driver, and dog-feeder." The steamer ran up the west side of Smith's Sound and Kennedy Channel, and the Discovery went into winter-quarters in Lady Franklin Bay, while the Alert proceeded some miles farther on. This was in August, and soon Hans had plenty of work hunting. One day he was so fortunate as to shoot six musk-oxen; and, his ammunition having given out, he pelted another with stones so that it died,—a very good day's work, as the officers thought.

But soon came on the dreadful darkness again. This always made Hans low-spirited, as much so almost as it did the Tuluks themselves. He could not hunt on account of the darkness; he did not like the daily drill, nor to sit at table with his messmates; and it seems the sailors were only too ready to joke at his expense. "One evening," he says, "I heard them talking thus: 'When Hans is to be punished, who shall flog him?' The boatswain answered, 'I.'" Altogether he was much dejected. He felt that he was only a poor Eskimo among the strangers. Besides, Hans was *homesick*. "When I took a walk near the ship I used to fall a-weeping, remembering my wife and little children, especially that little son of mine who was so tenderly attached to me." We can hardly wonder at what followed. Once when his griefs seemed too great to bear he ran off into the black night a distance of about five miles, determined to take his chances of life in that desolate place, rather than bear the taunts and gibes of the crew. Then wiser thoughts came: "Our Captain likes me; perhaps he will send people in search of me. I will return, and if I am to be treated ill, the All-Merciful will pity my soul." He dug a hole in the snow and went to sleep. He was awakened by the footsteps of some of the sailors carrying torches in search of him, and he went back to the ship. He was treated kindly, and when questioned by the Captain why he ran away, answered, "I heard them talk badly about me, and thought they reviled me." Captain Stephenson said, "Whenever thou hearest them speaking thus, tell me directly."

This incident shows that even poor Eskimos have feelings, and that a great wrong is done when in such cases they are made the object of thoughtless jesting. If Hans had not had so much principle and reliance on a good Providence, he might have gone off to certain death in the high latitude where they then were, beyond the range of his countrymen's wanderings.

But bright days come back, and cheerfulness with them. There is plenty of hard

work, sledging and hunting; and the time is too much filled with interesting employment for Hans to grow low-spirited, and too much occupied with serious business for the crew to joke at others' expense. Many are badly frost-bitten on the long journeys, and the scurvy begins its dreadful work. One poor fellow loses both his feet.

It was during this expedition that Captain Markham with a party of men, went by sledge from the Alert's winter-quarters directly toward the Pole; and by the greatest toil that human beings can endure reached the most northerly point on the earth ever trodden by the foot of man. So the British ensign at present waves defiance, in this field, to the "Stars and Stripes." But we are not much behind; and, Yankee-like, expect before many summers pass to plant our own loved flag nearest the Pole. The English officers also did an honorable thing in placing a tablet of brass with a fitting inscription over Dr. Hall's grave at Polaris Bay.

But they could not stay another winter. The men were badly down with the scurvy, and they hastened home. Hans, you may guess, was not sorry to see his own hut again. And while he gives a hearty greeting to the wife and chubby children on the rough Greenland beach, we will read the closing words of his Memoir:—"And now I bid farewell to all who have read my little tale. I minded my business, sometimes under hardships, sometimes happy. May all who read this live happily in the name of the Lord! Written in the year 1877."

S. J. Douglass.

PAPER ROSES.

I WAS helping one of my friends who had one of the smaller tables at a fair in her own city. Sometimes it was all fun and hurry and sometimes the hours dragged and we thought we were having a stupid time of it. I was almost a stranger and so I did not associate many of our wares with their makers as Kate did, but one cannot help taking more interest in some things than in the rest, and there are always some contributions that are known to be unmanagcable at the first glance one gives them—you are so sure nobody will buy them—and people smile when they look at them, and you sigh with tender pity over the poor soul who has spent her time and her money and who did her very best to make something pretty—and yet failed. It was our luck to have a good many such things as this and we had succeeded in one way and another in getting them off our hands, but one day when I came in from lunch a little later than my friend, she pointed to a great nosegay of paper flowers which had been put at one end of our table.

"What can we do with them?" said she, "did you ever see anything more pitiful or half so funny?—they look as if they came out of the ark!" Some girls came by just then who belonged to another table and we all grew merry enough over the prim, stiff, staring things, so unlike any roses that ever bloomed, with their stems of wire neatly wound with green and brown worsted and tied with the oldest fashioned blue gauze ribbon I ever saw. The roses were made of tissue paper, white and pink and yellow.

"We must put them somewhere in plain sight," said Kate, "I am always afraid the people who send such things will come to look for them." And she perched them against a carved letter-rack and almost everybody who stopped laughed at them and asked where in the world they came from; which question we could not answer. We soon lost sight of the pathos of the thing in some nonsense that we planned in an hour of idleness. Nobody would ever buy the flowers; that was certain, and we would raffle them at ten cents a share and

the girl who won them must ask the rest to lunch at the café of the fair. This enterprise was an exclusive thing, it was only to a select circle of Kate's cronies that these valuable shares were offered, and we kept a book for the numbers and put our names down again and again in mock rivalry. It was just as well to spend our money in that way as any other and the greater spendthrift one is at a fair, the better, you know!

It happened that one day a great many people came in to the fair from the country towns near by, for the sake of the charity for which it was held. Some of the people who went by our table looked as if they could have little to spend beside the entrance fee, and sometimes we had an impulse to give them the things that they looked at with such pleased surprise, and sadly put down again when they found them so far out of the reach of their thin purses. At last there stopped to talk with us such a pleasant looking little old woman, with everything about her so quaint and out of date except her kind face, and sweet, bright smile. She carried a great carpet bag, and she looked as if she would buy everything if she could. "I 'm afraid all your pretty things cost too much for me, dear" said she, as I showed her some trifle. "I do want to buy something before I go home though. Dear me!" and she brightened up suddenly, "if there is n't some paper flowers! I declare I have n't seen any for years. How they do carry me back. I always thought they were real handsome." She grew confidential at once, as if we were her own grandchildren, and not two strange city girls, as we had probably seemed to her the minute before. "Why I used to have some patterns for 'em put away somewhere—they were thought a sight of one time. It 's a good deal of work now, I tell you. My oldest sister Phebe, used to make 'em and 'range 'em with dried grasses dipped in alum-water so they looked just like frost work and crystal, and then the colors of the flowers—they did look beautiful! You say you did n't make 'em yourself? Well I should like to have 'em just for the sake of old times."

We had already gathered a good harvest in anticipation of the raffle and Kate whispered to me: "The girls will not care—let her have them." I nodded and she turned to our eager customer: "I can sell them for fifteen cents, or is that too much?"

"Bless you! no," said the old lady, "why, they 're sights o' work to make. I'll put 'em right into my carpet bag if you will roll 'em up small 's you can," and though it was such a big awkward bundle she crushed it in and looked as proud as a queen. "I 've got a vase at home in my best room," said she, "that my brother the cap'n fetched home from sea. It always seemed to want something in it," and she said good day to us and went on to look at the other tables.

"I hope she has n't a heartless young niece at home," said I, "who will scold her for buying such old trumpery and wish for some equally useless thing of a newer fashion."

We both liked the kind old soul and there was something pathetic in her delight over the flowers which had seemed to us so ungainly and forlorn. It was so plain that they had reminded her of her girlhood and its pleasures, and that the sight of them had carried her back to those days before she found herself growing old, or that life was bringing her a great deal of hard work and many losses. It is always so pleasant to see a woman like this whose childlikeness and youthfulness have been kept in spite of all the graver life and prosaic thought of later years. There is something beautiful about that phrase "children of God." And sometimes with such a person as this it is like finding a little flower that blooms in some warm day that comes in late autumn, after one thinks that the frosts must long ago have killed everything in the garden. I thought that I knew all about this woman—that she was always sent for in her neighborhood when there was sickness and trouble—that her friends could not do without her in times of pleasure, and her readiness to help and the love and tenderness of her faithful heart were always a comfort. There was something about her that did us good, Kate and me,

and we had a very tender feeling in our hearts as we wished to be useful and good like her, but we laughed merrily and were triumphant because we had sold the paper flowers.

I looked for her several times after she left us, but there was a crowd and I was so busy I did not see her any more. After awhile Kate went off on an errand to one of the managers, and did not come back until I had been wondering at her absence for some time.

"I've seen our old friend again, Ellinor," said she. "I met her out in the corridor and she was looking in at the café so I asked her to lunch with me. I thought something ought to be done for her because she bought those flowers. I wished for you every minute for she is the quaintest, dearest old soul She gave me a great many 'partic'lars' and she was so delighted with everything; the fair and the lunch and because I remembered her,—just as if I could forget her in half an hour! I know she has hardly any money, but she said she did want to help a little toward the hospital. She seems so contented, and she said she was always having something good happen to her that she had n't been looking for. She put some cakes into her carpet-bag for a little lame boy who is n't going to get well. She had forgotten her spectacles but I read aloud selections from the bill of fare and tried to be hungrier than she was. I told her the more we ordered the better it was for the hospital and I wish you could have heard her laugh! I don't know when I have enjoyed myself more."

"That was very good of you Kate!" said I, and we looked at each other for a moment.

"Nonsense, Elly!" said my friend, blushing a little. "I liked her, and it was great fun. But what shall we say to the other girls about the raffle!"

I had not thought of the fair for a long time or of what happened there until the other day when a letter came to me from Kate.

"Do you remember those paper roses?" said she, "I went with Mrs. Ashurst yesterday to see some poor people in whom she is much interested and I saw the brightest little old woman, much over eighty years of age and very deaf, and she has been in bed for years because she once had a terrible fall which hurt her so that she has almost constant pain. I suppose it was some injury of the spine. When I went in, there were two little children sitting on the foot of her bed and she was cutting dolls and hens and geese out of an old newspaper for them. She said their mother had a chance to do an afternoon's work and she always told her to bring the 'little gals' right in to her. They never gave any kind of trouble and it was company for her. It was so funny to hear the little things shout at her, and she looked so funny in bed with her big, clean cap-frill and a pair of great silver-bowed spectacles. She has a cousin who takes care of her and of course they are poor, but everything was so trig and clean. The cousin herself is an old woman, but as smart as a whip and she has work from a tailor's. I wish I had known them before. I liked them very much and they are thorough country-women,—it was so odd to find them in a narrow city court. There was such a remarkable patchwork quilt on the bed that the old woman had made when she was a girl, and she was so proud of it and said she knew now where most every piece came from and she liked to look 'em over; it was like a story book! The processions of paper dolls holding each other's hands were all arranged over it, and the children were having the best fun in the world. And on the mantel there were some huge nosegays that looked strangely familiar, so I spoke of them. 'Yes dear' said she 'most everybody speaks o' my flowers; I made some for the hospital fair last spring but I guess they 'll be the last, my fingers are getting dreadful stiff. I used to make 'em as well as anybody. I should like to know who bought 'em, though perhaps they did n't sell' said she humbly, but then she gave me a beaming smile; 'I guess they sold quick enough, they 're scarce now to what they used to be. I was n't quite satisfied with the materials. You see I had to let Hannah get 'em, and she picked out most too light a pink, but she did the best she could.'

"Was n't it the greatest good luck that I could tell her they were on our table and that they brought in more than two dollars, (though I did n't explain the raffle!) and that somebody had bought them who said she used to know how to make them, and everything else I could think of. Poor old soul, it was a great deal for her to have done and given, and she had been waiting so long to know about her flowers."

I laid down Kate's letter while I thought for a minute, and I said to myself that after all those paper roses did not bloom in vain.

Sarah O. Jewett.

A JUST AND FAITHFUL KNIGHT OF GOD.

I.

When superficial disputants are fond of citing prominent investigators and discoverers, as the victims or the enemies of a religion they have loved and revered, it is well to ask what witness intellectual giants, by lips, pen and lives, have really borne, for or against Christianity.

Few have borne such witness more clearly than Michael Faraday, and his testimony is particularly valuable to us because he was the intimate associate of men whose names are to us as household words and because he was eminently a man of our age, having started on life's journey in 1791 and lain down to rest in 1867, after making discoveries on which are based nearly all the inventions in which electricity and magnetism are the active agents, and which have so accelerated the swift tread of the nineteenth century.

Friends of noted men, dazzled by their brilliant qualities, or proud of connection with celebrities, are prone to over laudation, but we think the more closely the character of Faraday is studied, the more will the student be disposed to acquit Prof. Tyndall of extravagance in saying, "His friendship was energy and inspiration; his mantle is a burden almost too heavy to be borne." "No memory could be more beautiful. He was equally rich in mind and heart." He was

A "Just and Faithful Knight of God."

In 1796 the journeyman blacksmith, James Faraday, moved into rooms over a coach house in Jacob's Wells Mews, Charles St., Manchester Square, London; his family consisted of the wife, Margaret, then thirty years old, a daughter and two sons; another daughter was born six years later. The mother, "a grand looking woman," had had no educational advantages but was particularly neat and nice in all her household arrangements, and exerted herself to the utmost for her husband and children. She was a constant attendant at the services, but never a member of the Sandemanian Church, which her husband joined after he went to London.

The youngest son, Michael, was born at Newington Butts, Sept. 22, 1791. During the scarcity in 1801, when corn was at famine prices, the family received public relief, a loaf a week being allotted to him, then nine years old. There was little to note about his childhood and his education was, he afterwards said, of the most ordinary description, consisting of little more than the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic, learned at a common day school. Near his home was the shop of George Riebau, book-seller and book-binder. Thither when Michael was thirteen years old he went on trial for one year as errand boy; a part of his duty was to carry round and call for the papers his master lent to customers. Often on Sunday morning he would rise very early, deliver his papers, then go his rounds again to call for them; sometimes he was told that the paper must be left longer, then he would beg to be allowed to take it, as he should lose time in coming

back and it made him very unhappy if he could not get home, "make himself neat, and go with his parents to their place of worship." Those weary tramps he never forgot, and when he was a man he rarely saw a paper boy without giving him a kind word. "I always feel a tenderness for those boys because I once carried newspapers myself" he said.

One evening when Faraday was about sixty years old, he and Tyndall started from the Royal Institution to make a call. Faraday took Tyndall's arm and pressing it to his side said, "Come T., I will now show you something that will interest you." They walked northward to Blandford St. Faraday looked round and darted into a stationer's shop. Full of animation he glanced rapidly at everything visible, and drawing his companion towards a little side room with a window facing on the street said eagerly in a low tone, "Look there T.; that was my working place, I bound books in that little nook." Then he turned to the counter to buy some cards as an excuse for coming in, and asked the woman her name, her predecessor's name, his predecessor's name. "That wont do," said he with good humored impatience, "who was his predecessor?" "Mr. Riebau" she replied, and immediately added, as if suddenly recollecting herself, "He sir, was the master of Sir Charles Faraday." "Nonsense," he responded, "there is no such person." The woman was delighted when Tyndall told her who her visitor was, but said "that as soon as she saw him running about the shop, she felt—though she did not know why—that it must be Sir Charles Faraday."

Prosperity never made him ashamed of his lowly origin; when a German correspondent, with but little exaggeration, addressed him as "Prof. Michael Faraday, Member of all Academies of Sciences," he delighted in the sound of the hammer on the anvil, saying, "I love a smith's shop or anything relating to smithery; *my father was a smith.*" While he was sitting to Noble for his bust, the artist, in giving some finishing touches, rattled his chisels and noticing a look of abstraction come over the face of the sitter, asked if the noise annoyed him. "No, my dear Mr. Noble," said Faraday, putting his hand on his shoulder, "but the noise reminded me of my father's anvil and took me back to my boyhood."

At the end of Michael's trial year, Mr. Riebau took him as apprentice; the indentures were dated Oct. 7, 1805, and contain the explanatory clause, "In consideration of his faithful services no premium is given." Throughout his apprenticeship he retained the confidence of his master by continued faithful service; and spent his leisure hours in reading some of the books that he bound, "Watts on the Mind," which first taught him to think, and scientific works; he was especially pleased with Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Chemistry" and the electrical treatises in the Encyclopædia Brittanica, which he followed out in such experiments as the expenditure of a few pence a week would allow, making an electrical machine, first with a phial, afterwards with a cylinder. He also learned perspective of a helpful French artist and refugee, a lodger at Mr. Riebau's. He was from his earliest years a great questioner but ready to believe anything when convinced of facts.

When he was eighteen years old he began to keep a note book, in which he recorded everything he could collect that he thought would promote his own amusement or instruction. About the same time he attended Mr. Tatum's lectures on Natural Philosophy, his older brother Robert, then a working blacksmith, giving him a part of the admission money, a shilling an evening. Michael "drank in the lectures of Tatum," took notes which he afterwards wrote out carefully, making neat, correct drawings of the apparatus, and numbering and describing the experiments. These notes, with a copious index, he bound in four volumes, prefacing the first with a dedication to Mr. Riebau, expressive of gratitude to the master for his interest in the studies of the apprentice.

In 1812 through the kindness of Mr. Dance, a customer of Mr. Riebau and a member of the Royal Institution, Faraday heard four of the last course of lectures that

Davy delivered at the Royal Institution in Albemarle street. His notes of these lectures he also wrote out, interspersing them with such drawings as he could make.

At Mr. Tatum's house he made the acquaintance of several young men, earnest learners like himself; among them, Benjamin Abbot, a young Quaker and a confidential clerk in the city. With this friend he commenced a correspondence in which he detailed some of his experiments, described his first galvanic battery of seven pairs of plates "of the immense size of half pence each!!!!!!" which he cut out himself; and expressed his eager desire for improvement, and his delight in meditating on serious subjects. To Faraday's careful choice of early associates may be attributed, in a great measure, his later success. "I would define a true friend," he wrote to Abbot, "to be one who will serve his companions next to his God; nor will I admit that an immoral person can fill completely the character of a true friend." "A companion cannot be good unless he is morally so; and however engaging may be his general habits, and whatever peculiar circumstances may be connected with him so as to make him desirable, reason and common sense point him out as an improper companion or acquaintance unless his nobler faculties, his intellectual powers, are in proportion as correct as his outward behavior."

In 1809 Faraday's father removed with his family to 18 Weymouth Street near Portland Place; there James Faraday died, on October 30, 1810, after a lingering and painful illness.

On the expiration of Michael's apprenticeship October 8, 1812, he went as journeyman book-binder to the shop of Mr. de la Roche, a Frenchman whose passionate temper made life under his roof unendurable, and though the master offered every possible inducement, even saying, "I have no child, and if you will stay with me you shall have all I have when I am gone," Faraday refused and went to his mother's house, thoroughly disgusted with trade which he "thought vicious and selfish," and anxious "to enter the service of science which he imagined made its pursuers amiable and liberal." Accordingly he wrote to Sir Humphrey Davy expressing his wishes and asking his assistance; at the same time sending the notes which he, Faraday, had made of Davy's lectures. Davy replied in a kind note inviting the young aspirant to call at the Royal Institution; that note he always kept as one of his most precious possessions. When Faraday called, Davy advised him to keep to his business, as more safely remunerative, but promised to do what he could for him and to recommend him to his friends.

Davy showed Faraday's letter to one of the honorary inspectors of the Institution, saying, "Peppys, what am I to do? here is a letter from a young man named Faraday; he has been attending my lectures and wants me to give him employment at the Royal Institution—what can I do?"

"Do?" replied Peppys, "put him to wash bottles, and if he is good for anything, he will do it directly; if he refuses, he is good for nothing." "No, no," said Davy, "we must try him with something better than that."

With the exception of a few days, when Faraday acted as amanuensis for Davy, he worked at book-binding till late in February, 1813; then one night when he was preparing to retire, Davy's carriage drove up at the modest house in Weymouth street. The footman jumped down, knocked loudly, and left a note summoning the young journeyman to the Royal Institution the next morning. When Faraday obeyed the summons, Davy again warned him that science was wont to be a hard mistress pecuniarily, smiled at "his notion of the superior moral feelings of scientific men, and said he would leave him to the experience of a few years to set him aright on that subject," and finally offered him the position of assistant in the laboratory at a salary of twenty-five shillings a week, and the use of two rooms at the top of the house. Faraday gladly accepted the offer and took up his abode at the Institution early in March, 1813. He was then in his twenty-second year. From the first day that he entered upon his duties he took a place superior to that of an ordinary assistant, assuming labors that none of

the officers would have thought of demanding of him.

In the autumn Sir Humphrey decided to make a protracted journey on the Continent, and offered Faraday the post of secretary and philosophical assistant, with the understanding that he should resume his place at the Institution on his return. The party, Sir Humphrey, Lady Davy, her maid and Faraday started on the thirteenth of October. The journey, as a means of education, was of priceless value to the young secretary, who had never been twelve miles from London before; he kept a journal in which his characteristic modesty, his self respect and his determination to make the most of his opportunities are constantly apparent, but he wrote to his mother from Rome April 14, 1814, "The first and last thing on my mind is England, home and friends. It is the point to which my thoughts still ultimately tend, and the goal to which, looking over intermediate things, my eyes are still directed." After saying that the fact that he must part from his mother and other relations had almost induced him to decline Sir Humphrey's proposal, he added, "but now I am glad that I have left some behind on whom I can think, and whose actions and occupations I can picture to my mind. Whenever a vacant hour occurs I employ it by thinking on those at home."

Though he embraced all opportunities of writing to his friends and always in a most affectionate strain to his mother, as communication was interrupted by wars and was slow at best, he seldom heard from home, and in his depressed moments almost feared he might be forgotten there; but on bright festivals he cast aside all such gloomy imaginations. On December 24, 1814, he wrote to his married sister, "My heart expands to the idea that Christmas is come, for I know that my friends in the midst of their pleasure will think of me. . . . . God bless the little one and you altogether. I shall never feel quite happy till I am amongst you again."

In a letter to Abbot from Geneva he shows how exempt he was from the conceit with which a little learning and travel so often inflames shallow brains. "I have learned just enough to perceive my ignorance, and ashamed of my defects in everything, I wish to seize the opportunity of remedying them. The little knowledge I have gained in languages makes me wish to know more of them, and the little I have seen of men and manners is just enough to make me desirous of seeing more; added to which, the glorious opportunity I enjoy of improving in the knowledge of chemistry and the sciences, continually determines me to finish this voyage with Sir Humphrey. But if I wish to enjoy those advantages I have to sacrifice much; and though those sacrifices are such as an humble man would not feel, yet I cannot quietly make them. Traveling too, I find, is almost inconsistent with religion, (I mean modern traveling.) and I am yet so old-fashioned as to remember strongly (I hope perfectly) my youthful education."

The young scientist was already learning what Sir Humphrey meant, when he smiled at the supposed exceptional generosity and justice of philosophic men. A young lady, who with her husband, visited the Royal Institution at the time when Faraday, according to Prof. Tyndall, ranked as the greatest experimental philosopher of the age, was courteously shown over the establishment by the professor, and surprised at the vivacity and cheeriness of a man who constantly breathed so scientific an atmosphere, said to him, "Mr. Faraday, you must be very happy in your position and with your pursuits, which elevate you entirely out of the meaner aspects and lower aims of life." He shook his head and with that wonderful mobility of countenance which was characteristic, his expression of joyousness changed to one of profound sadness and he replied, "When I quitted business and took to science as a career, I thought I had left behind me all the petty meannesses and small jealousies which hinder man in his moral progress; but I found myself raised into another sphere, only to find poor human nature just the same everywhere—subject to the same weaknesses and the same self-seeking, however exalted the intellect." Yet Faraday was himself a living exception to this almost universal rule.

"He" said one who knew him well, "could not be too closely approached. There were no shabby places or ugly corners in his mind." When he was attacked in a way to affect his reputation for veracity or honesty, or his standing morally, he defended himself, but on no other occasions would he allow himself to be drawn into "scientific polemics" which he always viewed with regret. "The real truth never fails ultimately to appear; and opposing parties, if wrong, are sooner convinced when replied to forbearingly, than when overwhelmed," he declared.

Though Farraday was engaged by Davy as secretary and experimental assistant, other services were demanded of him. Sir Humphrey having risen from the ranks himself, was generally, not always considerate, but he had married a rich widow and she was disposed to display her authority and keep the "servant" in his place; "'t is the name not the thing that hurts," he said. Their quarrels were frequent, but he "gained ground," learned to care nothing about them, and she to "behave in a milder manner," so that the latter part of the journey was less trying than the former. Faraday told of these difficulties, in answer to Abbot's questions and wished his mother to see the letter. "I have no secrets from her," he wrote, "it was the insignificance alone made me quiet on the subject."

From Brusselles he wrote, April 16, 1815, "My very dear mother: It is with no small pleasure I write you my last letter from a foreign country. . . . . At Ostend we embark, and at Deal we land on the spot of earth I will never leave again. You may be sure we shall not creep from Deal to London, and I am sure I shall not creep to 18 Weymouth Street, and then—but it is no use, you may be sure that my first moments will be in your company. If you have opportunities, tell my dearest friends,—there are some I should like to be first to tell myself—Mr. Riebau for one—I am too glad to write. Adieu till I see you dearest Mother; and believe me ever your affectionate and dutiful son. M. FARADAY.

"'T is the shortest and (to me) the sweetest letter I ever wrote you."

Happy the son who can see at the end of his journey such a waiting home, be it ever so homely. Happy the mother of such a returning traveler. Tyndall once asked Faraday whether his parents showed any signs of unusual ability. He could remember none. But the mother who inspired in such a son the confidence and affection that suffuse all his letters to her, must have been a woman of unusual ability. When he became famous, though she could not enter into his pursuits, she was very proud of him; so much so that he asked his wife not to talk to his mother so much about him and his honors, for she was quite proud enough of him and it would not be good for her. Usually she called him 'my Michael,' would do nothing without his advice and was quite contented and happy in being supported wholly by him in her declining years. She died at Islington in March 1838.

Soon after his return to England Faraday resumed his place at the Royal Institution with increased responsibilities and salary, and helped Davy in his researches which led to the invention of the safety lamp.

The building of the Royal Institution is in Albemarle St., a street leading from Piccadilly. A wood engraving of it heads section CXLIX of Knight's London. It stands in a line with the other houses, the facade is Grecian, fourteen lofty pilasters support a straight cornice, bearing the inscription ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN. It contains a library, reading-room, museum, cabinets, laboratories, a lecture room with horse-shoe experimenting table and accessories, semicircular seats and gallery, also a suite of rooms for the Director of the house and his assistant. In this building Faraday lived, worked, lectured, became "the recognized prince of investigators," and "had the glory of holding aloft among nations the scientific name of England for a period of forty years."[1] Though systematic and thorough in all his methods of work, the most simple means were often used for his tests. Steaming up the Thames one summer day the offensive odor of the water prompted him to tear up cards, throw them in, and watch to see how soon they disappeared in the dark compound; the

[1] Prof. Tyndall.

next day he sent a communication to the Times calling attention to his observations and their sanitary bearing. The following week Punch's cartoon represented Professor Faraday holding his nose and offering his card to Father Thames, who rises out of the ooze to take it. Faraday was extremely sensitive to odors, that of a cabbage, rose and good cologne being grateful to him, that of tobacco as disagreeable.

As some of the great masters have studied human ugliness and deformities so as to represent their opposites, perfect beauty of feature and form, Faraday watched the failings of other workers, not to censure but to avoid; the result was that he became the "prince of lecturers," the most exhaustive of investigators. He kept notes of all his experiments, numbering the paragraphs, the last one being 16,041, thus leaving "to the follower, with scrupulous fidelity, the ladder in the same state as" when he ascended himself. His motto was, Work, Finish, Publish, and he gave his work to the world that the world might reap the benefit of it; one invention alone he patented and that was a device for consuming the smoke of light-house lamps; the patent he handed over to his brother, thinking it might be of service to him in his business as a gas-fitter.

In 1824 he discovered the substance called benzol or benzine, with which the frugal housewife removes many an unsightly spot and from which other chemists have made the nitro-benzol, used by confectioners and perfumers; also aniline, a base most useful to chemists and from which all our brilliant, so called, coal colors, are made. The original discoverer would sometimes pay a visit to the Royal College of Chemistry, and watch with intense pleasure the action of this marvellous re-agent.

Maxwell in the preface to his "Electricity and Magnetism" published at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and now a Harvard textbook, says, "I would recommend to the student, after he has learned experimentally, if possible, what are phenomena to be observed, to read carefully *Faraday's Experimental Researches in Electricity.* He will there find a strictly historical account of the greatest electrical discoveries and investigations, carried on in an order and succession which could hardly have been improved if the results had been known from the first, and expressed in the language of a man who devoted much attention to the methods of accurately describing scientific operations and their results."

"If by anything I have here written, I may assist any student in understanding Faraday's modes of thought and expression, I shall regard it as the accomplishment of one of my principal aims, to communicate to others the same delight which I have found myself in Faraday's Researches."

Scattered over Maxwell's eight hundred and sixty-six octavo pages are numerous references to Faraday.

In Faraday's youth and early manhood he thought himself so wedded to science as to be above the reach of feminine charms. His views of love appeared in his note book in strains such as the following :—

"What is the pest and plague of human life?
And what the curse that often brings a wife?
'T is love."

"What is the power that ruins man's firmest mind?
What that deceives its host, alas! too kind?
What is 't that comes in false deceitful guise?
Making dull fools of those that 'fore were wise?
'T is love."

"What is 't that oft to an enemy turns a friend?
What is 't that promising never attains its end?
What that the wisest head can never scan?
What seems to have come on earth to humble man?
'T is love."

"We 've honor, friendship, all the powers that still
with virtue do reside.
They 've sweetly strewed our lives with flowers, nor
do we wish for aught beside.
Love, then, thou 'st nothing here to do; depart, depart
to yonder crew."

Mr. Edward Barnard, son of a silversmith in Paternoster Row, and an elder in the Sandemanian Church, was in the habit of calling on Faraday, saw the book, and reported to his sister Sarah some of the young bachelor's written sentiments; the lady must therefore have been quite surprised on receiving the following offer of surrender, dated July 5, 1820. "You know me as well or better than I do myself. You know my former prejudices, and my present thoughts —you know my weaknesses, my vanity, my whole mind. You have converted me from

one erroneous way; let me hope you will attempt to correct what others are wrong . . . Again and again I attempt to say what I feel, but I cannot. Let me, however, claim not to be the selfish being that wishes to bend your affections for his own sake only. In whatever way I can best minister to your happiness either by assiduity or by absence, it shall be done. Do not injure me by withdrawing your friendship, or punish me for aiming to be more than a friend by making me less; and if you cannot grant me more, leave me what I possess, but hear me."

Miss Barnard showed the letter to her father; he would give no advice, but said that love made fools of philosophers. Wishing time for reflection, she with her sister Mrs. Reid, went to Ramsgate. The lover, three weeks after his missive was despatched, concluded to press his suit and followed to Ramsgate, and with the lady made an excursion to Dover; there on "the higher part of the hill," "in view of Shakespeare's Cliff," they pledged heart and hand.

By way of contrast we give the following. "I could not master my feelings or prevent them from sinking, and I actually at last shamed myself by moist eyes . . . Sincerity takes away all the policies of love. The man who can manage his affairs with the care and coolness of his usual habits is not much in earnest. Though the one who feels is less able than the one who does not to take advantage of circumstances as they occur, still I would not change the honorable consciousness of earnest affection and sincerity, for the cool caution and procedure of a mind at ease, though the first were doomed to failure and the last were blessed with success." (hum!!!) (Note he evidently added at a later date.) The evening before their return to London they drove to Manston. "Not a moment's alloy of this evening's happiness occurred; everything was delightful to the last instant of my stay with my companion, because she was so," the note book declares.

In 1821 Faraday was appointed superintendent of the house and laboratory, and the rooms which had been occupied in turn by Young, Davy and Brande were, by vote of the directors, given to him. On the twelfth of June he was married; in accordance with the bridegroom's wish there was "no bustle, no noise, no hurry," no gathering of friends, for he said, "it is in the heart we expect and look for pleasure." He was nearly thirty years old, his wife was twenty-one; for forty-six years they lived at the Royal Institution. The lover was merged, but never lost in the husband.

Twenty-six years after his marriage, when honors could be reckoned by scores, he made this entry "in his book of diplomas." "Amongst these records and events, I have inserted the date of one which, as a source of honor and happiness, far exceeds all the rest. We were married June 12, 1821.

M. FARADAY."

Then follows the copy of the minutes dated May 21, 1821, which give him additional rooms. Two years later the following record appeared in his note book. "On June 12, 1821, he married; an event which more than any other contributed to his earthly happiness and healthful state of mind. The union has continued for twenty-eight years, and has nowise changed, except in depth and strength of character."

In July 1822, he wrote to Mrs. Faraday, "I am tired of the dull details of things, and want to talk of love to you; and surely there can be no circumstances under which I can have more right. The theme was a cheerful and delightful one before we were married, but it is doubly so now . . . We are happy, and our God has blessed us with a thousand causes why we should be so."

In 1848 he wrote from Birmingham, whither he had gone to attend the meeting of the British Association, "after all, there is no pleasure like the tranquil pleasures of home, and here—even here—the moment I leave the table, I wish I were with you IN QUIET. Oh! what happiness is ours! My runs into the world in this way only serve to make me esteem that happiness the more."

In 1850 he wrote to a friend, dating Upper Norwood, "I write and write and write until three papers for the Royal Society are nearly completed. After writing, I walk out in the evening, hand in hand with my

dear wife, to enjoy the sunset; for to me who love scenery, of all that I have seen or can see, there is none surpasses that of Heaven. A glorious sunset brings with it a thousand thoughts that delight me."

When he was sixty-two years old, in writing to Prof. De la Rive, after speaking of Mrs. Faraday's health her husband adds, "but we are both very thankful for each other's company, and for the abundant blessings God has granted to us." Two years later he writes to Prof. Schönbein, "And as we, *i. e.* my wife and I, go on our way together, our happiness arises from the same things, and we enjoy it together with, I hope, thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

In 1863, four years before his death he wrote from Glasgow; "Dearest,—Here is the fortnight complete since I left you, and the thoughts of my return to *our home* crowd in strongly upon my mind. . . . I long to see you, dearest, and to talk over things together, and to call to mind all the kindness I have received. My head is full, my heart also, but my recollection rapidly fails, even as regards the friends that are in the room with me. You will have to resume your old function of being a pillow to my mind, and a rest, a happy making wife."

"In his relations to his wife," says Tyndall, "he added chivalry to affection, and to her loving care his fellow-workers and the world are indebted for the enjoyment of his presence here so long"

Perhaps it is not irrelevant to quote, in this connection, a sentiment of this husband, uttered when he was seventy years old. "I know that a vast mass of the uncomfort of life, depends upon the tendency to criticize rather than to excuse or commend things which, in one view or another, deserve the latter as much as the former. We may well remember Hamlet, 'If we all had our deserts, who would escape a whipping?'"

Faraday when thirty years old had acquired the right to be styled philosopher, an appellation which he preferred above that of scientist, physicist, any other in fact, which the world can bestow; he had made an important discovery; his earlier papers were appearing in the Quarterly Journal of Science of the Royal Institution and in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society; he had gained many friends; physicists of high rank were beginning to solicit his correspondence and, for we must not omit the shading of the picture, well-known scientists were jealous of his rising fame. Biographical record we believe presents no parallel to the case of Faraday. The son of a poor journeyman blacksmith, the boy whose school education was little more than the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic, and who earned his own bread from the time he was thirteen years old, rises to the very apex of scientific fame by the force of his talents and his determination to make the most of his opportunities. Step by step we see that his progress was due to no good fortune, but to what he was and what he did. The newspaper boy, religiously educated, be it remembered, cannot pay the usual apprentice fee, but "in consideration of his faithful services" the premium is remitted. The book-binder's apprentice, careful in the choice of companions, reads the books he binds, and the kind master allows him liberty he knows he will not abuse. Mr. Tatum's shilling lectures are written out fully, understandingly, and a customer gives the thirsty learner opportunity to hear better lectures; these lectures are also written out, and sent to the lecturer as evidence that the applicant is capable of the work he asks. The brilliant scientist sees that it is no dullard, who can thus catch and fix his ideas, and engages the services of the youth; this engagement leads to foreign travel, to a new engagement in a higher position; the faithful, generous discharge of the duties of that position lead up and up till the blacksmith's son is the light, the attraction of the Royal Institution, and the great, the noble and learned lay their honors at his feet. He takes them gratefully, saying, "I cannot say that I have not valued such distinctions; on the contrary, I esteem them very highly, but I do not think I ever worked for or sought them." A brother member of the Royal Institution has summed up Faraday's character thus; "We have admired his faithful-

ness, his amiability of disposition, and his love of justice and truth; how far these qualities were natural gifts, like his clearness of intellect, we cannot precisely tell; but that he exercised constant self-control without becoming hard, ascended the pathway of fame without ever losing his balance, and shed around himself a peculiar halo of love and joyousness, must be attributed in no small degree to a heart at peace with God, and to a consciousness of a higher life."

Susan D. Nickerson.

KATAKI-UCHI—THE AVENGER OF BLOOD.

"But I say unto you, love your enemies, do good to them that hate you and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." This is the golden saying of the Prince of Peace.

"Thou shalt not live under the same heaven with the murderer of thy father or thy master," says Confucius the teacher of four hundred millions of men. So likewise taught Moses the law-giver of the Hebrews. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy." "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

Blood and iron, hatred and revenge to one's enemy, taught Moses and Confucius. Forgiveness and mercy taught Christ the son of God.

Yet in Japan, where texts from Confucius' writings are inscribed on wall and silken scroll, and book and cup, and cut into the steel of sword blades, there were no cities of refuge, as in the old Hebrew commonwealths. The murderer, if not instantly killed, was pursued and hunted down until slain. If the children of the dead man were but infants, the duty of revenge was taught them at the breast. Kataki-Uchi (vengeance on the murderer) was the daily theme for years; while all the time from the age of ten the boy practiced swordsmanship and spear exercise. At eighteen he sallied forth in disguise, but with girded sword, to stain his bright blade in the murderer's blood.

If the children were girls, they too were trained for the supreme duty of revenge. They were taught to handle the spear, and the sickle and chain which skillfully thrown around an enemy's neck would sever the jugular vein. Or they practiced *shuriken* (throwing flat pieces of steel sharpened at one end like arrow-heads) to put the eyes out and penetrate to the brain.

Oh, how many Japanese children's books there are steeped in the spirit of revenge; true stories, novels, histories, tiny colored children's pictures, primers. Not only are their books full of it but their theaters and amusements smell of blood—tell of revenge. The true story of the Forty-seven Ronins is recited, painted, pictured, played, written in every way. To no spot do men and women, children and babies go more than to their flower-decorated and incense-perfumed graves overlooking the Bay of Yedo. Is it any wonder then that a Japanese boy at school in Massachusetts politely asked his teacher for permission to kill one of his class-mates who had offended him? What would a teacher reply were a bright, obedient, polite boy to come to him and say, "Dear teacher, please let me kill my class-mate John?"

While instructing Japanese students in moral science, I found that the hardest lesson for them to learn was the duty of forgiving their enemies.

About twenty years ago there lived out in the sea to the south-west of Japan on the Goto islands, a daimio named Sayemon whose favorite retainer was one Ichino. Every year the daimio made a journey to Yedo, to live in the Tycoon's capital during several months of the year. There in the heart of the great city, the proud and haughty lord lived in pomp and display with his followers. It was just after Com-

modore Perry's visit and treaty-making. Our American consul-general Townsend Harris came to live in Yedo, and Ichino first caught sight of an American as he rode on horseback round the city. When he came home at night Ichino told his wife of the strange foreigner who had blue eyes, and hairy face, and most curious clothes. His two sons, one three and the other five years old, sat on their knees on the mats listening to every word. When they fell asleep that night their dreams were of blue-eyed and light-haired men with hats on, and "black ships," and locomotives, and a great many things such as were never seen in Japan.

Four years of life in Yedo passed away. One day orders came to Ichino to return to the far-off island. He started to travel partly on foot and partly by *kago* (or basket-seat) borne on men's shoulders. A fellow-officer named Yamaguchi accompanied him. Oh, how beautiful was the country along their route! It lay over the pine tree isles of the Tokaido, along the glancing sea, over the fir-clad Hakoné mountains, around glorious snowy Fuji, through bustling towns and cities, past old battle fields, famous red pagodas, white-walled castles, and through the Inland sea. All kinds of amusements and interesting scenes, and curious people were to be met along the route.

Now Ichino's companion was a man of sulky temper, and not very good character. On the third day, tired of walking, and wishing to continue their journey at night, although snow was falling, they stopped at a station where basket-chairs were on hire. There was only one chair and this was placed at Ichino's disposal as he had given the order first. At this, Yamaguchi got very angry. He began to revile the chair-bearers and threatened to take the basket-chair by force. Ichino tried to soothe the angered man, showed him how unreasonable he was, and then gently rebuking him for allowing his temper to get the better of him, which had thus far prevented his promotion in office, said, "You may have the chair, I'll go on foot," and pulling on his gloves he started to go. As he turned his back Yamaguchi followed him with his drawn sword, and aiming a blow at Ichino's head missed it, the blade cutting across the right shoulder. Quick as a wink Ichino's blade was out, and in the dark night, in the falling snow, sparks flashed from the crossed steel. A few passes of the heavy double-handed swords, and the contest was decided. With right arm disabled and faint from loss of blood, Ichino was soon helpless, and one final sweep of his enemy's sword left him a corpse.

The falling snow soon covered every stain of red, and under its white shroud the unburied body lay, till the weeping widow with her sons came to bury husband and father in the temple yard near by. They set up a neat gray pagoda-shaped stone, and plucking camellias and bamboo evergreens decorated the grave. Then, kneeling down mother and sons swore to revenge his death.

What then did mother and sons do? The answer to this question will tell us how Old Japan differs from the New. The mother and sons immediately wrote to the daimio, requesting permission to search out and kill the murderer. The request was granted. Here is the old law.

"In respect to revenging injury done to master or father it is granted by the wise and virtuous One (Confucius) that you and the injurer cannot live together under the canopy of Heaven.

"A person harboring such vengeance shall notify the same in writing to the criminal court, and although no check or hindrance may be offered to his carrying out his desires within the period allowed for that purpose, it is forbidden that the chastisement of an enemy be attended with riot."

So making a bag of silk damask to preserve the document giving official permission to kill Yamaguchi, the mother sent her sons daily to fencing-school under a famous master. In a year, they were such expert swordsmen that they could cut through three tempos (thick oval brass coins) laid one on top of the other at a stroke, halve a dog at a blow, while few of their companions dared try a bout of skill with them.

Then the mother and sons made ready to begin their search. They sold off their

house, land and garden and all their furniture, even parting with their father's collection of paintings on silk, his bronzes, and some very old Corean relics which his ancestor had brought from Corea when a soldier in 1596. They kept his trusty swords which the elder son girded on his waist. A farewell feast was given to their friends, and early one morning, their relatives accompanying them to the next village, they started off.

With neither newspapers, telegraph, railways or steamers, what a fool's errand it seemed to find this one man out of thirty millions of people! "It was trying to guess at one particular hair in nine oxen," said one old croaker.

Long and weary was the quest. Many scores of pairs of straw sandals were worn out. Many a clue was followed in vain. O'er mountain and moor, in cities and on the lonely sea-shore, among villages and monasteries they searched in vain.

Six years passed by. The sword still chafed its scabbard and the heart its bosom. They had traveled over nearly the entire empire but success was not yet. To rest themselves for a few weeks they went to live in Yedo. There they heard their enemy had long ago shaved his head and become a priest. He had been a monk in the temple but had fled to Kioto. Thither the three sped to find their game fled to Ozaka. Thence also they went, and after long search heard that their victim to avoid suspicion had put on rags and become a common beggar.

Thus another year of disappointment wore away, and the lamp of hope burned low, but resolve never flickered. At many a temple where they stopped to pray, mother and sons renewed their vows to the gods as avengers of blood.

It chanced that one day as they passed near a town called Happy Mountain in a certain province, (and Bingo was its name) a squad of recruits were being drilled for the Mikado's army, and as they drew near the brothers saw in the ranks their long-sought enemy.

Oh, how their hearts beat and the hot blood leaped along their veins! Instinctively their fingers closed on their sword hilts with terrible grip, and oh, how they longed at once to challenge the murderer and spill his blood. But like true Japanese, trained from babyhood to conceal their emotions, their faces except their eyes seemed calm. The flap of their left sleeve concealed their clenched right hands. Going up to the officer they told their story, named their man and politely begged permission to kill him on the spot.

Had the widow and orphans arrived three days sooner there would have been a bloody duel, a crowd of spectators, one or two corpses, and fresh cremation fires lighted; but they had come too late. "I am very sorry, sirs and madame" said the officer politely. "I should enjoy seeing revenge taken. Your purpose is a most excellent one but read yonder proclamation from the government. *It was posted up only yesterday.*"

He pointed to a roofed frame, hung with boards inscribed in India ink with laws and proclamations. Beneath each one was the seal of the Great Council of the Great Government of Japan. A crowd of people were eagerly reading the last new one on which the ink still shone fresh. As the three approached they heard one reader exclaiming to another "Why, the government is changing some of the oldest of our national customs. It forbids the sacred duty of revenge. I am much afraid murderers will now increase since they will have no fear of the avenger of blood before their eyes." "Oh, no I don't agree with you," said his friend. "The government is able to punish criminals and more surely. Besides it is better to lodge justice in the hands of the emperor than in those of individuals." The mothe and sons then read the new law which ra as follows:—"A son or grandson shall als be liable to no penalty who slays the murderer on the spot, and at the moment that the murder has been committed, but if subsequently to such murder he deliberately frames a scheme of revenge and carries it out by himself, slaying the murderer, then he shall be liable to the ordinary punishment for preconcerted and willful murder." "Oh! this is terrible. Our seven years

spent in vain, and revenge snatched from us at the moment of success. Oh! Oh! But we must obey the mikado's will. Heaven make us faithful." They now made formal application for the arrest of the man and official search was made. But we all know the law's delay and meanwhile he had deserted. But the eye of justice slept not. The government by proclamations posted all over the empire outlawed the villain. After a few months he was found in disguise as a charcoal-burner on a lonely mountain near Kioto. Arrested and brought to trial, he was condemned. With eyes bandaged with paper he kneeled to receive a murderer's fate at the hands of the executioner. One blow of the sword severed his head.

Thus in the Empire of the Eastern Seas, peace and justice are winning their way. Violence, private revenge and bloodshed are giving place to justice, courts and civilization. Better than law and courts is the gospel of Jesus Christ now shining like the sun in the hearts of the Japanese. Thousands of children once taught revenge as a duty now learn the blessed gospel word "Love your enemy." "Dearly Beloved avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath for it is written, Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

William Elliot Griffis.

THE LITTLETON REFORMERS.

Littleton society, or at least the feminine portion of it, was in a state of active fermentation which, so to speak, "boiled over" at the sewing circle, a meeting somewhat above the average of those devoted to fancy-work, or even missionary clothing seasoned with gossip.

The truth was that all Littleton had a superior tendency and took to solid reading and earnest discussions; and however great may be the scorn with which we allude to "protoplasm" or "theories of evolution" as common parlor talk, still there is room for thanksgiving that some foreign interest can prevail over our small, every-day griefs and worries.

The sewing circle had been established in war time when every one was enthusiastic in doing her part for the soldiers, and then, when that need was mercifully over, it was agreed not to disband, but that once a week each lady should take her plainest, most necessary sewing to the meeting and some one should read aloud to the company. It was not quite aspiring enough to call itself a literary club, partly because few had time however great their desire might have been, to do the thorough, intellectual work needful to make that a success. But the little attempt had been very pleasant—the women felt it a relief and benefit to meet on some other ground than the common one of fashionable calls and tea parties.

To-day there was a full assemblage, and a very lively, attractive company it looked—three or four young girls just at the most delightful stage of freshness and prettiness, with wistful, grave questionings in their eyes of the life opening out before them; twice as many wives but little older than they except from the added care and womanliness in their faces, and several of the brightest, most taking old maids one could imagine. Add to these a sufficient number of gray-haired matrons to give the company weight and dignity, and the assembly is complete.

"How many theories there are about living now," said Rose Perry, laying down the magazine from which she had been reading a sensible article on the needs of every-day life. "I don't see, after all, that it grows any easier."

"Why should it be easier?" said Miss Prudence Truefit, unrolling her yarn with a jerk. "It puts me out of patience to hear

so much groaning over the times and manners! Don't *you* take it up, Rose! It's enough to have every third man or woman speculating on ideal communities and Utopias, without the second one's adopting it. Upon my word, I can't see any aspect of what is said but that people are lazy and want to shirk their birth-right, so they try to invent some perpetual motion by which the world shall do its work without their help."

Rose flushed a little. "I don't think you're quite right there, Miss Truefit," she said bravely. "I don't want to shirk honest hard labor, but to my mind things are hard in the way of getting work to do. To take the merest personal ground, here am I, an example. I've been out of school six months waiting to earn my living, but the world, at least the little corner of it I know, won't let me do it. Now isn't there a drawback somewhere, when the earth has apparently no room for its workers?"

There was a minute's silence, while honest Miss Truefit was making up her mind how best to retire a little from her first position, when Kate Hapgood, famous for rushing headlong into whatever occurred to her, broke in.

"Yes, here are three of us in the same fix, Rose, Nell and I, and when we've been fighting for months to get any kind of a situation in any kind of a school and have failed, you certainly can't believe that the wheels of the universe turn without any friction, now can you? I leave it to you, Mrs. Cavendish, if it isn't rather tough for three girls to long with all their hearts to earn their bread and butter (*and* preserves!) and only to have the project frowned down by the Fates!" Somehow everybody appealed to Mrs. Cavendish for sympathy and encouragement—a sweet, simple lady with soft white curls and face lit up by a keen intellect.

"Yes, my dear, I think it is rather hard to bear," she answered. "And I see just what you mean in saying there is a strain in living now, but I believe too, that if the conditions of life were simpler it need not be so. For instance, don't you think that if you were content to dress more plainly and so reduce your expenses, you could get along with less worry. But why do you all teach—why not try some other work for which there may be fewer applicants?"

"The real reason is," said Kate honestly, "because we can't get as much money for anything else, not being specially trained or educated for any art or profession. It costs too much to live for one to disregard an extra dollar a week, and even if one don't have the prescribed number of ruffles and flounces, still there are certain superfluities in which one must indulge in order to be on speaking terms with society. Now I want to take a course of music lessons, but until I can earn some money that is an impossibility."

"And see how much nerve and brain force you'll have to spend on your piano after six hours' work in school," said Miss Prince, the Grammar school teacher, whose bright black eyes mirrored her clear common sense. "If anybody knows what an un-ideal thing teaching is I do believe I'm that person, but considering all that, I honestly think no one ought in justice to herself to take it up as a makeshift, a stepping-stone she hates over which to reach something beyond. I have faith that there are a gifted few who, like Rose Perry here, could wish to make teaching their life work, and wish with all my heart it could be arranged that we who hate it could withdraw and leave the field to those who belong there."

"But where shall we withdraw," said Kate, with a face of mock despair. "Is there to be an asylum for incapable school mistresses?"

"Oh dear, I don't know," sighed Miss Prince in her most hopeless tone, and sometimes, it must be confessed, she was fathoms deep in the "blues." "And the worst of it is you feel it is one incessant grind for bread and butter. If one were only teaching the cannibals there might be some pious savor in the thought of missionary sacrifice and martyrdom; but instead of that you feel you have a just equivalent, so far as money can balance torn nerves and tempers, in what you eat and are clothed with. Besides all that, you have no time left to enjoy life in your own way."

"I can see the force of that last objection," said Mrs. Cavendish. "It is a constant source of astonishment to me that teachers do find time and inclination for reading or study, outside their own beaten track. As to the hard work, my dear, are you sure you take just the right view of that? I don't think it degrades it in the least, or lessens its true value that it is given in exchange for money. There is no reason why one should not have as high an ideal as she would in some sacrifice she makes for no reward. Then, too, wages seem hardly ever to be regarded in their proper bearing; not, as you say, a just equivalent for work, since earnest, self-sacrificing labor must be a free gift to the world, but only a provision by which man may be fed and clothed in order to be in a condition to make that gift."

Mrs. Stanton, the pretty young matron by the window, laid down her work and spoke with some hesitation. "I wonder if it is n't the trouble in all kinds of busy life, except, of course, those devoted to some special calling which seems the highest and best to the person who adopts it, that there is such a hurry and turmoil that people have no time to get the best good out of life itself."

"Jennie," said Miss Truefit, reprovingly, "I do hope you 're not going to sigh for a career!"

"No, don't misunderstand me," she returned eagerly, "I believe nobody could be happier than I am in my pretty home with Charlie and the baby, and I don't consider the least thing done for their comfort or happiness inferior to some more gifted woman's mission of writing poetry perhaps. But I do feel, when the days slip by and I have scarcely an unoccupied ten minutes for a book or the piano, that I should like to make myself more intelligent and attractive even though I am a married woman. If you think I 'm too extreme in my views, Miss Prudence, I 'm willing to attribute my longing for culture to the motive formerly considered proper for women to have, to make themselves more worthy companions for the male portion of the family."

"Yes," said Hattie Peterson, who had been married five years and made a charming housewife. "There 's no doubt that that 's what women need—some active interest outside their own four walls and grass plot. Now don't all look at me as if I were unpardonably heterodox. I 'm not in the least strong-minded, but I do think we women see so many little worries and are so constantly stemming the tide against them, that we forget the course of the universe does n't entirely depend on them. And no wonder we get blue and fretful, thrown back on sewing and preserves year after year.

"Well," said Miss Prudence, "all this sounds very nice, but you 'll excuse me if I say it 's extremely vague! Suppose you all had this leisure, what would you do with it? Is n't it just what I told you in the first place—that everybody is trying to lay the foundations for a Castle of Indolence?"

"A thousand times no! Don't you see what we mean is this—that there is an incessant wear and tear in getting the mere necessaries of life, and when they are attained we work just as desperately for luxuries. We struggle and plan, spend sleepless nights, and all for what? To keep up to a certain per cent. in our neighbor's opinion of what is fitting and proper; to become notable housekeepers, and then when we have gained the reputation, 'lie down and die and are buried in dirt!' Just as business men spend the best part of themselves for money and social position. If life is merely this—a contest for what we eat and wear, or a lottery to decide who goes to Heaven, I don't think it worth the living!" And she looked up a good deal excited and half frightened at her own temerity.

"Well, you have n't told us yet how you would like your time to be disposed of," said Miss Prudence imperatively.

"I could n't begin to tell of half the ways," said Hattie. "I want to read so many books, and every time I look at my Botany it makes me sigh to think of the rare things growing in hidden places, while I have n't time to search for them. Then, too, what mother is there who could n't use every minute of her day with the children, and still feel she had n't given them half enough of herself? I don't mean to disparage school education, but surely that could

far better be dispensed with, than the unconscious training a child receives by being with a cultivated woman, who can give the thought to his individual development that a teacher must share with twenty or thirty others. And for such an undertaking a woman needs time and opportunities for thought and mental growth herself, to keep pace with the increasing demands of her child."

"Well," said Miss Prudence, "suppose we test your sincerity and see whether you 're willing to live more simply or not. Take the mere question of clothes, for instance. Kate, are you desirous of giving up that extremely pretty plaiting, for a bias ruffle that will take a quarter of the time in making, and only catch half as much dust?"

"I don't know," said Kate doubtfully. "I suppose so, if everybody else would wear bias ruffles, and nobody flaunt fine plaiting before my eyes."

"Now suppose you do that," said Miss Prudence, "you 'll have extra time for your music, since you do your own sewing."

"I *know* I 'm willing," said Hattie Peterson, "but I hire most of my sewing done—that is, the trimming, tucking, ruffling, etc., and do the plain work myself. Now I don't believe you 'd say I ought to give up those extras that Mrs. Boyce does for me, and so take away some of her daily bread, would you?"

"There 's a very simple solution of that," said Mrs. Cavendish, smiling. "Leave off the extras, hire the plain sewing done instead, and pay just as much for it."

"But clothes are so pretty made fancifully and trimmed," put in Lu Hawthorne, the drawing teacher. "I think there 's a fine art in sewing as much as anything else, and there is a great temptation to have nice, dainty things even if they do cost time and trouble."

"I know it," returned Mrs. Cavendish, "and must confess I 'm not a very radical dress reformer myself, for ugly things are always disagreeable to me, no matter how serviceable they are. Still one need not be unbecomingly or too plainly dressed. I think pretty clothes most desirable; in fact I should n't object to see you girls in robes woven out of rainbows or rose-leaves, but I 'm really afraid that now, when times are so hard, we 've no right to so much elaborateness. Now I'm going to be very personal, and ask you, Hattie, if when you were married you were n't worn, nervous and tired out, from the months' labor you had given that pretty trousseau of yours?"

"Yes," said Hattie, dolefully. "I must confess it."

"Then again, were n't the rich embroideries you put into baby's clothes more of a task than all the care of the little fellow since?"

"To be sure," answered Hattie, "but that was a labor of love. I wanted to make everything perfect for his little majesty."

"I see, I understand," said Mrs. Cavendish, shaking her head, "but it does make my heart ache sometimes to know of mothers, after their cares are over for the day and the rest of the family in bed, sitting up far into the night stitching away, not on anything needful, mind you! If they were patching or darning there would be a sanctification of motherly love about it, but they are only spending their strength on tucks and embroideries."

There was little more said, but it may safely be concluded that quite an amount of thought was excited by the discussion. There is reason to believe, also, that during the week there were quiet talks between one and another on the same subject, so that when Hattie Peterson came to the next sewing circle with her face aglow and manner animated by a new idea, everybody seemed ready for its reception.

"Do you know," she said laughing, as she opened her bundle of work, "Harry says we 're becoming political economists, and if the Littleton women go on in this way, bringing the millennium on with such gigantic strides, they 'll get so superior that the men will be obliged to emigrate."

"I don't believe we 're very near the millennium yet," said Miss Truefit, in her most skeptical tone. "And in these days it 's no special mark of superiority to theorize about it."

"Well, but I really have something to

propose," said Hattie. "I've thought about our talk last week in sober earnest, and begin to believe we could do something to make life pleasanter and less hurried. That is, I mean of course, hurried and tried over unnecessary cares, so that we can have brain and muscle and nerve ready for the demands of really important things."

"George Herbert used to be enough in fashion for people to quote what he said about sweeping a room, and believe it, too," put in Miss Truefit.

Mrs. Cavendish spoke decisively. "Whatever of manual labor we *need* to do, Prudence, to earn our bread from the earth, or minister to other people, let no one dare look down on. But when it comes to working over a hot stove all day to bake and frost and stew all sorts of rich, indigestible things for supper, or spending a week to trim a dress skirt, I can't believe that even George Herbert would have seen any holiness there."

There was a pause, and then Prudence said a little more tolerantly, "Well, Hattie, what were your plans?"

"They're not very clearly defined yet," said Hattie, "but you're welcome to the substance of them. You'll all agree with me that Littleton is comparatively a small place?" Everybody smiled assent. "And without any false modesty I suppose we dare assert that we form the best society here? Well then, we need not fear Mrs. Grundy, since we represent that lady in our own persons, and so why should n't we institute a few changes in our part of the community for ourselves?"

"Capital!" said Mrs. Maynard, who was fond of new theories and eager to experiment with them, one week trying to bring down her flesh according to Banting and the next building up muscle with oatmeal. "Let's hear all you've thought and pass judgment on it."

"First as to dress," went on Hattie, "we will give up superfluities, every extravagant mode of trimming and useless article, remembering to lose no bit of taste, neatness or care in its arrangement."

"Ah," sighed Kate, "that sounds well, and is all very desirable for you Madonna-looking women who could wear a nun's dress and find it becoming, but what is to become of my gaunt figure when it is draped in those same plain folds?"

"Oh, I don't mean that we're to be extreme or *outré*," answered Hattie, "or to sew up two breadths of cloth, cut a hole in it for the head and tie a string round the waist! My idea is to dress plainly with a decent regard for the fashions of the day, but dispensing with huge bunches of loopings, fine pleating and what not."

"And I think there's something else you want to consider," said Mrs. Cavendish. "Under garments are becoming marvels of workmanship, or work*woman*ship rather, and taking into account the fact that their most desirable quality is freshness and cleanness, couldn't they be less elaborate, and still be pretty and dainty?"

"Yes'm," said Hattie eagerly. "Just what I wanted you to say. And there's another item. Even in our comfortable town, where as the County paper says, there are no poor, I know of a good many women who imperatively need all the sewing they can get. Now if we give up superfluities an important difference is made in the amount of work to be done, and they ought not to be the ones to suffer from it. And as we all hire them more or less, of course they would feel it in a small way, as hand laborers feel the introduction of machinery. Now for every extra left off which they would make for us, let us calculate its equivalent as to the time spent in plain sewing, give them that, and as Miss Truefit said last week, pay them just as much for it."

To her surprise everybody seemed delighted with the notion and ready to adopt it.

"Hattie," said Mrs. Cavendish, I do so admire your common sense, that if I weren't an old lady and this a strictly proper assembly I should no doubt call for three cheers for you!"

"I've something in mind, too," said Mrs. Gardner, a hearty, country-looking woman. "And I'll begin at once to cover the former speaker's blushes. Don't you think we might make a great difference in the amount of needless work, and indigestion too, if we lived more sensibly as to food?"

"I can agree more heartily there," put in Miss Truefit. "It does seem so nonsensical to go to extremes in that direction as well as any other. Last winter when everybody had a tea-party we begun with tarts, two kinds of preserve, and three kinds of cake, and as nobody was willing to be outdone we all made a similar display. They were delightful little parties—I enjoyed them, but I should have been quite as comfortable in every respect, if I had not had such a variety of dishes from which to choose my supper."

"Well, what shall we do?" said Mrs. Maynard. "Have a regulation bill of fare?"

"Of course not," answered Mrs. Cavendish. "Let every woman decide on her own table, as we're all quite capable of doing, only let it be understood that if we go out to tea or dinner, we don't expect our hostess to turn her household arrangements upside down for our benefit. Besides the point of not being ashamed to offer visitors our every-day fare, let us not be ashamed to have our food plain and healthful. You'd all object to seeing your children eat rich fruit cake and all sorts of heavy dainties, and I've always found that children never quite see the difference between the laws regulating their stomachs and those of their elders. So why not set the example which we wish them to follow? And if we have company let us take it for granted they come to see us, not to enjoy our table, and give them more of the best that is in ourselves and less of our skill as pastry cooks."

"But don't you think it is sometimes rather hard on company to be made literally at home?" asked Kate. "It seems to me the best we have ought to be set before them."

"The best, surely," said Mrs. Cavendish. "And if one is truly hospitable there will be a certain holiday air about the house when a visitor is there, not to be found on ordinary days. But the real spirit of hospitality is the giving yourself to the guest and his pleasure. I do not mean that one should by any means neglect his bodily comfort, but if you are careful about *too* many things he may have more of your pie but less of you."

"And all the people cried amen!" It is astonishing to find how sensible people really are if you once get them started in that road, and how ready to do their part in life. Perhaps the novelty of theorizing influenced these women as much as the value of the ideas themselves, but at any rate they were all in earnest, and really did bring about results which are not to be despised. Of course there was no great immediate change—the lion didn't drop asleep in any path as soon as they had decided to travel that way. But they were waked up to a glimmering consciousness of what the true good in life is, and set about doing away with as many non-essentials as possible in order to make room for things of value. There was, for one thing, an important difference in their leisure—Hattie Peterson said she felt almost conscience-stricken sometimes, when she found herself of an afternoon placidly reading a novel. But then she consoled herself by thinking that before, when there was breathing-space she had occupied it in making patch-work quilts and braided rugs, which Harry always declared were monstrosities, and now she felt justified in buying better and prettier articles to answer the same purposes with the money she had once put into "extras." Soon a botany class was organized, and the skeptical person in the world would not have despised the muscular power or healthful nervous poise gained by the long tramps these reformers took. Then they began to make little bouquets to send to the city morning after morning by one or two of the husbands, who were indulgent enough to agree to distribute them promiscuously among the little ragmuffins they met on the way to places of business, and so a breath of country sweetness was carried into the city squalor.

An idea dawned upon Kate, who was still waiting, Micawber-like, and she made rustic baskets, and filled them with all curious and lovely growing things to be found in the Littleton woods. They sold at once, so that she began to carry on quite an extensive business, and considering, in addition to the money, the insight she acquired into growing Nature and the

delight she learned to feel in the life of the woods, her labors among fern and moss were a most profitable investment. That these ladies, and they certainly did represent good society in Littleton, were willing to dress plainly, was the best thing possible for the classes below them—those inferior to them in culture and less fortunate than they as to money. Servant girls were not quite as miserable as before if they had not a gawdy silk, and two or three sets of jewelry; that their mistresses could wear clean cambric dresses or plain woolen ones made it easy for them also.

But even if the practical advantages gained had been small, it was much that every one caught and was influenced by the moving idea—that life is not simply a dressing, eating and adorning business, but that food and clothes are only means to an end. And the suggestion that such a high end and aim exists, led imperceptibly to the speculation as to what it ought to be in individual cases, and a more thoughtful, earnest spirit seemed to animate the community. So the ball set rolling at Littleton sewing circle has gathered and gathered, until one may safely prophesy that it will smooth down many rough places of ignorance and sin, and no one can say that it will ever stop.

L. K. Black.

SUNDAY IN WATER STREET.

II.

In the little parlor on the second floor, three or four friends already sat waiting, but Jerry, wise man, passed on to the third story.

"I love 'em every one," he said, "but I 'm that hoarse with talkin' and singin' I can't but just peep, an' of course they don't think nor know, but what I can keep right on, when I want two pairs o' lungs instead o' part of a bad one, to do the work that 's called for. It 's talk from the minute I 'm out of bed, to the minute I 'm in. If my words meant a cent apiece I 'd be the richest man in New York, and you 'd see a mission at every corner. This third story is meant to be finished off some day, an' my wife talks of a sewing-school for next winter. There 's children enough to fill it, but she can't do all the teachin', an' we don't know yet who 'll turn in an' help. Now look."

About the wall of the open attic, waiting its division into rooms, hung half a dozen bird cages, holding cardinal and mocking-birds. The sun streamed in from the windows, and some geraniums and heliotropes grew luxuriantly. Jerry opened one of the cages, and a slender, delicate mocking-bird darted out, and flew for a moment to the end of the long space; then returning lighted on his head and sat contentedly.

"Want a worm, you rascal?" said Jerry, and the bird whistled softly a most unequivocal yes, darting about his head, and then poising near a door at the end.

"Earn it then," said his master, and the pretty creature, with apparently a perfect understanding of the demand, began a series of performances; flying into Jerry's open coat pocket, and putting its head just far enough out to sing a note or two; going up his sleeve, and finally attacking him, flying back and forth with screams of simulated rage, which ended in a burst of beautiful melody, as Jerry returned from another room with a wriggling meal-worm.

"Some folks thinks it 's wicked," he said, "but I get comfort out o' these birds, an' this one in particular. I 've been trainin' him six months now, an' when I 'm so tired I can't speak hardly, it rests me to get up here with 'em, an' see 'em go on. You don't think it unbecomin' a Christian, do you? If I was ever sure it did harm I 'd

get rid of 'em, every one. How could it though? These innocent birds?"

"How could it?" I echoed, as I watched the tall man, whose face had become beautiful to me in the months I had known it, and that held now all the glee of a child as the birds flew about him coaxing for more worms. I went down, lest the temptation to talk should be too great, and found Mrs. McAuley making ready to go and see a sick woman in the neighborhood. A gentle-looking woman a little beyond middle life, who was introduced as Dr. B——, sat waiting, and I found she made it her business when in the city to give her services among the poor of the Mission.

"If you want to know how some of the poor souls have to live and die, you can come with us," she said; "but you must be prepared for everything that is dreadful. Can you stand foul smells?"

"I will stand them for I want to see," I made answer, recalling the constitutional antipathy to them and to disease, which had been one of my stumbling-blocks. "I ought to be able to if you can."

"Ah, but I have had long training," she said, "and even now, often, I have to go out to the landing two or three times in the course of a call, I grow so faint. They live in them and must lose all sense of smell in the end, for they do not seem to mind."

We turned into Cherry street, passing a row of tall tenement houses and entering a much older one, with rickety stair-rail and uneven stairs, and a horrible and indescribable odor in the dark passages. Up to the top of the house, and to a narrow room under the eaves, the bed pushed as far as it would go against the sloping wall; a chair or two and small table, and a tiny cooking-stove, over which a man bent stirring something in a saucepan. So deadly and heavy was the smell as the door opened, that a mighty effort was necessary before I could enter at all.

"She 's a grain easier, but only a grain," said the man coming forward. "She 's been prayin' to be released, if it 's the Lord's will, an' I 've come to be willin'. Look at her."

The bandages had been removed, and I saw a painful sight; cancer of the face and head; yet life enough in the poor lips to smile in the doctor's face.

"I 'm most through, ain't I?" she whispered. "Oh, I hope so, but I 'm willin' to wait."

"Yes, you are almost through," answered the kind voice. "You have only a day or two longer."

The man knelt down by the bed, shaking with sobs, and Mrs. McAuley kneeling by him, prayed for release, for patience and strength to bear whatever pain must still be borne.

"That does me good," the dying woman whispered. "Come to-morrow an' every day till I 'm gone. It won't take you much longer, an' though it 's a trouble, you won't mind."

"We 'll go to the next place, and let the Doctor come when she 's through," said Mrs. McAuley, with a pressure of the wasted hand, and hurried me down the stairs.

"I thought you would faint," she said, as we reached the street, and the wind blew up cool from the river. "Stand still a minute. You 're trembling."

"Why does not such a case as that go to the hospital," I asked, when the fresh air had brought back color and voice. "She could have decent comfort there."

"We wanted her to, but her husband would n't hear to it. He wanted to be near the mission, and so did she, and she said she 'd got to die anyway, so that there was no use in going away. They were both converted there, an' he 's been tender as a woman with her. He 's tended her all night, sleeping when he could, after working all day on the dock, an' it breaks his heart to think she 's going. The next place is right opposite the Mission."

The six-story tenement house, while less shaky than the one we had just left, was equally odorous, and how human beings lived through such pulling upon all the vital forces, I could not see. We passed familiar faces on two of the landings, and I found this house had gradually been filled by the "regulars" at the mission, and though a liquor saloon still continued below,

had thus altogether lost its former character as one of the most brawling, disorderly houses in the block. Up to the fourth floor, and a front room, overlooking the street; a room of tolerable size, but intolerable dirt, where four little children sat on the floor eating bread and molasses, while a man in the corner sat smoking. He nodded surlily, but said nothing, and I followed into an inner room; a dark bedroom, where no sunshine could ever reach, and which had the same heavy, oppressive smell I had noticed in the other house; a fog of human exhalations. Propped up in bed, for easier breathing was a woman in the last stages of consumption; a deep, red spot on each cheek, and her frame the merest skeleton.

"I've been lookin' for you," she said. "Ain't the doctor comin' too?"

"Right away. He's at Jinny's," was the answer, and that moment Dr. B— came in. I went out to the larger room, and tried to talk to the children, but they were absorbed in their bread and molasses, and the man eyed me so suspiciously, that I sat silent, looking about. An old mattress was in one corner, evidently the children's bed at night; a few chairs; a closet, whose open doors showed some broken crockery and one or two cooking utensils.

"I'll come round to-morrow Dennis and straighten up a bit," said Mrs. McAuley. "It's pretty hard on you, trying to do all yourself." The man grunted, and in a moment left the room.

"Come here, you poor, sticky little things," she went on, "and have your faces washed. You can't see out of your eyes for dirt. Their mother kept round till a month ago, but she can't help herself a stroke now. She's one of our people, but her husband's a Romanist, an' there was a time he wanted to kill Jerry and me for making a turncoat of her. He don't feel so bad now, because he sees we do what we can, but he'd give his eyes if she'd have the priest come, and he's so afraid I'll talk to these children."

The oldest one, only five but preternaturally old, and with a business-like expression, laughed.

"I washed yesterday," she said, "I borryed a little tub, an' I let Molly rub her own apron. It ain't dry yet. An' tomorry I'm goin' to scrub mother's floor with Mrs. O'Rafferty's brush."

"I'll be here," said Mrs. McAuley, who had already transformed the two youngest into very lovely looking children, whose dark curls and clear blue eyes were the best type of Celtic beauty. "You ought to wash 'em more Bridget. You're old enough."

"They does n't like it," said Bridget. "They hollers, an' that plagues mother. I can't make 'em be still for it, savin' sometimes."

The doctor's work was over; the bed freshly made, and the sick woman rendered as comfortable as possible, and after a prayer from both these true ministering spirits we went out. Children looked from every door, it seemed to me by dozens; swarmed on the stairs and in the halls. On the step, a little cripple sat, his crutches by him, and another child, a hunchback, playing "toss-up," with him. As we paused a moment to speak to both, the door of the corner bucket-shop was flung open, and three or four men rushed out, shouting and gesticulating. Those on the sidewalk turned, but with no excitement; only a mere ripple of curiosity as to what might happen next. Wrestling together; giving and receiving tremendous blows, the bar-keeper and a drunken man, fell together through the door, but were up in a moment.

"You will, will you, you——" said the former. "D'n you——" and here followed a stream of incredible oaths. The drunken man staggered up, but the bar-keeper, strong with rage, threw him from him, and he fell heavily, his head striking the curb-stone, and the blood flowing in a stream from a deep cut on the head.

"Now see if you'll hang round and beg any longer," said the bar-keeper retreating, and at this moment a policeman appeared on the run, club in hand, and began clubbing the prostrate wretch in the gutter.

"That can't go on," said Dr. B——, going forward. "Arrest the man if that's your duty but stop beating him. Punishment is for the court and not for you."

"Who in——are you?" said the officer,

still using his club, indiscriminately. The man tried to stagger up but fell back.

"Let him alone," said Dr. B——interposing herself, and in imminent danger of receiving some of the blows.

"Get out you old fool! I know my duty," said the policeman, but at this moment Jerry appeared on the scene, his badge of deputy-sheriff hastily fastened on. The policeman fell back.

"It's the old story," said Jerry. This man has been kicked out because his money was all gone. Had he tried to fight?"

"No," answered the bar-keeper sullenly, "I was only putting him out, because he was in the way."

"Let him go to his own place then," said Jerry, whose voice rang through the street, and whose presence seemed to daunt the crowd of roughs that had gathered. We had crossed to the Mission, as the only secure place, but I stood in the door watching the progress of affairs.

"Mr. William E. Dodge got him that deputy-sheriff's shield," said Mrs. McAuley, "because he was always going into these places, an' always bein' arrested for interfering with the law. He takes good care now to find out if there's good reason for arresting a man, but you see these policemen get brutal. They see such sights all the time, and many of them is well paid by the keepers, for holding their tongues. We've had these dens cleared out one day, and the shutters up, and the next they'd be down, an' the keepers laughing and jeering at us. They're all against the law, but the law winks at it all."

"Yes," said Jerry, who had returned, and who stood watching the drunken man as he stumbled along toward his home. "Just so long as politics rules and not decency, there'll be this work. I know the inside of this police-system, an' it's a mass of rottenness. I ought to know. I've bought off many a detective; and this corner man has bought off many another. An' sometimes a man 'll let his place be hauled, just as a blind, an' the papers' come out—'See what admirable police!' Mind ye, he's been paid to be a scape-goat, and starts fresh the next day. I don't say there ain't good men in the service. I know they are, but down here, too many of 'em is the devil's own aids. There's a law against disturbin' the public peace is n't there? Well, my wife an' me can't sleep for the screams an' howls, and foul words in the street. We got crazy for want o' sleep one time, an' one night we just got up an' dressed an' went to the Station. 'Capt. W.,' says I, 'we have worked, well as we know how, for the people in this ward, but we're bein' killed by the doings your men don't stop. We've as much right to our rest as the people up town, an' we want the noise stopped.' He swore at us for meddlin' fools, but he did stop it for a night or two. It began again though. There's times when you'd think hell was broke loose. Stay down with us some night, an' you'll see."

"I must go after that man," said Dr. B. "They said he lived up Slaughter Alley, and I want to plaster that cut."

"Come on then," said Jerry, "I sha n't let you go there alone. You go up to the company Maria, and we'll start on."

I followed, shrinking inwardly at the prospect, yet determined to know all the secret life of this unknown country, and we passed up Roosevelt Street, to a narrow alley running between five-story tenement houses, and ending in a blank wall.

"Look out for your footing," said Jerry. "It's dreadful dirty here. The time was n't long ago, that they'd pitch dirt out on you. I've gone home covered many a time. They're mostly Romanists, an' very bitter against a turn-coat, an' the city missionaries has a hard time in these places. I'd a kicked one down-stairs myself, twelve years ago."

Over the slimy stones and on to a basement at the extreme end, a step down, into a narrow room, lighted by one dirt-encrusted window; and almost destitute of furniture. The man we sought, lay across the foot of a dirty bed, but sat up and looked stupidly about as the door opened. On a broken-backed chair, sat a crying woman, the skin gone from her cheek and a black and blue bruise rising about her eye. A weasened baby was in her lap, and five children hud-

dled about her. An old woman stood near the man; nine souls for this one room, herding together, in dirt and wretchedness, incredible to those who have not seen it for themselves. To talk of poverty, and to take a theoretical interest in the social questions of the day is a fashion at present, and a fashion which has its foundation of good. MacDonald has done much to rouse this interest; an interest ending often in a sigh, and a quarter for the nearest beggar, but whoever, even once, sets foot in a home like this, carries away a memory that must forever act as spur to lingering action, and keep vivid the thought of these smouldering elements of riot and revolt down among the slums.

The doctor went quietly to work, washing the cut and plastering it from a roll she carried with her, while the woman told her tale.

"I would n't have yees see the eye on me if I could help it for Mike's as kind a cratur whin the dhrink's not in him, as ye'd want to see. But he came in mad loike, an' the first thing was up wid his fist an hittin' me. He'd worked nigh the whole week, an' there was good wages comin' to him, but the minute he'd his pocket full he went to Jim's. I knew he'd be there, an' I was on the watch, but he'd had some as he come along, an' was jest full enough not to mind. I says, 'Mike give me a dollar for the children. We 've none of us ate since mornin,' an' he swore an' pushed me to one side. Thin I begged an' the saloon-keeper pushed me out, an' said he would n't have no snivelin' women around. The baker would n't trust me, but one o' me neighbors give me a quart o' male an' let me cook it on her stove, so they went to slape with somethin' in their stomachs. Thin I wint round to-day, an' I says, 'For the love o' God, don't let your ehildren starve,' but he could n't attind, bein' full o' the dhrink. I don' know what we'll be doin'. I 've got one day's washin' come Wednesday, but that won't kape us, an' what he has n't swallyed, they 've tuk from him in the night. Oh, wurra! me heart's sick in me!"

"She's done what she could," said the old woman. "Sorry that iver I give birth to a man that won't care for his own."

The children looked up: puny things, with sodden faces and lusterless eyes; too inert for either good or evil as yet, but laying here in want and misery the foundation for crime. A home comes in the end: a home which the State makes secure and comfortable, and where the man or women serving out their first sentence, learns perhaps for the first time the meaning of decent food and enough of it. The followers of Malthus have some reason for the faith that is in them, and shrink as good men and women may from all consideration of this question its hour is at hand. Temporary relief for cases like this—and they are legion—is merely palliative, and common sense must work with Christianity, if revolution and anarchy are not to be a national pastime.

As we turned away, sick with pity, the alley presented a formidable sight. From all quarters girls and boys at the most dangerous and reckless age, from fourteen to eighteen or twenty, had gathered, reinforced by a rabble of children with bits of stone or brick in their hands.

"There's McAuley the turncoat!" they shouted. "Hi! McAuley and his band. Give it to them! Hi!"

"Are you afraid?" said the doctor, quietly as if this were the usual reception.

"No," I said with my lips, striving to bring various cowardly instincts into line.

"No, not if you are not."

Jerry stood for a moment, considering the situation. Then throwing back his coat so that the sheriff's badge was plainly to be seen, grasped his cane firmly, and went down through the crowd with an Irish whoop. They scattered, swearing and jibing, and we followed him out to the street, where two policemen stood; one of the most welcome sights my eyes ever rested upon. Two or three stones flew by, but one of the policemen charged up the alley, returning with one exceedingly small boy who shook with terror, and seemed a most inadequate scapegoat for that mass of reckless outrageousness. But I could understand better what a haven of rest the quiet Mission must seem, though the wonder grew, how, coming up in such surroundings, it was possible for either men or women to reform.

"Do you wonder I want to clean them rum-holes out?" said Jerry as we sat down in his pleasant parlor, and drew a long breath of relief. "Do you wonder? Here's temptation right before the face an' eyes of every one that comes in here, an' the grace of God himself can hardly make headway against such devil's doings. It's awful odds to work against, an' there's minutes when I'm clean discouraged an' wonder what the Lord means lettin' such wickedness go on."

"There's a man down stairs that will see you, an' wont take no for an answer," said the Janitor putting his head in. "I told him you'd be down right after tea, but he wants you now."

"Let Charley talk to him," said his wife anxiously. "You won't be able to speak to night if you don't be quiet awhile."

"I'll just see what he wants," said Jerry, and that was the last of him till the tea bell rang at six o'clock, and he came up pale and tired, but contented.

"It's a queer case," he said. "A man that's paid seventy dollars for a glass of beer. He was a sailor just landed in Boston, an' at his sister's, an' she asked him to go to a store close by an' get her some tape. He took the oldest little girl along, an' sent her back with it, an' then thought he'd have some lager. He took out a lot of bills when he paid for it, an' then thought he'd have another. That's the last he remembers. He says he does n't know one more thing, till he found himself here in Dover Street without a cent ten days afterward. 'Tis n't uncommon," he went on in answer to my astonished look. "The beer was likely drugged. I've done it, and it don't work off. It leaves a man half crazy. Either they robbed him then an' there, an' that's most likely, or else he went on an' flung it out himself, an' at last they bundled him off to New York. He's got to earn money now to get back, an' he wanted to tell me, an' be prayed for to night."

"Poor soul, he shall be!" answered Mrs. McAuley with her inexhaustible sympathy, and after the cheerful, really daintily served meal was over, he was called up to have a comfortable one also, though too weak from the prolonged debauch to care for anything but some strong coffee. Medicine was prepared for him, such as is kept in the Mission for just such emergencies, and the janitor, himself a reformed drunkard, saw that he was made clean and decent as possible for the evening meeting.

This of itself deserves record, filled as it was with vivid "experiences," many of them repetitions of the afternoon, but many more fresh, and running over with crisp individuality and characterization. Before the first hour ended the door flew open, and a man and woman staggered in together: he in that stage of intoxication where a man insists he is not drunk and has no thought of being; she, fresh from some street fray, with black hair streaming about her face, and soiled, torn garments.

"Somebody help me! Oh, won't somebody help me!" she cried, as she came up the aisle, wringing her hands and sobbing.

"Sit down an' be still, an' you'll get help," said one of the men who acted as usher, and she slid into a seat, weaving back and forth, and still sobbing at intervals. A young girl, I saw, as she looked up, not over twenty at the most, but a face of utter woe. Dark eyes and clear outline that held suggestion of beauty, though deformed with bruises and dirt, and a long cut on the left cheek. As she sat, a certain degree of soberness came. She twisted up her fallen hair, and pulled her torn dress together, the womanly instinct toward neatness not quite extinct. As the bench filled for prayers, she rushed forward and threw herself down with a wild cry.

"Oh, Jesus help me!"

I wondered at the small degree of attention she excited. Jerry asked no questions, and she was prayed for with the rest but not specially. A day or so later my questions were answered.

"You thought we was hard, did n't you?" asked Jerry. "I saw it in your face, but that girl is an old case. Poor soul! I tried hard enough the first time she came rushin' in that way. There's a 'Home' for them you know a few doors down, but it don't work an' why should it? You've wondered we did n't have more women here.

Don't you know that you can haul in a hundred men to one woman? What it means the good Lord only knows, but they don't stay put. They cry an' promise, an' promise an' cry, an' you do for 'em wid all your might, an' all at once they 're off, an' maybe you never see 'em again. There 's women next door here, decoy ducks, that were reformed two or three years an' then went back."

"Do you mean to say then that work among them is hopeless?"

"God forbid!" said Jerry solemnly. "But I do say, that when a girl is once down, it is n't once in five hundred times you can pull her out. Take that very one you was so sorry for. She 's been to every meetin' round here, an' cried an' begged to be helped. She 's been taken first to one 'Home' an' then another, an' she 's run from every one back to her old life. The system 's wrong. That 's my opinion. You take a Home where a lot are in together, an' the devil 's let loose. They chew tobacco an' chew snuff, an' get drink on the sly, an' the old ones tell the young ones all their lives, an' the last end is worse than the first, for they learn a lot o' deviltry to add to their own. There aint but one way as I can see to save 'em. Keep 'em apart. Let Christian families that can, make up their minds to take one at a time; hedge her round; give her enough to do, an' get her interested, an' pray night and day she may be kept. That will save a good many, for it 's mostly worked where it 's been tried. But there aint anythin' in our work so discouragin' as this very thing. What you going to do? These girls comin' out of homes where a dozen maybe has herded in one room? What do they know of decency or cleanliness? What can they know, I 'd like to know? No, I tell you, the work 's got to begin at the beginning. Get hold of the children. Send them off. Do anything that 'll train 'em differently. They 're born in sin, an' born to sin, and the Lord only knows what 'll come if good men and women don't wake up an' take hold. A stray mission here an' there is only a drop in the bucket. You 've got to let your sects slide, an' not have it the Baptist Mission, an' the this an' that Mission, but the Lord Jesus Christ's Mission, an' every soul that loves him, trying to have his kingdom come. 'T won't come by sitting still neither. Right here, in the slums, you 've got to *work*, an' there 's work enough for the whole city."

July weather was upon us then, and doors and windows were all open. Street sounds mingled with the hymns and testimonies, and the policeman found it all and more than one could do to preserve any degree of order outside. Back of the Mission building is a high tenement house, the windows overlooking the chapel and within speaking distance, and I recall now an incident illustrative and typical of the double life working there.

Sitting at the organ, listening to the unusually quiet speeches of the men, and fanning to bring some breath of coolness into the stifling air, I heard from the upper rooms of this tenement house the sound of a fierce quarrel. A man and woman were the actors, the man apparently sitting quietly and at intervals throwing out some taunting words, for the woman's voice grew louder and shriller. Then came the crash of breaking furniture; a scream, and the throwing of some heavy piece of iron; probably a stove lid. The door banged furiously and for a moment there was silence. Then began the snarling, raging cry of demoniac passion; a wild-beast rage that it curdled the blood to hear, interspersed with screams and oaths. No one went to her. The house was well used to such demonstration, and as her fury slackened slightly, she leaned from the open window and looked into the chapel. Then followed a volley of oaths.

"Cursed heritics. Bunch of liars. I spit on you all. Ah, but would n't I like to get at the eyes of yees, ye every one! An' me fine lady there at the organ! Oh, ye sit there an' fan at your ease you——do ye? Think you could earn your own livin'——you! Comin' down, an' sittin' there an' niver carin' a ——if all of us has our hids knocked off! What do you know about throuble——you? Ah, let me get at you once, an' I 'll tear you to slithers. I 'd slatter ye if I had

the handlin' of ye. Turn round will ye an' show your blasted face an' I'll spit on it."

As the torrent of oaths and abuse went on, so fierce and furious that one instinctively shrunk back fearing some missile must follow, a child's voice from the room below, a voice not shrill and piercing like that of many children, but clear, pure and even, began singing, to the air of "Home, Sweet Home," a hymn learned in the Howard Mission; "Our Father in Heaven, we hallow Thy name."

The oaths redoubled, the child now being the object of attack, but she did not stop and each word came distinct and sweet. The man who had risen to speak stood silent. Straight through to the end the little voice sung on. The storm of words above, slackened, then ceased, and silence settled down; a silence that seemed the counterpart of that which came upon the wild waves of Galilee, when then as now the Savior's voice had power to bring quietness. Then as now devils raged, and sad souls doubted and wept and prayed. "Behold a woman came out of the same coasts and cried unto Him, have mercy!"

To-day and for all time, the answer is the same, and every worker in these fields, oppressed and disheartened as he may be, knows well and lives in that knowledge, that down the long line of years is still heard the word,

"Be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

Helen Campbell.

AT THE DOOR OF THE TABERNACLE.

Since we were going to Florida it appeared that I must have a new traveling hat. It must be something not too pronounced in style, neat, plain, and substantial. Mrs. Reeves could make me such an one, and I liked when it was possible to take work to Mrs. Reeves. She was growing old now; too old perhaps to accept the new styles with the quickness and enthusiasm necessary to their successful achievement. Often they offended her natural taste which was much opposed to anything extravagant. Her richest, most fashionable customers had begun to patronize younger women. She could not bring herself to sell cheap flowers and ribbons, and nothing in her window attracted the shop-girls or servant-maids. Her business was yearly lessening, though she still kept herself above want in her patient, frugal, uncomplaining life.

She was a woman of few words. She kept her brown eyes fastened upon me while I explained my errand, and opened her drawers for me with silent alacrity when it was stated. These were the only signs she gave of the earnestness with which she entered into my business. She patiently showed me every dark hat in her stock, not even pausing when I showed approbation, but in silence and gravity, helping me to find the thing that might be most completely satisfactory.

I made my choice and directed the trimming, but when the hat came home it disappointed me. The neat firm bows were too stiff, and they were put on in an imitation of the prevailing style, so timid as to be absolutely "gawky." After a little consideration I resolved to go and superintend their alteration myself.

It hurt me a little to take the work back, because I knew what thoroughly conscientious effort had been put into it. Mrs. Reeves looked somewhat blank and despairing as I tried to point out its faults, but her scissors were ready in a minute to clip the threads, that she might begin the trimming anew. I sat down to watch and suggest.

But my eyes soon wandered from the bonnet to the milliner. I observed that

she was a very pretty woman in spite of her fifty years, her straight black dress, and her wrinkles. There was a natural wave in her brown hair which was still dark and abundant. Her small nose, the even contour of her face, her full red lips, pursed up in her grave consideration of her work, helped to form a countenance unusually attractive. And it was full of unconsciousness and earnestness.

I thought it too grave however, too dull and sadly wondering. I was sure something more than the perversities of fashions and customers troubled the woman, something more than the narrowness of her income. She might be dealing with some very dark problem of life to wear a look like that.

While I was wishing to break the silence between us by something beside mere directions concerning the work, she surprised me by taking that office upon herself.

"Your nephew is one of the directors at the machine shop I've heard."

"He is."

Then there was another silence for a few moments.

"I don't like to trouble anybody with what's no concern of theirs," she said at last, "but I'm dreadful anxious to find work for my boy. Do you think there would be any for him out there?"

"I might ask. They employ a great many hands."

"Yes," with a sudden gleam of hope lighting her face, "I know they do. I'd be ever so much obliged if you would ask. It's months since he's had anything to do, and I don't have the business I used to have. It is n't the wages I mind so much though; we could get along somehow; but it's so bad for a young man to be idle. It puts him out of place like. He can't think so well of himself, and other folks don't think so well of him. Don't you see, it makes it hard for him to be good when he has to sit about with empty hands, and nothing to do but to eat the victuals other folks provide. Seems to me I *can't* have him in that way any longer!"

Her face was working with an intensity of eager feeling, and her simple words of anxiety and distress had a great effect upon me.

"It ought not to be;" I said. "Something must be done for him. How old is your son?"

She looked up surprised; "Oh, he is not my son;" she explained. "He is my husband's cousin's child. But his folks died a few years since and he came to live with me. I set store by him because I thought he favored my husband in looks, and he's been like my own ever since. He's twenty now."

Then after a pause she said in a husky voice, and without looking at me, "I ought to tell you the truth. It's partly his blame, being out of work. He has n't been steady; that's what stands in his way. But it don't help to make him steadier—being idle. He says he'd do better if they'd give him another chance; I know I'd watch to have him. Seems to me somebody ought to be willing to let him try again. Seems to me his salvation's worth *something!*"

It passed through my mind that factories were not run, primarily at least, with a view to the salvation of unsteady young men, but I did not say that to Mrs. Reeves. The desperation in her voice, and my own recognition of the very slender chance for employment an unsteady youth must have in these hard times, filled me with compassion for her.

"His salvation *is* worth something!" I said earnestly, "but you know it is not only work that may bring it, though we think work would help so much."

She made no answer while she turned away her head to wipe the falling tears.

"I know 't is n't all in work," she said after a few minutes, "but I don't see what else is going to bring it for him. I did n't have him when he was small, else I'd have tried to have it different. But now he don't love books. He never reads his Bible, and he can't bear to go to church. He loves company that'll amuse him, and it's getting worse and worse about that. He won't hear any words from me. There's nothing I can do but pray for him; and I've lost hope. When I do pray for him it's nothing but despair laid before the Lord."

I had no heart to try to encourage the

poor woman. For the moment I only shared her fear, and felt anger toward the cause of her great trouble.

"He has no claim upon you" I said at last, "why do you not let him go?"

She looked up in wonder: "*Where* should I let him go?" she asked.

I had no answer; where, indeed, but to beggary and perdition?

"You think it strange I should set such store by him," she continued gently, "but I always loved him, and coveted him when he was a little boy. My husband only lived a few weeks after we were married. I suppose that made me feel more tender toward everything, and everybody belonging to him. I cared for the farthest of kin to him more a'most than I did for my own. I've seen women that could n't favor the children that belonged to their husband's side of the house, as they did those that looked like their own side. But seemed to me I could n't have felt so. I thought if I had had children of my own I would have wanted them to look like him. And this one did."

"He's loosin' it now;" she added in a lower tone, and speaking with almost a shudder.

All this time she had not ceased working at the hat except as she stopped to dry her tears. The trimming was replaced now. If it was not greatly improved, I had ceased to care.

"My nephew will be at home this evening," I said. "If you will send your boy to the house I will see if anything can be done for him."

"I will come with him," she said, a gleam of hope in her face.

As I left the place I saw her boy lounging at the side gate. I looked at him with attention, and with a feeling of utter hopelessness as the result of my gaze. In spite of clean clothing he looked thoroughly disreputable. The expression of his weak pale face was bad and reckless. His slouching form told the tale of strength wasted past recovery I thought. To a bad will, a disordered nervous organization, and all the pains of a ruined body were setting spurs. Work! surely he was past doing any wholesome work. What must not that good, pure and industrious woman have suffered, in watching over a youth like this! And still she had effort to make for him. I glanced back at him saying to myself, "Surely there is no hope of manliness left in him. This that I see is the most unutterably woeful sight in the world!" His face haunted me all the day long, and troubled me with dark thoughts. That reckless mind, that bold will, that diseased, uneasy physical state, were perhaps his by inheritance. It seemed to me that in the fruitage of sin he was lost before he was born.

That night Mrs. Reeves came to our house alone, her demeanor still and patient as ever, but her face blank with discouragement. "He could not come," she said. "He was in no condition to come. I thought you might be expecting us so I just came to tell you."

"I am very sorry. We would have made a great effort to help him."

"Yes; but it would n't be any use. He could n't keep the place most likely, if you could give it to him. I realize it sometimes. I do to-night."

"But what will you do?"

"There's nothing I can do but to keep along as we are."

In the intervals of packing next day I thought often of Roger Reeves. Surely his friend ought to have help in bearing her burden. What could I do for her? I did not know, and the cares of my approaching journey diverted me from overmuch meditation upon the subject. Presently the hour of departure had come. I traveled to St. Augustine, and settled for awhile among people happy like myself to be respited from work or illness, making a sort of heavenly atmosphere of kindness to themselves and one another, as they were breathed upon by the sweet warm air, and indulged in serene enjoyment by the sunny skies and seas. We saw the oranges ripen, the roses and violets bloom: we sailed the bright waters, or dreamed upon the rocks. All day long there was nothing hard or unpleasant to be done or endured.

At the North meanwhile the streets were dismal with snow and wet. There were

rumors of hard times, of enforced idleness, of crowded almshouses, and the drain of pauperism upon the city treasuries. I seldom thought now of Mrs. Reeves. Those must have been dull weeks for the milliners. Spring hats were not to be thought of till April at the North.

But something beside tales of winter and hardship was reported from home. That divine love which smiled upon us out of the soft sunny skies left not itself without witness at the North. Wonderful witness it was, and such as not the most unlearned or the most care-absorbed could miss. A great building rose in the city drawing toward itself all eyes. Men knew that it was not built for any material gain. It had nothing to do with the temporal wants that were pressing so heavily. The thought of its builders turned aside from these to a need greater than them all; from lesser alleviations to the Source of all supply. The great Tabernacle rose as the witness of an assured and living faith. There are some, it said to the care-worn or heedless multitude, who believe in the true Bread of Life, and in the water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst again. They so believe in it that they will make great sacrifices to see it largely offered.

And when the doors of the building were opened, voices which had moved half the world came to take up the testimony. What strong and cheerful voices they were! What sure voices! The people thronged to listen to them, and trembled, smiled, and wept at the words spoken. The spells of the world were broken, spells of discomfort and care, of vanity and passion and discontent. They melted like clouds, and the blue sky of truth shone through. Lesser losses were forgotten in the fear of an everlasting loss; lesser hopes in the hope of divine love and immortal life. To the ladder built by a long line of prophets and teachers, a new evangel was placing the round that brought it down to the feet of the people of his own day, and they turned eagerly at his call to take the first step toward heaven.

Such were the things reported to us from home and we listened to them with awe and gratitude.

Some weeks after my return I took my much-worn traveling hat to Mrs. Reeves to be re-shapen and re-trimmed. I was ashamed to find myself reluctant to seek her again, as her hopelessly painful story came back to my mind. I did not at first like to look her fully in the face for fear of the sad record I might find there. But something in her tones, and in her movements, which were brisker and firmer than had been customary with her, reassured me. Looking up I observed that the blank, wondering, helpless pathos, was gone from her countenance, though it was if anything graver than it had ever been. As simple and earnest as ever, there was no cloud upon it now; its expression was settled, steady, and clear. I glanced at her again and again trying to analyze it; I thought it was one of solemn triumph. I said to myself:—"She has been given the victory over something, herself or her sorrow, or—can it be?—over the poor soul she was caring for." I longed to know what had befallen her in my absence, yet trembled to ask.

"When I last saw you" I said, "you were feeling anxious about your boy. May I ask if he is doing better now?"

The triumphant look heightened in her face. Her gray eyes dilated, and her red lips parted with her quickening breath.

"He is very ill;" she said. But she said it as she might have said, "he is translated!"

"I am sorry," I answered to her words, while full of wonder at her tones.

"Would you like to see him?" she asked, and without waiting for reply opened the door which divided her little shop from the room where he lay.

Why had she shown him to me? the poor dying boy, white as his pillows, shrunken and weak. He looked with wondering, half-conscious eyes from her to me, making scarcely any sign of understanding in answer to the few words I spoke to him. A quiet, childlike look in his dying face had replaced the willful, reckless one I had last seen it wear. Did that bear witness to anything worthy to be a real joy to her? Was it only that that made her proud and glad over him?

It was not till after subsequent visits to her house during the few last weeks of Roger's life that her feeling was explained to me. Warmed into confidence by the little acts of kindness I was able to show him, she told me by degrees, and at various times the story I will try to clothe again in language like her own.

"You were very hopeless about him when I went away," I once said to her.

"Yes; and I 'd reason to be. He got to be like one beside himself. I thought sometimes I 'd have to let the police take him, he was so wild. But I could n't do that, I could n't. And there was one other fear for him I could n't bear that haunted me all the time. Seemed in those days as if there was n't but one word for me in the whole Bible, and it said 'no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.' I thought there was no help for it but Roger must die a drunkard. I prayed night and day but I could n't pray with a bit of hope.

"It wa sn't long before he broke down and was terrible sick. The doctor worked over him, and gave me no hope he could live. But when the delirium passed off, he crept out of bed again just alive. And then we found—think of it!—his appetite for drink was gone! The Doctor told me it meant his days were numbered, but I could n't feel to grieve for that, I was so glad. He could n't eat any more than he could drink, scarcely; and his mind was as weak as his body. He was n't fierce and willful any more, but he was very low and sad, and he would cry and cry like a baby, sometimes for hours. I had to quiet him much as I would a baby. He could n't sleep, and I 've kept him still hours at night singing to him. Many a night I have n't slept till after four o'clock in the morning."

"What a heavy care for you!"

"A care! Oh, no! it seemed like nothing but a blessing. Think what I had been through with him before. To have him right there in my hands like a sick baby was nothing but peace and comfort. Only I knew he could n't be with me many months and I wanted to see a little light come into his mind before he died. I used to look out the window and see old John Green," (a gray-beard drunkard in the neighborhood) "going for his daily drams, and my whole heart would rise with joy when I thought my boy would not live to be like that. And then I would think how dare I have him die? so dark and ignorant as he was. I did not know how to talk to him, he was so weak and broken. He did not seem to understand much but that he was wretched.

"He got a little better and a little better for a while, and used to go out sunny mornings with me about half a block. He would n't go out without me; think of that! So many evenings as I 'd followed him to the door, and begged him not to go! I felt so safe and glad to go with him.

"It was while things were like this, and I was wondering night and day how I might help him, and not finding a word to say to him about the future that did not seem worse than useless, and yet while I was pressed with seeing that his mind failed instead of strengthened, and that all words would soon be too late, that one of my neighbors came in and began talking about the great Tabernacle they were going to build for Moody and Sankey. She said there was a rumor it was to be placed on the vacant lot just back of our street. I did not pay much attention to what she said I was so much absorbed in my trouble. Everybody else's affairs sounded idle as the wind to my ears in those days. But after a while that bit of talk came back and stayed in my mind, I could not tell why, till like a flash I realized all that it might mean for me. The Tabernacle was to be built close by our door. Roger could hear the singing, yes and perhaps the preaching! Why it had saved poor reprobates the world over! I might take him in there, if it came so near.

"Then it seemed to me I could not wait For a time I thought I was going to be disappointed. There was talk of building the Tabernacle farther down town. I tell you I prayed, if it was n't selfish of me to ask it, that it might come nigh us, and it did. I was so glad when they began to build, and Roger seemed brighter too. He'd sit all the morning gazing out the window to see the floor laid and the frame going up.

People came in throngs to see the building. That made it livelier in our dull street, and the dark sloppy days did not seem so long. 'T was all a show and a spectacle to him though. He did not seem to think it could mean anything more to him. I suppose many brighter, healthier folks than he looked at it just so. I'm so dull I might have watched it so myself if it had n't been for my feeling about him."

"And did you take Roger when the meetings began?"

"No; I could n't. I soon saw that. He could not have borne the crowd. I doubt if he could have understood the preaching. It was I that went!" she said with another indescribable light of joy in her face.

"And will you tell me what it was to you?"

"I don't know how to tell you. I went the very first time the building was opened. When I saw the crowds I was afraid, but I would n't have turned back for the world. If you never went to one of those Tabernacle meetings I do not know how to tell you what it was like. I live so much alone I could n't have imagined it and I could n't have imagined what it would be to me."

"Try to tell me what it was to you!"

"It was a new world — 't was heaven opened to me in an hour!"

"The preacher opened it to you?"

"No; it was n't the preacher only that did it for me, nor the great place, nor the crowd of people, but it was all together; 't was the great *consent* of it all."

"What consent?"

"The consent of God to bless us, and of the hearts of men to be blessed. When the waters flowed together after Moses divided them at the Red Sea would n't it have lifted your heart to see it? This was greater than that. It was a great sea of hungry hearts meeting the overflow of God's love. 'T was in nature too as much as the other. I 'd never seen it just so before. Most likely few of the people ever had. All of a sudden they knew God's love belonged to them and they lifted themselves to meet it."

"And what was the preacher's part?"

"To give the word. He knew the time had come. He was so sure of that, you see. He knew the people wanted God, and he knew that God wanted them. It was all plain to his mind, that 's why he could make it plain to us. God had showed him"

"You think he was set apart like Moses?"

"I suppose all good men are, are n't they? He can show more to some than to others, and when the sight is in them, they must teach. Shall I tell you his text that day? 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' First of all it had made his own soul glad; and seeing that helped as much as his words. I had heard he was a cheerful man, and I had a wicked, grudging sort of wonder in my mind whether he could be cheerful if he had a son who was a drunkard, and he could not forget that no drunkard could inherit the kingdom of heaven. You see back of that cankering question there was a hard thought of God in my heart. I had not been listening ten minutes before the light shone through and through that trouble, and broke my heart with shame."

"What did you see?"

"I did n't see the trouble any less, but true—so true! I saw there was perishing, there was everlasting loss. That was why the Father gave his Son, and why Christ died. They saw it all; they measured it, and felt it. If any true-hearted man could measure it and feel it for one human soul as they did for many, don't you think he would be willing to die to save that soul? I do. I am sure of it. Folks are indifferent to sin till it hurts very near them. They don't quite believe the ruin of it till it falls on one they love. Then you 'll see them strain every nerve to help in Christian work.

"When I truly saw God had felt it all, and moved infinite power to save, I could not fret against him any more. And that one look at him let light fall in upon myself. I, who had been vexed at his condemnation, had I loved my boy as he had done? I knew I had not. I had loved his good looks and his happiness and his success in working, and learning and living respectably,—but himself, his soul? Real love you

know that must have hope in it, and cannot be at a loss for words and ways. But Roger was near to perishing and I had not known what to say to him."

"There was want of faith as well as love in that too. 'Whosoever believeth in him shall not perish,' but I had been saying, 'Whosoever is so unworthy of him must perish!' Could I really believe that a simple trust in him would save Roger, poor Roger, who was past reformation in this life, and yet want words to help him? I had been dull and faithless and cold-hearted and it seemed to me I deserved to suffer. But now had come this new knowledge of God, and broken up the ice in my heart."

"And what came afterward?"

"Oh," she said, "it is all so little to tell of, and yet it was such a great, great thing to me. I cannot make you feel the heavenly love that I felt in it all, perhaps, and so it will only seem little and commonplace to you, and may be you won't see in it enough to make me so glad and give me all the comfort I feel.

"When I came in sight of Roger that day, and he looked up at me so wistful and helpless, I could have cried for hope and tenderness. I could not speak to him at first but went about putting up my things and straightening the room. He followed me with his eyes; he was even a bit impatient at last. 'Well, what did you see,' he asked. 'What was it all?'

"Then I went and sat down by him. Perhaps all that was in my mind took hold of his before I spoke. I was sure it must when I took his hands and looked into his eyes. 'It was a great crowd of folks, Roger,' I said, 'and a good man had come to preach them good news. It was for them and for me and for you and I brought it home to tell you.'

"'What is it then?' he asked.

"'It's that God loves us, you and me, and wants us to live in joy forever and ever.'

"But he shrunk back at the name of God. 'He don't love me,' he said.

"'Then why does he make me love you?' I said, and I couldn't keep the tears from rolling down my cheeks. 'Why did he make me love you when you was little and now and always, if He doesn't love you too?'

"That was a new thought to him, and he sat still and seemed to be taking it in.

"'You know I done wrong,' he said; then 'I supposed He hated me because I done wrong.' It was the first word he had ever said to own he knew he was wrong, and oh! I was so glad to hear it.

"'You did wrong,' I said, 'and God was grieved, but He did not hate you else He would not have helped me to keep on loving you, and let me bring you the word I heard at the Tabernacle to-day of how He loves us all.'

"'I done wrong to you' he said then, 'and you didn't hate me.'

"'No,' I said.

"'Didn't you sometimes? I guess you did sometimes.'

Then my heart failed me. There had been minutes when I had hated him; when his ways were so bad, you know, and he was so stubborn. I would have given worlds now if I had not had that to confess.

"'It was only for a little while, Roger,' I said; 'never so 's to make me stop doing for you, dear! And God is not like me, He is so much patienter. He's never hated you. He hated your ways, but not you. He wants to forgive you, and save you. Aren't you glad of his love, Roger?'

"He was still a few minutes thinking, and then he trembled and shivered, clinging to me. 'The things I see in the night,' he said, 'the faces and things, you know—I—I wouldn't mind them so much if I thought He loved me!' He had been so troubled with dreams and visions that would remain after he awoke. Sometimes he would rouse me a dozen times in the night to sit by him till they went away.

"I could not talk to him any more after that for his mind failed and wandered.

"But that night—will you believe it?—when he woke and called to me, as I sat by him he asked, 'Aunt Esther do you believe God loves me?'

"'Yes, dear,' I answered.

"'But I done wrong,' he said.

"'Yes, dear, but there was One who

never did wrong, that was God's own Son, and He suffered death to save you, and prayed to his Father to forgive you, and so God loves you for his sake. Don't you see that is one way he can love you?'

"He said 'Yes,' but yet I was doubtful if he understood, till he said something else I ought n't to tell you, but it sounded sweet to me, though it frightened me; says he,

"'Perhaps he can love me for your sake, too, for you never did wrong, and you loved me.'

"That broke my heart so I could n't answer him, and presently he said he was not afraid any more, and I might go back to bed.

"And after that there were only a few times more that he ever called me up again just because he was wakeful and afraid. Now if a poor sick boy had not many words to use, nor much thought or knowledge, would n't you take that for a testimony of trust as good as words could give?

"Well, day after day Roger sat by the window and watched the crowds going to the Tabernacle, and I went with them to bring something that might help him. I can't tell you what those six weeks were to me. It was as if the Gospel had come fresh and new again for me and the folks of our day as it did for the poor people in Judea long ago. Why, you know, I'd always been a Christian, but somehow what I believed had seemed a by-gone, far-off sort of thing, though I honored it in my mind. But it was not to-day's help and to-morrow's promise, as it began to be now. It made me so happy. Seems to me I'd never been happy in my life except for a few months along about the time of my marriage. And then my happiness was shut up in a few things, and soon I lost them all. Then I rubbed along the best I could till I got Roger, and the darkest of all days came. But now the sky was open. I trusted so in God's love and Christ's promise. Everything seemed safe and well. I was so happy over Roger I had no lack of ways to help him, and I knew he was changed though there's so little I can tell you to show you how I knew it. He loved me more for one thing, and he was more gentle. When he was troubled and distressed he was n't so peevish, but would only sit crying, and saying so pitifully over and over again, 'I'm sorry I done wrong! I'm sorry I done wrong!' Does God ask for more than the penitence of a child? I was n't afraid to tell him he was forgiven over and over again, just as often as he repeated that cry. It used to wring my heart and yet I found comfort in it. But he grew so wasted and suffering I began to long to have God end his days of punishment, and wipe the tears from his eyes.

"The very last time he was able to sit up he sat watching the folks coming from meeting, and he looked up to me and said with a very pleasant look upon his face—'I'm glad the folks know that God loves them!' Was n't that a true sign he was one of God's children. When did he ever think of the welfare of strangers before?

"The gospel meetings had come to an end now, and the temperance meetings had begun. I did not need to go to those, and I could not leave Roger any more. I used to see the people passing and think that if my poor boy could have been laid all broken and dying in the sight of them all, it would have been such a warning as no words could give. And once I saw two of his old companions on their way to the Tabernacle, laughing and jesting as they went. I did not stop to think. Perhaps I could not have acted any differently if I had. I ran to the door and called them in to see Roger. He had been very low and sorrowful all that day. I called in such a way they never thought of not minding me. They came in sobered and half frightened. There was Roger bolstered up in bed, his face turned to the wall, and the big tears running slowly down his cheeks, as he moaned and cried. There was little could be done at such a time to relieve or comfort him. At first he did not notice the two young men, and they stood looking at him with white faces. What made him turn and look up I do not know, for he often lay a long time in that state without moving much. But he did look up, and when he saw them he threw out both hands as if to drive them from him, and then buried his

face in the pillows shuddering and crying out with fear. They understood his motion and they turned in haste to the door. I followed and opened it for them. I was trembling then, and my voice sounded hoarse and strange to me. 'Go up there now,' I said, 'and think of Roger when you hear the preaching.'

"I thought I had done wrong when I came back to my poor boy, he was so terrified and distressed. 'You said God loved me' he cried, 'but if he did how could they come here?' You see his brain was so weak, and he had associated them so with his sins he could not be assured of his salvation in the sight of them.

"I was glad when they began to pull down the Tabernacle that Roger could not leave his bed. I would not have him know about it. He would have missed it; he had watched it so many days. You know how it was with us at the last. Roger did not grieve so much, but lay as peaceful and happy as a child, and he died as peacefully as a child falls asleep.

"The day they sold off the seats in the Tabernacle I had but thirty cents in the world. But I went up there and bought a white wooden chair, and I've put it now in Roger's room. And now when I get lonely and sorrowful, and frightened to be growing old alone, I go up there and think it all over. I think over my distress and God's free help till I get comforted. I never thought poor Roger's room could be a place of thanksgiving to me, but it is." *M. E. B.*

KASIM AL ANWAR.

Kasim Al Anwar, poet, saint and sage,
Ere yet was trod one half his pilgrimage,
From a lank form and rueful visage grows,
Plump as a bulbul warbling to a rose.
One day, a friend asked Kasim in good faith,
"Should not a saint look wan? Thy Naméh saith,
"If not of visage worn with many a tear,
How should the lover of his God appear?"
Kasim replied, "Most surely, wan and meek,
So should they look, who lovers' blessings seek!"
"Then why this change in thee, Oh Kasim, found,
Thy jovial face, thy form so sleek and round?"
"A lover once, a beggar illy clad,
Narrow and meager was the house I had;
But now I am beloved, I am a king,
With joy my sumptuous palace entering!"

Sarah D. Clark.

THE STILL HOUR.

O MOURNER, making thy piteous moan,—
"What shall I do? How can I go
Down through the desolate days alone?"—
Wait! for the righteous light is sown:
Wait, and the dawn shall grow.

One by one come the desolate days;
It is only to-day that toucheth thee.
Look straight before thee! some guiding rays
Shine now on thy path. Go on with praise
In the light that thou canst see.

WE often find the common truths of religion growing commonplace,—losing all their point and practicality and value,—degenerating into phantoms of truths, that haunt us by night but do not serve us by day. This is the fruit of too much talk about them, and too little practice of them. For such an enfeebled spiritual perception Coleridge suggests a good tonic: "To restore a commonplace truth to its first uncommon lustre," he says, "you need only translate it into action." Take heed, all you who complain of vagueness and uncertainty in your religious ideas! If you want to make them definite and real, go to work with them.

IT is doubtful whether any word of Scripture has been more mischievously perverted than that sentence of Paul's, "Abstain from all appearance of evil." It is a most grievous mistranslation. "Every *kind* of evil," it ought to be, instead of "*appearance*" of evil. The Greek word is precisely like our word "species," which once meant "appearance," but now means "kind." The connection shows the meaning. "Prove all things," the apostle says. "Do not be taken in by appearances; test all things; hold fast that which is good; abstain from every kind of evil." The maxim, in the sense in which it is commonly understood and applied, was constantly violated by Paul, and by his Master, both of whom were all the while doing things which had the appearance of evil to those about them. Doubtless both of them would have had a much more comfortable time if they had never done anything that wore the semblance of wrong to Jewish zealots or Pagan persecutors; but they were not concerned about appearances so much as realities; and it would be well if all disciples in these days would try to copy them in this. It is, on the whole, a good deal better to *be* right, than to *appear* to be right, even to the Scribes and Pharisees.

THE fact of God's benevolence is pretty firmly fixed in the convictions of most Christians; now we want to get an equally clear comprehension of the fact that he is just. The Judge of all the earth will do right. "Justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne." We need for our theology, and for our practical religious life, a firm anchorage in this fundamental truth. We must be careful, in all our thoughts, and in all our theories, to ascribe justice to God; never, in any way, to accuse him of injustice. We know

> "That nothing can be good in Him
> That evil is in [us;]"

and we must not therefore attribute to him principles of conduct upon which if we acted we should be acting unjustly. Let us hold fast to the truth that God is just, and that his government over the world is built on justice, no matter what havoc it may make with our theology.

YOU trouble yourself, sometimes, about the doctrine of election, but just remember this: The election of God is a call to service, rather than to enjoyment; and God has never elected any man to serve Satan. You cannot, if you try, believe that he has chosen and commissioned you to do wrong. If you believe that there is a God, you cannot help believing that he has a plan for your life, and that if you live by this plan you will live a good life. It only rests with you "to make your calling and election sure."

SOMETHING too much has been said about the immorality of doubt. It is true that the Christian is, by definition, a believer and not a doubter; but he is not saved by forcing himself to affirm what does not seem to him true; it is only the truth that commands the assent of his mind and heart that he is helped by believing. Of course no man is justified in rejecting without careful and thorough examination a doctrine that comes to him accredited by the faith of godly generations. The flippant skepticism that is now so current is an unseemly thing. But, on the other hand, no man is warranted in professing his faith in a dogma, no matter how strongly it may be accredited, against which his sober reason and his moral sense protest. When he hears this protest he is bound to heed it, and to give the whole question a thorough and prayerful investigation, before he signifies his assent. Perhaps this investigation will set the matter before him in a clearer light, and show that his doubts were not

reasonable. But however this may be, it is not right for him to profess a faith that does not possess him; and the attempt to drive men, with the censures of the church, up to such profession, is not only a crime but a blunder. The very foundations of the faith are undermined by such insincerities.

For "putting away lying," and "speaking truth every man with his neighbor," Paul gives us a good reason: "We are members one of another." Every lie that is told weakens the fair bond of confidence by which society is held together. Among incorrigible liars society would be impossible. Veracity, even more than good will, is the corner stone of social order. Let every vender of falsehood remember this, that he is doing what he can to decompose and destroy the community in which he lives.

It is not freedom of religious thought that the world is suffering for just now so much as clarity of thought and honesty of thought. True freedom in the state consists, as Governor Winthrop pithily said, not in the liberty of every man "to do whatsoever he lists;" it is "a liberty to that only which is good, just and honest." Perfect liberty is only found in perfect obedience to a perfect law. And true liberty of thinking is only known by him who with his whole soul is loyal to the truth. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

"Wicked is a word one never hears used here now," said a cultivated Englishman to an American in London not long ago. The impression made upon the gentleman who heard the remark was "that the strong moral condemnation which the old Bible word carries in it belongs to a view of human life which, in this class, has passed away." This is due, of course, to the prevalence of materialistic theories, to the belief that life and mind are only products of physical organization, and to the dogmatic rejection of the belief in the freedom of the will. The materialistic scientists flout the doctrine of human freedom; there is no room for this fact in their theory of the correlation of forces, and so they throw it overboard. And when freedom is gone, of course there is no such thing as morality, and "wicked" becomes a meaningless word. Nevertheless, it represents a stubborn fact; and the science that does not make room for it is only a pseudo science. The belief in the essential and everlasting difference between righteousness and wickedness is a fundamental belief; these physicists may expel it with their scientific pitchforks, but it will always come back again. "The strong moral condemnation which the old Bible word carries in it" is simply the expression of a feeling that springs from every man's nature. Without this feeling he would not be a man. A scientist might just as wisely ignore the fact of gravitation as to ignore this fundamental fact of human consciousness.

It is a pitiful thing to see a young disciple going about and asking everybody how much he must "give up" in order to be a Christian. Unfortunately, many of those who take it upon themselves to instruct him give him the same impression of Christian discipleship--that it consists chiefly of giving up things that one likes and finds pleasure in. But a man in solitary confinement might as well talk about what he must "give up" if he is pardoned out of prison, or a patient in consumption about what he must "give up" in order to get well. The prisoner must give up his fetters, and the invalid his pains and his weakness,—these are the main things to be sacrificed. It is true that the one has the privilege of living without work, and the other the privilege of lying abed all day: these are privileges that must be relinquished, no doubt. And so there are certain sacrifices to be made by him who enters upon the Christian life, but they are "not worthy to be compared" with the liberty and dignity and joy into which the Christian life introduces us; and to put the emphasis upon this negative side of the Christian experience, as so many are inclined to do, is a great mistake.

The saints may well be comforted by the doctrine of "perseverance," but it is a snare to sinners. It is folly to persuade yourself that you were once a Christian, if you are not a Christian now.

The very noblest argument for immortality—may we not say it?—that this age has given utterance to, is that lyric of Tennyson's, called "Wages." Let us put it down here:

"Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid by a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea;
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

"The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
Give her the glory of going on, and not to die."

The better a man becomes, the stronger does this hope of "the glory of going on," take hold of his nature. The instinctive expectation of life beyond the grave strengthens with the increase of virtue in the soul. The man who lives best most keenly feels that life is worth living; most resolutely turns away from the thought of its extinction.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WHERE IS THE CHURCH?

THE Roman Catholic has a ready answer to this query: The Church consists of all the faithful adherents of the Pope throughout the world. To the Protestant Episcopalian the Church is a national organization, presided over by bishops and clergy all of whom have been "episcopally ordained." To the Methodist Episcopalian, it is also a national organization, under the presidency of bishops, meeting once in four years in a great legislative and judicial body called the National Conference. To the Presbyterian it is also a national body, ruled over by several courts, the highest of which is the General Assembly, which meets every year. The Baptist, the Congregationalist, the Unitarian define the Church as the local assembly or congregation of disciples. All the other sects named call these local assemblies churches, too; but with them, the Church, by eminence, is the national organization. And by all of them the whole body of believers in the world is sometimes described as the Church of God.

These three definitions, that which makes the Church to be the local assembly of disciples, that which describes it as the national organization of the sect, and that which refers to it as the whole number of the faithful in the world, include about all the uses of the word church by Protestants. But a little study of the New Testament will make it seem evident that the word was used in quite another sense by the apostles. Of course there was no such thing as a national sectarian organization in the apostolic times. And while the name church was no doubt sometimes applied to a local congregation, yet the most common use of it was to describe *the whole number of believers dwelling in one city or community.* It is scarcely credible that all the disciples in Jerusalem after the day of Pentecost met and worshiped in one congregation. There must have been several congregations, and several regular places of worship. The people are said to have continued daily with one accord in the temple, but that was for the observance of the Jewish worship; the assemblies for Christian worship were held in private houses. Yet we hear of only one Church in Jerusalem, and we have the best reasons for believing that there never was, during the days of the apostles, more than one Church in that city.

The same thing may be said of Antioch, and Ephesus, and the rest of the cities where Christianity flourished. We never hear of more than one Church in any city, yet in some of these cities there were, in all probability, several congregations. "In many cities," says Gieseler, "the Churches were divided into several smaller communities, meeting in different places." Perhaps there was among these various congregations some variety in forms of worship, and some differences of belief; but there was nothing that hindered them from coming together and working together, as one Church. Probably these branches of the Church had frequent conferences respecting the work to be done, and the methods of doing it. Between them there was nothing like rivalry, or separateness of interest, any more than there is between different branches of the same mercantile establishment, situated in different parts of the same city. Their unity was not merely a sentimental but an organic and a practical unity.

It will be seen that this idea of the Church differs widely from that of the Congregationalists and Baptists on the one hand, and that of the Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Lutherans and Universalists on the other. The Congregationalist or the Baptist confesses his loyalty to the local church, and also some measure of loyalty to what he calls "the denomination;" the Presbyterian or the Episcopalian frankly owns the supreme authority of the national organization and also hears the voice of the local congregation to which he is attached; but none of these recognizes the existence of the Church in the sense in which the apostles and their successors used the word. Among the local congregations in any community there exists some degree of sentimental fellowship; but there is no corporate or organic unity, nor any practical recognition of the fact that they are one body and ought to be constantly co-operating in Christian work. The failure to realize this truth is the source of many divisions and of boundless mischief. And the Kingdom of God will never come with power until this truth is recognized and made the foundation of all Christian organizations and enterprises.

When all the Christian congregations of each town or city recognize the fact that they are parts of one whole; when, with a large liberty as to modes of worship and forms of expressing religious truth, they come together into one representative body, which shall have the direction of the Christian work of the whole community, whose

approval shall be sought for every new mission or congregation, whose aid shall be given to all enterprises that have a right to live, and whose discretion shall prevent the multiplication of enprises that have no right to live,—then there will be some hope of remedying the deplorable schisms and strifes by which the Church of God is now shorn of its strength and dishonored in the sight of men.

Happily this conception of the church is gaining ground among intelligent Christian people. It is by no means a novelty, but some unusually clear expressions of it have been heard of late. A well-known minister recently accepting a call to a leading congregation in one of the New England cities gave to it this emphatic utterance:

"As I read the New Testament, *the Church* of any community is nothing less than the whole company of believers there dwelling. And this view of the Church is no mere fancy with me, but a most practical part of my ministry and teaching. Holding this view, I do not come to be pastor of one of the churches in Norwich, but one of the pastors of the Church in Norwich. For the Church in Norwich is one—not ought to be, but is—and my service and fellowship will be due for Christ's sake to the whole commonwealth of Christian believers in that place, and the whole company of its minsters. Of course I have special duties to the people of my special charge; but my paramount obligation is to the whole Church and the whole people of Norwich, in co-operation, as a true yoke-fellow, with the whole college, or chapter of the city pastors."

The church in every town or city is one—"not ought to be, but is"—and *the paramount obligation* of every pastor and every believer is not to the local congregation of which he is a member nor to the sect with which this congregation is connected, but to *the Church* of which his congregaton is a constituent part. We wish that the words of Mr. Bacon, quoted above, might be carefully pondered and committed to memory by every Christian minister and every Christian disciple. The truth that is in them will do its work, if people can only be got to think about it. And when it is understood, and put in practice, the problem of Christian unity will have its clear solution.

THEATER GOING.

THE question about the theater is going round again,—started this time by a letter of Mr. Edwin Booth in response to inquiries of the *Christian Union*. The words of this distinguished and honorable actor are weighty enough to deserve record in this place:

"My knowledge of the modern drama is so very meager that I never permit my wife or daughter to witness a play without previously ascertaining its character. This is the method I pursue; I can suggest no other, unless it might be by means of a 'dramatic censor,' whose taste or judgment might, however, be frequently at fault. If the management of theaters could be denied to speculators and placed in the hands of actors who value their reputation and respect their calling, the stage would at least afford healthy recreation, if not, indeed, a wholesome stimulus to the exercise of noble sentiments. But while the theater is permitted to be a mere shop for gain—open to every huckster of immoral gimcracks—there is no other way to discriminate between the pure and base than through the experience of others."

With respect to the general character of theatrical performances in this country at the present time this testimony is explicit and damaging. Mr. Booth not only knows what the modern drama is but what it ought to be; his own work has been inspired by a lofty and pure ideal, and his personal character is above reproach. It is certainly a lamentable state of things which he describes; and his strong words ought to awaken reflection in the minds of those persons who are in the habit of purchasing, without questioning, the "immoral gimcracks" offered everywhere by these theatrical "hucksters." How many of the modern patrons of the theater are as careful as Mr. Booth is to find out the character of a play before they patronize it? If the decent people of the land—to say nothing of the Christian people—would adopt this actor's rule, we should see a great and speedy improvement in the character of the stage. Mr. Booth's characterization shows us that, as a general rule, the theater must, upon moral grounds, be severely let alone. That is to say, if the question "May I go to the theater?" must be answered categorically, "No" is a great deal safer answer than "Yes."

But the inquiry arises whether it is not possible to discriminate in this matter as in every other, and approve and encourage the good while condemning the evil. To this inquiry the general answer of Christian people is in the negative. "The drama is so corrupt," they say, "that it is useless to try to reform it: we must keep entirely away from it. Total abstinence is the only safe rule. Moreover, if we discriminate other people will not; and they will plead our patronage of good plays as a justification of their patronage of bad ones. If we are ever so careful in our selection, our example will be injurious." This is the traditional argument against theater-going, and it must be owned that there is force in it. Most Christian ministers, standing upon this ground, have kept away from the theater. Some of those who have felt that a reform of the theater was possible through the discriminating patronage of good men, have yet refrained from patronizing it themselves, because they have not thought the good to be done in this way worth the controversy that would be raised in trying to do it. And it must be owned that it is still a serious question whether, in the existing state of society, it is worth while for good men to assist in the reformation of the drama.

Undoubtedly this work must be mainly done inside the dramatic profession. Men like Booth and Jefferson, and McCullough, women like Ristori and Charlotte Cushman have this for their task. Yet, if they are ever to succeed in performing it, it would seem that they must in some way have the co-operation as well as the sympathy of all good people. To hold aloof from them, and to treat them, while they are engaged in this laudable undertaking, in just the same way that we treat the "hucksters of immoral gimcracks," is neither right nor reasonable. If the drama is capable of affording not only "healthy recreation" but also "a wholesome stimulus to the exercise of noble sentiments," then the men and women who are earnestly striving to raise it up to this standard are worthy of commendation and encouragement.

The time will surely come—perhaps it has not yet arrived—when Christian people will feel that the duty of discrimination with reference to this matter is one that they cannot neglect; when they will cease to visit the stage with a sweeping censure, but will recognize and approve the good connected with it while they condemn the evil. For the present several things are to be borne in mind.

1. The man who patronizes an immoral play abets one of the most corrupting agencies now at work in our American life. As most of the plays are bad, most theater-goers are helping on a bad business.

2. Whatever our practice may be we must learn to discriminate in our speech concerning the drama; and while we denounce the mischiefs with which it is infested we must never fail to speak with honor of the pure and high-minded men and women who are trying to eradicate them.

3. Example must be considered, but there is a point at which self-denial for the sake of moral influence ceases to be a virtue. When your neighbor makes *your* doing a thing that *he knows to be right* an excuse for *his* doing another thing that *he knows to be wrong*, it is time to stop deferring to his "weak conscience," and to turn and denounce him for the hypocrite and pretender that he knows himself to be. It is not "consideration" that a conscience like that needs, but a little heroic probing.

4. It is well to remember that total abstinence from fictitious literature was urged, not many years ago, upon the very same grounds that total abstinence from the theater is now put upon. If all good people had refused to read novels, of course none but bad novels would ever have been written. The supply would have met the demand. But when good novels were written they were read, and a wonderful purgation of our lighter literature has resulted.

5. It is not well to forget that the day is not long past when the printing office was regarded with far more suspicion than the play-house now is. In Virginia for more than a century and a half after the founding of the colony there was but one printing press, and this was kept idle during the greater part of the time. "To allow no person to use a printing press on any occasion whatsoever," was the instruction given to one of the colonial governors. Even in Massachusetts, during the same period, the printing press was muzzled with licenses, and caged and watched as if it had been a dangerous wild beast. Milton's "Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing" was scarcely heeded in America for the first hundred years after it was spoken. We have learned that it is safe to let the printing press loose in the community, and possible to discriminate between the good reading and the bad reading that it gives us. And perhaps the time will come when we shall see that some other things which we have been in the habit of condemning by wholesale, because of the evils connected with them, are capable of being separated from their evils and of being made wholesome and serviceable.

NOTES ON CURRENT EVENTS.

After keeping the word of promise to our eyes and breaking it to our hope for almost seventeen years the legend upon the greenback has ceased to be a lie, and the United States is paying, on demand, one dollar to every man who prefers the dollar to the promise. Of course the note of a government that means and is able to meet its obligations is for practical uses as good as gold to most citizens, and therefore the drain of gold from the treasury vaults has not been alarming. But business has returned to a gold basis; the gamblers of the gold room in Broad street have sold their fixtures and closed their operations; and it is to be hoped that an era of confidence and security will succeed the long period of inflation and speculation. Resumption has taken place quietly, but it is a great fact—a great victory, indeed,—the greatest that this nation has ever won; for it is the triumph of honor and integrity over selfishness and knavery backed by a great cloud of delusions and sophistries. That the American people have had sense enough to discern the way of righteousness and courage enough to walk in it, is a very cheering fact. The *Nation*, which is never tired of sneering at sentimental politics, is moved to say that this victory is largely due to the pulpits and the respectable newspapers. If this is so, then it must be that the estimate placed by a late *Atlantic* writer upon the character and influence of the churches and ministers of this country is not altogether correct. People the great majority of whom are "almost destitute of moral insight, and [who] have little confidence in principles,"

could scarcely have brought to bear upon our national politics a moral force like this.

THERE are seventeen hundred and thirty-nine less drinking places in New York City than there were a year ago, thanks to Dr Howard Crosby and his Society for the Prevention of Crime. That is pretty good work for a man who has been cursed as one of the great foes of temperance. How many of the "stalwart" sort have shut up as many dramshops? It must not, however, be inferred that there are none left open in the metropolis. Eight thousand of them still invite the tippler. Yet no liquor can be *legally* sold by the drink in New York city except in reputable hotels. Dr. Crosby's Society has made a vigorous push for the enforcement of the law, and it has accomplished a great deal; but it has been thwarted at every step by corrupt judges, who have wrested the law in the interests of the rum power to which they owe their offices, and by an Excise Board that was made by the same power and worships its creator. Dr. Crosby pleads for additional legislation that shall more sharply define the present law, and guard against possible evasions of it, and announces his purpose to keep up the fight. With the new City Government, and an increasing public sympathy and support, it is to be hoped that the victories of the present year will be even more decisive than those of the past. Meantime light is thrown on two or three points: 1. The beauties of an elective judiciary. 2. The fact that the rumseller is *ex officio* a lawbreaker. 3. The fact that good men anywhere, if they will only combine and buckle to, can make headway against iniquity. If in New York city Dr. Crosby and his Gideon's band can carry terror into the hearts of the thousands of liquor sellers, nowhere should honest men despair because their numbers are small and their foes are mighty.

VINELAND, New Jersey, has ten thousand inhabitants and one police officer; it reported one crime last year, and its pauper expenses amounted to four dollars. There is no grog shop in Vineland.

THE Constitutional Convention of California, in Committee of the Whole, has adopted an article upon the treatment of the Chinese which cannot be said to lack thoroughness. It ordains that no corporation shall directly or indirectly employ Chinese, and forbids their employment upon public works: it prohibits them from catching fish and from leasing or owning real estate; it authorizes the imposition of conditions upon which they may reside in the State, permits cities and towns to exclude them from their limits, and finally forbids the immigration and settlement in the State of "Chinese and all other persons ineligible to become citizens of the United States under the naturalization laws thereof." It is evidently expected that the constitutionality of some of these provisions will be denied by the United States Courts; but the article seems to be framed on the plan of an indictment,—to say all the hard things that be thought of in the hope that some of them can be made to stick. The power of the State to forbid the employment of Chinese by corporations and upon public works seems to be conceded; and it is thought that sanitary reasons will justify their exclusion from the cities. It is, indeed, upon grounds of public health and morality that all this severe legislation is justified. The prevalence among them of leprosy and other horrible diseases, and the fearfully low condition of their morals do indeed make the problem of dealing with them a difficult one. It does not become those who have not studied the question on the ground to be too dogmatic in the treatment of it; yet we cannot help thinking that if the Californians had a little more faith and love they might manage this troublesome element in such a way as to escape the dangers with which it threatens them, and to make it a source of strength rather than weakness to the State.

RAG BAHADOOR DADORA PANDURUNG is the name of a Hindoo scholar who has become a disciple of Swedenborg and a teacher of his doctrines. It would not be strange if the theology of the Swedish seer should possess a certain fascination for the Oriental philosophers.

AN earnest and able article in the *Christian Leader*, now the principal journal of the Universalists, urges the Christians of that communion to establish a foreign mission. The grounds upon which this measure is advocated are such as all the followers of Christ can stand upon, and the spirit which dictates the preposition is the true missionary spirit. The stale objection, so often urged against missions to Pagan lands, that there are heathen enough at home, is replied to by this writer with sense and spirit. "That is all very well," he says, "and we have no wish that the home heathen should be neglected; let us do all that we ought to do for them, but not leave undone what we owe to the others. The disciples did not reason in this way. There were Jews enough at home to be converted, but this did not prevent them from going among the Gentiles and laboring to turn them from the corruptions and superstitions of their abominable idolatries." As an encouragement to such labor he points to the success of the missionaries of the other communions, whose consecration and devotion he warmly praises; and quotes the case of the Fijians at the coronation of whose chief, twenty-five years ago, a cannibal banquet was made of eighteen roasted human bodies—men, women and children; and among ten thousand of whom there is not now a single house without

Christian family worship. Such results as these, he thinks, are well worth working for by Universalists; and we trust that he will hear from his own people, as we are sure that he will from most Christians of other names, a hearty response to his saying, that Christianity "cannot be passive and idle while there is a single tribe of men ignorant of God, or a single soul in bondage to sin."

THE Roman Catholic Church in this country has never been under canon law. America has always been reckoned *in partibus infidelium*, and the Church in America has therefore been a missionary church and its government has been subject to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, at the head of which is the Pope. The rule of this Society is of the nature of military discipline; it is pretty nearly absolute; the bishop has all the power; no matter how arbitrary his acts may be there is no lawful remedy, nor any tribunal before which they may be reviewed. But a recent act of the new Pope has placed the Roman Catholic Church in America upon a new footing. The canon law is henceforth to be in force; a judicial council of not less than three nor more than five priests is to be appointed in each diocese; and no priest or cleric can be removed except by vote of a majority of this council. Charges against any officer of the church must be made before this tribunal in writing, witnesses may be heard on either side, and an appeal may be made to the archbishop. This change is most salutary. It is a step in the direction of decentralization; it is the substitution of fixed law for arbitrary will; and it will tend, we trust, to develop in the Roman Catholics of this country something of that healthy spirit of independence which exists in most of the European countries.

WHY should not every professional or habitual beggar be arrested and imprisoned? In the streets of every large city in this land men, women and children regularly plying the trade of mendicancy, are to be met with at every turn. There ought to be workhouses for these vagrants where they should be compelled to labor for their livelihood. In Paris, we are told, no beggar is ever seen in the streets; a similar vigorous enforcement of law in American cities would cause no suffering, and would greatly promote industry and virtue. The people who cannot work do not need to beg from door to door; there are provisions enough everywhere for the relief of such as these; and the energetic repression of beggary is the first contribution that the law ought to make toward working out the problem of pauperism.

LITERATURE.

THE man who has climbed out of poverty and obscurity into competence and good repute is commonly inclined to look up his pedigree, albeit the search is undertaken stealthily and with some misgivings as to whether the discoveries will be worth publishing. In like manner American Literature, now that it has become fairly well to do, and is no longer ashamed of itself, may well explore its own origins. It is fortunate for American Literature that this exploration has been committed to an investigator so patient, so sympathetic, so scholarly, so full of generous enthusiasm as Professor Moses Coit Tyler. The two shapely and noble volumes[1] which form the first installment of his work contain the results of loving study pursued for years among the somewhat chaotic and fragmentary remains of our colonist writings. It has commonly been assumed that this period is destitute of interest to the student of letters; but these volumes show us that during the seventeenth century and the first half of the eighteenth some noble work was done in American Literature. The bookmen of our time have no more reason to be ashamed of their progenitors than of themselves.

The readers of this History will not learn what they might as well know—that the studies which have conducted to it were begun with another purpose. Professor Tyler's first plan was the writing of a history of the United States, to cover the period between the close of the Revolutionary war and the adoption of the Constitution. To qualify himself for this task he began a minute and careful study of our colonial history; and in his examination of the writings of that period, the field of this book was made familiar to him. The reader will perceive himself to be greatly the gainer on account of this broader study. He is continually brought into close acquaintance not only with books but with the men who wrote the books, with the forces that produced the men, with the social, political and religious conditions out of which our early literature sprung. No

[1] A History of American Literature. By Moses Coit Tyler. Vol. I., II. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

small share of the delight and satisfaction experienced by the reader will be due to this intimate knowledge possessed by the writer of the history of the colonial period. It is to be hoped that time will be given him, after his present task is completed, to organize this knowledge upon the plan first formed by him.

The first of these volumes covers the period from the settlement of Jamestown in 1607 to 1677, the year in which Bacon's insurrection in Virginia and Philip's war in New England came to an end,—the year in which it was "made evident that English Colonists would certainly be safe in the new world, and also that they would not always be Colonists." Within the space of seventy years Professor Tyler finds no less than thirty writers whose work he deems worthy of analysis and record. The list is headed, of course, by the redoubtable Captain John Smith, of whom we have a vivid portrait. Among the earliest writers is William Strachey, whose splendid description of a sea-storm and wreck upon the Bermudas is supposed to have suggested to Shakespeare the idea of "The Tempest." The names of Edward Winslow, Francis Higginson, William Bradford, John Winthrop, Nathaniel Morton, Daniel Gookin, Thomas Hooker, Thomas Shepard, John Cotton, John Norton, Nathaniel Ward, Roger Williams, George Sandys and Anne Bradstreet figure also in this first catalogue, besides others less known to fame. Several of these brought to America the best learning that England could give, and we have, therefore, a right to expect from them work in the field of letters as good as that of their contemporaries in England. Especially is this true of the New England writers. "It is probable," says Professor Tyler "that between the years 1630 and 1690 there were in New England as many graduates of Cambridge and Oxford as could be found in any population of similar size in the mother country. At one time, during the first part of that period there was in Massachusetts and Connecticut a Cambridge graduate for every two hundred and fifty inhabitants, besides sons of Oxford not a few." It is not, therefore, the work of unlettered rustics that we are examining in these pages, but the writings of men most of whom were familiar with many books and with several languages, and whose pages are illuminated with apt classic quotations and historical references. All these writers Professor Tyler introduces to us in skillful biographical notices, afterward placing before us "expertly chosen examples from the authors under study." Such quotations are, as he justly argues, necessary in any good history of literature, and much more in a history like this, the materials of which are not accessible to the ordinary reader. Of the judgment with which these selections are made we cannot speak too highly. Doubtless the best passages are chosen, but this is as it should be; we wish to know every author at his best; and there is enough of discriminating comment upon the work of each to indicate his limitations and defects. On the whole, however, the tone of the criticisms is warmly sympathetic; these forgotten worthies could not have prayed for a kindlier or more appreciative historian than Providence has given them.

The second volume covers the period from 1677 to 1765, the year in which that uprising of the colonies which resulted in the revolution first loudly announced itself, and in which, therefore, the distinct colonial life of the American people was really if not formally terminated. The work of one hundred and ten different writers of this period is discussed in the second volume; of whom there are fourteen writers of narration and description, seventeen historical and biographical writers, twenty-four theological and religious writers, fourteen writers upon science, twelve miscellaneous writers, and twenty-nine writers of verse. The labor involved in the examination of the work of all these men, many of whom wrote voluminously, and many of whose books are now to be got at only by much travel and research in libraries, can be imagined by the reader; but he will find evidence on every page that this labor has all been conscientiously performed; that the historian has carefully read these documents from which he so skillfully quotes, and that he speaks always from ample knowledge and with full deliberation. Moreover the labor has been to him of the nature of a pastime, so rich have been its rewards; and he contrives to impart the glow of his own enthusiasm to these fair pages, and to make his readers partners with him in the enjoyment of his work. The critic of the *Nation* who rarely waxes warm in praise of any book is fairly thawed out by Professor Tyler; and he avers that this history is "more interesting than half the new novels," that it is "readable and attractive from beginning to end."

Of course a large part of the literature discussed in this book is the work of the New England ministers. Not only sermons but histories, narratives, biographies and execrable verses were written by them; a large part of the literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is due to their intellectual activity. Although Professor Tyler is far from being a believer in the type of theology taught by these ministers, he treats them in a most sympathetic manner. For the priggishness and cant of a man like Cotton Mather he has a wholesome contempt, and for the querulousness of a man like Nathaniel Ward a gentle castigation, but he does not fail to praise the prodigious industry of the one and the sardonic sincerity of the other. For the great majority of these ministers he has the most cordial

words of praise; he records, with just regret, the dreadful doctrinal utterances of many of them, but he vindicates their heroism, their manliness, their sturdy sense and their clear grit. John Cotton, Thomas Hooker, Increase Mather, Jonathan Edwards, and a host of others are described for us in terms that can only enlarge the respect in which we have held them. In words like these the whole class of Puritan ministers is more than once referred to: "In the history of literature in New England during the colonial times, one fact stands out above all others, — the intellectual leadership of the clergy, and that, too, among a laity neither ignorant nor weak. This leadership was in every sense honorable, both for the leaders and the led. It was not due alone to the high authority of the clerical office in New England; it was due still more to the personal greatness of the men who filled the office, and who themselves made the office great. They were intellectual leaders because they deserved to be; for, living among a well-educated and high-spirited people, they knew more, were wiser, were abler than all other persons in the community. Of such a leadership it was an honor to be even among the followers." (Vol. II., p. 93.)

Professor Tyler's style is admirable; there is not an obscure sentence upon these pages and not only is his rhetoric transparent, it is picturesque and glowing. It is not the bookmen alone that will find pleasure in this book; it will attract and delight all intelligent readers.

There is no risk whatever in predicting that these two volumes will live as long as American literature lives, and that the work that is here so faithfully and lovingly done will never need to be done over again.

THE last volume[1] of the "No Name Series" is quite as difficult a puzzle as any of its predecessors. One would have said that out of so large a collection of unsigned lyrics by living poets the authorship of quite a number could be readily guessed; but we have seen as yet hardly any conjectures hazarded. It may be true, and it is, indeed, probable that much the larger share of these verses has been contributed by singers who are not famous, and whose characteristic note we have as yet failed to catch. But the assurances of the publishers have led us to suppose that our more distinguished poets are fairly represented, and we ought to be able to make out their work. A few of these pieces do clearly suggest well-known names. We should be surprised to learn that the author of "Her Word of Reproach," was not Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt; and we should *not* be surprised to be told that the same lady wrote "Forgiven." If "The Marshes of Glynn" and "Running the Blockade"—the first of which has some spirited and striking lines—are not the work of Mr. Sidney Lanier, they are by somebody who knows his tricks; and "Provencal Lovers" sounds very like Mr. R. H. Stoddard. Our readers shall have a chance to guess on this one which we think quite the best in the book:

"If only we had time to spare
  To taste the glories of the Spring,
  How good to leave the noise and glare
  And breathe the blessed country air,
    And hear the songs the wild birds sing,
  If only we had time to spare!

"Then you should stretch you at my feet
    And read aloud, and I should sew,
  And now and then our eyes might meet,
  And we might murmur pleasure sweet
    And blissful hours would come and go
  If only we had time to spare!

"But as you toil, and as I pray
    For happier and idler hours,
  Noon follows dawn, night follows day,
  I look, and lo, your locks are gray
    And Winter gathers up our flowers
  Ere ever we have time to spare!"

Mr. Aldrich may have written this; and if Mr. Longfellow *did* write it, he will not be offended, we are sure, to have his work attributed to a singer whose art is as graceful and whose sentiments are as pure as those of Mr. Aldrich. "Guy Vernon" which takes up nearly half of the pages, is especially clever in its versification, and its mild satire is not unpleasing. Mr. Stedman might have written it, but probably did not.

The tone of many of these poems is pessimistic. That this is the worst possible universe, and that things are going to speedy and "universal wrack" is the comfortable faith of a large number of the modern makers of verse—a faith that finds ample confession in this volume. It rests on no real conviction; it is only a sort of babyish epidemic that prevails just now, and that the verse-reading public must make up its mind to endure, as a disagreeable though not dangerous periodic distemper peculiar to poets. We shall get out of this measly period before long, please God, into a more cheerful and wholesome era.

THE first volume of Dr. Schaff's popular commentary on the New Testament[1] gives sure promise of an elegantly printed, handsomely illustrated and useful work. This volume contains the synoptic gospels, with the introductions, in the preparation of which Dr. Schaff has been

[1] A Masque of Poets: Including Guy Vernon: A Novelette in verse. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[1] A Popular Commentary on the New Testament, by English and American Scholars of various Evangelical Denominations. With Illustrations and Maps. Edited by Philip Schaff, D. D., LL.D. In Four Volumes. Vol I. Introduction and the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

assisted by Professor Riddle of Hartford. The introductions are sufficiently full for the purposes of this commentary, and they are marked by candor and intelligence. A brief history of the canon is given, and a more elaborate account of the ancient manuscripts and versions. Accompanying these sketches are some excellent facsimiles of the text of the old manuscripts. Any person of common sense who reads this introduction will probably get into his head some notion of the reason why a new translation of the Bible is not a sacrilege and may even be a necessity. This notion will be strengthened by the abundant emendations of the text, suggested in foot notes at the bottom of every page of the commentary.

The exegetical part of the work is content with explaining the text. This it does briefly, but clearly, and sufficiently. It is intended for a popular commentary, and is well adapted for the uses of Sunday School teachers. The maps are good, and the illustrations admirable.

The second volume will contain the Gospel of John and the Acts of the Apostles, the third the Epistles of Paul, and the fourth the Catholic Epistles and the Apocalypse. In the preparation of these volumes, the second of which is already in the press, Dr. Schaff will be assisted by a large number of British scholars, among them Professor Milligan of Aberdeen, Professor Moulton of Cambridge, Professor Plumptre of Mary's College, Dean Howson, Canon Spence, and Professor Angus.

PELOUBET'S *Select Notes on the International Lessons* (Boston: Henry Hoyt. Springfield: Whitney & Adams) maintains its reputation. No better "help" is furnished the Sunday School teacher than that which these well chosen extracts from all the great commentaries afford him.

IT is good to know that part of the soldier's business is to save life intead of destroying it. An admirable *Report on Life Saving Apparatus*, by Lieut. D. A. Lyle, has just been issued by the Ordnance Department. It contains a full account, with scientific computations and plates, of the experiments lately made under the direction of Lieut. Lyle, with a view of perfecting the guns, projectiles, etc., used at the life saving stations along the coast in rendering assistance to wrecked vessels. It is the record of a great deal of intelligent labor enthusiastically performed; and ought to give the writer a better fame than many well-fought battles.

THREE or four excellent books for children lie together on our table. The first is Mr. George M. Towle's *Pizarro: His Adventures and Conquests*, (Lee & Shepard) the second of his "Heroes of History" Series, and the worthy successor of "Vasco da Gama." Mr. Towle is a capital story teller, and he is making a series for which we trust many generations of parents as well as children will rise up to praise him. We could wish, however, that he had dealt a little more sharply with this particular hero. . . . . *A Short History of France for Young People*, by Miss E. S. Kirkland, (Chicago: Jansen McClurg & Co.) is a spirited and entertaining sketch of the French people and nation,—one that will seize and hold the attention of all bright boys and girls who have a chance to read it, and one from which they will get an excellent start toward the study of the history of France. . . . . Mr. George Cary Eggleston's *Red Eagle and the Wars with the Creek Indians of Alabama* (Dodd, Mead & Company) is another excellent piece of historical writing. An interesting passage in our national life is vividly brought before the young reader, and he is not only diverted but well instructed. . . . *Donald's School Days*, by Gen. O. O. Howard, (Lee & Shepard) exhibits this industrious and facile personage in a new character. A man who can lead a prayer meeting as well as an army corps and who is equally at home in writing novels and in fighting Indians, must be admitted to possess some versatility. General Howard's first venture in juvenile fiction is far from being a failure: some faults of construction will be noted, but it is on the whole a lively and wholesome story for boys.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New Edition with Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

A Hand Book of Nursing for Family and General Use. Published under the direction of the Connecticut Training School for Nurses, State Hospital, New Haven, Conn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

John Lothrop Motley. A Memoir. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Socrates. A Translation of the Apology, Crito, and Parts of the Phædo of Plato. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

The Bohemian. A Tragedy of Modern Life By Charles DeKay. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

The Poet and His Master and other Poems. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Poems of Places. Edited by H. W. Longfellow: America New England Vol. I., II. Boston. Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Madeleine. A Story of French Love. Translated from the French of Jules Sandeau, by Francis Charlot. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

Common Sense in Business: or Practical Answers to Practical Questions on the True Principles and Laws of Success in Farming, Manufactures, Speculation and Buying and Selling Merchandise; with Some Suggestions on Making Wills and the Causes of Failure in Business. By Edwin T. Freedley. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Home Comforts: or, Things Worth Knowing in Every Household; Being a Digest of Facts Established by Science, Observation and Practical Experience Respecting the Important Art of Living Well and Cheaply, Preserving Health and Prolonging Life. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. III.——MARCH, 1879.——No. XV.

ONE OF THE CONGREGATION.

A STUDY.

Sunday morning always witnessed a pitched battle at the Harden breakfast-table; not because the Harden temper was any more irritable on the day of rest but simply because there were more of them at breakfast. On a certain March morning of the present year the first comer was Dick Harden, the eldest boy, nineteen, overdressed, undersized, with an unwholesome complexion and bold black eyes. He held the New York Ledger in his hand and placing this paper on a chair sat down upon it, that being the favorite Harden method of preserving serial literature, through meal times.

Linda and Arthur, aged respectively twelve and fourteen, were the next arrivals, followed shortly by Tiff, the youngest hope of the family, aged six. They were hardly seated before Arthur vehemently accused Linda of having "stole the Ledger." An animated discussion ended in a personal conflict. Mr. Harden, father and presumable head of the family, entered the room at the height of the fray. Linda had her fingers clenched in Arthur's cravat and Arthur had his in Linda's hair. Meanwhile Dick grinned in his chair, and Tiff who took no interest in literature, was placidly eating fried potatoes out of the dish.

"Dear me, children," said Mr. Harden, "do be quiet!"

Then he carefully folded his Banner of Light and began to carve the steak. Linda and Arthur sulkily returned to the table.

David Harden was a mild-mannered man of low stature, with prominent, light-blue eyes and long, corn-colored hair. He always wore black broadcloth shining with that superlative gloss whose secret is known only to Hebrew dealers in ready-made clothing; and his cuffs and collars had a habitual limpness. Harden seldom interfered with household affairs; he knew he had never been able to manage his children, knew also he had never managed anything well in life, therefore he let his hair grow and sought consolation in another world.

Dick was the first to speak. "Where in thunder's Till?" he growled, "why don't she —— Oh, you *have* got up!"

The girl whom he addressed was perhaps twenty years old. She was rather tall, round-shouldered, and thin. Her face showed the sickly pallor of constant indoor life. It was neither a pretty nor an ugly face: the forehead was broad, the nose straight, the mouth delicate though large, the chin firm. The single fine feature was the eyes which were soft and exceedingly dark, with long lashes and heavy eye-brows. She lifted these carelessly at Dick's speech "Mother's up and kept me," she answered taking her seat. "Tiff, ask for things, don't reach in that rude way!"

The meal proceeded, Dick grumbling and swearing, Arthur and Linda making faces at each other between bites, and Tiff spearing everything in reach with his fork. Sud-

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denly there was a crash! Tiff had launched himself at the brown bread which happened to be half-way down the table. It was a daring feat, but the distance was too great. Tiff's heels made a sudden flight in the air, his small arms spread involuntarily over the table-cloth, making a clean sweep of the dishes, and his fork after a wild and startling gyration above the heads of the family landed in the beefsteak platter with an astounding splash! There was a great quantity of gravy that morning; most of it went to Mr. Harden. Mathilde arose.

"Tiff we've had enough of this," she said with the calmness which appalls experienced youth. "Come."

Shriekiug and kicking Tiff was borne from the room to the adjacent shoe-closet. "Now," said Mathilde, "when you've made up your mind you can *ask* for things at the table, you cau come out." Disregarding Tiff's threats to "run away and get drowned," she shut the door and went down-stairs to the restaurant.

The restaurant (M. Harden's Restaurant for Ladies and Gentlemen) was on the first floor; the family lived above. Ten years ago "Harden's" had been famous among its kind. Those were the days of "old Darley;" he owned the building and when he died left the restaurant, its fame, its traditions and Molly O'Callahan the cook, to his only child, the M. Harden of the sign. There was also a suug little property in houses and bonds. In six years the latter was gone, the restaurant had sunk into a third-rate eating-house, and upstairs paint was dingy and carpets threadbare. "All because Dave Hardeu had no euergy!" said his wife. "All because Mrs. Harden was a fool that didn't know it!" said the O'Callahan. Mathilde thought they were both right. Truly enough David Harden was a man of little energy, but something is due to Mrs. Harden's share in the matter.

Matilda Harden was gifted with an opulent imagination and an even slighter capacity than that of her charming sex, in general, for distinguishing the logical from the desirable consequences of an action. In life this made her vivacious, sentimental, keenly susceptible to a certain type of beauty, emotionally religious, and full of impracticable longings for almost every experience which she had not known; in business it spurred her ou to all manner of extravagance. Her schemes had a superb aud exasperating vastness in their folly. How could a woman not crazy seriously meditate selling out a fair business, in order to open a patent blacking manufactory in Mexico or set up a Turkish bath-house in Colorado? To be sure, the flowers of her business fancy withered almost as rapidly as they grew, but although she abandoned her plans as readily as she made them they lasted long enough to do mischief. Then she would weep and complain that no one understood her or helped her, happily forgetting how the day before she might have proudly declined taking any one into her confidence; Mrs. Harden had not a tenacious memory. Considering everything it may be doubted if it were not a fortunate day for the family financially when she slipped on the icy pavement, four years ago, aud was carried home with an injury to her spine that compelled her in future to confine her schemes to her own room. She was taken down-stairs in her chair when she wished to drive. Except on these occasions she seldom left her chamber; she could walk, but with difficulty; and going up or down-stairs was painful. One of her grievances was her lack of an elevator. Mathilde had stoutly opposed it on the score of expense. "But I believe it's just because you don't want me down-stairs!" Mrs. Harden had cried weeping. "Oh you believe all kinds of things," Mathilde had replied, not taking the pains to dissemble her scorn. Then Mrs. Harden had wept copiously and thought how different it would have been had she married "him;" for she had her own romance. When she was eighteen Matilda Darley—then an uncommonly handsome girl, with a crude imagination and a head full of chaotic aspirations—had visited a cousin in the country. There she met a poet. He was a very minor poet indeed who wore eye-glasses and quoted his own verses; but he dazzled Matilda. As for him, he was young, ardently in love with Shelley and himself, on fire with a vague

enthusiasm for Art, and just tasting the sweets of publication—he called it fame. Matilda, with her passionate dark eyes, her beauty, her discontent and her evident admiration, seemed to him a thoroughly poetic figure. He admired her tremendously. He rowed her down the picturesque stream which flowed through the down, read Shelley and his own poems to her, talked unlimited sentiment, and twice a week galloped past her window on the swiftest steed the one livery stable of the place afforded. After all this bliss, the summer being over, he gaily rode away—this time on the train, not the steed.

Perhaps Matilda's fancy left to itself would have died a natural death; but the injudicious pity of her cousin, witness and confidant of the whole affair, changed wounded vanity into the fury of a woman scorned. She returned home and it was at this crisis of her existence that David Harden's fate ordered him to ask her to be his wife.

She accepted him. Three months later they were married, and Mrs. Harden, with flashing eyes, directed the wedding cards which she sent to her perfidious poet.

He was vain enough to feel a slight shock. In return he sent her an elegant edition of Shelley and some original verses, melodious, mysterious and melancholy, darkly hinting a passion he "dared not own" and a future in which a "wild, keen doubt" was to do a variety of unpleasant and preraphaelitish things.

The verses were afterward published in a popular magazine under the title, A Last Letter, and attracted much attention. Mrs. Harden did not feel insulted by them as some women would have done. She took the whole affair in dead earnest, from that day believing that her rashness had broken two hearts. Such a conviction scarcely helped her own married life. She was not a violent woman, but she grew more and more to feel that the world had used her hardly, that she was a superior soul who only needed wealth to shine in society. Therefore she sat in her pretty chamber, whose prettiness by the way was a queer contrast to the shabby house, and read hymns or novels and invented frantic plans for becoming suddenly rich.

Mathilde was the eldest child, rather unwelcome to her mother, but adored by her grandfather, who, however, died when she was ten years old. She grew up into a shy, plain, awkward child with a sharp sense of humor, a hungry little heart and a stiff little will. Naturally, she passed an extremely stupid childhood. She studied hard at school but lacked confidence to show her knowledge. Secretly she yearned for some one to play with her and be fond of her, but she was too shy to make advances and as she was not pretty, nor winning, nor in any way particularly desirable company, no one cared to make advances to her and until she was fourteen the O'Callahan was her single friend. At fourteen Mathilde experienced her first vivid emotion. Next her in her arithmetic class sat a girl in blue merino, with blue ribbons tying her pretty light brown hair and a white embroidered ruffle around her white neck. This girl had a soft, thin voice in which she recited most unsatisfactory lessons. There was about her a certain inviolable calm that fascinated Mathilde; it may have been stupidity but it showed like serenity. Timidly she offered to help her divinity do her sums. The divinity, smiling sweetly, accepted. With the same sweet, if indefinite smile, she received Mathilde's cream cakes and candied fruit. She never made any return, save the smile and a musical "much obliged," but Mathilde was easily satisfied; and when her idol left the city, she cried herself sick at night and wrote five long letters, carefully copied in her best hand, each beginning "My Most Dear friend," and ending "Respectfully yours." No reply ever came, so there was an end of that interest. After this episode the only person who had cared to be civil to her was Mr. Garstien, the florist. He took his dinners at the restaurant for a month and then asked her to be the second mother of his six unruly boys. Mathilde declined brusquely. Her incivility may have been caused, in part, by the fact that she was at the time much flushed with an unsuccessful pursuit of the third Garstien boy, who had utterly demolished a pan

of Charlotte russes in the back window by trying to capture them with a fish hook and a ball of twine.

Mathilde was sixteen when the accident to her mother occurred. She took the restaurant and carried on the business. Harden was the ostensible cashier, but Mathilde superintended the cooking, bought the supplies and kept the accounts. She had perseverance and a clear head. She was, moreover, a born cook. Unhampered by her mother and the family extravagances, she would have made her restaurant a celebrity; even as it was she was slowly dragging it up to success. But it was a hard, wearing and tumultuous life. Her mother was a person to blast the strongest hopes. Her father was continually lending stray mediums, his personal friends, the one and two-dollar notes in the till. Her brothers and sisters were growing up quarrelsome, lying, little freebooters, with their hands against every man and every man's hand against them. The jar and the hopelessness of it all made Mathilde's heart heavy at times.

This morning she loathed the business, her people, and herself. She leaned against the table, listlessly watching the O'Callahan. "Sure, ye look fit to drop!" cried the old Irishwoman compassionately. "Why don't ye go to church the day? it 'll be a rist like!" Mathilde's face brightened a little; even the O'Callahan's sympathy helped her, which was fortunate since it was the only sympathy she ever received. "I believe I will go," she answered with sudden resolution, and went upstairs. Stopping at the shoe-closet she released Tiff who, tearful but impenitent, returned to ravage the breakfast-table while Mathilde proceeded to her mother's room.

Mrs. Harden sat in an easy-chair before an open fire. The room was furnished in rose-colored chintz, with pearl-gray walls and a solid gray carpet relieved by a Persian border and two or three rugs. There were half a dozen engravings and water-color chromos in dead gold frames on the walls. At Mrs. Harden's elbow stood a small table on which lay a volume of Bonar's poem and Rhoda Broughton's Good-bye Sweetheart. A silver vase on the same table held two Marshal Neil roses. The firelight flickered on the shining brass andirons and lingered amid the soft tints of Mrs. Harden's wrapper. She was still a very handsome woman, having noble features and clear dark complexion. The gray hair waving about her forehead only heightened the brilliancy of her large, dark eyes. Her eyebrows were as perfectly defined as if she had painted them. There was a deep, perpendicular line on her forehead between the eyebrows, and the mouth had a slight downward curve at the corners.

She looked up impatiently at Mathilde's entrance. "I do think, Mathilde," she cried, "that when your mother gives you your board and clothes and you have nothing to do but wait on her a little, that you might show her *some* attention! I've been waiting for half an hour!" Mathilde muttered something about "the restaurant."

A flush gave Mrs. Harden a sudden color. "The restaurant!" she exclaimed passionately. "Always the restaurant! always your running it! I managed the business very well before you meddled with it and I can manage it now! Molly can get her orders from me and your father will see to the desk!"

"What dress will you wear to church?" said Mathilde.

"I 'm not going to church. Your father is going to a *séance* and I can't afford to pay for both of us. I *did* mean to go to the Tabernacle. But it's no matter," she sighed.

"Very well," said Mathilde coldly, "I think I 'll go myself. Good morning." "I do believe, Mathilde," cried Mrs. Harden, wiping her eyes, "that you grudge me the least, mean little pleasure I have in the world."

"Shall I get a carriage?" said Mathilde.

"No you *shan't!* I 'll never ride again. May be then you and your father will be satisfied——." What followed was lost in closing of the door. Mathilde went and ordered a carriage.

But when she returned, her mother positively declined going. "I wish you would believe I *sometimes* know my own mind," she said with dignity.

"Very well," answered Mathilde. And she retired to countermand her order.

Meanwhile Mrs. Harden looked out on the street; she saw the stream of people and the flaming signs, "To the Tabernacle!" on the horse cars, and her resolution grew weak. She rang for Mathilde. "Of course if you wish it, I will go," she said, and in a stately manner she allowed herself to be dressed. Her best bonnet and black silk had a soothing effect. She gave directions regarding her dinner and even invited Mathilde to accompany her, an offer which was promptly declined. Finally she was helped down stairs and safely placed in the hack at the door. Mathilde stood by the window for a few seconds, watching her, then burst out laughing. "And *that's* religion!" she said aloud, "Oh, I like it!" She laughed again and went to her own bare little room.

There was a hanging book-case on the wall, opposite the old-fashioned high-shouldered mahogany bureau; one could read the titles of the books in the cracked looking-glass. They were mostly the late Jonathan Darley's books and hardly young ladies' reading; Gibbon's Rome, Volney's Ruins, Selections from Voltairè and a little black Age of Reason. Mrs. Browning's Poems, Lucile and Ingersoll's Gods were Mathilde's own purchases. Darley had been an infidel of the coarse, outspoken, Tom Paine school. He had been, also, a rigidly honest man who never forgot a friend and seldom forgave an injury. Mathilde's childish memories of him were strengthened and colored by the O'Callahan's innumerable anecdotes. Her grandfather seemed to her the only solid figure in a world of sham and varnish. He was just, he was strong, he told the truth, he paid good for good if evil for evil,—"I will be like *him*," said Mathilde. She read his books eagerly. Their arguments might have appealed in vain to a happy heart but they conquered Mathilde. Life was so hard to her that she would fain have believed in a merciful soul outside, but just because it was so hard she dared not trust a Mercy which could fling such a burden on helpless creatures. Many times she had been tempted to leave her discordant home and try to guide her own life, but a dogged sense of duty to her father and the younger children always held her back. Yet she knew her fidelity was bringing her more misery than heartless neglect would have done. In the same way, her unselfish and humble love for her school friend had cost her bitterer tears than would have repaid the most callous selfishness. Thoughts like these were fast stiffening a nebulous sense of doubt into confirmed skepticism. "I'm sure I don't know why I'm going to church," said Mathilde surveying the reflection of herself in the looking-glass. "I'll try All Saints, I think, I've never been there." By this time she had donned her one "best dress," a simple, brown cashmere and was tying the narrow red and brown satin strings of her bonnet. It was a little brown bonnet with gilt braid on the brim, demure but becoming, and the picture in the glass was not unpleasing. Mathilde gave it a friendly nod, and ran quickly down the stairs.

The street cars were so crowded that she was obliged to stand and she half repented having started. It was a long ride, but at last the car wheels ceased rattling over the cobble stones of the narrow business streets, and entered the new part of the city where the wide avenues are lined by stately houses. Then the churches rose out of the March mist; the North with the spire which recalls St. Mark's; the dismal failure of Unity whose sculptured angles seem always blowing their gold trumpets, solely to remind a wicked and preverse generation of architects that Gabriel himself could not be heard within; last of all, the Byzantine towers and massive walls of All Saints.

The car stopped and the crowd poured into All Saints. Mathilde followed the crowd. She found herself in an ante-room filled with people. Ushers were guarding the doors. On either side, a flight of stairs led to the galleries and over the stairs were placards announcing that gallery seats were "free." Mathilde would have gone up stairs had she not heard a rough looking man tell another "an eel could n't get a seat there;" as it was, she resigned herself to waiting.

There is no real reason why a respectable

citizen in his best attire should feel ashamed of himself because he has to wait a few moments in the outer courts of the Lord, nevertheless it may be safely asserted that few positive sins give such a lost, forlorn, friendless and inexplicably degraded sensation! Pew-holders go by sedately to their appointed places. A pew-holder can be known at any distance, there is always in his countenance (and particularly in *her* countenance) a look of conscious, though often modest, power. Ushers at intervals open their doors to put in their heads for a second, then survey the crowd with speculation in their eyes, as calculating how many are likely to get a seat. All Saints is always crowded and its ushers wear a depressed expression. They seem kindly-natured men and civilly answer the question which a few bolder spirits never fail to ask. "How long before we can get in?" "Will Mr. Rivers preach?" The usher dubiously, "supposes so," not because he has any real doubts—did not his last glance of inspection show him Mr. Rivers alone in the chancel?—but his chronic uncertainty about seats has affected his manners. "Shall we have seats?" The usher more dubious, "hopes so." And then there is an unseen sign, a sudden movement, the doors open, the ushers beckon and the crowd follows with a rush and a rustle, into the great, dim, calm church.

Mathilde was swept up the aisle with the rest. A polite but inexorable usher conducted her into the second pew from the chancel.

A lady who was sitting at the head of the pew moved slightly, turning her head and glancing at Mathilde under her eyelids.

"I 'll keep away from this church, I guess," thought Mathilde, who had been standing some fifteen minutes outside and was not in a Christian frame of mind. After a time, however, she began to examine the church. Her eye noted the barred vault above, the massive stone pillars on their walnut bases, the wide crimson spaces of the apse and the subdued gorgeousness of the windows; almost against her will she felt soothed and impressed by the vast proportion and somber richness.

She cared nothing for the service or what the preacher was saying. When she came in she looked at him barely long enough to observe that he was a man who might justly be termed huge, he was at once so tall and so large. He had a handsome, clear cut face with dark eyes shining with a peculiar steady light, a firm yet sensitive mouth and a full chin. As he spoke he held his head in the air, looking upward. His smooth and closely cut black hair showed an almost imperceptible tinge of gray.

Mathilde merely thought he was uncommonly big and that in all her life she had never heard a man talk so fast. She was sorry when the service and the singing ended and Mr. Rivers, swinging his black gown as he walked, mounted the pulpit stairs and announced his text. "Something Corinthians," ran her reflections, "all about the Apostle Paul, how tedious!" She sank into a reverie on the next week's bill of fare. A moment later she lifted her head, although what caused her motion she could not have told herself.

The Rev. John Rivers was not an orator, his gestures were few, nor would these be considered graceful; his voice showed the wear and tear of a busy lenten season in a slight huskiness, he spoke with extreme rapidity and he had no startling changes of inflection; but he was absolutely unconscious of himself and he was *absolutely* in earnest. A controlled intensity and sustained power swept on the volume of rapid words, and the hearer was caught in the grasp of an earnestness that made temptations and doubts seem like chaff before its strength. Mathilde felt vaguely the charm of his direct Anglo Saxon style but she was too ignorant to appreciate either its purity or its strength; perhaps what kept her listening was her perception of the downright manliness of the words she heard. Mathilde had attended a course of Moody and Sankey. She hated sentiment and felt an actual cold chill creeping over her when a preacher began to be pathetic. "I believe," she said to herself, "that this man is trying to move people's souls, not to make them cry!"

Mr. Rivers was speaking of Paul. He described him as a man whose sole object was to do the will of God, not a fanatic and

not a materialist, but a man with a clear head and a warm heart whose mind was at once open to all the influences from man below and from God above. And this concentration of aim and moral teachableness held the secret of Paul's power. He was the practical Christian. Paul was a man who sought goodness itself, not the rewards of goodness. (Here Mathilde opened her eyes wider, then dropped them.) He was a most unselfish man. The preacher spoke of the weariness of a selfish life. "Apart from every other consideration," he said, lowering his eyes and looking at his people with a glance that each one of them seemed to meet, personally, "a selfish life has always appeared to me such an *uninteresting* life. A man must get so terribly tired of himself!"

One of the congregation bowed her head. "Yes," said Mathilde, "I *am*." She wondered if she had unconsciously been selfish while blaming the selfishness of others. So absorbed was she in the perplexity of this new mental attitude that she lost the next few sentences. When her thoughts returned to the preacher he was speaking of usefulness. He said, "So many people,—and nowhere more, perhaps, than in this great city of ours,—desire to be useful. Sometimes they even neglect the duties near at hand in their longings for usefulness. Now if a man will love God and goodness supremely he *will* be useful. It is not so much what a man does as what he is. Doing naturally follows the being." Mathilde knitted her black brows, thinking to herself, "I wonder."

"I wonder," she thought again as she rode homeward. Mr. Rivers believed that this life was only part of an infinite journey and happiness was not the end but a something which he called "goodness." He believed in a personal Helper, who would aid in the pursuit of this "goodness," although not perhaps in that of happiness. If it were possible that such a belief had some reason! If it were possible—merely supposing the case, for of course it was not possible—that all her doubts and fears, her very conclusions of experience were fictions, imaginary goblins such as a child locked in a dark closet conjures up and screams over, while all the time the broad light of day is beating against his door!

"2102!" shouted the driver. Mathilde walked across the street to the familiar door. She let herself in quickly and hurried to her own room.

Tiff was there! He had been there something like an hour. This ingenious young gentleman had expended much patient skill in adorning himself as an Indian chief with his sister Linda's new paints. Three feathers from the duster and Mathilde's sash completed the imposing spectacle. Considerable paint remaining on the pallet, Tiff who was of an economical turn directed his energies towards decorative household art. He painted the bed, the table, and the wash-stand in extremely *unconventional* forms. And then he went proudly to "scare Linda."

Here came his first trial. Linda was very disagreeable; she would not be "scared" at all; she asked "where he got his paints?" and the interview ended painfully in her boxing his ears. Depressed Tiff repaired to Mathilde's room. The effect of the furniture did not strike him as nearly so fine as before. He thought he would wash it. He thought he would wash himself also and retire to private life. His ears ached; and, although he consoled himself by thinking that was the way Indians felt who had been scalped, still it was n't so funny after all. Shaking his head, Tiff set to work on the table. The paint *would not wash off!* Tiff had only seen water colors; his horror was boundless. With a beating heart he rubbed until his arms ached. It was useless! The people began to come from church; he heard his mother's voice below. He tore the feathers out of his hair and began scrubbing his own dreadful little face. It emerged a conglomerate daub of red, yellow and black and then Tiff's courage gave way. Sitting down on the floor, he lifted up his voice and wept.

The footsteps of Nemesis sounded in the hall; they came nearer; the door opened! "Tiffany Harden!"

"Oh, I did n't go for to do it, Tilly," sobbed the wretched little creature, "honest, I did n't!" He ventured a glance into the

countenance of Justice. It wore a most unexpected smile.

"You poor little object, what have you been doing?"

"I jest wanted to be an injun and it would n't come off!"

"But you know you ought n't to touch Linda's paints." Tiff fearing the appearance of mercy deceitful began to sniff.

"And you never must do it again, *never*," continued Mathilde, "Can you remember? Come, now, and be washed." "And she never scolded me one bit!" Tiff said, afterward, relating the story to Linda, "so now Linda Harden, Ya—ah!"—— the last an inexpressible sound, familiar to all small boys and supposed to convey withering contempt.

He put his sturdy little arms about Mathilde's neck as soon as he was clean, crying, "you 'r awful good Tilly, I wish you was this way every day!" He saw her face change and felt himself suddenly hugged tight. "I 'll try to be every day, Tiff," was whispered in his ear.

Mathilde kept her word. Tiff, with the facility of childhood for attachments, grew very fond of his sister. To be sure, his affection and his genuine if feeble gratitude did not prevent his laying waste the *éclairs* or sliding down the banisters of four flights of stairs, a blood-curdling performance which Mathilde witnessed from the fourth story, nearly fainting; but nevertheless he had his own way of showing his feelings: he followed his sister about, came to her in all his troubles, which were manifold, ran errands for her, and at last actually learned to tell her the truth, frankly avowing, however, that he always meant to lie to "ma and Dick."

The following Friday Mathilde attended the afternoon service at All Saints. Mr. Rivers' text was from the First Epistle to the Thessalonians, Fifth chapter, part of the eighth verse; "And for a helmet the hope of salvation." He said a desire for safety might be a noble or an ignoble thing. The man who desired safety selfishly, was a coward; but a man might desire safety from sin, from the worst in his own nature. Such a desire was pefectly legitimate and was so recognized by Paul. Hope was one of the chief elements of safety, hence the simile. As long as a man had hope he had strength to struggle; when he lost heart he submitted. Then he spoke of the hope of salvation. It was not a distant hope. Character itself was the reward of right living. "Heaven is not afar," he said stretching out his arms with one of his rare gestures, "it is not in a dim future it is here, to-day! And unless we have it in our hearts, here, in vain shall we struggle for it hereafter." Mathilde thought of this last sentence many times; she was moved none the less profoundly because vaguely. "Whatever his religion is worth," said Mathilde to her grandfather's books, "his morality is better than mine—or *yours!* And anyhow I 'll go to church." She went to church through March, through April. Mr. Rivers is a public character; gossip concerning him drifted to Mathilde. She expected to hear evil but for once gossip spoke no harm. A chance sight of him in a squalid street, where she had gone to visit a sick waiter girl, enlarged her imagination. "There's a mission of his church down there," the girl's sister had told her, "he comes often. He 's a kind man and don't put on airs and he aint a bit goody goody. The young men think lots of him."

One day, sitting in the cashier's desk, Mathilde overheard two young men talking of Mr. Rivers. "I don't know what it is about him," said one, "but I never hear him without a sneaking reflection of Felix feeling." The other laughed a short soft laugh like an abrupt sigh. "Almost thou persuadest me?" "Exactly. And yet I don't believe in Christianity any more than you do, Brace. But I believe in John Rivers." "Rivers is an exceptional man," answered Brace gravely, "there is a tremendous morality about his sermons. And there is nothing jerky about his strength, it 's one steady pull. Then he has such magnificent pluck. When he was a young fellow just starting in life he was called to St. Thomas' in ——. It was during the very first years of the war; St. Thomas was fashionable and proslavery; Rivers was an abolitionist. He never flinched an inch, although I fancy he

had to go against a strong current. He would not take away nor add one word to what he believed true for all the congregations in the world. He makes me think of somebody's speech over John Knox, 'Here lies one who never feared the face of man.' In my opinion Rivers is no more a coward than Knox. It's a great pity he did n't live in the days of the Inquisition. What a martyr he would make! How he would play the man at the stake! I would go a thousand miles to see him!" "Brace, you are are an infernally heartless fellow." "Not a bit of it, Sam. Only my imagination. You see modern life is such a vile, light comedy. There are no intense emotions; it's hard on a psychological artist. But two or three centuries ago there was a chance for a man to show himself. The real in people comes out when they have to die for their opinions. Now we are all one pattern, like paper dolls cut out of double paper" "Rivers is a figure by himself." "Yes, I believe he is. He believes in the religion he preaches. He lives his beliefs—yes, and would die for them, too, as coolly as he would eat his dinner. He is a man with only one aim in life." "What do you mean by that?" "Well, he says what *he* means often enough. Rivers believes with all his heart and soul in Jesus Christ. He has that same sort of personal loyalty which one notices in Augustine and Thomas á Kempis and the martyrs but is n't apt to run against often in modern Christians. The only thing worth living for in his eyes is goodness and Christ is the perfect example of goodness, and he has a feeling for him whose intensity neither you nor I can comprehend. Still—I half wish I had it." "Not so I," said Brace with a new inflection in his voice, "better the truth than a fable, however poetic. Some day we shall see a code of ethics evolved out of the eternal laws of nature better than any men have made in their Bibles. In the meanwhile, however, let us listen to John Rivers." "It will not harm us," said Brace, smiling, "goodness. for goodness' sake we believe in as fervently as he. For my own part I know that he, being so good a Christian, helps me to be a good pagan. Ned says the same thing; have you seen him lately?" Then the conversation changed. It left its mark in the listener's mind. She pondered often on Brace's words. The help and comfort involved in the reliance on a wiser and stronger soul than her own appeared a possibility to her for the first time.

The Sunday after this conversation Mr. Rivers preached on Hero Worship. "Prophecy" he said, "is transparency. A prophet is the utterance of a greatness not his own.

"To do good you must be good yourself; you can never give to others a goodness or a godliness which you have not yourself.

"It is a sad thing when a man has lost the capacity for hero worship.

"The humblest men are those who never say anything about their humility, who never think anything about it because they feel so thoroughly that it is the God in them who works.

"The issue of it all is very simple. Obey! Whenever in this world you can find a being, greater, purer, nobler, better than yourself, admire and obey him, so shall you help him to do his work, and yourself acquire his greatness, his purity, his nobility and his goodness. Above all, obey God, for so shall you truly become His child."

I give the sentences which clung to Mathilde's memory, without order or connection. At the last, she said solemnly to herself, "I will, I know nothing of God but I will obey you!" I fear I shall not be able to describe clearly my shabby heroine's state of mind at this time. Her feeling for Mr. Rivers was entirely impersonal; the thought of him apart from his pulpit never entered her head; and her one flight of imagination was a wild wish that he were a ritualist and that she might, once, confess to him. It was a wish akin to an impulse which comes to many of us, a longing once in our lives to reveal our real soul, not as *our* soul, simply as a soul to some wise and just stranger whom we shall never meet again. It is the hunger for comprehension, rather love itself, since love is blind. Mathilde had once seen a confessional. The picture of the priest listening in the darkness to the unseen penitent fascinated her at the time.

It recurred to her now, walking homeward. Without any tangible reason she felt

unusually cheerful. "At least there will always be the Sundays," she thought, "they will help me through the week." They or something else had helped her already. She was less abrupt with her mother and gentler with the children. Mr. Harden ventured to read the Banner of Light aloud to her evenings when work did not press. Mathilde would have prefered her own books, but she thought "he may as well talk to me as to that horrid Cheever who is always wanting to borrow fifty cents. It 's tedious but it pleases him and it saves the fifty cents." Thinking of all these things, with stray reflections regarding the grocer and butcher, Mathilde hurried home.

She found Clem Wright talking to her mother in the "sitting-room." He sat in the old hair cloth arm-chair, and while he talked, his big fingers pulled at the wiry hairs where the cloth on the arms had worn away. His large red face looked only the redder to Mathilde for a slender moustache which her first glance decided to be dyed. She had never liked Wright, she thought he flattered her mother for purposes of his own, and she had felt relieved by his departure for Chicago, two years before. His return was anything but a pleasure. Still there appeared a necessity for some pretense of civility, so Mathilde said she was "surprised."

He grew very re^d as he jumped up and grasped her hand, la ghing affectedly. "Oh yes, bad penny back again, you see. Ha! Ha!" He seemed to Mathilde needlessly uncomfortable. Her mother too had flushed in an odd fashion. Mathilde left the room angry and perplexed.

The next two weeks brought her no enlightenment. Wright came almost daily. He seemed to prefer Mathilde's society to her mother's, talking in glowing terms of his restaurant in Chicago, and hinting that it needed a woman's taste—"a young lady's taste," he put it, for he had a most genteel vocabulary. Then he would smile and look at Mathilde out of the corners of his eyes until she wondered if any other man alive had quite such odious looks. Every time he came he wore a new cravat, the purest of Hot Springs diamonds flamed from the cravat; and he clad his manly proportions in a plaid suit of the lastest English cut from somebody's "square dealing clothing emporium." Mathilde used to look at him, resplendent on the sofa, filling the air with mingled suggestions of Night Blooming Cereus and rose pomade, and question herself about him. "What does he want? He always used to want mother to take him into partnership. What does he want now?"

She discovered what he wanted, one sunny afternoon in May. Coming into her mother's room she found a "scene" in progress. Her mother sat by the window, with her handkerchief displayed. Her father was restlessly walking the room. At intervals the word "crazy!" was jerked over his shoulder. "What 's the matter?" said Mathilde, in the door way.

"Matter enough," groaned Harden between his teeth, "your mother's *ruined* us, that 's the matter! Tell her yourself, "he shouted furiously at his wife," you 've done it! Oh! it 's enough to drive a man *mad* to have such a woman as you for his wife!" He caught up the hat on the table and tried to jam it on his head; happening to be Tiff's hat, it was naturally too small. Harden dashed it on the floor with an oath and strode out of the room.

Mathilde opened her eyes; she had never seen her father in such a condition. Mrs. Harden burst into tears. "*Well!*" said Mathilde.

"I wish I had never married!" sobbed Mrs. Harden, "girls don't know when they are well off. I don't care! I have a right to do what I please with my own money. And it *is* a good bargain any—"

"What have you been doing?" said Mathilde.

"You need n't be sassy *too!* It was my own prop——

"What have you been doing?" repeated Mathilde.

Her mother shrank back into her chair; the truth came out in a whimper, punctuated with sobs. "I 've sold the r-restaurant to-Cle-Clement Wright!"

Mathilde walked up to her mother's chair. In utter silence she looked into the sullen and tearful eyes of Mrs. Harden, against

her will lifted to meet her own; Mathilde's face was a grayish white and her eyes glowed. Without a word she turned away. "Are the deeds signed?" she said in a hard voice, "Is it too late yet?"

Mrs. Harden checked her sobs. "Of course they 're signed, your father signed too. You need n't act so funny, Mathilde. I 'm sure if you 're set on staying here you can easy enough. Clement Wright will be only too glad, poor fellow. And I 'm sure *I* could n't ask a better son-in-law——" "*Mother!*" cried Mathilde. She flung out her arms with a wild gesture. Then she rushed away. Mrs. Harden called after her but she did not come back.

No one saw her for half an hour. Then she came to the kitchen door which looked out on the little yard Here the O'Callahan struggled with a few herbs of dilatory disposition, parsley, mace, mint and the like. On the door-step sat Mr. Harden leaning his elbows on his knees and gloomily staring at some ambitious mint which had just made its appearance. The attitude was unfortunate since it disclosed a rip in the shiny shoulder of his coat. His hair straggled untidily over his collar; a stray sunbeam showed how gray it was growing.

Mathilde looked at him a moment before speaking. "So mother has sold the restaurant, father?" "Yes, confound her!" answered Harden, whose shoulders had shrunk together at the sound of her voice, much like those of a dog that expects a blow. "She 's got a thousand dollars and the Chicago restaurant. She 's always been wild to go West——"

"To go West?" interrupted Mathilde, "to go West!" She leaned against the wall of the house; her father's downcast eyes could see that her hands were trembling. Almost shyly he took one of them.

"Tilly, don't go back on us!" he said. "As true as I live, I did n't know what I was signing! She 'd been talking of letting Clem have the other lot, and when she said she 'd sold Clem the property he wanted I thought it was that and I was in a hurry and signed without reading it over." Mathilde said nothing. Harden looked at her for the first time. "Tilly, you want to leave us!" he cried, "your mother 'll run through everything if you do! I aint got the grit to stand up to her, and she 'd cheat me if I had! Tilly don't go back on us, it wont be so hard there, Dick 's going to stay here——"

"Mother wants me to go," said Mathilde, "she does n't like my running the restaurant."

"Law, Tilly, mother aint got no sense, you know she aint. Her father was a dreadful smart man but she was always flighty."

"Til—*ly*!" called the voice of the O'Callahan within. She had called Mathilde "Tilly" in her childhood and she saw no reason why she should not call her "Tilly" still. "Til-*ly*! The pattys is reddy!"

"I must go," said Mathilde. She drew a long breath. "I 'll not go back on you, father, but I must manage the Chicago restaurant myself. It must be understood beforehand. I 'll pay mother so much a month for it——"

"Yes, yes," said her father soothingly, "we 'll fix it somehow."

Mathilde went to her *patés*. She derived some slight satisfaction that evening from an interview with Mr. Wright in which she declined to be his wife. "Clem talked like blue blazes in the hall," Arthur who had unscrupulously listened at the key-hole said to Linda. Both the children enjoyed the whole affair beyond expression and Mathilde rose greatly in their estimation.

It had been arranged the Hardens should start for Chicago the subsequent Monday. A busy week succeeded, too busy for Mathilde to go to church Wednesday evening, but she looked forward to Sunday, saying to herself that once more, if never again, she should hear the only voice in this world which had spoken comfort to her soul.

Sunday morning was an ideal May morning, clear soft and bright, with a turquoise sky and summer whispering in the air. The sparrows were twittering on the house-eaves. and one more venturesome tapped his tiny bill against Mathilde's window-pane: she ran down-stairs and brought him up some crumbs. Below, the streets were full of people and the car bells were ringing

constantly. Until the last moment Mathilde dreaded some unforeseen detention which should prevent her going, but none came and she went.

The usher at the west door had grown familiar with the slender and round-shouldered figure in brown; he gave Mathilde a nod and smile as she passed. "You 'll have your choice of seats to-day," he said; she was glad he gave her this little greeting.

It was so early that she was able to find a good seat. Gradually the church filled. The organ began to play soft chords like wandering thoughts, swelling at last into a noble harmony.

Mathilde bent her head; she did not pray but a feeling of awe and mysterious hope possessed her.

The last echoes of the music died into calm. There was the rustle of the rising of a great congregation. "Now he has come into the chancel," thought Mathilde who remained sitting, "when he speaks I will get up. Now——"

"The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him."

Suddenly, sharply, Mathilde raised her head. Mr. Rivers was not in the chancel! A slight, blonde young man whose voice had an ecclesiastical cadence stood there alone.

Some one behind Mathilde whispered to her next neighbor. "Did n't you know?" The answer came back, "Mr. Rivers is in New York, won't be back before next Sunday." Next Sunday Mathilde would be in Chicago. She rose softly and went away. At the church door she saw the usher whom she knew, and when he asked her sympathetically if she were ill she answered with a smile that she only needed the fresh air. She walked along the quiet streets until she came to the park which lies in the heart of the city. Mathilde seated herself on a rustic bench near the miniature lake. To-day there were no boats on the water, but nurses were wheeling their charges among the trees and a few laboring men in their Sunday clothes stood on the little bridge, leaning over the railing and laughing at each other's jokes. Mathilde, looking at it all, felt her throat contract and her eyes grow dim. She was sitting in the shade and she held her prayer-book up before her face while the hot tears rolled down her cheeks. They left her with a queer, faint sensation. She lifted her dull and heavy eyes to the beautiful May sky. A feeling of unbearable desolation closed down upon her. She was like a lost swimmer in night and storm, who battles his way towards the shore revealed by a single light; when suddenly the wind strikes it dead!

In such moments the soul does not reason, she only stretches out her hands for help. Mathilde had sunk back in her seat. The children were chasing each other among the flower beds, the nurse-maids gossiped, and the men on the bridge discussed Dennis Kearney. She heard yet did not hear them; her mind was groping feebly through the past for some recollection which might give her strength for the future.

Near her, the waves rippled and glittered in the sun; the budding tree leaves stirred with a soft murmur and their shadows wavered on the grass. Above, a few fleecy clouds melted into an ocean of blue. Insensibly the tranquil beauty of the scene stole like an answer of comfort into her heart. Behind all this loveliness was there not some love? Weeks before Mr. Rivers had preached a sermon in which he spoke of those things which men can do without; one sentence came to Mathilde now, impelled by a new force. "Health, companionship, life itself; these are no longer indispensable when Christ has shown us God!"

With an overpowering emotion she raised her eyes. "Oh, I don't know how to pray!" cried Mathilde's heart dumbly. "I never prayed in my life, but I am so weak, you are so strong! Help me!"

Was it the reaction on herself of her own blind aspirations towards that lofty peace which only loyalty to the highest we know ever brings? Or was it an influence not herself answering her prayer as it answers every humble and trusting soul?

Mathilde did not try to decide, but rose, cast one farewell glance at All Saints' towers, and calmly, almost gladly, went her way back to toil and pain and unpraised victory.

Octave Thanet.

THE TWO METHODS OF CHANGING CREEDS.

The creed of the Christian church had a first and creative period—a heroic age. The unsystematic and crude teaching of the New Testament was thrown into the philosophic consciousness of the early believers for elaboration. And the process of its logical unfolding and arrangement was by no means a mere matter of abstract speculation. The fires of controversy that burned so high in the closing years of the third, and the major part of the fourth century were fed by something more combustible than simple intellectual interest. The questions so virulently debated were felt to touch the vital truth on which the church was founded, and accordingly the early disputants struggled as for their lives. It was not the interpretation of one school against another; it was not the opinion of one Father against another; it was the question whether the church should be rent into suicidal factions, whether the unity which had been the desire of the apostles and the dream of the saints should sink into a meaningless name. And the great results of this early contest go far towards palliating, if they do not justify its bitterness. The teachings as to the Person of Christ and his relation to God which emerged, clear-cut and sharply-molded, from the fusion of the scattered Biblical statements in the heat of earnest and expectant enquiry, have held their place in the church formularies with scarce a shadow of dissent. Indeed, and we say this with no deference to the benumbing optimism which thinks "whatever is, is right," to one who is convinced that the intellectual progress of Christianity as it finds expression in creeds,has not been subject to a guidance that is wholly of the earth, it will cause great hesitation in attacking any doctrine if, in its essentials, it can be shown to be the normal product of the healthy Christian consciousness laying hold of revealed truth. It was this suitable reverence for the divine element in developing principles of belief, and no mere bowing to authority, that led the creed-makers of the Reformation to accept almost wholly the doctrinal legacy of the early church, while making sturdy protests against its entailment of ecclesiastical abuses. But when we come to the distinctive features of the creeds of the Reformers we find them originating in quite another way. We may not agree with those who wish to regard Protestantism as a special creation, and not rather as a birth under divinely-ordered conditions. We may think Huss and Wycliffe sure pledges of a coming Luther, and Savonarola, half-monk, half-prophet, the very voice crying in the wilderness before him. We may see, with Dorner, in the mysticism into which devout souls fled as a refuge from oppressive Romish formualism, in the revival of classic learning and the spread of general education, the streakings in the east which were heralds of the full dawn of the Reformation. Yet must we not shut our eyes to the fact that Protestant Theology as distinct from Protestant principles, and as compared with the Theology of the early church, was of hasty formation. Luther himself left no systematic formula of belief. It was enough for him that he had wrought out in the groans and tears of his own experience, that great truth which he could best express by the phrase Justification by Faith. He was content to leave the development of systems to others, if he might but infuse into the hearts of his fellow-countrymen something of his own zeal for that principle which was for him central to all Revelation. Accordingly he made it the theme of sermon and epistle and treatise; who are we to blame him if he carried it to indefensible extremes? A severely logical and nicely balanced mind would never have nailed the ninety-five theses to the Wittenberg church-door. But definite symbols of belief were an absolute necessity for the early Protestants, who were united in little else than hostility to Rome. They needed a Confession of Faith to bind them into a unity; and scholars were not wanting to supply the lack. The gentle and learned Melanchthon received the rough-hewn thoughts of Luther into his

own more exact and dispassionate mind, and gave them forth in coherent form as the vivifying symbol of the German church.

In France the sterner and more profound if less lovable Calvin was meditating the system of theology which, however harsh in many particulars, has proved, as he hoped, the strongest rallying-point against Rome. He struck a mighty blow at the proudest dogma of Catholic theology—the assertion of a Divine authority in the church. Men cried: "How can we be assured of salvation unless we have the guaranty of an unerring church?"

It was for Calvin to show them how. For trust in ecclesiastical authority he substituted reliance on the authority of Heaven. No longer tracing salvation to the efforts of an earthly power, he carried it back to the councils of Eternity, basing it upon that will which acts before and above bishops and churches, with no variableness or shadow of turning. And this work was undertaken almost absolutely from the beginning. A few scattered threads were found in Augustine Anselm and Aquinas and woven into the new fabric. Occasional hints of other predecessors, of whom the world was not worthy, were eagerly caught and developed. But, in the main, the labor of the reforming theologians was not assimilative but creative. There was little or nothing of that sifting process which the distinctive doctrines of the early church underwent, before they were given the sanction of an Œcumenical council. The necessities of the times would admit of no delay for comparison and modification of views. The aroused minds of the people had stricken off one authority and were already growing giddy with their new freedom. If this freedom was not to lapse into license, some new bond of belief must be offered to bring them into progressive unity. It was under pressure of such circumstances that the creeds of the Reformation had their birth. Naturally enough much that was incomplete or exaggerated in conception found entrance. It is not given to any one man or set of men to see the whole of truth. And accordingly the development of Protestant doctrine has proceeded on a method wholly different from that, which is to be noticed in the formation of the creeds of the early church. In the latter case the process was one of slow and tentative growth. Individual and local opinions suffered the test of protracted and thorough discussion, before they found expression in an authoritative symbol. A creed was thus at once the result and the reconciliation of divergent views. Not so with the formularies of the Reformation. Given forth with all the definiteness and authority of the earlier creeds, they had not behind them the weight of a normal historical development. They were rather the prelude than the epilogue to controversy. The mediæval church received the doctrinal utterances of early times as a sacred legacy, giving its best thought to their logical presentation without dreaming of addition or modification. The modern church has devoted no little effort to a rectification of the dogmatic bequests of the Reformers, which touches their very subject-matter. Something of the methods, possible and actual, of this rectification it is our present purpose to exhibit.

It may be observed by way of premise, that the possibility of resolute attempts from within the church to modify the doctrinal teachings of a Luther or a Calvin, is the best possible proof that their assertion of the right of private judgment was not a mere name. It is a favorite practice with certain writers of the negative school to ridicule the common opinion that the Reformation, strictly on its religious side, was an enfranchisement of the human mind. What can you make it out, they say, but a change of masters? They point to the old woman of Geneva who, when a refugee from Lyons exclaimed "How delightful it is to see this lovely liberty in this city!" contemptuously replied "Lovely liberty indeed; we were formerly obliged to go to mass and now we are obliged to go to sermon." Though recognizing the element of truth in all this, the one fact that since Luther's time church dogmas have been admitted to be a subject for personal investigation and not matters of inviolable sanctity, is enough to justify us in abiding by the ordinary impression, that

a great stride in intellectual freedom was taken in the Reformation.

Given a creed formed under such pressure of circumstances and influence of individual aberration, as necessitates its correction if it is to come up to the needs of newer thinking, there are obviously two ways in which a friendly attempt may be made to eliminate error. One is by open and emphatic repudiation of obnoxious points. This may be called the negative method. The other is by a strong and sympathetic grasp of all that is truest and most vital, with a quiet ignoring of that which is falsely conceived. This is the positive method. It is doubtless true that the two are generally mingled in any particular writer. Yet such a preponderance of one may usually be traced as to rightly be called the distinctive character of the thought. Much might be said as to the propriety and advantages of either of the two methods. But in brief and in general this will be found true. The negative method is most liable to exaggeration and abuse. It passes almost irresistibly beyond its primary intention. The first attacks, even if made in the generous flush of indignation righteously aroused, lapse into a habit of chronic fault-finding with an ease that is fatal. The blows which at first were careful to discriminate between foreign accretions and original substance, begin to be given in indiscriminate hostility. And the effect upon the immediate adherents of one using this method is sure to be unfortunate. They have not gone through the mental processes by which he arrives at his convictions, and if they follow him at all, at once fall into a negativism that is worse than his because passionate and unthinking. Any school of thought, philosophic as well as religious, that takes its origin and finds its support in negations, contains the pledge of its own destruction. Either it will give way before opponents who can vindicate a positive teaching, or will gain a triumph which will be suicidal. Grant it the completest proof of all its denials, and unless it has a residuum of living affirmations, it will itself sink in the general collapse. Samson may pull down the house of Dagon but must be content to say, "Let me die with the Philistines."

The positive method, on the contrary, accomplishes its object while falling in with all the best tendencies of human nature. It does not shock our conservative reverence for the work of our fathers by assuming that they spent their strength in defence of pure error. It rather seizes with true appreciation and hearty appropriation upon all that is strong and noble in their beliefs, only insisting that we translate it all into modern idiom. It does not call us to look at a gallery of painted forms in small-clothes and three-cornered hats, but presents to us real flesh and blood in familiar costume. Its also avoids the odium which men naturally visit upon one whom they think a stirrer-up of strife. Bacon gives form to a universal feeling in saying: "Men ought to take heed of rending God's church by two kinds of controversies; the one is where the matter of the point controverted is too small and light, nor worth the heat and strife about it; . . . the other is where the matter of the point controverted is great but it is driven to an over-great subtlety and obscurity, so that it becometh a thing rather ingenious than substantial." Yet this method fails not to uproot error. But it does it rather by indirect attack and flank movement than by impetuous assault. It lays firm hold of the true and by very force of contrast causes the false to wither away. It makes sure of the sun-rise and leaves the mists of the valley to vanish of themselves. Then too it places itself in full alliance with that principle in the progress of opinion which Mr. Lecky sets forth so prominently in his history of Rationalism—the principle which provides that false and imperfect beliefs will fall of their own weight to the bottom of the stream of accepted notions. This comes about by no careful reasoning but by a sort of instinct which we may be sure is divinely implanted.

It might be possible for one deeply-read in the doctrinal development of different Protestant nations, to trace in its distinctive features as found in each, a predominance of one or the other of the methods thus sketched. Thus the great agitations of the first half of this century in Germany seem to have been produced by the work of a

school extremely negative. It is very certain that the movements in our own country toward a re-statement of creeds, movements which have given rise to what is known as the New England Theology, were prompted and carried on by a desire to give the vital truth a truer and freer utterance.

But what has been outlined in the abstract, may best be given concreter form by a brief reference to individual examples. For this a scantier knowledge will suffice than that necessary to grasp a national tendency; and a really complete test may, at the same time, be given.

No name comes more quickly to mind, as a representative of the destructive method in Theology than that of Theodore Parker. We need no longer think of him as that monster of infidelity which he was once thought to typify. We may trace in the character of his m nd and the influence of his peculiar circumstances and education the shaping forces of his public teaching. We may think of him as carried away with the rising tide of German skepticism—a skepticism since out-grown in its native land, leaving its foreign imitators to "flaunt in the cast clothing of their German sister." We may gladly remember the strong grasp of many great truths which was his, and value his efforts at constructive work. But we cannot disguise the fact that the main impression he gave was one of pulling down. Indeed it seems to have been his own conviction that he was destined to work a mighty revolution in Theology. In one of his letters he compares himself in stirring words to Luther, and hopes for himself a mission and success equal to those of the great Reformer. He therefore bent his main efforts, as far as his public ministry is concerned, to attacking the "popular theology." This is not the place for an estimate of the value of his writings. The sober verdict of a foreigner—Dr. Dorner—that he fell into a "passionate negativism," gives form to the general and growing impression. Hence it is that the really positive and formative parts of his teaching have made themselves so little felt. After a man has overturned the temple of popular belief, people do not stop to see him draw a few broken pillars and shattered blocks from the general ruin wherewith to build a temporary shelter. Strenuously as Parker denied all bitterness, there is apparent a sting in his words. However possible for himself, it is hard for him to lead others to pass easily from irony to devoutness. Accordingly the many unquestioned passages of tender and holy aspiration to be found in his writings, are for the most part unknown. Men do not listen for the tolling of a bell amid the crash of falling church walls. Whatever then may have been his influence, it is undeniable that his aims have been largely frustrated by the extreme destructiveness of his method. The few who went to his full length had not his deeply religious nature to keep them from going farther; and the many who shuddered at his negations were thereby prevented from seeing that which was really true.

For an instance of the successful use of the positive method, we cannot do better than turn to that group of English clergymen, made known to us in the writings and biographies of F. W. Robertson, Charles Kingsley and F. D. Maurice. Perhaps the first of these will best suit our purpose, not as being more Catholic in his perception of the soul of good in things erroneous, but as furnishing in his short life and limited activity, a better opportunity to discern his method of thought than the others. We pass over the early part of his ministry, with its intense intellectual struggles after a safe standing-ground of belief, struggles which his chivalrous nature was peculiarly fitted to endure unharmed, and come at once to his life-work at Brighton. The results of his teaching there the world has in his published lectures and sermons, sadly fragmentary as many of them are. They all witness to the truth of his own words: "—our way is rather to teach positively than negatively; we will try to set up the truth and error may fall before it." (Sermon on Inspiration.) There is no need to enlarge upon his broad sympathy and instinctive power of recognizing and presenting truth. All the world knows how his keen eye looked straight through the disguises which the tradition of men had put

upon truth, and saw it in all its native strength and beauty. His free spirit would not rest within the limits of his own church, but wandered abroad, even seizing for his own the underlying truth which Rome had erected into a harmful dogma.

True he was misunderstood often. The *Record* newspaper failed not to find those who would echo its alarmed outcries. Many outside the church, though strangely attracted to him, thought, with Henry Crabb Robinson, that he was merely sublimating and spiritualizing the creed. Yet the multitudes of those who knew him well enough to catch his spirit, found him a spiritual strength and an intellectual guide. Error shrank, self-condemned, before the authority of the naked truth, as he poured it into their souls. The mere story of his life and imperfect reproduction of some of his words, have proved a blessing to many a heart. Laymen and clergymen alike come to him with delight and carry away an access of strength. His influence upon modern anglican Theology is unquestioned and unquestionably salutary. His method finds its principle and gets its justification in the saying so often forgotten by those whose zeal is not according to knowledge: "For we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."

Rollo Ogden.

CALVIN THE SINNER.*

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Suavity came out on the veranda, but she came so noiselessly that the man who sat on the steps reading the morning paper failed to perceive her presence. Mrs. Suavity never made a noise, she was like the silent, French clock under the glass shade on her mantle, that toiled busily and ceaselessly, weeks and months, without a touch or a tick. To overcome resistance, to accomplish the most with the least friction, had been the study of her life, till she had nearly solved that mechanical problem perpetual motion. The ease and certainty with which she conceived and executed the plan of her daily life, was equaled only by the ease and certainty of her physical movements. Her garments were made of the most cloud-like fabrics, and her shoes were a mystery. The servants of that household understood, if they could not explain, the meaning of the word omnipresence. As she stood, her soft eyes taking in every detail within their range, the motionless leaves on the trees, the purplish haze in the distance, the man on the steps with his hat pushed back on his head, and felt the warm breath of the faintly-stirring air, she mentally observed,

"This last day of June will be the warmest day of the season, the awnings must be lowered and the windows closed and darkened to exclude the heat," and she vanished through the low parlor window as noiselessly as she came. Before the man on the steps had finished reading the editorial, the lower part of the house was closed and darkened, and the awnings had silently descended around the veranda. A shadow fell on the paper, and the man looked up.

"Good morning, Louise," and glancing at the closed doors and windows, he added with an odd smile that drew down one corner of his mouth, "You are unusually hospitable this morning."

"Come and dine with us to-day, and see how cool and comfortable that same hospitality will make our parlors," she answered in a voice that was as soft as her eyes.

"'Dine with *us?*' Then the girls have come," said he dropping his paper.

"Yes, they came by the night express."

"Why did n't they let me know they were coming?"

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"As if girls could give reasons for what they do, or for what they leave undone," with a deprecating smile.

"Did you know they were coming last night?"

"How should I know? It was so nice to surprise me and get me out of my bed at one o'clock in the morning," still smiling. "But I think they were wise after all, it would have been so warm and uncomfortable traveling to-day."

Mrs. Suavity was a woman to study. The man before her had known her from her infancy, but he had long ago given up trying to understand her. Interesting she certainly was, with her white face, her soft eyes, her low voice, and her slowly, sweetly, perfectly enunciated syllables. Sometimes she pleased him, sometimes she exasperated him. He used to think that if she were not his sister, he would either love her or hate her. As it was, he regarded her with an interest that was half fatherly, half brotherly, and that had a sense of duty for its foundation. She might have known that the girls were coming at midnight, and she might not—he, at least, would never be able to ascertain. He could understand and manage the complex affairs of a railroad but he could not understand or manage a woman. He had, however, this advantage, he recognized his limitations.

"Well!" said he resignedly, "were they glad to get home?"

"Very, quite jubilant, Miss Cicily was at least, over the fact that you had promised to let her finish her education at home, and if Cicily remains, I suppose Lou will expect to remain also." A watchful glance crept from under the white eyelids. Mrs. Suavity thought she detected in his precise answer a suspicion that the statement had been put a little stronger than Miss Cicily made it.

"Miss Cicily wrote, making some such request, because of Mother Goodenough's failing health. The letter was laid before the officers, and they concluded to leave the matter to my discretion."

"And you have decided?"

"Not fully. Of course the good of the child must be the first consideration."

"Why do you say 'the child'? She is no longer a child, but a young lady, and a quite competent young lady if I am at all a judge of such matters."

"Cicily a young lady—I had never thought of her as a young lady," said he more to himself than to Mrs. Suavity.

"She is, nevertheless, and will presently be quite capable of taking care of herself. As her education has been thorough, more thorough than a society lady's need be, I suppose the company has intended to fit her for a teacher or something of the sort, a sensible and desirable thing for a person in her anomalous position, though," apologetically, warned by something in the man's face, "of course I have no means of knowing the company's intentions regarding her."

The man made no answer. Instead he removed the hat from the back of his head and held it thoughtfully in his hand.

After a pause, she added, as if he had spoken. "You said she *was* to be a teacher, Philip?"

"I said nothing of the kind."

"But will she be expected to enter society, this nameless child of—"

"Of the company," said he promptly; "the company's ward will be as honorable, and as much entitled to consideration as any lady in town."

"No doubt, but, as you say, having her good at heart, would it be altogether kind to place her in a position where explanations would be expected, and required? It is not a little awkward for the girl to have no name but Cicily. Lou tells me that at school she was called Miss Cicily Cicily, for want of a better name."

"Well; Cicily Cicily will do till something better offers, if anything better ever does offer."

"The company have never been able to ascertain who or what the girl's parents were?"

"Never, 'the more 's the pity.'"

"Yes, it is a pity. I fancy the girl feels her awkward position, and if she is not to teach, perhaps it would be desirable to have her marry as early as possible. That would give her a name and an assured position. She is not unattractive and perhaps you could find a respectable, young mechanic who would not mind."

"Nonsense! Where are the girls?" asked he impatiently.

"You have forgotten that they did not retire till some time this morning."

"Then I shall not see them," looking at his watch. "I came up before office hours expecting to hear that they were coming to-day. However, I shall meet them at dinner, for I have accepted your invitation to dine. Tell Lou to have her sweetest smile ready for me."

"Here it is," said a voice as soft as Mrs. Suavity's, only it was keyed higher and could be heard farther; perhaps the difference was only a difference of years.

Mrs. Suavity and the man, now half way down the steps, turned in the direction of the voice. At the end of the veranda a loose corner of the awning lifted, and a pretty girl-face with round, dimpled cheeks, and the bluest of blue eyes peeped through.

"Why Lou!" exclaimed both at once, and Mrs. Suavity added, "you should have slept at least two hours longer."

"Mamma, Cicily would n't let me sleep."

A dainty hand lifted the awning still higher, and another face appeared above Lou's—a face that made Lou's seem tame and babyish in comparison. Even, Mrs. Suavity was scarcely prepared for so striking a contrast. She had seen the faces together many a time, but never had the contrast seemed so sharp and uncompromising; perhaps it had never been so sharp and uncomprising as on this summer morning, when both girls stood upon the threshold of womanhood. The man stared as if he had never seen the face before. There was something familiar about the curved lips and the shining eyes, but could that rippling mass of auburn hair have grown from the short red curls, he remembered, covering the small head. There was, somehow a curious change in every feature, that made it seem like a face seen in a dream or at a distance—a face that was at once familiar and unfamiliar. Perhaps it was the indefinable change that comes with the passage from childhood to womanhood. He had seen the girl, occasionally, the past five or six years in his capacity as deputy-guardian for the company of the company's ward, but he did not remember to have seen any of these changes in progress; and they might have passed unnoticed now, but that Mrs. Suavity had impressed upon his mind the fact that Cicily was no longer a child.

"Come into the shade, Lou," said Mrs. Suavity, the contrast prompting her to call Lou away.

Lou ran around to the steps and gave dear, old Uncle Philip a hug, and dear old Uncle Philip tumbled her nicely arranged hair, pinched her ears and kissed her pink cheeks. That was Lou's privilege. But when Miss Cicily came around, he shook hands with her somewhat ceremoniously, and she said,

"Good morning! Mr. Cone."

"Good morning," answered he, and looking at the girls he said to himself "Miss Cicily is a head taller than Lou," saying meanwhile to them, "I am glad to see you at home and looking so well. I should have met you at the train last night if I had known that you were coming."

"You must not detain your uncle, Lou. He was saying when you interrupted us that he must go to the office," said Mrs. Suavity. "And that I would dine with you to-day," added Lou's uncle, and giving Lou's ear another pinch, he went down the steps, and the group stood on the veranda till his form was lost in the shrubbery and the click of the garden gate declared that he had gone upon the street.

Then Mrs. Suavity sent the girls in to their breakfast, and taking up the morning paper she unfolded it to the local column. and sinking into one of the roomy camp-chairs on the veranda began to read and to think; for she not unfrequently charged herself with the two operations at the same time. For instance, she read understandingly,

"A collision resulting from fast driving caused some excitement on Main street near the City hotel last evening." At the same time thinking "It will not answer for Lou and Cicily to be together as much as they have been—some means must be devised for keeping them apart."

"Our citizens will regret to hear of the death of the Hon. Samuel Bang, an exemplary man and the oldest mason in the

state," thinking "Lou is so completely infatuated, that if I have to tell her that she serves as a foil to Cicily, she would probably rejoice in the fact." reading attentively,

"The last rehearsal of the Emerson chorus for the season' will take place at the usual hour this evening. A full attendance is desired," thinking swiftly—"If I could manage without the money that the company pays me for having the girl here, I should feel constrained to say that 'delicate health' obliged me to resign their charge to more competent hands." The local column grew uninteresting, and she turned to "News and Notions." Here she found—

"A distinguished American' who lately bought a pair of marine blue gloves in Hamburg, Germany, found that his hands were soon covered with an eruption. He gave the gloves to a chemist, who discovered a considerable quantity of arsenic in the dye." And the words run parallel with the thought—"Even if we could get on without the money I fear Philip would be offended if I refused to have the girl here, and I must not offend Philip. It is absurd that a man should be so infatuated with anything, as Philip is with that railroad and everything concerning it. Now here is this girl, Cicily, she must be thoroughly educated, and everything must be done for her in the wisest and best manner, because forsooth she belongs to 'the company,' as the engines, and cars and tracks belong to the company."

Mrs. Suavity, for some reason which she did not attempt to investigate, found herself in an unwontedly perturbed condition this morning, when of all mornings she should be calm and cool. She recognized the fact, and knew that the friction engendered thereby, involved a loss of power. "He who would command others, must command himself." She at once set herself to command herself. And in order to feel certain of her self-command, she, so to speak, put a bit in her mouth, and taking the lines with a firm hand turned resolutely from "News and Notions," and without an irrelevant thought drove straight through a long article upon church charities; the last thing in the paper to claim her loving and considerate attention. By the time she had demonstrated her right to command, the girls were heard returning to the veranda, and at Lou's request Mrs. Suavity went upstairs to superintend the unpacking of Lou's trunks.

Two hours later Superintendent Cone sat alone in his office, and apparently idle. Paper and inkstand were thrust aside, his elbows rested heavily on his desk and his hat was on the back of his head. This last was an important item. Railroad men called the superintendent's hat "the indicator." It was, in fact, a sort of mental thermometer. If there was business on hand requiring immediate attention, that hat was settled firm and straight on the top of his head; and if something had gone wrong or a scheme was incubating, that hat was drawn down close over his eyes, leaving nothing but the large nose visible. That was understood to be a red flag, and being interpreted read "Danger—look out for collisions." He was given the whole road at such times. But if the hat was on the back of head, bonnet-fashion, it was considered equivalent to a white flag and read "Track clear—all right!" Then it was quite safe to approach with a request. He had, however, no suspicion that he carried like his own engines, a flag-staff and a headlight signaling his condition wherever he went.

"It's the 'old man' yees be afther?" queried Ned, worshiper, factotum and general superintendent of the superintendent of the T. Y. B. R. R. To Ned his "super" was always, and the road-men generally, the "old man," though they never omitted to give him his title when he was within hearing distance.

"I wish to see the superintendent," answered the young man addressed.

"Shure an' he's thet same. But wait a bit, misther," added Ned considerately—his long experience in that ante-room having taught him to read with tolerable accuracy a man's errand in his face. "The lad's afther wantin' somethin', and bedad! I'll see if the indicathur's right" observed he, in an undertone, as he opened the inner office door enough to get a glimpse

of the superintendent's hat on the back of his head. "In wid ye, it 's all right," whispered Ned triumphantly, and the young man entered the office unannounced.

The superintendent did not move—the closing door failed to attract his attention. He was gazing at an uninteresting angle in the wall. It was a changeful face. When the overhanging brows drew together and the square jaws set, it was frightfully stern; but when the brows relaxed and the full lips parted and the eyes filled with the tender light that sometimes drifted into them, he was, notwithstanding his fifty years, a singularly handsome man. If his thoughts ran in a retrospective channel, surely he could afford to be content. He had wrought his way up, aided only by his keen perceptive faculty, and remarkable executive ability, from an apprenticeship in a machine-shop to the superintendency of one of the best roads in the States. A sharp personal supervision of details had resulted in securing the finest road-bed, the most substantial bridges, the ablest engines, the finest cars and the best men for the business. He was an exceptionally good judge of the capacities of men, and their fitness for the positions assigned them. Perhaps to this one fact, more than to any other, was due the unusual prosperity of the road. Best of all, he had become recognized and appreciated. Already, if he chose to take it, the best position the company would offer was within his grasp. Should he take it? That was the question he was just now turning over in his mind. Not long since he would have decided with little or no hesitation. Now, however, it seemed to demand reflection. Who has not been perplexed to find a thing long and earnestly desired, suddenly, and without apparent reason, lose its value, when at last it is within reach or in actual possession? It was not, this morning, so very desirable a thing to be President of the best road in the States. Perhaps railroads were not the only events in the world. Possibly, he had made a mistake in devoting himself soul and body to the interests of this road. So far it had been to him wife, children, and home, and yet he was by no means a machine, but a man intensely human with domestic tendencies held in abeyance. He had surmised that a man cannot serve two mistresses better than he can serve two masters, perhaps in truth, not so well. He had, at least, preferred to give himself the benefit of the doubt. But would he be content to live for the road and nothing else to the end of his days?

"Hm-m!" coughed the waiting young man.

The superintendent started and his hat fell off backward.

The young man picked up the hat, and courteously presented it to the owner.

"Thank you!" responded the superintendent giving the young man, as he received his hat, one of those sharp, characteristic surveys, thinking, swiftly, "I've seen this young fellow before. He don't belong to the road. Ah! I remember. I 've seen him in the machine-shop watching the machinery, and once or twice in the round house examining the engines. I like his looks—there's vim in him. You wish to see me?" asked the superintendent promptly.

"I do Sir."

"Be seated. What is your business?"

"I want work"

"Railroading?"

"Anything that will earn money."

"What have you done?"

"Not much, in the way of work, except at books."

"Why not stick to your books, then?"

"There are two reasons. The most important one is, that it has become necessary that I should learn something, which I could not at present do if I have to stick to my books."

"And the least important reason, is—?" queried the superintendent with unusual interest.

The young man hesitated a moment, as if he were half ashamed of the other reason, before he answered with some energy, "I should never be content to live so quiet a life as most professional men lead. I want action, work that will accomplish something."

"And you propose to *work?*"

"Yes,—shovel sand, if nothing better offers."

Oue of those odd, one-sided smiles drew the superintendent's mouth awry, and he glanced at the young mau's hauds. They were strong, muscular hands, well-bronzed, too. No doubt he could shovel sand if he chose, blisters or no blisters.

"You live in the city?" observed the superintendeut endeavoring to place the young man without asking his name.

"Yes, on Institution avenue."

"Ah! I see"—with the air of a man who has suddenly solved a perplexed question. "You are one of the Birge boys. I understood that the estate had lost heavily in the recent failures. Well!" rising and replacing his hat firmly on the top of his head, "I can do nothing for you this morning. This is—let me see—Friday. Come in Monday. Good morning Sir."

Five minutes later the young man entered the grounds belonging to the Seaborn estate. A dreamy stillness reigned iu that shaded plot. The tall hedge and the dense foliage of the trees aud shrubs shut out annoying sights; no trains were passing, and the ceasless hum that rose from the busy streets and smoking shops drifted along in a drowsy murmur. The young man turned a little from the path till he could see the closed bliuds of an apartment on the secoud floor.

"Mother has oue of her headaches" he said, and he quietly stepped back, crossed the veranda, and thrusting aside an overhanging vine swung himself through the low, library wiudow. Here he stood motionless, till his eyes became accustomed to the twilight of the darkened room.

Slowly the book-cases that liued the high, white walls began to take shape and substance. Marble busts and statuettes peered like ghosts through the darkness, and the familiar bronzes, less seen then imagined, beckoned from their accustomed niches. The pictures in their heavy frames were among his earliest recollections—no gloom could be dense enough to hide them from his sight. In a large landscape on the western wall, two cows had stood with their feet in still water and their heads down, drinking, ever since he could remember. He used to wish that he could wade in and drive them out. Over one doorway stood, inclined, a pictured Plenty with full horn, the conteuts ready to drop upon the unsuspicious head of the passer in; while a tall, pale Silence, with finger on her lip, stood over the entrance from the hall. Here aud there, were representatious of the Seaborns, from the stiff, black silhouette with the curled wig and queüe of the earliest Seaborns, down to the life-size oil painting of his grandfather, whose ruddy face stared at him with unwonted emphasis, from the wall over the mantle. From that picture his eyes weut to the chair that ever stood vacant by the library table, a chair that some sort of superstitious feeliug had preserved unoccupied, since the day Judge Seaborn died within its arms. He remembered that when he was a child he used to walk softly around that chair, as one walks in the preseuce of the dead, never getting within reaching distance, for he had been told that his grandfather was found there quite dead, with his eyes fixed on his own picture on the wall. In his mind the picture and the chair were inseparably connected. On the library table lay paper, and an inkstand aud a half written letter, a letter to Mitchell.

By this time the entire room revealed itself iu the dim light like a slowly unrolled scroll. The youug man found himself alone, and tossing his hat into the nearest chair he began thoughtfully to walk up and down the long apartment.

It was easy to bridge over the gap of ten or eleven years. The strong-willed, impetuous, but self-possessed boy, was readily recognized in the strong-willed, impetuous but self-possessed man. Calvin Birge had changed little, though he had grown much. The long, easy stride, the steadily poised head and the muscular arm indicated prodigious physical force, and a familiarity with his own strength. He believed in Culture, the god of the nineteenth century, but the gymnasium, the ball-ground, and the boat-race, had, so far, claimed and won the better part of his time and attention. His college ball-club boasted of him as a

first-class pitcher, and he was considered the best oarsman in the late University race. He was wont to regard his physical acquirements with a degree of complacency, but as he walked on, a shade of regret mingled with his reflections, for now that the days of study were inevitably past, he wished that they had been more fully and conscientiously improved. As a scholar he had been indifferently good. A sense of duty to himself, Calvin Seaborn Birge, had succeeded in keeping him at a considerable distance from the foot of his class; but the necessary application had been considered only as a duty, and a somewhat irksome duty. He had understood from childhood that he was to be a lawyer and a statesman. There had been a statesman in every generation of the Seaborn family, and he had regarded the years of quiet preparation as a fore-ordained infliction, to be endured with more or less patience. Sometimes of late the muscular force that was ever crowding him to action, rebelled, and he felt like fighting somebody for bequeathing him a cut and dried heritage of study; but he had never dreamed of breaking quite away, till, that very morning he found suddenly that it had been decided already. He was a free man with the injunction laid upon him to work, work, somehow, somewhere, for the remainder of his days.

A letter lay folded in his pocket which had been handed him early that morning, a letter from his mother, telling of losses and failures and financial disasters; ending by saying that their joint resources had nearly if not quite disappeared. In a little more than an hour he was in the office of Legrand, the family solicitor. The statement of losses and failures proved only too true. He found the facts to be even worse than his mother's fears.

The affairs of the Seaborn estate had gone on prosperously for years. The homestead bequeathed to the unborn children of Calvin and Mitchell Birge had been kept with serupulous care, and the mansion had acquired a grace and attractiveness, inside and out, that time alone can give. The hedge and shade trees had grown wonderfully, making of the premises a secluded nest, notwithstanding the toil, and din, and travel, that hemmed it in on the eastern side; and even Mrs. Birge had ceased to bemoan the loss of the greater part of the lawn. Time heals all wounds, and it is not improbable that the Judge himself, if he held to anything, still held to the first article of his creed. The moderate competence remaining to Mrs. Birge and her sons from the estate of her husband and their father, had been discreetly managed, and had proved sufficient to meet all reasonable demands. Competent teachers had been secured for Calvin and Mitchell, they had been trained for college under their own roof, and when the time came, that first Calvin, and then Mitchell must leave home for college, Mrs. Birge fell back on the much-tried promise or declaration, that "all things work together for good" and was wonderfully comforted thereby. All was going well, when, presto! all was going ill. Something might, probably would, be saved from the wreck of their fortunes, but just now it looked as if the homestead was the only certainty remaining. Of course, something must be done, for the homestead, however valuable, could not, since it must remain a permanent possession, be made to maintain the family. All this was silently and definitely settled before Calvin left the presence of the family solicitor. Five minutes later he presented himself at the railroad company's office to ask for work. He went there because it seemed to him as a likely place to obtain immediate employment. He had not stopped to balance the question of choice, as to the quality or quantity of work to be done. In his present mood he felt only like asking that it should be something arduous, something that should tax to the utmost that which he was conscious of possessing the most of, namely, physical strength. He would compel success, he would retrieve the family fortunes by sheer force.

He walked up and down with folded arms, grave, but confident, his eyes at every other turn meeting with curious persistency the eyes of his Grandfather Seaborn, which seemed in the uncertain light to have, for the first time, a message or command for

himself. The Seaborn blood in his veins stirred with unwonted vigor. Courage and determination were not among the minor items of his inheritance, but he seemed to himself never to have known what courage or determination meant until to-day. A boatman with idle oars drifting with the current, he had suddenly faced about, compelled to pull up stream.

Half way down the room he halted, looking over his shoulder—he was looking back to the previous evening when in company with classmates he sat at table. He remembered the badinage that passed with the coffee. How far off that looked! What a stride he had taken since then!

"After all," thought he with a proud smile, "there is little to regret; money is easily won if a man is determined to win.

With quickened steps he resumed his walk, his right arm swinging loose as if the physical force within him chafed under restraint. Two or three turns, and again he stopped, and this time unconsciously facing his grandfather's chair; and with an emphatic movement as if he were putting his hand on some one's shoulder, some one, too, who was about his own height, he said,

"Look here, Bones, you and I have got something to do. Be patient, now, and we will talk this matter up before my mother comes down or Mitchell gets home. You understaud?" He waited as if expecting an answer.

Now Calvin Birge was the only individual in that room—he would unhesitatingly have taken oath to that effect, and yet, there would seem to be some one else there; some one that he knew as Bones. Oddly enough there was a metaphysical vein injected into that intensely practical and powerful nature, as a vein of trap is sometimes wedged into the heart of a granite rock. Essentially self-centred and self-contained, he rarely made explanations and never betrayed himself by confidential exposures. No one knew his thoughts or plans except in the outcome. Even Mitchell, who made his brother a life-long study, failed to discover the springs of his thoughts and deeds. But if Calvin Birge made a confidant of and consulted with no one else, he certainly made a confidant of and consulted with—not exactly Calvin Birge, for he never talked to himself, that was too iudefinite — he talked to some one who answered, and reasoned, and ventured to reprove, even, Calvin Birge; some one over whom he believed he had the most perfect control; some one who had ears and a tongue only for himself. This some one was a very intimate acquaintance, going with him wherever he went, staying with him wherever he staid, finding out the very secret of his secrets, and Calvin Birge called him Bones.

Just when or where he first made the acquaintance of Boues, or how Bones came by his name, Calvin Birge could not have told. He had never thought to ask. The acquaintance came about in so gradual a way, and so long ago, that he could not tell when he had *not* known Bones. And as for the name, why! it is doubtful if even Bones, himself, could tell how he came by the name.

Apparently Bones made no answer to Calvin's observation, but Bones was moody; sometimes he talked readily, sometimes he would not talk at all. Calvin understood Bones' idiosyncrasies.

"Be seated, Bones, be seated," and Calvin threw himself on the ottoman by the table with his back to his grandfather's picture on the wall. And now it would seem that the arm-chair Jndge Seaborn left vacant so long ago had at last an occupant. Bones sat in Judge Seaborn's chair, and Calvin, if he noticed the fact, failed to consider it an intrusion. The dim light, if nothing else, would have prevented any one but Calvin Birge from seeing Bones in the gloomy depths of that fateful chair, and even he failed to see his face. In fact he had never seen Bones' face—he had seen his shoulder and his arm, for sometimes Bones gesticulated, and he seemed to be a man of Calvin's own size, and to wear a coat like his, but he had never by any chance seen Bones' head, nor could he by any stretch of the imagination discern the face that must have belonged to Bones.

"You see" said Calvin resting his arm on the table and looking straight at the chair, "you see, Bones, some things are

more difficult than others; I can manage myself well enough, but there 's Mitchell. What shall we do with Mitchell?"

No answer, and Calvin went on, "I was to have been a statesman, and Mitchell was to have been a clergyman. It is a little too bad that my mother should be disappointed in both her sons. I think she has quite set her heart upon devoting Mitchell to the ministry, though why Mitchell should be a minister I never could understand, unless it was upon the principle that when a man is not good for anything else he is just the thing for a minister. He seems fitter for a clerk or an organist, only I suppose he would mix prices and places as he mixes dates and names. He never knows just what he wants to say, and he never says it unless he is vexed. Perhaps for that reason he is fore-ordained to be the spiritual guide and leader of his fellow-men."

"What is that you say, Bones? 'That I am a little hard on Mitchell? and that he is not a bad scholar?'

"Of course he is not a bad scholar, his essay took the first prize this year, and if one only pokes him long enough, and gets him thoroughly stirred up he comes out splendidly. But he has nearly ruined his eye-sight, and has dyspepsia and I don't believe he could lift a hundred pounds to save his life."

It was plain to Calvin that mental laziness and physical weakness were Mitchell's crying sins, sins that stood in the way of his personal advancement. Calvin felt called upon to manage Mitchell's concerns, he would never manage them himself, and the question of his future must be settled before he was informed of the crisis that had overtaken the family affairs.

"On the whole, Bones," said Calvin after a thoughtful pause, "I am inclined to think that Mitchell should stick to his books—he does better at books than at anything else, and my mother ought to have her own way with one of her boys."

"'But it takes money?' you say."

"Yes, I know it takes money, but that must be managed some way. The income from the Seaborn fund belongs to me. It is not much, but Mitchell shall have it and he must economize."

"It would not cost so much if he were to come home. The college here has respectable advantages?'"

"Of course it would not cost so much. That 's a good suggestion, Bones, and as for advantages, if he improves what he has, he will do better than most men do."

"'But he might object to so summary a disposal of himself?'"

"What if he does? Necessity has no choice."

"Yes, Bones," after a considerable pause, "I see no other way—Mitchell must continue his studies, and in order to do that he must be content to stay at home. And Bones"—but Bones had gone. Perhaps he had seen the hall door opening. Bones was a shy fellow—an exclusive fellow—instantly vanishing upon the approach of others.

Mrs. Birge entered the room and the hall door silently closed. Her head still ached, but not severely, and she had returned to finish the letter that lay on the library table. Calvin examined her face with tender concern, as she slowly crossed the room. He expected to find her anxious and troubled, and to see her in tears. How many times when some petty accident had befallen Mitchell or himself he had seen her exceedingly troubled; or if some household matter had gone wrong, she looked as if the weight of empires lay upon her shrinking shoulders. How, then, would she meet this new trouble—the bitterest trouble that had overtaken her since her husband's death? As she drew near he doubted his own eyes. Of course, since she had written the letter that brought him home, she must have known the extent, or very nearly the extent of their calamity; for look at it in the most hopeful light, it must still be, to her, a calamity. And yet, he could not remember to have seen her looking so peaceful—so trustful—so unapprehensive of evil as she looked to-day. One cannot long and truly believe that "all things work together for good" without acquiring a trustful frame of mind that speaks with more or less emphasis through the face. To Calvin his mother's face had ever been the finest and sweetest face on earth; to-day it was finer and sweeter than ever. His own eyes grew dim.

"Mother!"

She turned, and a rare smile lit up her face as she put her arms about her son's neck—her son who had grown so tall that she must reach up to put her arms around his neck. How thankful she was for her sons, strong, manly and loving; why should she repine at any loss while they remained? All the way along, God had been better to her than her fears, and she believed that He who had been good to her always would be good to her and hers to the very end. She had long ago ceased, partly from sheer weariness and partly from trustfulness to ask fruitless questions. There were so many things that she could not understand, search never so long and wearily, but there were a few things that she could understand, things taught by experience, and one was that the more she trusted the more happy and content she grew. She had a notion that women need to trust more than men, and that a mother needs to trust more than any other woman. However, she could speak only for herself, *she* needed to trust, and in trusting she found peace and happiness. If she could but live long enough to impart this secret to her sons she would have no farther anxiety concerning them. But perhaps she could not impart it, even if she lived ages—perhaps it must come in some other way. Well; she must trust for that too.

A long and serious conversation followed, sitting by the library table. It must be admitted that it was not without pain and a sharp inward struggle that Mrs. Birge relinquished the hope that Calvin would finish his education and become, what she had always intended he should be, a statesman, a Christian statesman. Calvin set the matter before her in his terse clear way, and at length, with quivering but smiling lips, she said,

"Well, my son, you must do what seems to you best."

Calvin was not a little surprised to have gotten over the most difficult part of the matter so easily. Not that he doubted his ability to convince his mother that his way was the right way; but that he expected to have to answer tears, most difficult arguments for a man to encounter, with persuasions and entreaties. And he was all the more determined that she should have her way with Mitchell, since she had yielded so readily in regard to himself. He assured her of this, and one of the most satisfactory moments of his life came as he saw the gratitude that shone in his mother's eyes. As he stooped to kiss her he wondered if it were possible that any other woman could ever be so unspeakably precious to him, as this same loving mother who was taking her first lesson in dependence upon him. One of the sad things in a mother's lot, is that while she knows there is no love so absorbing, so devoted as the mother's love for her child, there will come to the child a love beside which the affection he bears his mother will seem cold and tame, a thing to be remembered and cherished, especially in seasons of sorrow and dismay, but not a thing swift to invade and appropriate, to make of a man a saint or a sinner as the case may be. Calvin Birge, strong and wise as he supposed himself had yet some things to learn, and this was one.

CHAPTER IV.

Leaving Mrs. Birge to finish her letter Calvin went up stairs. The first floor of the Seaborn house was always dark, damp and depressing by reason of the dense shade without, and the closed blinds within. The parlors, grand and gloomy with their heavy furnishings, were rarely used, though kept with conscientious care. The library and the dining-room seemed to be the only inhabited rooms on the first floor. The rest wore an air, not unbecoming, of being consecrated to the past. There was a superstition among the servants, that Judge Seaborn wandered at will through those rooms in the dead of the night, and that superstition secured him the privilege of wandering undisturbed, if, indeed, he wandered at all. His bedroom opening into the library was never occupied. Twice a year it was unlocked and aired. Judge Seaborn's garments hung in the wardrobe; his hat hung on its peg; his cane stood in the corner, and his slippers faded and moth-eaten, stood on the rug by

the bed, ready for use. Mrs. Birge was the only person who entered this room, although the housemaid holding her breath peeped in after her sometimes; not that she wanted to see Judge Seaborn's ghost—oh! no—but then she really would like to know if there *was* anything strange in there. Judge Seaborn had been in his grave nearly twenty years, and yet in this house that he built, and perhaps gave his life for, he seemed to be living still. However; he had the consideration to confine himself to the first floor, and to leave the rest of the house to the undisputed possession of his heirs. For, somehow, it did not enter the imagination of mistress or maid that Judge Seaborn's spirit ever reached the upper landing. It might be in the gloomy lower hall, but never in the sunny upper hall. The second floor of the Seaborn house was in comparison with the first floor a Paradise with, not a Purgatory underneath, but a sort of intermediate state in which spirits were supposed to be in a somnambulic condition; a condition which a diligent student of the various phases of futurity discussed in this nineteenth century, ought to be able to understand. The wide upper hall passed entirely through the house, and reached to the arched roof from which it was abundantly lighted. Within an alcove at the north end stood Mitchell's organ and music rack; and without the alcove a study table, a lounge and two or three camp-chairs. This end of the open hall was supposed to be "apart." Heavy gray curtains looped back and surmounted by scarlet lambrequins lent an air of fact to this pleasant fiction. Here Mitchell passed the major part of his time when at home, and it went by the name of "Mitchell's Corner." The family sitting-room opened from the west side of the hall, and was a very delightful place, a cosy nest where almost any one might feel at home. Then came Mrs. Birge's own apartments, then Mitchell's room, and adjoining that, Calvin's room.

The rooms opening from the eastern side of the hall, on the second floor, overlooked the railroad tracks and the company's shops—the hedge not being high enough nor the trees thick enough to exclude the unwelcome view. Perhaps this fact, determined Mrs. Birge to reserve those east rooms as guest-chambers. At all events they were thus reserved, with the exception of the large room above the library, which, in due time, was turned over to the tutor who for some years resided in the family. When Mitchell was ready for college this room again became vacant.

After leaving his mother in the library, Calvin paced up and down the upper hall consulting with Bones, and at length, with no definite purpose in mind he opened the door into the room formerly occupied by the tutor. This room, too, was dark. With an impatient exclamation he crossed to one of the windows and threw up the sash. He stood some moments stooping, with outspread hands resting on the broad window-sill, watching the swarms of men streaming up and down the tracks, for the twelve o'clock whistle had blown and the shop men were going home to dinner. The engine that drove the machinery of the shops stood still and only a suggestion of smoke breathed from the huge throat of the tall chimney. The heavy hammers in the blacksmith shop dropped dead; the glib machinery which a moment before was instinct with life, was now as still as death; a lull—a respite—commenced at twelve and ended at one. A belated workman was hurrying down the track, getting his arms into the sleeves of his coat as he went, and Calvin was turning away from the window when his ear caught a breath of song vibrating on the still, hot air. Something in the voice or the song attracted his attention, and he replaced his hands on the window-sill, and stood listening. In a moment he heard it again, and this time the voice came fuller and clearer. The song was familiar, one that he had heard years before, but he could not tell where. Pleasant thoughts—pleasant, but vague memories, seemed to cling about it, as a half recognized perfume about some unseen flower. The refrain helped him to place the song, for he caught, faintly syllabled,

> "And for bonnie Annie Laurie
> I'd lay me doun and dee."

It was an old Scotch song then, but one

that his mother never sang. Where had he heard it? He could n't tell—Bones could n't tell. An unanswered question was to Calvin Birge like a thorn in the flesh. He listened uneasily, beginning to think that it was not so much a song that he had heard somewhere, as it was a voice that he had heard somewhere, and as he listened the impression grew upon him. What could there be in that far-off voice—what quality or association, that compelled his attention and set him to asking unanswerable questions? He would know.

The voice came from the direction of the river or beyond the shops. Without stopping to notice the folly of the thing, he found himself down stairs and out of doors, following an unknown voice, which ever and anon he lost aud stopped to catch again. Nearer now and wonderfully sweet and pathetic, it fell upon some hitherto untouched chord or fiber in the man, that stirred as if struck by a master hand. Following up the tracks he obtained, suddenly, a view of the singer.

In the Caboose door, turned away, sat a girl, looking up in the face of a white-haired woman, holding her hands and singing to her. There was in the voice a loving entreaty that was not in the song or the words. At the close of the refrain the singing ceased, and still holding the woman's hands and still looking in her face he heard the same voice, full of the same loving entreaty, asking:

"You remember *that*, mother Goodenough; you remember the song! You sang it when I was a little thing trotting about under your feet?"

Mother Goodenough smiled, pleased and perplexed, but she didn't remember—no, she could n't remember.

"But mother, mother Goodenough, you remember Cicily, little Cicily, that you used to sing to and rock to sleep in your arms?" and the entreating voice faltered at the last words.

Mother Goodenough shook her head still smiling. She did n't remember, No, she could n't remember, and in the pause that followed she drew her hands away from the loving clasp and resumed her knitting that lay in her lap. She was always knitting nowadays—knitting soft, white stockings, such stockings as she used to knit for the restless, little feet that went flying about the caboose and across the railroad tracks to the Seaborn estate, years ago; stockings, that alas! the little feet had long out-grown. There were dozens of pairs of such stockings, soft, fleecy things, packed away in the bureau-drawers, and still she knitted on, always the same number of stitches, always the same size, uneasy and discontented if the knitting was out of her hands. She did not know who the stockings were for; she had forgotten Cicily; she had forgotten her superintendent; she had forgotten that she ever owned a railroad, she remembered nothing of the past but that she had waited for some one to come—she knew nothing of the present but that she still waited for some one to come, some one whom she would know, some one who would know her; and she was serenely happy while she knitted and waited.

How long mother Goodenough had been drifting into this condition no one could tell—but it must have had its beginning away in the past. There came a time when Cicily was seven or eight years old that Superintendent Cone observed a growing forgetfulness in mother Goodenough, and it occurred to him that some more capable person should have the care of the company's ward. He laid the matter before the directors and after due consideration they said: "She must be taken away and sent to school. Since she has been left upon our hands we will see that she is educated, and fitted for whatever her station in life may be." And Superintendent Cone was appointed deputy guardian of the company's ward. Mother Goodenough missed Cicily less than Cicily missed mother Goodenough. Cicily visited her at vacations, but mother Goodenough remembered her less and less distinctly at each succeeding visit, till now she did not remember her at all. In vain the girl tried in every possible way to recall to her mind some recollection, however faint. At last she said:

"Dear mother Goodenough, the only mother I ever knew, will you never re-

member your poor Cicily again?" and mother Goodenough, still smiling, slowly shook her head—she did n't remember. No, she could n't remember, and the girl with a swift movement, covered her face with her hands and dropping both face and hands in mother Goodenough's lap, sobbed aloud.

A moment later Calvin Birge was retracing his steps, and Bones was saying, "That must be the little girl you played with years ago." Calvin made no answer—he had not seen the girl's face and how could he tell? And beside, he would seem to be almost as forgetful as mother Goodenough, herself, for he could not remember that rippling, bright brown hair; he remembered only saucy, red curls that danced defiantly with every motion of the small head. The voice? Yes, there certainly was something familiar about the voice, otherwise he would not have followed it. It was his way to put a supposition to proof—he liked to say to Bones, "I told you so," and having said it now, he fell to wondering if he had changed much as Cicily must have changed if the girl he had seen was indeed she.

Before Calvin again reached the upper hall, other feet, heavier and less fleet picked places for themselves among the tracks and switches, and when they came to the spot where Calvin Birge stopped when he followed the voice, they stopped, too, and one hand lifted the hat set over his eyes, and pushed it back on his head.

"What girl is that with her head in mother Goodenough's lap? Could Cicily have gotten here so soon?" He had a right to know, and the feet went on picking out places for themselves, crushing the gravel with unnecessary emphasis, and with the expected result. The head came up from mother Goodenough's lap, and Superintendent Cone was shocked to see through the shining hair that half veiled the face tears—tears on the face of the company's ward. But in an instant, with a swift and half-defiant movement she brushed away the tears and threw back the hair from her face, and in a voice that was steady at first, but that faltered at last, she said:

"I should have asked your permission to visit mother Goodenough this morning, but there was no opportunity—and—and I wished to see her so much."

"You came alone?" he asked, kindly.

"Yes."

"How do you find mother Goodenough this morning?" for Cicily's eyes had turned sadly and lovingly to the calm face with its crown of white hair, and she seemed to have forgotten his presence.

"O! sir," she answered, turning to him with the manner of a person upon whom a surprising calamity had fallen, "She does not know me! I cannot make her remember me at all." And the tears which had not been far off came again in a flood.

"My dear child! you must not," said he in a distressed tone, and then, as if to divert her attention, added, "See how happy she is."

Apparantly Mother Goodenough heard not a word of this conversation. She was always, now-a-days, to all intents and purposes, alone. Her eyes had gone beyond the shops that hemmed her in, to the still, blue sky that showed above the roofs. She seemed to see something there that they could not see, and she smiled contentedly.

"Yes, she is happy, but I have lost her, and she was all that I had to lose." For to Cicily, just then, it was as if Mother Goodenough had died, since she would know her no more.

"No, not all," interrupted the superintendent somewhat surprised, "you have the company." The company had been everything to him, why should it not be everything to the company's ward? Cicily looked up. As if the company collectively could love her, or as if she could love the company collectively. Such a notion would never have occurred to a woman, and Cicily, through her tears, smiled at the odd suggestion. Perhaps he in some measure interpreted the smile, for he added gently, "No friend could be kinder or more considerate toward you than the company has been, and proposes to be." He was jealous for the company.

"I know," she said, slowly and thoughtfully, "and I trust I am not ungrateful;

but"—with a sudden passionate out-burst—"I wish I had been dead when Mother Goodenough found me in that wrecked car."

"Tut-tut, child, what do mean?" said he, astonished and somehow pained.

"I mean that death is better than life to one who does not know who or what she is—to one who belongs to no one—and has no one who belongs to her."

"Why!" said he perplexed and perhaps a little displeased, thinking of all that the company had done for its ward. "I thought you were happy and content, I see no reason for being otherwise."

"No?" inquiringly, with a glance that was half appealing, half defying and to him wholly bewildering. And it occurred to Superintendent Cone that Mrs. Suavity's statement that Cicily was no longer a child but a woman, was probably correct, since she would seem to be as difficult to understand as Mrs. Suavity herself. He looked at his watch, and Cicily understanding the superintendent better than he then understood her, knew that it must be nearly time for the workmen to return to the shops, and that consequently he would consider it a favor if the company's ward would take her departure at once.

But Cicily stood obstinately rooted to the door-step of the caboose, her eyes fixed on the ground. She was, just now, in desperate need of a quarrel. She wanted first of all, to quarrel with herself, for having been so foolish as to *cry* in Superintendent Cone's presence, and she wanted to quarrel with him for not understanding her, and for wishing her to go away before the workmen returned. This girl, who seemed to herself so utterly alone in the world, had a longing to see some one she had known in the past, some one who had known her. She believed that some of the old workmen would remember her and be glad to see her; but here was the superintendent saying by his manner, "Come, it's time to go." She might have relented a little, secretly, if she had understood his reasons for wishing her departure. He was looking at her with critical eyes, remarking mentally—"This girl is altogether too pretty to come and go unattended among such a crowd of men. What a beautiful woman she will make. The company has reason to be proud of its ward, but the company needs all the more to be watchful and circumspect." And, underneath it all, was an impression, which he had come to share in common with Cicily, that to her, he represented and personated that vague but positive power, "The Company." But Cicily could not know his reasons, and the curious perverseness that ever made her determine, on the instant, not to do the thing she was desired to do, kept her rooted to the spot.

Moment after moment passed. Mother Goodenough smiling at the sky, Cicily staring at the step, the superintendent looking at Cicily and feeling his inability to manage this one slight girl. There was something ludicrous about the helplessness of this forceful man, who among men almost invariably had his own way, whose look was a command, whose word was law. The only thing that saved him from utter defeat in dealing with women, was the ability to hold his tongue and to stand still. The silence grew irksome to Cicily. She wondered if the superintendent was getting angry, she glanced at him and meeting, not the expected look of command or reproach, but grey eyes, tender, and full of trouble, she immediately picked up her hat, stooped to kiss Mother Goodenough, and without a word turned to go away. Superintendent Cone, was, without being aware of the fact, eminently fitted to deal with this Cicily Cicily, or whoever she was.

As they stood at the street-crossing waiting for a street-car, Cicily concernedly asked,

"Who takes care of Mother Goodenough?"

"The Company."

"Yes, I understand that," she said, feeling for a moment as if it would be a relief to hate the company, it was so continuously thrust in her face, "but who takes 'the good the gods provide' and offers it to Mother Goodenough in the shape of food and clothing?"

"Pat Hennessy's wife attends to her wants."

"I wish I were Pat Hennessy's wife."

"Pat and all?" he suggested with a smile.

"No, but," looking entreatingly in his face, "I wish you would allow me to do for Mother Goodenough what Pat Hennessy's wife is allowed to do for her."

"Dear Miss Cicily," he began, again looking troubled, but the street-car was at hand, and as he assisted her to a seat, he said, "I will see you after dinner, and talk the matter over."

As the car drove off he jammed his hat over his eyes, and as he crossed to his office he muttered, "I wish the company would look out for their own ward, she is likely to give me more trouble than all the affairs of the road put together. I would sooner face the fast train on a down grade than face her this afternoon."

He entered his office and dispatched a business matter absent-mindedly. Cicily's face came before him persistently, and it troubled him to feel that she was not quite happy or content. If, as Mrs. Suavity suggested, the girl felt ill at ease in her anomalous position, who was to be blamed therefor? and how was it to be helped? The company had done all it could do, and surely it had been better to her than the parents or guardians who had so unceremoniously thrust her off; for of course some one had taken advantage of that accident to abandon a child, who, for some reason, they did not care to claim.

It was refreshing in every sense of the word to enter Mrs. Suavity's cool, elegant dining-room that warm summer afternoon, and while dinner was being served, Uncle Philip found himself drifting into a resigned and amiable mood, and when the dessert came on he grew playful, and fed alternately Lou, and Pique, Lou's black and tan terrier, with dainty fruits and sweetmeats. The pair went well together. Both were bright, pretty and entertaining, and both exerted themselves to amuse Uncle Philip, and succeeded so far as to make him forget, for a time, the company's ward and all the other perplexities of life.

Meanwhile, Cicily sat at Mrs. Suavity's left hand, a little removed, taking no part in the playful chat. Somehow, even in the short time that Cicily had been in Mrs. Suavity's presence since her arrival the previous night, the impression, received she knew not where or when, but certainly since she had been under Mrs. Suavity's patronage, that she was nobody's child, had been curiously deepened and intensified.

It seemed to Cicily that the greatest grief that could come to a human being, had come to her that morning, with the certainty that Mother Goodenough would recognize her no more. She had returned to Mrs. Suavity's elegant abode feeling that she could never be happy again, but as she never shed tears in Mrs. Suavity's presence, and as she rarely complained to Lou, for to complain to Lou was to complain to Mrs. Suavity, she sat at the table, grave, quiet and scarcely conscious of the conversation that was going on in her presence. From time to time Mrs. Suavity addressed Cicily politely, and from time to time Cicily answered politely, and she saw Lou and Lou's uncle as one sees a picture through a stereoscope, of people in a foreign land speaking a foreign tongue, so far removed were they in their happiness from Cicily in her sorrow.

After dinner Lou continued to engross her uncle, and Mrs. Suavity well pleased silently withdrew, and Cicily wandered away, walking up and down in the shrubbery, believing herself the most forlorn individual that ever was born. Even Superintendent Cone had forgotten his promise to talk with her about Mother Goodenough. But at length Pique curled up on his rug, and ever and anon the white lids drooped drowsily over Lou's blue eyes, and Uncle Philip remembering that she retired late the previous night dismissed her with the injunction to sleep till her eyes grew bright again.

"Now for the company's ward" said he with the air of a man who takes up a business matter determinedly but apprehensively. The company's ward was not in sight, but he knew where she could be found, for he had not been so oblivious of her presence as Mrs. Suavity and Cicily supposed. There had been through all the petting and nonsense which he enjoyed, an underlying consciousness of the figure, usually so restless, sitting quietly at the opposite side of the table. But he had chosen

not to think of her, and to postpone as long as possible an affair he felt incompetent to handle. That, however, did not prevent his knowing when she left the room, or the direction she had taken, aud he had, from time to time, caught glimpses of her light raiment in the green shrubbery. He had taken his hat and was leaving the hall when Mrs. Suavity's voice floated sleepily down from an upper room,

"Come in this evening, Philip—Lou will be lonely."

"Perhaps;" he answered, and closed the door.

Cicily had nursed her sorrows till they had assumed formidable proportions, aud was now in no enviable state of mind. Her grief at Mother Goodenough's condition was deep enough and sincere enough, but when there are no separate causes of sorrow or anxiety we not unfrequently shed more tears and expend the greater force over the lesser and lighter of the two. Cicily usually did that thing. So now she was giving herself to the fact that Superintendent Cone had ignored her—that he had n't kept his promise —that he did n't mean to keep his promise, and that consequently the whole world was cold, unkind and deceptive. At the same time, she believed, though she would never acknowledge that belief, that he would not go away without speakiug with her about Mother Goodenough. And she was, all along, half unconsciously, but intently listening for his footsteps. But when, at last, with a great throb of relief, she heard him coming, she ran away into the densest part of the shrubbery. He should search for her and not be able to find her, and when he was obliged to go away without redeeming his promise, he would reproach himself and say "I have done wrong. I should have been more considerate. She will think I did not intend to keep my promise." And he would go sorrowing all the rest of his days.

But the superintendent would not go away without seeing Cicily if she were within the city limits. A few long strides, and thrusting aside the fragrant branches of a syringa, he saw, at a little distance, half hidden in a clump of sumac, Cicily, standing as she stood on the caboose steps, with the same half-sad, half-petulant look about the sweet mouth. "Oh dear!" he sighed. A few more steps and he stood beside her.

"Miss Cicily" he began.

She turned her face slightly toward him without changing her attitude or looking up, as if she had said coldly,

"I hear you—go on."

But he did not go on, he was at his wits' end. It seemed impossible to talk with her while she was in that mood. With a sudden inspiration he put his haud in his pocket asking eagerly, "Miss Cicily, will you be kind enough to undertake a commission from me?"

Surprise and curiosity got the better of her petulance. She looked up quickly. The shiuing eyes half bewildered him with their fervent questioniug, but he managed to say,

"I understand Mother Goodenough's caps are nearly worn out," and reaching out a handful of money, he added, "if you would be willing to purchase new caps I should consider it a great favor and so, no doubt, would she."

The fact, unconsidered by the Superintendent, was, that Mother Goodenough never wore caps, so of course her caps could not be nearly worn out. Cicily saw through the ruse instantly, and it seemed so comical, that she broke into a most musical laugh.

The Superintendent hitched his hat up and down, not knowing just where to settle it, and at last laughed too. How could he help it, looking in that upturned face, so changeful, so wonderfully expressive, so full of infectious merriment just now.

"But," said he, a little confused, "I thought you wanted to do something for Mother Goodenough."

"So I do. I want to do everything for Mother Goodenough," said she, her face suddenly grown sad and grave; but in a moment she smiled again, as she added, demurely, "I would gladly execute your commission, only Mother Goodenough never wears caps."

"Mother Goodenough never wears caps?"

repeated he, seeing the pit into which he had plunged.

"Did you ever see a cap on her head? a new cap or a cap that was nearly worn out, or any sort of a cap, for that matter?"

"Why! I don't know, I am sure, but I thought old ladies always wore caps," said he dubiously, returning the money to his pocket, and then looking in the girl's mischievous eyes he laughed again, not at all sorry that he had been caught in a fiction if only it helped him to an easier footing with his perplexing charge, the Company's ward. He shoved his hat back on his head and capturing the small hand that was absent-mindedly plucking leaves from a sumac twig, he laid it on his arm and began walking up and down the same path where Cicily had walked unhappy and alone the previous hour.

They fell into a long, serious talk, during which the Superintendent tried to show her the impropriety and uselessness of her request. It would make a difference if Mother Goodenough desired her presence, or could recognize her if she were there, but to Mother Goodenough, one person was as good as another; she asked no questions; she knew them all, and yet knew no one. She was faithfully cared for, and was probably the happiest individual on the continent. Cicily should see her often, provided she would not attempt to go there alone.

Cicily had much ado to keep from crying, and more than once withdrew her hand from his arm tempted to run away, but as he did not reproach her, or appear to notice her movements, she replaced her hand and walked on again. Then, too, he granted her request to finish her education in town, and in various other ways manifested such a consideration for her happiness and future well-being, and was so little disposed to assume authority over her, that for once she was disarmed, and had no desire for even a pretense-quarrel.

And when at length he went away, he left Cicily in a better mood than she had been for days. If she was serious she was not really unhappy. He had endeavored to convince her that Mother Goodenough was not the only friend she had in the world, and that if in a certain sense he represented the Company, there was another sense in which he represented himself, as an individual who desired to be her friend and counselor, and to whom she could come with her troubles and perplexities, feeling assured that he would do the best he possibly could for her.

After leaving Cicily, Superintendent Cone walked on a little distance with his hat in his hand. It had not occurred to him that he should endeavor to make Cicily regard him as her friend, till he was close upon it, but now it seemed the most natural thing in the world, in fact the only thing that could be done if he was to get on with her at all, and he replaced his hat, saying, "Perhaps, now, I can manage her till in good time she is turned over to some one else."

BEFRIENDED.

My heart records thee friend, yet through no word
  Spoken in side-by-side companionship:
  Reproof or commendation from thy lip
Never my heart with pleasant trouble stirred
  Because it was thy special gift to me;—
  A larger blessing have I won from thee.

I heard thee speak out of diviner air
  Than selfishness can breathe in, and I rose,
  And saw the gates of heavenly truth unclose,

Glad with the multitude the feast to share,
  Spread for all souls within: No narrow claim
  Could wish of mine in that pure vision frame.

Thou didst befriend me, humbled at the sight
  Of that great Love which penetrates the need
  Of every feeblest creature; which indeed
Lifts back into the brotherhood of light
  Benighted and neglected souls, to trace
  Their Godlike lineage in Christ's dear face.

In that communion of unselfishness
  Which is content its own delight to lose,
  So through some weaker being to transfuse
The breath it lives by,—that high blessedness
  Wherein faith's answer is at last complete,
  My soul arose, and went thy soul to meet.

How idle then seemed earth's small jealousies;—
  How pitiful the fret of 'mine' and 'thine!'
  The delicate draught of adulation's wine,
The subtle poison of sweet flatteries,
  Take nor bestow thou, friend, if thou wouldst know
  How hearts in blessing hearts may overflow.

The world has not learned friendship's meaning yet:
  Little indeed is all thou hast to give,
  If it is but thine own; but bid me live
Largeness of life beyond thee, and my debt
  Eternally uncancelled will remain,
  And we, though strangers, have not met in vain.

Show me that aspiration need not die,
  Nor faith put out its eyes to live by sight,—
  Lead me into the freedom of the light,
And I could let thee pass on cheerfully
  To souls whose need was greater, though thy face
  Had been the sunshine of my dwelling-place..

A friend——it is another name for God,
  Whose love inspires all love, is all in all:
  Profane it not, lest lowest shame befall!
Worship no idol, whether star or clod!
  Nor think that any friend is truly thine,
  Save as life's closest link with Love Divine.

Thou art no stranger, thou whose soul I heard
  Speak to my soul across earth's vexing din:
  With thee I to the Holiest entered in:

Through thee I understood the Master's word,
Which the whole heavenly with the human blends
In deathless union :—" I have called you friends."

Lucy Larcom.

OUR DEBT TO SOCRATES.[1]

"If a man die shall he live again?" Job xiv–14.

WHETHER or not the patriarch could answer his own perplexing question, it is hard to say. While there are passages which suggest some insight on his part into the great problem of eternal destiny, there are others like the following which are indicative of an absolute lack of any knowledge or conviction on the subject:

"There is hope of a tree if it be cut down that it will sprout again. . . . but man dieth and wasteth away; yea man giveth up the ghost and where is he?" Job xiv–7, 10.

The people, too, among whom his question was preserved not only were unable to answer it, but seemed to have cared little for speculating about it. With the ancient Israelite the grave, if it did not end all, at least allowed no hopeful outlook into the future. Hezekiah, who was a representative Hebrew of the better class in his day and generation, turned his face to the wall and wept sore when told that he must die; and when he was recovered, so far from having learned a lesson from his illness, he wrote these mournful words:

"For the grave cannot praise thee; death cannot celebrate thee; they that go down into the pit cannot hope for the truth." Isaiah xxxviii.–18.

Nor did the Psalmist take a less melancholy view of the subject when he declared,

"The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence."

Nor the preacher when he wrote,

"For the living know that they shall die; but the dead know not anything." Ecclesiastes ix–5.

Over patriarchs, judges, kings, prophets and scribes through all the Jewish dispensation hung the dark cloud of uncertainty and gloom.

Nor when we survey the Gentile world do we find any clearer apprehension of the subject. The Greeks it is true, in common with the Egyptians and the Persians, held a certain abstract belief in immortality; which however was nothing more than an abstraction and afforded them no ground of hope or expectation. The average Greek was a materialist. His bright and buoyant temperament repelled the idea of death. "When he lost a friend he sighed a melancholy farewell after him to the faded shore of ghosts. Summoned himself, he departed with a lingering look at the sun and a tearful adieu to the bright day and the green earth."[1]

It is to a man's tomb that we naturally look for some expression of his faith in the life to come. But in the Greek mortuary inscriptions we find only the sad farewell of those who are bereft of hope. Here are one or two specimens from tombs near Athens dating from about the fourth century, B. C.:

"She who lies here coveted not while alive garments or gold but desired discretion and virtue. But now, Dionysia, in place of youth and bloom the Fates have awarded thee this sepulchre."

"My name is Athenais and with grief I go to my place among the dead, leaving my husband and my darling children. A grudging web the Fates spun for me."

Reading these and the larger number of epitaphs from which they are selected, one can hardly avoid concurring in the opinion of a recent writer. "It is certain that throughout Greece in antiquity the future life was by the common people looked upon with distaste if not with dread; and that

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1 Socrates. A translation of the Apology, Crito and parts of Phœdo. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

1 Alger's "History of the Doctrine of a Future Life," p. 196.

they had no doctrine tending to soften the repulsion." [2]

Now in the light of these facts would it not be unexpected, at least, to find the earliest response to the patriarch's question coming from a Greek?

But "it is the unexpected," some one says, "which happens." And so it proves; for two hundred and fifty years before any expression of belief in Immortality appears in the Hebrew writings, four hundred years before the coming of our Lord, a voice was heard in Athens declaring in emphatic terms the imperishable character of the soul and the certainty of its after life. What could be more strange than that Job, the friend of God, should be answered by the pagan Socrates? And yet what could be more appropriate, by way of answer, than this fragment from Socrates, dying testimony:

"Then Cebes, beyond question, the soul is immortal and imperishable and our souls will truly exist in another world?"

Plato: Phædo; 106.

Other expressions of Socrates, mainly from the same conversation are not less emphatic and significant:

' . . . When death attacks a man the mortal portion of him may be supposed to die, but the immortal goes out of the way of death and is preserved safe and sound."

Plato: Phædo; 106.

" . . . But then, O my friends, if the soul is really immortal what care should be taken of her, not only in respect of the portion of time which is called life, but of eternity!"

Plato: Phædo; 107.

"And can we suppose that the soul being invisible and on her way to a place like herself invisible and pure, a world worthy indeed the name of the Unseen, there to dwell with the good and wise God—whither if God please my soul must soon go . . . will when released from the body be instantly scattered to the winds and destroyed, as the mass of men assert?"

Plato: Phædo; 80.

"If upon her release the soul be found pure and free from all that appertains to the body . . . she goes to the world which is invisible like herself; to the world divine and immortal and full of thought; there set free from error, folly, fears and the fierce passions and other evils of humanity her lot is a happy one indeed . . . but if on her release she be found unclean and polluted by her intercourse with the body . . do you think that a soul in this condition will be found pure and uncontaminated when she is set free?"

Phædo; 81.

Is there not here the subtance of the doctrine taught afterwards by the apostle:

"To them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life; but unto them that are contentious and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil?"

Romans ii-7, 8, 9.

Upon his own age and people, Socrates' teachings seem to have had but little effect. It is due not to any popular acceptance of his philosophy, but to the devotion of his attached disciples and notably of the greatest among them, Plato, that we have it preserved. Much of Socrates' ill-success was no doubt due to his individual unpopularity. The man who makes it the business of his life, as he made it, to expose the ignorance and self-conceit of his neighbors can hardly expect and probably does not care to win their confidence and regard.

In a later age, however, and among an alien people, Socrates' sowing found a fertile soil and bore rich fruit. It was seventy years after his death that the enterprise of Alexander the Great created in Egypt an intellectual and commercial rival to Athens. Here for the first time in the world's history were brought together the cultured, speculative Greek and the devout, enquiring Jew. Each borrowed from the other his literature. The Greeks received the Scriptures and gave Plato. And while he was reading, with wonder, no doubt, and with that distinctive appreciation of courage and fidelity which marked the Greek mind, of the Hebrew heroes and their valiant deeds, the Jew was learning, with not less wonder and admiration of the blameless life and fearless death of Socrates, and receiving at the same time and that from a heathen source his first definite impressions as to the immortality of the soul. With what emphasis this influence began to stamp itself upon the Jewish mind may be judged from the expressions of the Apocryphal Book of the Wisdom of Solomon, written, presumably, at Alexandria

[2] Percy Gardner in the "Contemporary Review," December, 1877.

about the middle of the second century before Christ:

"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God and there shall no torment touch them . . . . for though they be punished in the sight of men yet is their hope full of immortality."
Wisdom of Solomon, iii-1, 4.

"But the righteous live forevermore; their reward also is with the Lord and the care of them is with the most high; therefore shall they receive a glorious kingdom and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand;"
Wisdom of Solomon, v-15.

or from the following passage ascribed by sound criticism to the same period, and probably the only text in canonical Scripture which directly asserts the doctrine of immortality:

"And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life and some to shame and everlasting contempt;"
Daniel xii-2.

or from that revolting story in the Maccabees, which is yet invaluable for the insight which it gives into the current religious experience of that time of the Seven Brothers, who while tortured for their faith gave utterance to this bold confession:

"Thou like a fury takest us out of this present life, but the King of the world shall raise us up who have died for his laws unto everlasting life."
II Maccabees vii-9.

"So when he was ready to die he said thus, It is good being put to death by men to look for hope from God to be raised up again by him."
II Maccabees vii-14.

"In the course of that Insurrection," says Dean Stanley, referring to the Maccabean period, "or at least in the records of it, the belief in immortality which the Grecian philosophy had communicated to the schools of Alexandria, started into a prominence which it had never achieved before and which it never lost afterward." [1]

Foremost among the Alexandrian disciples of the doctrine, and a most important link between Socrates and the Christian system, was the great and devout Jew whom we know as Philo of Alexandria. Born twenty years before Christ and outliving him thirty years, though not himself a Christian, he played an important if unconscious part in preparing the way for Christianity. Without referring to the striking analogy between his philosophy and that of the Gospel of John and the Epistle to the Hebrews, it is enough for our purpose to quote here one or two of his expressions bearing upon the subject in hand:

"Man's bodily form is made from the ground, the soul from no created thing but from the Father of all; so that although man was mortal as to his body he was immortal as to his mind."
Philo's Works: Mangey's ed., Vol. i, *p.* 32.

"A polished, purified soul does not die but emigrates; it is of an inextinguishable and deathless race and goes to heaven, escaping the dissolution and corruption which death seems to introduce."
Philo's Works: Mangey's ed., Vol. i, *p.* 513.

"Complete virtue is the tree of immortal life."
Philo's Works: Mangey's ed., Vol. i, *p.* 38.

"Abraham leaving his mortal part was added to the people of God, enjoying immortality and made similar to the angels. For the angels are the army of God, bodiless and happy souls."
Philo's Works: Mangey's ed., Vol. ii, *p.* 164.

There is no difficulty, as it happens, in tracing these opinions to their source. Of all the men who lived after Socrates no one was more deeply imbued with the Socratic or the Platonic spirit, as we may choose to call it, than Philo. Among the early Christian fathers it was a common saying: "*Vel Plato Philonizat, vel Philo Platonizat.*" In all essential respects the teaching of Philo upon the subject of Immortality was that of Plato and of Plato's master. And Philo's teaching, according to the judgment of such authorities as Lücke and Norton, exerted "a greater influence upon the history of Christian opinions than any single man excepting the Apostle Paul."

If any additional testimony is needed to establish our debt to Socrates, let us take these expressions which seem to indicate an expectation on his part of the coming of some one, who should dispel in men's minds the fear of death. The passage is from the conversation of which we have already quoted a part:

"Cebes answered with a smile: Then Socrates you must argue us out of our fears, and yet strictly speaking they are not fears, but there is a child within us to whom death is a sort of hob-

[1] Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church," Third Series, Lecture xlviii.

goblin; him too we must persuade not to be afraid when he is alone with him in the dark.

Socrates said: Let the voice of the charmer be applied daily until you have charmed him away.

And where shall we find a good charmer of our fears Socrates when you are gone?

Hellas, he replied, is a large place, Cebes, and has many good men, and there are barbarous races not a few: seek for him among them all far and wide, sparing neither pains nor money; for there is no better way of using your money. And you must not forget to seek for him among yourselves, too; for he is nowhere more likely to be found."

Phædo–77, 78.

Hardly any one will read this without recalling its Scripture parallel:

". . . he also himself likewise took part of the same, that through death, he might destroy him that hath the power of death that is the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Hebrews, ii–14, 15.

And no one who thus holds up Socrates' ideal charmer side by side with the Apostle's picture of Him who brought life and immortality to light, however much the former may be paled by the apposition, can fail to remark the extraordinary likeness, or to acknowledge the debt which we owe to the man who first gave to the world, wherever or however he learned it, a tangible notion of the life to come, and a correct apprehension of the way in which that life was to be obtained.

Eliot McCormick.

AN HOUR WITH GWENDOLYN.

There were three of them—Paulus, Mabelle and Bethesda. There were four of us if you counted me; but I sat in a corner behind my veil, for the wind was chill, and took no part in the conversation.

The wind was chill perhaps, but only to the convalescent. To common mortals whom the Lord and not the doctors had made it was sweet and serene as a sheltered and lovely woman. There was no stab in it to them, and they were as obtuse to its menace as those who have never been led up into the wilderness for forty days, are obtuse to the presence or the passage of the subtlest temptations.

We were not exactly strangers; we were not precisely friends; thrown together by the chance of summer travel, meeting to-day, parting to-morrow, and stricken with moral inability to leave a piazza where, though far on in the year, one could sit without a shiver to watch the lights of the town nodding across the bay, to be bewitched by the flitting of green and scarlet color as the fishing-fleet crept home with sailing-signals up, to hear the busy lips of waves that one could not see, in the sheer blackness below the cliff at one's feet, and to receive upon one's cheek for the last treasured time, the breath of the summer sea. The glory is over. The harvest is ended. The color and the carelessness and the surrender of the year are gone. To-morrow we go our ways; we gird and guard ourselves; we meet the white intolerant winter.

Only old friendships can take the privilege of silence in places and in times like these, and we for very distance must needs talk the mood and the evening out. The weather is exhausted, finance inflated, politics collapsed, poor-relief scanty, and the temperance cause not soporific. But the dog is here. His name is Daniel Deronda.

"A dull book" pronounces Paulus. Mabelle observes that she had not thought of that.

"Introspective, agonizing, overwrought. I hate to see an author say: 'Come hear me think!'"

"The faults of the age," remarked Bethesda languidly. She is wondering where the two herring-boats will go, that glide across the reef, and thrust the glare of

the great torches at their little bows far upon the shore. The beach and meadows shrink, like a girl's face roughly or suddenly unveiled.

"But why should one express the faults of the age? To an extent of course we all do, or must. I fail to see why an author should cultivate them."

"If you prefer a tale of action to one of reflection in a novel, why not say so?" suggested Bethesda. "Would that not be the fairest way to begin an argument?—if it were practicable to argue anything in face and eyes of Western Light to-night. See how red and haughty she is! That Light reminds me of what the idiot said about the color of scarlet."

"What *did* the idiot say?" asked Paulus not without significance in his voice.

"That it was like the sound of a trumpet."

"I don't think it was an idiot Bethesda," said Mabelle pleasantly, "it was a blind man."

"Oh thank you, dear. Well, it is all the same. I wonder how much of a catch those poor 'herriners' will take. I should like to know this minute! There is a man I know among them who has lived on Indian meal a good while. I wonder if I should starve as patiently as they do. I think I should get drunk."

"You 'll keep her awake," said Mabelle pointing to my corner, "if you talk about starving and drunkards."

"To be sure!" said Bethesda, who always sleeps o' nights. She turned her back a little to the herring-boats and settled herself in the hammock comfortably. This brought her happy, healthy face in profile against the broad light from the open parlor door. Paulus sat just behind her somewhat in the shade.

"Mr. Paulus," began Bethesda abruptly, "You don't like Deronda. You think him a prig."

"Always instructing everybody, and talking down—yes. I don't care for him. I don't feel *interested* in him."

"Very good. And you like Mirah. You idealize Mirah."

"Yes I like the little Jewess," said Paulus heartily.

"You think Deronda made the right choice. You do not wonder at him."

"I think Mirah was far too good for him!" replied Paulus with enthusiasm.

"And Gwendolyn? I know what you think of Gwendolyn. I know all about it. I don't see how we can talk about this book. There are two kinds of people. You belong to the other kind. You would never understand—never!"

"Bethesda!" exclaimed Mabelle.

"Why, really—" said Paulus, slightly hesitating, "I hardly know whether I am to consider myself complimented or not."

"Should I beg your pardon?" said Bethesda gently. "But you see we are not so much considering you as Gwendolyn."

"Gwendolyn flirted," said Paulus in the tone of one who announces a finality. There are some things that Bethesda never bears precisely as a young lady should, and I knew that this would prove to be one. She rose from the hammock and walked over, standing in front of Paulus, her tall figure vivid between the shine from the house, and the gloom from the sea.

"Before she knew Deronda, certainly. We all do, till the time comes to stop. But of course you grant that her time had come. Of course you do not mean that she coquetted after she knew Deronda, Mr. Paulus!"

"She coquetted with Deronda," observed Paulus with great calm, "with Deronda himself."

Every woman of us winced. I could see that Bethesda drew her breath a little quickly. She paced up and down the piazza for some moments and said:

"The herring-fleet has gone out; It has gone out beyond the bar."

Paulus puffed peacefully at his cigar; he might be indifferently watching the shining fleet, or the silent woman; one was no farther than another from a man who could think that Gwendolyn flirted with Deronda.

"I don't *quite* understand," observed Bethesda at last with a highly-bred composure she resorts to, when she is afraid of over expressing herself, "what you mean Mr. Paulus when you speak in that way."

"Why, she knew what she was about," urged Paulus. "She was sophisticated; a

woman of experience; and her husband had warned her. I declare one feels a certain sympathy even with Grandcourt under the circumstances.

"*Oh!*" cried Mabelle, lifting up her pretty face.

"If I had been a man," flashed Bethesda, "I mean if I had been Deronda, I would have married Gwendolyn; if I could have won her; I would have risked it. She would have changed. She would have developed. There was an angel in her marble. Women are always taking men on the principle of evolution—to educate them. Why should not a man take a woman in that way once in a while?"

"Why yes, if he *wants* her, replied Paulus, looking puzzled. "But I don't understand exactly. Is Gwendolyn your ideal woman then, Miss Bethesda?"

"Ask her if Dorothea is!" cried Mabelle impetuously.

"Deronda is certainly not the ideal man," observed Bethesda, "and that is easy to explain. If I were 'a woman who dared' to write novels, I would not put my ideal man into a book; my heroine every year, if you please; my hero,—never!

But certainly I think if I had been Daniel Deronda I should have loved Gwendolyn Harleth. That she was a charming and changing woman, he would have been the last to deny. He was full of masculine aptness for admiring what he did not think it prudent to love. He had the fatal facility of his sex, also, for admiring in more than one direction at one and the same time. Now I wonder if I must beg anybody's pardon for saying *this!*" added Bethesda.

"Not mine at least," replied Paulus with some warmth, "for I want to be allowed to suggest that a man might be excused for not making up his mind, when My Lady flits from him to Grandcourt, or over to Max, or Rex, or Trix or whoever he was, with no more conscience than a butterfly."

"Mr. Paulus," said Bethesda, "is it possible you need to have Gwendolyn *explained* to you?"

"I don't know I'm sure. It seems so. Try and see."

"Not for all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them!" cried Bethesda.

"I'm only a man you know," pleaded Paulus with suspiciously sudden humility. "You should be patient with me, as well as with the other lower orders of creation."

Bethesda had the dog, now, standing with his tall head resting upon the palm of her upturned hand, and Paulus glanced in his direction.

"But I never have to explain things to *him*," said Bethesda. "Poor Gwendolyn! And she had just begun to be herself. She had just entered this new life, that all consecrated creatures must come to, by some means, through some other nature, perhaps, —the better life—"

"That is what they all call it," interrupted Paulus, laying down his cigar.

"Should n't Deronda help Gwendolyn then just because he was a man? asked Mabelle with much sweet earnestness; "must we never do each other any good because we are—different? What would you do about clergymen then, and such cases?"

"Deronda was not a clergyman," said Paulus, "neither am I."

"If you had been I should not have said it," replied Mabelle in her ladylike voice. Paulus glanced up appreciatively.

But Bethesda stood looking out to sea.

"If there is any one thing I like above all others, in George Eliot's stories," she began with a marked change of tone, "it is precisely this lofty relation upon which her men and women meet; it is the quality of nature in her that conceives such men and women, and by an instinct divine as the god's can put them on that plane and that alone. Look at Dorothea—the way she and Lydgate meet—the way she and Ladislaw act. She creates the atmosphere about them both. She is as womanly as Psyche and white as Diana. There is Mr. Tryan in Janet's Repentance, and Romola and Savonarola and Dinah; perhaps one might add how she managed it all with Adam and Seth. But especially Mr. Tryan saving that drinking woman. How delicately that was done! Their whole relation was like a fading daisy painted on a golden ground."

"Yes," said Mabelle, "I saw one once on a panel. One of Hunt's pupils did it."

"But they fell in love before they got through with it," suggested Paulus; timidly however. Who could speak without reverence of the mystical and denied feelig that united Janet to the memory of the saint who had saved her and died? Certainly not Paulus.

"As for Gwendolyn," proceeded Bethesda, "I doubt if she would ever have thought about him—in that other way—if he had n't gone to Jerusalem with the other woman. As if it were marriage she wanted! It was salvation.

But I can't *talk* about Gwendolyn and Deronda!"

Bethesda paced to and fro again, a little longer this time, upon the wind-swept piazza length, before she said:

"It seems to me Mr. Paulus, that there is a fine high, true ground upon which men and women ought to meet if they are going to at all; and that George Eliot has done much to rebuke us up to it. She never forgets the peril. She never overlooks the possibility, or the pain or whatever it is, if people are young, or inexperienced, or without principle, or without drilled self-control. But we are not always young. We get the experience, and the control, and the good sense, and common good-breeding goes a great way to guide the world after all. And what would become of society if we adopted or adapted the rules you judged poor Gwendolyn by? Must every lady who teaches a Bible class of men, stop the moment the poor fellows become dependent on her for their spiritual life? Shall she withdraw the ideal, the unapproachableness which make her the guide and guard she is to them partly *because* they are men and she a woman? Must every clergyman who preaches to an audience composed three-fourths of female parishioners, lower his calling to an endless analysis of a thing that can no more be too closely analyzed without injury than a butterfly's wing, that unmatched phenomenon which we call religious emotion? Let him be cautious I grant you; calm I pray him; consecrated I demand of him! But in the name of all that is most permanent and most lofty in human feeling, let us not misinterpret the natures or the conduct of people who are all this and more!"

"Do you think," asked Paulus meekly, "that Gwendolyn was all this?"

"Certainly not. Far from it. But she would have become like this. She had it in her, Mr. Paulus!" added Bethesda, "I grant you. It is not easy. It is a strait and narrow way. But one must live, to know how to live. The reciprocal relations of men and women must be many and free to be simple and fine. Is it not part of the great law of self-conquest that enters into all human action, that we should help one another through our distance and our difference? That seems to me the best of many good reasons why men may do for women or women for men, what neither kind can do for itself; that we *must* speak behind the lattice or the veil; that we must repress ourselves, guard ourselves, or those whom we would help, perhaps more, far more than we do ourselves—do you not see?"—

Bethesda checked herself and gently pushing away the dog, went into the house and left us. Paulus glanced after her, smoking still. Mabelle said it was a lovely evening, but growing late. When we went upstairs that night, she asked her:

"Bethesda dear? I wondered if you meant Platonic friendships."

"Platonic fiddlesticks!" said Bethesda.

"But I thought *you* believed, *you* would think—"

"I think no woman of sense would discuss Platonic friendships in these days with a man, Mabelle Ma chère."

"But I am sure I have heard you say—now it sounds like going back on yourself when you speak in that tone. I know 'going back' is slang," added Mabelle hastily.

"What an admirable paper might be written on the unexercised beliefs of the human mind," said Bethesda with an interested air, "Let us find an unappreciated genius and make him a present of the copyright."

Mabelle looked up doubtfully. She is never quite sure if she makes Bethesda out. Whereas, to me, she is as easy to make out

as a hearty, fresh, west wind. I sometimes wish Gwendolyn had known such a woman. It would have saved all that Deronda business. It is not possible to over value the influence of women upon each other, especially in moral exigencies and in an age like ours.

It was not until Mabelle had brushed her pretty hair very thoroughly and gracefully down to its shining ends—and this takes Mabelle a good while—that she said:

"Bethesda dear? Did it not occur to you? It's a mistake your kind of women sometimes make. I wish you would ask Mr. Paulus if he *meant* what he said about Gwendolyn. For my part I don't think he did."

"Then," said Bethesda, "he should n't have said it! I remember reading of a railway company that said to a man: You represent the public and the public so-and-so. Mr. Paulus represents mankind, and I repeat, Mr. Paulus should n't have said it."

"And if Gwendolyn represented womankind?" suggested Mabelle selecting her crimpers critically, "would n't you admit that he had some excuse?"

"Ah, but she does n't!" said Bethesda quickly, "and that is just the difference."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

A WORKING-WOMAN'S BUREAU.

While living in London I visited Emily Faithfull, and was much interested in all her efforts in behalf of working women. Mentioning, after my return to this country, Miss Faithfull's Employment Office, her Magazine, printing office, and other undertakings, a friend said to me, "We have here an earnest, sensible philanthropist, as entirely devoted to the welfare of her sex as Miss Faithfull can be, and in her own fashion quite as efficient a worker."

Having asked for further information, I received it as follows: "Jane Help was thrown at twenty years of age on her own resources. She has been a public schoolteacher; has worked for a city paper on book notices and paragraphs; has been for a year housekeeper for an invalid; in times of epidemic she acted as nurse; she has clerked in a store, kept books for an association, and has for several years gone out by the week as seamstress. Thus until she was thirty-eight she spent her time, intent on self-support, and on laying up a little sum to provide for herself in time of illness or old age. Ten years ago she very unexpectedly received from the bequest of a distant cousin, a house in the lower portion of the town and ten thousand dollars. Her cousin's lawyer urged her, as the house was shabby and in a rough part of the city, to sell it for what it would bring, retire to a country village, and live comfortably on her small property; and this all who knew her expected she would do, adopting some orphan to care for her old age. Jane, however, resolved differently. She said that she was identified with working-women; she had served in many capacities and had a somewhat wide acquaintance with employments and employers; all her sympathies were enlisted for self-supporting women; she thought that she, better than most people, understood their trials, their errors, their needs, and their temptations. She intended to devote her life to their interests. Accordingly Miss Help took the fund of seven hundred dollars which she had earned for herself, and therewith she renovated her house. It is an old-fashioned, three-story, brick building, with numerous small, low-ceiled rooms, in a neighborhood of business houses and low alleys. Miss Help had it put in thorough repair, furnished it in the plainest and most substantial manner possible, and put up her sign, 'Working-Woman's Bureau,' and now if you want to know what that means, and

what she is doing, go and spend a day with her; she will welcome you. She has in reserve her ten thousand, supports herself on the interest thereof, and makes the establishment, by the aid of that interest, support itself."

"And what is Miss Help personally?"

"A woman of iron constitution, strong common sense, a fair education, utter fearlessness, practical experience, shrewd insight, quick wit, bluff and plain, and ardently religious."

I wrote Miss Help a note, stating my wish to spend a day with her, and received word that I should be cordially welcomed. Accordingly before eight o'clock on an autumn morning I approached the WORKING-WOMAN'S BUREAU. Printed upon the house, beside the front door I read—

"Boarding for Unemployed Working-Women.

"Situations provided free of charge.

"Advice and Instruction Given.

"Lodgings for Girls Learning Trades.

References.

"Rev. Sharon Waite.

"John Sloane, Esqr., J. P."

By the Law and the Gospel Miss Help thus guaranteed her intentions. I entered the office. A fire in a grate, an office table, wire blinds for the windows, a few chairs, a work-stand with needles, thread and scissors, hooks and a whisk broom on the walls; a couple of Bibles and several daily papers on a stand, a bare, well-scrubbed floor; this was the office wherein Jane Help, forty-eight, keen-eyed and kindly, reigned supreme. She invited me up to her own front-room to lay aside bonnet and shawl, after which we made a tour of the house, finding everywhere, in chambers, bath-room, sewing-room and kitchen, good ventilation and and scrupulous cleanness, with furniture plain but comfortable, and utensils well adapted to their uses.

We now returned to the office. I seated myself, ostensibly with a book. Miss Help attacked her accounts, and in a few moments a young woman came in.

"I 'm out of a place ma'am, and I was told that here was boarding for the unemployed and help in getting a place."

"Why did you leave your last situation?"

"The family went south, for the winter."

"Any recommendations?"

The girl handed over a bit of paper.

"Well," said Miss Help, "read my rules out loud, and see if they suit you."

The girl took the sheet of pasteboard and read;

"Board and Lodging one dollar a week.

"Credit given in exceptional cases.

"Three hours' work for the house required each day.

"Facilities for doing your own washing and ironing.

"Free use of sewing-machine, when found unoccupied.

"Lodgers must retire at half past nine; rise at five.

"Lodgers must not be out after nine at night.

"Well conducted visitors received in the parlor.

"All Lodgers will attend family worship."

"Very well, ma'am," said the girl. "May I bring my trunk?"

"Certainly. And you will not pay in advance, as you may only be here a few days. What work are you looking for?"

"Waiting, and chamber-work."

"Can you run a machine?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"While here you may take the hour and a half before breakfast at chamber-work, and an hour and a half after breakfast at the machine. There are sheets up in the sewing-room to be mended, and pillow-cases to be made. Cora!"

A ten-year-old girl who had answered the door ran in.

"Take Sara Black up to No. 5, D.," said Miss Help, examining her book, "and show her the sewing-room. Then, Sara, you had better see to your trunk. The first call there comes for your kind of a place, I will send you to apply for. As to the *visitors*, let me say that they come in here to me *first*, and I shall send them into the parlor only if I think them the right sort."

Cora conducted Sara out. I said,

"You allow them to be out in the evenings?"

"Certainly. They have their friends to

visit, their church services, a little shopping, or a beau to walk with. They are human, and have social natures and needs; not showing myself their enemy, I get their confidence, they tell me frankly where they go, and I find them generally taking my advice about their resorts. Of course if they went to places which I considered dangerous or immoral, they must have the choice, either of doing better or leaving the Bureau."

"And about the visitors?"

"There again I consider their social natures. It will be far better for them to see their friends from half past six to nine in that little sitting-room, which they style a parlor, than to be meeting them surreptitiously at corners, or in low restaurants. Again, I thus soon find out the fashion of their acquaintances. I send no one across the hall tipsy or with tobacco in his mouth; if I find a girl has a drinking follower I reason with her and influence her, and often succeed in breaking up a dangerous acquaintance. Sometimes, too, I turn my efforts to the improvement of the young men, if they seem likely fellows, and I have got a good many to join a temperance society, and for some I have found situations. We have had three weddings here of tidy young couples who are doing well, and I gave each bride ten dollars towards her furnishing. Several girls without homes have come here to board while they made their wedding clothes; the other girls got interested and helped them, and it served to increase good feeling and a decent ambition. One of those girls doing chamber-work came yesterday, to stay a month and get ready to be married."

"So, you encourage marriages and don't think there are too many people in the world."

"Marriage is a God-implanted instinct; it must therefore be a right instinct; Too many people! When will folks cry too much corn or wheat? When there is a great amount of any natural production new uses are found for it, and thus demand and supply equalize themselves. So as human beings increase, new means of support and new fields of labor will open to them. God's earth will never be too narrow for God's children, and it will always bring forth bread enough for the waiting mouths, if human hands exert themselves to *produce* and not to *destroy* bread."

A girl entered, bag in hand.

"I 'm going now, Miss Help, and thank you for all your goodness. And that five dollars of the bill I will pay up as fast as I take in my wages."

"That will be all right, Mary. Take care of your health, be sure and wear your flannels, and remember it is the best economy to keep good strong shoes on your feet. Try and give satisfaction to Mrs. Lester."

"That girl," said Miss Help as Mary went off, "has been here seven weeks. She came with a bad cold, from wearing, from false ideas of saving, broken shoes. To get a fine Sunday hat or gown, these girls often go with half bare feet while they are working, and with insufficient underclothes. Mary has been very sick here. I made her use her money for shoes, flannels and medicine, but though she is in my debt for board she will pay it. I found her a situation as cook yesterday. Doctoring does not cost here; a kind physician comes to my girls without charge. God reward him."

"Do you have work enough to keep these girls busy three hours?"

"Generally. I demand scrupulous care of everything. The house has twenty-one rooms all told. We make our own bread and yeast, and do all our own sewing. I see that everything is darned, mended and patched to the last possibility; it is a good lesson to the girls. We save up all the scraps, and piece quilts and quilt them; we make the comfortables for the beds; they do all my sewing, and if there is extra time for them, I let them use it on their sewing."

A wretchedly delicate girl of about thirty came in panting, "Miss Help, can I board here a few weeks? I 'm worn out with night-work. I 've been in a dress-maker's shop. I 'm nearly used up. I 'm alone in the world. There 's a note from my minister. I thought may be I could get dress-making enough among the girls here to pay my way." Tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Cora! Take this young woman's things up to 20, and light the fire that's laid up there. Don't give way, Miss Porter, I'll bring you round all right. You must rest here without doing a thing until Saturday morning, and then I shall send you out in the country ten miles, to stay two weeks and not do one stitch of sewing. When you come back you may sew for me awhile, and we'll see. I'll engage to keep you supplied for a time. There are the rules, but you will not do your three hours' work until you are better. Cora! you go tell the cook to make a pint of good strong beef tea. I'll send for your trunk, Miss Porter. You can suit yourself with a book from the sitting-room, and then go to your room and lie down. I'll send your meals up to-day. Cora! go get Miss Porter a milk-biscuit and a cup of tea."

After Miss Porter had gone to the invalid room, looking cheered and invigorated already, Miss Help said, "I know what that is; *I* sewed once. Poor soul, she *is* nearly broken down, but I'll bring her round. Highly vouched for too. I have two or three old friends among the market people from the country, who take worn-out girls like that for a week, or two, or three, for a visit, as I ask, and give them country air and living, and save lives by it often too. It's their way of giving, God accept it!"

A lady came in for a nursery-governess; another for a monthly nurse; a dressmaker for a trimmer. The nurse's address was given, the other two applications were registered.

I asked, "What is your experience about these trades-girls whom you board?"

"Well, I've saved many of them. They get from four to eight dollars a week wages. I board them for two dollars a week. They do not give any housework, except to take their turn on Sundays, and to make their own beds before they go out in the morning. They do their washing in evenings. My rules apply to them; they find here a cheap, cheerful home. They learn to do their own sewing, they get some ideas of housework; if they are sick they are cared for; if they are worn out, I get a country vacation for them; losing work they are not thrown on the streets, and I find myself standing as a mother or guardian to them, and keeping them out of bad places and bad company. It pays, thank God, it pays in rescued lives."

Here a shiftless-looking man came in. "Miss Help, my wife sent me to see if you could get her more work places. It's more than she can do to keep the family, and I can't get a bit of work." Miss Help registered the application. "Here Sands, if you're out of work, you can go get this trunk for me, and I'll give you twenty-five cents."

"Why Miss Help, that ain't more than half-pay."

"Half a loaf's better than no bread. It is all a poor girl can pay you. I'll tell you what, Sands, you *don't want to work*. There's work of some kind if men will watch for it, and do it for what they can get. Did you run to those men whose cellars were flooded last week and offer to work cleaning them out for provisions? Have you gone into the country since this last storm, and offered to help the farmers clear up the wrecks, if they'd pay you by bringing you potatoes or meal, or wood or vegetables, when they come to town? I know you, Sands; your idea of work is to carry home the washing your wife does. If you'll put your hand to any work that is going, and take five and ten-cent jobs, or shoes, or food, or coal for your work, and be always on the lookout you'll get work enough to keep out hunger and cold."

"There's too many people in the world," whined Sand's.

"How many children have *you*?" demanded Miss Help.

"Why, six."

"Well, all I can say is you haven't lived up to your views in regard to population very well. Now go and bring that trunk."

Hardly was he gone, when another man with a huge bundle of shop-work came in.

"I just stopped a minute, Miss Help, to thank you for your advice, and tell you *it works*. Susan's better already, and she says if you hear of an office or two for her to clean, or any light work with a little

fresh air to it, she'll be glad to take it," and away he went.

Miss Help explained, "He 's an industrious fellow, thrown out of work by a mercantile house failure. He came to me, tears in his eyes, saying his wife was dying by inches running a sewing-machine on slop-sewing, and it took twelve hours a day running to earn bread. I told him to go home and *run the machine;* he was strong, and if his wife learned it he could; let him run it eleven hours, and Susan take it one; let her do the house work and the errands, and she 'd get better soon."

A nice elderly woman came in. "Miss Help, I 've been getting three dollars a week, but my missis has been losing so much money lately that she cannot afford now to pay more than two and a quarter. Would you, if you were me, look up a three-dollar place, or take the lower wages?"

"It is a good place and you have had it five years; you understand the mistress and the work, and get plenty of spare time. Now, Mrs. Moore, at your age freedom from worry and from over-work is worth to you more than money; in changing, you would spend some money; you might change several times and so lose a few weeks, you would be on expense while out of a place. You have a good home, and have been laying up from your wages, and your mistress is a kind friend. Hard times press on her, and she is compelled to make you a sharer in them. I think you had better accept your share; you must not expect not to feel the pressure which all are feeling. We are all, employers and employed, virtually in the same boat; if your mistress has less income, you save less from your wages."

"That 's about what I thought," said Mrs. Moore; "but I thought I 'd come and fortify myself on your opinions. Your views, Miss Help, are as good as gold."

Mrs. Moore having departed fixed on keeping a good place, a showily-dressed woman came in, saying;—

"Miss Help, I don't like my place; it 's being nothing but a servant anyhow, and I don't like being ordered round; that 's just the way it was in the hotel linen-room."

"And it 's likely to be the way," retorted Miss Help, "wherever you take wages; folks that pay for the work usually think they have a right to give orders; I do, and you would too."

"Its easy talking," grumbled Miss Tubbs; "you don't know how it goes; you 're head here."

"But I have n't always been head; I 've lived in a place, and when I went I made up my mind that the lady of the house was n't hiring a missis. She could get herself to serve as boss without wages. Its *pride* that is your master Miss Tubbs, and pride is the hardest master you 'll ever serve. You 're *ashamed* of being a servant. Does n't the blessed Lord himself say, 'I am among you as he that serveth?' And 'he that is greatest among you, let him be your minister.' I can't aid you if you stand in your own light that way; this is a Working-Woman's Bureau, not a fine lady's, and I can't go bail for folks that despise getting their orders."

Miss Tubbs went off angry, to the tune of Cora's violent ringing of the dinner bell. Miss Help said to me, "We all eat together. I have many kinds here—nursery governesses, dressmakers, cooks, maids. I cannot provide distinctions for them all, so I sit down at the head of the table, and then no one can complain. I find it secures more of a home feeling, better manners, and better conversation at the table."

The dinner was plain, but well-cooked and nicely served. I asked Miss Help, "Do you find any trouble in getting your meals cooked, among so many changes?"

"Oh no; there is always some one here who knows how to do our plain cooking, and I know how to direct it. I am careful to have the girls learn all they can while they are waiting here. We put up in the summer a few pickles, jellies and preserves for sick folks, and for our festal occasions. We cure our own pork and beef, try out our lard, and make our soap. So my girls get a knowledge that shall stand good in their own housekeeping. We have an evening class here in the dining-room. It is not compulsory, except for my Cora. An old schoolmaster who boards himself over the way, out of pure interest in my work comes

six evenings weekly to teach. Many is the girl whom he has taught reading, writing and some other branches. We do his washing and sewing to show our gratitude, and we remember him on Christmas."

The first caller in the afternoon was a young clerk. She looked sickly and wretched. "Miss Help, can I board here? I'm discharged. I've been getting weak for a good while, and they said they must have clerks that looked bright, and spoke lively, and I could n't, I felt *so bad*. It 's so hard standing all day, and lifting things—you don't know."

"Yes I *do* know; I've stood in a store myself. Where 's your recommendation?"

"I've only this; 'Satisfactory. Discharged for ill health.'"

"H m—m. Anything from your preacher, or Sunday school teacher? Did n't you go anywhere on Sunday?"

"Hardly ever. I was *so tired* I just lay round all day."

"Yes? But after all it would have rested you as much to go out for a little religious instruction. We are not like the brutes, to be done with life when we've done with this world; and in a mere worldly point of view it would have been better for you, for no recommendations are worth so much as from pastors and teachers. So you did n't feel able to serve the Lord! That 's our foolish way; we don't expect wages of humans without service, but we expect everything from the Lord, service or not. Any money?"

The girl flushed. "Only eight dollars, but I thought I could board here five or six weeks and fix my clothes up and rest, and may be I could get better and find another place."

"What you need is country air, country food, out-of-door exercise, easy housework. The store is killing you, child."

"Yes," sighed the girl; "it killed my sister, and now I'm alone in the world, and too poor to have change of of air."

"See here, foolish child. You went into the store, and have stayed there at this sacrifice just because you thought it more respectable than service, and were *too proud* to do housework. Is n't that about it? Suppose I say hire out?"

"Oh Miss Help! how can I?"

"Rather have the hospital and a pauper's coffin?"

The poor girl burst into a flood of tears.

"You think I 'm harsh, child, but you need a severe remedy. I see that. Come now, how does this side the picture look? A home on a farm with a kind Quaker family, who will make you one of themselves; you 'll have prayers and church, learn to keep house, sleep and eat well, get strong and rosy, and keep your youth; and if you 'll dare to dress plainly and suitably, you can lay up twenty-five or thirty dollars from your year's wages." The girl wiped her eyes and looked irresolute.

"Come now, I know just such a place. Be a wise girl, get your trunk; take three days to wash and mend up your clothes, and on Saturday go to this place. I 'll write them about you; they 'll meet you at the Depot. It 's twenty miles off." The girl strove with her prejudices and conquered.

"I 'll try it," she gasped. Just then Sands came in with Miss Potter's trunk.

"Here Sands, go for another trunk. A quarter job for you. Cora! take Nettie Howe up to room with Miss Potter!" Nettie Howe followed Cora, and Sands reluctantly went his way. Said Miss Help, "It will be the saving of her. I 'll warrant you she 'll marry some thriving young farmer. I sent a girl from a dry goods store out in the country last spring a year. The family doted on her, especially the son for he married her; and she 's as healthy, busy and happy a farmer's wife as ever you saw. Good afternoon. Harriet, what 's wrong?"

"Nothing, only I've not work enough. Folks say they cannot afford to hire seamstresses so much; they do more of their own sewing and have less sewing to do. I've been out of work half the time this last month. Last year I was crowded with work."

"What are you charging now, Harriet?"

"Same as ever, a dollar a day with my machine, and I get my board and cost of machine carriage."

"And you pay the same for lodging as last year?"

"Yes, Miss Help; but clothing material is cheaper."

"Well, reduce your prices. Charge seventy-five cents a day; it is better in fact to get full work at fifty than half work for a dollar, for you see there is your board to be counted in."

"But I 'm worth the dollar as much as ever."

"Very true, but why expect to be the only one who does not feel the pressure of hard times? You must sacrifice as other people do."

"I think it 's very wrong for folks to begin saving by cutting down poor people's wages," objected Harriet.

"People do not all begin there, and we are all subjects of necessity. If a master loses one-fourth or one-half of his cash income, his servant thinks it hard that he proposes to reduce her wages one-sixth or one-eighth. The working classes refuse to take lowered wages; the masters find that they can get on without hiring servants; then there is suddenly a host of the unemployed using up their past savings, or living on debt; then a loud cry of need arises, and when they are hired again the reduction in wages is greater than was at first proposed."

"It don't seem fair," said Harriet, "to divide working-people's little because the masters lose part of their much; they have much still."

"And great demands upon them, immense liabilities and cares. Large property is in hard times often a source of embarrassment and an expense, rather than a help."

"I 'd take the embarrassment *and* the property," said Harriet.

"Oh I dare say! I never saw any one yet, who was not ready to carry his neighbor's burden rather than his own *until he tried it.* What does Scripture say? 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness.' Well, Harriet, I know you 're a good seamstress, and I 'll commend you when any one asks something in your line; but if I can say you are going out for lower prices I can get you more work."

"But it costs as much, nearly, as ever for my dress."

"Tuts! you 're too fond of dress. You pine after button boots, and three button gloves, and trimmed aprons, and flounced gowns, because your employers have them. May be they were *born* to them. When *you* were little you went in check, bare-handed and bare footed, and were always healthy and happy and well-esteemed. Don't be ashamed of calico, of laced or elastic shoes, and of thread gloves. If you marry a millionaire or inherit a fortune you 'll know how to spend it without previous practice. When I served out I dressed plainly, and believed that if I had the quiet manners and neatness of a lady I 'd be duly respected, and so I was."

"Well, all right; give out lower prices for me, and mind you send me some more work. And I 'll run round to some of these poverty-struck people, and see if they will take me on my new terms."

Such were Miss Help's principal cases that day. A very little girl came to get a place somewhere as errand girl, and an old woman wanted knitting, carpet rags to sew, or offices to clean. The trades-girls came in to supper at six o'clock, and I saw in their modest, kindly manners the influence of a home and a friend. In the evening some decent young men came to call on the older girls. One young fellow came slightly tipsy. Miss Help declined to admit him, plainly stating her reason. "Tom, you 've been drinking, I won't have you here, but tomorrow if you think better of your ways you may come and talk with me."

"Do you ever have trouble with rough men?" I asked.

"Never! I'm afraid of nothing and they know it. Besides, the policemen and the whole neighborhood constitute themselves our protectors. They consider my Bureau a credit to the neighborhood, and a blessing to the working class represented in this district."

The old schoolmaster came at seven and had his class, most of the trades-girls appearing in it.

By nine the callers trooped off to the tune of the prayer bell vigorously swung by Cora. The household assembled in the dining-room. Miss Help read a portion of Scripture, made a few practical remarks, and of-

fered a simple, fervent prayer. With a cheerful, "good night," the family separated.

Miss Help said that she urged all her lodgers to go to church on Sunday, and she had a Sabbath afternoon Bible-class for all who liked to attend it. She always gave a Bible to every inmate who had none, a director of the Bible Society kindly furnishing her copies for this purpose.

Our escort was at the door; half-past nine approached and the lights in the *Working-Woman's Bureau* were one by one extinguished. We bade the valiant soul who stood at the helm, good bye. With her brave, shrewd face, her decided air, she reminded us of some captain of a life-boat who guides through breakers and through howling winds, under black skies, and over boiling surf, a boat load of rescued fellow creatures snatched by his self-devotion from the jaws of death.

May the Good Lord bless all such.

Julia McNair Wright.

INFANTICIDE AND ABANDONMENT OF CHILDREN IN CHINA.[1]

I.

I have often been asked in France whether infanticide is really as common in China as it is generally reported to be. To answer this question, once for all, I have decided to write an article on the subject in order to establish the truth, and vindicate the honor of my country.

Much feeling has been excited in Europe as regards the infanticides committed by the Chinese, and this would be reasonable enough *if the Chinese were, generally speaking, accustomed to this kind of homicide.*

It seems to me unfair to attribute a crime to a whole nation, unless it springs from the constitution of its government, or is committed by a large majority of those who compose it, or by those whose conduct and morals necessarily influence the conduct and morals of all the rest.

But here is an official edict against infanticide, published in the province of Canton, towards the close of the year 1848, which will show that this crime does not result from our particular mode of government:

"The criminal Judge of the province of Kouang-Tong strictly forbids the abandoning of female infants, to the end that this abominable practice be done away with."

I have been informed that, *in certain suburbs of Canton*, the abominable practice of 'exposing' little girls is sometimes adopted. In some cases it is because the family is poor, and unable to provide for a large number of children; in other cases, the parents wish to have a son; and, fearing lest the cares demanded from the mother should delay the birth of other offspring, when a little girl is born, she is at once abandoned.

I could cite a great many proclamations of the highest mandarins of the Celestial Empire, which brand as infamous the conduct of parents who are so unnatural as to put their little girls to death, and which threaten them with the utmost rigor of the law. These proclamations prove that neither the government nor public opinion favors these crimes in any manner.

It will be seen that I do not deny that infanticide is committed in China; but I assert also that this crime is not as common as people given to exaggeration would persuade you to believe. 1st. It is very rare, absolutely accidental and sporadic, in the villages and hamlets. Here, as everywhere else, children constitute the wealth of the peasants and laborers. A Chinese proverb says: *Yeou eul kiong pou kieou; ou tse fou pou tchang;* that is: "They who have children will not long be poor; and without children riches will not be perpetuated." 2d. This crime is not often committed except in large

[1]This article appeared in the *Journal des Economistes*, (Paris, September, 1878,) for which it was prepared by a Chinese gentleman of intelligence and education.—*Translator.*

cities, and among those who live in barges or on rafts in some few of the provinces of the Empire; it is committed only by the lowest people in the nation, the scum and dregs of the population. Is it just to hold a whole race responsible for the crime of a few individuals whom the race grieves to number among its people? How would it be with the French, and what rank would they hold in the esteem of other nations, if, in judging of them, conclusions were reached by reasoning from particular cases, instead of generalizing? Take for instance the inhabitants of Corsica; they sometimes still practice *la vendetta*, which is thoroughly barbarous. Corsica is a part of France; but would it be just, in generalizing, to consider all France as having barbarous customs? Certainly not!

Now China is composed of a number of different states, formerly independent, but now united in a single Empire.

Here are the official statistics of infanticides committed in France—"affaires déférées au jury"—given to me by M. Emil Yvernès, chief of the bureau in the ministry of justice:

Year.	Cases (proved.)	No. accused.	Population of France.
1861	209	237	37,382,235
1862	188	220	
1863	211	232	
1864	224	246	
1865	197	217	
1866	201	227	38,067,094
1867	199	222	
1868	217	236	
1869	176	200	
1870	139	160	
1871	189	206	
1872	219	243	36,102,921
1873	222	233	
1874	198	218	
1875	203	222	

I may be told that these figures are not very large. But France has a small population, as compared with the Chinese Empire. France has only about thirty-seven million inhabitants; while in China, according to the "Almanach de Gotha," there are four hundred and thirty-four millions. Therefore, observing the proportion, it should be no cause for surprise if the *actual* number of infanticides in China be twelve times greater, since its total population is just twelve times as large.

Besides, these statistics include only the cases of infanticide which were brought before the board of examination, and are necessarily silent as regards those not followed up by the law. In the judgment of all persons of experience, these figures do not include the thousandth part of the crimes of this sort, *if, to those cases not brought up for examination, are added the voluntary abortions* committed almost every day. I do not care to enter particularly into the details of these cases. It is enough simply to refer to them.

Chinese law, which uses foresight on all points, and which interests itself in abuses in order to correct them, has declared no penalty against infanticide of the sort now referred to. It has done better; it has endeavored to bring about such a state of things that there should be no cases of infanticide. It has supposed that this crime, being against nature, could be committed only by those who are destitute and without resources, urged on by despair in not being able to provide for those who owe to them their lives. We have a Chinese proverb which says: *Hou pou cha tse;* that is: "The tiger kills not its young." Could man be worse than the tiger? Certainly not.

The Chinese are men, and are like other men in all that constitutes essentially their physical and moral being. *Corpore diversi sed mentis lumine fratres;* we differ in nationality; I am Chinese; you are French or English; but we are all brothers and sisters in the light of the spirit and of the understanding; we are all created by the same God, and are children of Adam. The Chinese are subject to the same passions as other people; they fall into the same vices; they have the same necessities, and the same virtues. But I say it boldly, without fear of being contradicted by those who are acquainted with their morals, who have seen them near by and who know their manners and customs, that the Chinese are, of all men, those who set the highest value on man; who prize his life most highly, and who take the most efficacious measures to pre-

vent any one from being deprived of it unjustly.

Here let me quote an extract from a Chinese canonical book on maternal tenderness:

"What can the filial piety of the most devoted son effect in comparison with what the tenderness of his parents has done for him? How much anxiety, what great sacrifice did he cost his mother, even before his birth! Whatever might endanger the child, or injure him, terrified his mother, and she hesitated at nothing in order to secure the life of her dear child. On his account she took care of herself; it was the hope of preserving him which strengthened her courage and her endurance amid the sufferings of child-birth. He caused her agony; he surrounded her with the terrors of death, and she was anxious only because of the danger to which he was exposed. The incessant cares which a child must receive fail to be laborious because of the mother's tender love; the cries of her child never weary her ear; his importunities do not fatigue her; when he weeps she comforts him with her caresses; when he is hungry, she nurses him; when he is cold she warms him in her bosom; when he is sleepy she rocks him in his cradle; when awake, she amuses him; she gives up everything, day and night, to fly to him. However poor the father and mother may be, they accomplish the impossible in order to procure comfortable apparel for their child. While they themselves live on the coarsest fare, or perhaps suffer from hunger, they find means to provide for him abundant and palatable food. How much fruit, how many sweets, do they procure, which would never be brought home but for him! The father who comes home at night, tired with the day's work, thinks of his child first of all, and rests and refreshes himself by carrying him in his arms, being with difficulty persuaded to give him back to his mother. When the child is sick, what uneasiness do the father and mother feel! They suffer more than he does, and however extreme their poverty no remedy is too costly for them. While he is sick, nothing can interfere with their assiduous care; they would give their life to relieve him; they begin to breathe and live again only when he is out of danger. Now a dutiful son has all this ever present in his heart; he wishes to meet his obligation to his parents, and his filial piety reflects all the sensibility, all the delicacy and all the ardor of their love."

It will be seen how Chinese parents, even when poor, take care of their children. I do not speak of the rich, for this extract describes chiefly the cares of indigent parents.

Why does the mantle of our national costume have five buttons, neither more nor less? This number was not fixed upon capriciously, nor because of fashion. We Chinese wear it solely that we may keep in sight something to remind us of the five principal moral virtues which Confucius recommended to us so earnestly. These are: *jen*, *y*, *ly*, *tche* and *sin*, that is to say: *jen*, humanity; *y*, justice; *ly*, order; *tche*, prudence; and *sin*, rectitude, uprightness. You will perceive that humanity stands before all the other virtues. When one has humanity, he knows and feels that the unfortunate are to be respected; he does not add trouble to trouble, sorrow to sorrow, or misfortune to misfortune.

Jen, humanity, the love of one's fellow-men, is the first of our five cardinal virtues; it is the one which we inculcate with the most satisfaction; we teach it in all of our books, and in all of our decrees—whether private or public; and we impress it on the minds of all, from the sovereign to the man in the humblest condition, even the hireling and the slave. But as the Chinese are much more numerous than any other nation on the face of the earth, there is found among them, necessarily, a much greater number of those unfortunate ones whom utter poverty may, under certain circumstances, deprive of the most natural and humane sentiments, leading them to abuses which their hearts disavow even while they are committing them.

The Chinese government judging these men, not according to a standard which it might choose, but just as they really are, knows well that cherishing always in their hearts the hope of a happier future, the sight

of their present misery will not lead them to renounce the right which they possess to take a wife, and secure descendants. It knows also that these poor men, who can satisfy their own wants only with the greatest difficulty, will utterly fail to support their children; and that, finding themselves in the trying dilemma, either to die of hunger or to deprive of life those who could enjoy it only at their expense, they will choose their own preservation, and sacrifice everything outside of themselves. It knows also that, being unable to penetrate into the privacy of families in order to learn what is going on there, it would be impossible for it always to distinguish the criminal death of a child from its natural decease. It knows, too, that the fear of punishment is a very weak check in arresting crime when there are a thousand ways of concealing it; and the means which it employs are, humanly speaking, the most efficacious that could possibly be adopted.

II.

In order to save these innocent victims from the death to which the extreme poverty of their parents would almost inevitably devote them, the Chinese government has looked with favor upon their being "exposed," and has made this course as easy as possible, by divesting it of every feature which might make it ignominious in the sight of the public; furnishing gratuitously abundant aid in such cases, and giving it the protection of the strictest surveillance, under the guardian-care of the mandarins.

At Pekin, every day at early dawn, five wagons, each drawn by an ox, pass through the five sections into which the city is divided (that is to say the northern, the southern, the eastern, the western, and the central sections; for so it is divided.) Notice of the time when these wagons will pass is given by certain signals, and all who have children, living or dead, to entrust to them, give them over to be carried to the *Yu-in-tang*, that is, to that charitable institution, in which are physicians, matrons and nurses, which the sovereign maintains at the expense of the State; where there are, besides, mandarins to watch over its decency and good order, and where the whole management is submitted directly to the judges of the high tribunals which we call in Chinese *Li-pou*, which may be rendered by "the tribunal having the oversight of the rites, morals and customs of the people," (*le tribunal inspecteur des rites, des moeurs et des usages de la nation.*) Children who are sick are placed under the care of nurses; and the dead are deposited in a species of crypt, where they are covered with quick-lime, in order that the flesh may be speedily consumed.

Once each year, in Spring, commissioners appointed by the *Li-pou*, and chosen from among the mandarins composing this tribunal, repair with much ceremony to the *Yu-in-tang*, and there preside over the erection of a funeral-pile on which the remains of these little bodies are burned to ashes.

So long as the funeral-pile is burning, a company of *bonzes* (priests) surrounds it, repeating prayers, which they address to the spirits of the earth and to the genii presiding over births, beseeching them to show more favor to these little ones in that future time when they shall re-appear under a new form.

When the prayers are ended, and the funeral-pile entirely consumed leaving only ashes, the mandarin-commissioners cause every one to withdraw, and they themselves retire, to return the following day and preside over the ceremony of the removal of these ashes. This ceremony takes place with the same pomp as that of the preceding day. They collect the cold ashes carefully, place them in a sack, and depart to scatter them on the surface of a river, or a neighboring stream. The priests again offer prayers, in which they entreat the spirits of the waters, and those which preside over generation, to cause that these ashes, quickly dissolved, should exhale in vapor and not remain long without entering again into the formation of some other beings like those whose remains they are, but so fortunate as to live longer than they did

The people are induced to believe that the reason why these ashes are not buried, instead of being strewn upon the water as

is the custom, is because the ashes, scattered on the river, being more quickly dissolved than they would be in the ground, are sooner in a condition to be restored to their former state by evaporating with the water; but the true reason is that before the establishment of this ceremony the government had discovered that these ashes were put to an improper use in magical performances, or in chemical processes, in order that the composition of certain substances might be thereby perfected. It is especially claimed that these ashes, mixed with the ingredients from which porcelain is made, render it firmer, more translucent, and much more beautiful than it would be without them. If this be the actual effect, which the presence of the phosphate of bone renders quite probable, it would not be impossible to obtain it from the ashes of the bones of young animals.

Once each month the same deputies of the *Li-pou* make their regular visit of inspection. They inform themselves as to the number of children, and substitute fresh nurses where needed, or in place of those who have reached the limit of their engagement, which never extends beyond three years. In short, they see for themselves whether everything is in order, and correct abuses if any have crept in.

This Institution is open at all times to those who, having no children of their own, wish to meet this want by adopting from among the wards of this hospital a child whom no one can claim, and whose age is such as to lead them to hope for as warm a love as they would receive from an own child. The extreme desire of the Chinese to leave some one behind them who will mourn for them at their death, and pay to their memorial-tablets all those honors which filial piety in China lavishes upon the representation of their ancestors, is the reason why so very few are found a part, at least, of whose happiness does not consist in having male children.

It should be understood that, in accordance with popular belief, the soul which dwells in the memorial-tablet is not the only one which the deceased possessed. There are two others; one of which receives, after death, the reward or the punishment for its deeds; while the third haunts his tomb.

Those to whom nature refuses children, or who, in consequence of certain circumstances have no blood-descendants, thus make up by adoption what would otherwise be wanting to them.

The Chinese are greatly influenced by the words of Confucius, and he has said: *Ou heou oui ta;* that is: "To be without descendants is a grievous thing." This is why the adoption of a boy is exceedingly common.

Is it probable, is it credible, that in a country where there are so many "outlets," if I may use the expression, for children, they should become such an embarrassing possession that one can get rid of them only by depriving them of life as soon as they begin to enjoy it? Is it to be supposed that the unfortunate poor who find themselves overburdened by too many children, should prefer to cast them out into the highway, to be trampled under foot by horses and mules, and then devoured by hogs and dogs, rather than give them into the hands of the wagon-driver appointed to receive them; or wait for the time when the van passes, to place gently on the ground, in sight of the driver, the pitiable burden of which they wish to relieve themselves? No. That would be to commit evil *for the sake* of evil; and no man, however depraved, is capable of that.

I beg the reader to pardon me for having used the word *hog*. I did it because it was used by those who spread such incorrect reports throughout Europe. I am well aware that such a word is unfit to be spoken in good society; but I was compelled to use it in quoting their language.

The precaution taken by those living on the water to fasten gourds to the bodies of the little children who are set adrift, in order that they may not be immediately drowned, is proof that they do not wish their death, or that they consent to it only with regret. Their hope is that there will be some compassionate soul, who, seeing these infants floating on the water, will draw them out, and provide for them; or they hope that some charitable Mahometan will show his zeal for the law of his prophet,

by saving these little ones to make them his disciples; or that some mother, from whom death has snatched a tenderly-loved son or daughter, may wish to retrieve her loss in some measure, by adopting the living in place of the dead; and it often happens that they are not disappointed in their hope.

III.

The conclusion naturally to be drawn from what I have said is, that it is altogether unjust to accuse the Chinese *in general* of a crime which is committed only by the vilest and most despicable among us, and by a *very small number* of those despicable and vile persons; a number which people have made it their business to exaggerate, in order to have a plausible excuse for decrying our whole nation. It follows also that it is at least an abuse of the term, to class as *infanticides* the few vile and despicable Chinese who *abandon their children.*

In the Travels of Père Huc, vol. II, p. 398, we read:—

"Unfortunately this wise discretion is not always habitual with those who speak of China. They are quite willing to impute to its three hundred millions of people the act of a single individual, and to make the whole Empire accessory to, and liable for whatever takes place in some one locality. Hence, doubtless, the great prejudice prevailing in Europe in regard to the Chinese nation."

I am informed that missionaries have spread the report in Europe that the Chinese abandon their children; that of the great number thus abandoned, three-quarters die before they can be rescued; and that of the remaining quarter certainly three-fourths more perish before reaching the place of their destination. This is in substance what they have reported in regard to the abandonment of infants.

Undoubtedly this is what the missionaries *at first believed*, and reported to their correspondents in Europe; but these missionaries were at first deceived. They mistook appearances for reality; exaggerated and false statements for truth. I will prove this to you.

One word in passing. I neither attack nor defend the missionaries; my only object is to bring to light the simple truth, and to defend my country, and my fellow-countrymen throughout the whole Empire.

Of all the various trials to which missionaries are subjected, one of the hardest to bear is to find themselves treated like people above the middle rank, and to be compelled, consequently, to conform to the manners and customs of the class in which they are ranked. Let me state it more simply: they are subjected to all of the annoyances which surround *forms and ceremonies*, and to all the constraints arising from the observance of a certain propriety connected with position, *without their advantages.* They can do nothing by themselves, and, for all that is done, they are obliged to have recourse to the people of the country. Moreover, the customs of the Chinese are so thoroughly established, their affairs are so well arranged, everything is so perfectly ordered, that it is not possible, so to speak, for the missionaries to take a single step without their aid; nor can they learn what is going on outside except through this channel. Those who serve them and who are hired at so much a month belong to the lowest class, whose views are always selfish, and whose feelings and opinions usually conform to their low condition. Happy the missionaries who are so enlightened on this point as to choose wisely, and so prudent as to give their confidence only to those who deserve it! I venture to say that this is not true of the majority, although each one may flatter himself that he knows how to make a good choice, and that he is, in this respect, among the most highly favored. Now those missionaries whose zeal first led them to extend the privilege of baptism to these little children, under the pretext, as I have just indicated, that fifteen out of every sixteen of them would die, could not do this good work unaided; they entrusted it to catechists, and they gave it over to the unconverted (*infidèles*) in order to save themselves from trouble, in case any suspicion should be excited. These catechists and *infidèles* were always remunerated by a certain sum of money, proportioned to the

amount of trouble they had taken, and the greater or less number of children baptized; all the rest is easily understood. The missionaries, far from suspecting any fraud, congratulated themselves in their hearts, and thanked God that they had been instrumental in opening the door of heaven to thousands of little children. They reported the success of their zeal to their friends in Europe; and these friends, wishing in turn to contribute to the edification of the public, made it their duty to chronicle these reports in a collection of entertaining letters, for the enlightenment of all who were interested in this good work, and who had contributed to it by their liberality. The editors of these letters, not acting as critics but as compilers merely, and relying besides on the good faith of the writers, did not deem it necessary to verify carefully what had been written; therefore the enormous number of infants reported as baptized was regarded as a fact, and the conclusion was drawn that they were all, or nearly all, castaway children.

This conclusion, which seems natural enough, has contributed not a little towards establishing thoroughly, among Europeans, that false prejudice which already existed against the Chinese, and has given to the public its authority for regarding them as *in general* guilty of infanticide. I will add some explanations which will bring the truth clearly to light.

IV.

Through the agency of the Chinese in whom they confided, the missionaries of the various religious orders who computed the number of foundlings, included in the list all the children reported to them as having been baptized by Christian physicians, by catechists, and by the *infidèles* employed by them for this good work. Not understanding certain customs, they believed that all of the infants delivered over each day to the five vans which traverse the five sections of Pekin, were inhumanly abandoned by their parents. Now it is certain that of all these little children not a hundredth part should be classed among *foundlings*. Some are children, who, being sick in the houses of their parents, receive there the most careful attention, but who are at the point of death, it may be either from small-pox or from convulsions, to which children in China are very subject, and from which a great many die. Christian physicians and catechists who see them in this state, discharge towards them the duty imposed upon them through bounties received, and baptize them, as they easily can, without anyone suspecting what they are doing.

The others are, for the most part, children already dead, notwithstanding that their parents have done all in their power to preserve their lives; but these parents are poor people, gaining their livelihood by the labor of their hands. It would be beyond their means to purchase boards to make a little coffin; they would lose a day's wages if obliged to go out of the city to dig a grave for the child just lost, and invite at least one or two friends to form part of the funeral procession. It costs them less to give the child over to the van, to be carried to the crypt of the *Yu-ing-tang;* and this is the course adopted by the poor and by most laborers, when a child dies in infancy.

Ignorant of this custom, the missionaries above referred to, who computed the number of foundlings in accordance with the information received from those furnishing the list, believed that all the children who were carried to the *Yu-ing-tang* were included in this number, and wrote their story in conformity to this belief, which is very far from the truth. I draw this conclusion from what has been said above:—that when one is free from prejudice, and gives attention to all the facts, he will readily understand that there are in the Chinese Empire no more children in proportion really abandoned, than there are in the other countries of the world.

Allow me to quote another passage from the Travels of Père Huc, vol. II. p. 401:

"After considering what transpires among Christian nations, it will be found, perhaps, that there is not so much to cry out against as regards the vices of the heathen. If anything ought to surprise us, it is to see them, in a manner, *so little advanced in the practice*

of evil. Christianity has ennobled the human race, and inspired infinite respect for the life of man. Among Christian nations, religion, ecclesiastical and civil laws, and public morals, all protect the lives of little children with as much solicitude as those of older people; and yet are infanticides and abortions (which are in reality only infanticides *anticipated*), very rare among us? Notwithstanding the severity of the laws, the vigilance of the magistrates, and the precautions of every kind devised by charity to protect the lives of infants, crimes of this kind, with which the law is constantly dealing, give us reason to believe that those which remain concealed would reach a frightful figure."

Some may perhaps raise the objection that this system of vans is somewhat barbarous. Ah! they will not exult in this, when the thought occurs to them that these numerous benevolent establishments have existed in China for ages, and date back to an epoch when the still heathen people of the West had not even an *idea* of such a thing. We know that at Ledæmonac, in accordance with the laws of the wise Lycurgus, every child at its birth was carefully examined, and if found not to be well-formed was cast into a gulf at the foot of Mt. Taygetus.

The Asiatics of this day are far from believing in such things as that. To regard the use of vans as barbarous, would be demanding too much of the "heathen Chinese."

I have endeavored to explain to the best of my ability the question of the "Little Chinese" which so engrosses the public; and I hope that in future we Chinese, who have been so mercilessly calumniated, may find defenders. *Ly Chao Pee,*

Lettré Chinois; former translator at the French consulate at Han-Kéou.

A FLOWER FOR THE DEAD.

You placed this flower in her hand, you say?
This pure, pale rose in her hand of clay?
Methinks could she lift her sealéd eyes
They would meet your own with a grieved surprise!

She has been your wife for many a year,
When clouds hung low and when skies were clear;
At your feet she laid her life's glad spring,
And her summer's glorious blossoming.

Her whole heart went with the hand you won;
If its warm love waned as the years went on,
If it chilled in the grasp of an icy spell,
What was the reason? I pray you tell.

You cannot? I can! and beside her bier
My soul must speak, and your soul must hear.
If she was not all that she might have been,
Hers was the sorrow—yours the sin!

Whose was the fault if she did not grow
Like a rose in the summer? Do you know?
Does a lily grow when its leaves are chilled?
Does it bloom when its root is winter killed?

For a little while, when you first were wed,
Your love was like sunshine round her shed;
Then a something crept between you two,
You led where she could not follow you.

With a man's firm tread you went and came;
You lived for wealth, for power, for fame;
Shut into her woman's work and ways,
She heard the nation chant your praise.

But ah! You had dropped her hand the while.
What time had you for a kiss, a smile?
You two, with the same roof overhead,
Were as far apart as the sundered dead.

You in your manhood's strength and prime;
She—worn and faded before her time.
'Tis a common story. This rose, you say
You laid in her pallid hand to-day?

When did you give her a flower before?
Ah, well! What matter, when all is o'er?
Yet stay a moment; you'll wed again.
I mean no reproach; 'tis the way of men.

But I pray you think when some fairer face
Shines like a star from her wonted place,
That love will starve if it is not fed,
That true hearts pray for their daily bread.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

OUR PECULIAR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

I may as well say at the outset that our Sunday-school is in the eastern part of Pennsylvania, a dozen miles or so from the good Quaker City, and this statement may explain in part some of the customs observed by Suuday-schools in this section of the country. The school is held in a very old church, which is as plain on both sides as a Friend's Meeting-house, and where the humble, old-fashioned custom of kneeling in prayer is still observed by old and young. There is a fine group of stalwart trees in front of the church, while on both sides and at the rear lies the pleasant grave-yard, in which the pious dead have been laid to rest for the past hundred years. Altogether it is a goodly place, and when the children gather there on Sunday afternoon they love to tarry under the trees, wander among the graves, or gaze away upon the surrounding hills that gleam with rural beauty.

The great need of the Sunday-school was and continues to be competent teachers, and when Mrs. Hungerford came one afternoon with her husband who taught the Bible Class, and our superintendent summoned the courage to ask her if she would not take charge of a class of girls, and she smiled and said she would, and came again the next Sunday and continued to come, we all felt that the Sunday-school had made quite an acquisition, although we stood very much in awe of her.

I remember very well when she first came

to the old church to service one winter morning four or five years ago, the bride of Ralph Hungerford. There was nobody in the whole neighborhood like Ralph—nobody so handsome and modest, so simple in manners, so popular with everybody, so finely educated, or indeed so rich. And when after a bachelor's life of a few years he brought home from New England a wife, we, of course, were greatly interested. And she was just the reverse of him, with a proud, grand manner, and wearing clothes fit for a princess; so that when she sailed into the plain, uncushioned pew, exhaling the faint odor of exquisite perfume and seated herself in her rich draperies in a quiet and almost noiseless way, as very delicately cultured people do whom we instinctively feel are not "common folks," it was an event to the staid and homely congregation, unaccustomed to so much magnificence. But proud and even haughty as we thought her, we began after a time to see that although she held herself aloof from well-to-do people, she never failed to be courteous and kind to the very poor.

As might have been expected her Sunday-school class soon became devotedly attached to her. They took pride in her grand manner and her fine clothes, and were ready at the end of a month to declare that she was the best teacher in the whole world. That she was at least "different" from any other in the school, was quite evident. She was always prompt, always kept her girls under strict discipline, obliged them to study, and she had such a way of talking about the lessons, which she always chose, that for the first time in their lives they began to think the Bible was as interesting at least as a Sunday-school journal, with its sappy stories of goody-goody girls and bad boys who were drowned on Sunday for Sabbath-breaking. I remember one Sunday when we thought her style rather queer. She had her girls commit to memory all the texts in the Old and New Testament that treated of flowers, and each one brought a bouquet of wild blossoms, which they talked about the whole afternoon. It turned out afterward that the flower lesson impressed the girls' minds more with a sense of the wonderful beauty and kindness of God's love, than all the stories of the exploits of the Jewish and barbarian kings or lamentations of Jeremiah could do in a lifetime. Every month she invited her class to visit her, and she limited their stay to three hours, giving them a five o'clock supper. And such a simple supper! a bouquet of flowers at each plate; no cakes, nor preserves, nor pickles, but plenty of good milk, the best of bread and butter, broiled fowl, with fresh fruits in their season, and some dainty dessert, garnished with slices of jelly may be.

The first of her peculiarities that came before the school, cropped out at our teachers' meeting at the beginning of a new quarter. We always held these meetings every month, but a new "quarter" meant the beginning of a new series of the "quarterlies" or "Lesson Papers" which had long been used by the teachers and scholars; publications in which certain Sunday-school lessons are "cut and dried," so to speak. Ralph Hungerford was always chosen to be chairman at these meetings, and Lady Hungerford—we had fallen into the habit of calling her lady among ourselves—usually said very little, but sat quietly looking on and listening, as I always felt with a secret contempt at our foolish "motions" and unbusiness-like proceedings. Ralph, who sat with his arms folded, his manly figure and handsome head coming out in splendid relief against the dead white wall of the church—Ralph was always so courteous, so attentive to all, so gentle and considerate that we felt sure of his sympathy in our weakness and blunders. But we never felt so sure of my Lady's. She was a sort of great Unapproachable.

Well, as I began to say, it was at our Teachers' meeting that the question came up about the new series of Lesson Papers. The discussion turned upon whether we should have those published by the Great American Delusion Society, or the Great North Western Illuminating Union. After considerable discussion *pro* and *con*, the chairman said that a motion would be in order, whereupon Lady Hungerford, in a

voice clear as a bell and calm as a summer morning, said:—

"I move, Mr. Chairman, that we have neither."

It fell like a thunderbolt in our camp, Not have those convenient "quarterlies," that made our paths as teachers straight, and our ways those of pleasantness! Ralph Hungerford looked at his wife and I saw the light dancing in his great blue eyes. Nobody seconded the motion. We sat as if tongue-tied. After a little, our superintendent, whose scattered senses seemed slowly to be coming to a focus again, remarked that it would be very odd not to have the series, that all the Sunday-schools used them, and that without them he feared we would be thought very much behind the times. Ralph's face gleamed at that, and with a smile he said that perhaps we would on the contrary be thought ahead of the times. Then turning toward his wife he said that as Mrs. Hungerford had made the motion, perhaps she would give reasons for objecting to the Lesson Papers.

"Certainly," she replied in that same unmoved manner of hers nothing seemed to upset, "I am quite old-fashioned in my views of study," she went on, "fully believing that there is no royal road to learning. If these International Lessons, quarterlies, or whatever they should be called, make it easier for the teacher or scholar, they at the same time dispense with the need of study, and *reading* takes the place of *learning*. Where the children now commit one verse of Scripture to memory they formerly committed ten or twenty. Where the teacher formerly spent an hour in preparing himself to fitly discharge his duty, he now spends no time at all, relying entirely upon the 'Lesson' notes. Moreover, I think the study of the Scriptures should be made from the Bible. The 'Lessons' come between the Bible and the scholar. He fails to become familiar with it, to know its make-up, the name of the books that compose it and who wrote them. With all due deference to the authors of the 'Lessons,' they nevertheless show a surprising lack of common sense and adaptation on the part of the men who get them up. Not a few of the selections are too abstruse and difficult for the brightest child in the school to understand. It is like taking a pupil who has merely mastered a simple equation, and giving him the problem of lights to solve. Then again, the lack of consecutiveness in their arrangement is really pernicious. There is a bit here, and a bit somewhere else. One month the lesson is taken perhaps from the Old Testament, and the next from the New, so that the scholar is shifted from one place to another, finding it impossible to get a connected idea of what he is doing, just as if in reading, for example, Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic, I should begin with Part IV, then read Part II, and so skip about from time to time. Again some of the passages labeled 'Golden Text' are peculiarly leaden. A golden text should be a complete idea, or command in itself a clear, terse expression like the Golden Rule, or any one of the Ten Commandments. But what signifies to a child, a 'golden text' of this order, such as was in this last year's series: 'Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned?' Then the use of the 'quarterlies' imposes the same lessons and the same subjects upon all the classes, and every teacher of observation knows, that to succeed well in teaching children anything the peculiar tastes and tendencies of each class must be consulted, to say nothing of those of each child."

At this point Mrs. Hungerford paused, when one of the teachers asked her what course she had pursued with her own class.

"As my scholars are girls," she resumed, "and I found them amazingly ignorant of Bible History and indifferent to the study of the Scriptures—indeed, they seemed to think the Bible the most stupid of all books —I at once sought to awaken their interest in the story of Bible women, of Esther, Ruth, Deborah, Miriam, etc. In addition to these they have become familiar with the personal history of Christ, of Moses, Joseph, Daniel and David. I had each one detail to me in her own language these several histories, and she was in such a manner led

to feel that Esther, for example, was once a young girl like herself, and that in later life she had her splendors and her trials, much as an American girl might, and how bravely and nobly she strove to save her people. Neither did I lead them to overlook Vashti, or fail to applaud her womanly behavior, although it deprived her of her crown. In this way I believe my girls have come to regard the Bible in an entirely new light, finding out that it is a book full of beauty and of interest and that the more they study, the more they will find it precious. I should be sorry indeed to think that they would ever be put back on the husks of a 'Quarterly,' or of a 'Lesson Paper.' And so I moved that we dispense with them, and plead a return to the good old Bible and stay by it," and the large gray eyes of our Lady shone with the fervor of her feelings.

The superintendent, who always deferred to Ralph, asked his opinion. Ralph smiled in his winning way, and said that he quite agreed with Mrs. Hungerford; that the Lesson Papers were undoubtedly a fashion that would happily pass away in a few years at longest, and he, for one, would regard it as a step in advance to discontinue their use; but in this matter, as in all others, of course the wish of the majority of the teachers should rule. But we other teachers began to look at the subject through the Hungerford eyes, and finally did vote to adopt the Hungerford Bible plan. I believe we all felt quite enthusiastic over it, but the superintendent, who while being an energetic man and full of zeal was much given to catering to public opinion and courting success, while the Hungerfords believed in *making* public opinion.

The next peculiarity of our Peculiar Teacher manifested itself during the preparations for our annual September picnic. It had been the custom from time immemorial, so far as I know, for the picnic, which was held in the woods, to begin early in the morning and continue all day, which required the preparation of two meals for everybody concerned. And how tired we all were at night! and what slaves we teachers were, on whom the burden of entertainment fell! I had often felt that the day was productive of more fatigue than pleasure, and some of the children were always ill after the picnic—frosted and fruit cakes, and pickles, rich meats, lemonade, strong coffee, preserved fruits, ice-cream, raisins and so forth going into their their stomachs pell-mell—no wonder! Lady Hungerford said it was murderous. Well, as all these things were arranged in the teachers' meeting, it was necessary for the sake of form to fix upon an hour for the beginning of the picnic, when Mrs. Hungerford aroused a general buzz of dissatisfaction by naming "one o'clock in the afternoon." It was a very full meeting that day, a good many church members and Sunday-school scholars being permitted to take part in the picnic arrangements. The murmur of disapproval would have disconcerted a mind less serene and self-poised than Lady Hungerford's. She was a blonde New England beauty, and if you have ever seen one of the true type you have an idea of the calm imperturbability of our Ralph's stately wife.

"Of course, none of you will vote in favor of my motion," she remarked after the buzz had subsided, "I made it with no such expectations. But I wish to give you my reasons for naming one as a good hour at which to come together. The picnic will not disband before six and that will give you five hours; quite enough to be fully enjoyable without weariness. It is always better for children to feel at the end of a festivity that it was too short, rather than too long. It leaves in the mind a keener relish for coming ones. Then, too, the physical health of the children should be taken into consideration. Coming at one o'clock, they will all have had dinner at home, eating accustomed food, and the supper at the picnic, although it be anything but wholesome, would produce less ill effect than would two meals. Moreover an all-day's session entails so much hard work upon the teachers, upon whose shoulders parents shift the entire responsibility of the children, and children should be taught consideration for the comfort of others as one of the Christian virtues. Having said so much, I withdraw my motion and move that the picnic convene at nine A. M."

Everybody laughed and voted solidly in favor of that motion, but Mrs. Hungerford, whose clear, firm "no" made some of us envy her the courage she had of her sensible opinions.

So the picnic began early in the morning and lasted all day. Such a tired lot of people as we were that night! It was American all through; we never know how to recreate ourselves. We simply dissipate. Imagine the time we had, keeping a lookout on sixty or seventy youngsters, let loose in a wood, where there were rocks to tumble over, trees to climb, fences to scale, and a gully to jump across! We were thankful enough when it was all over and we were rid of the care of the little ones who, tired and cross, were doubly troublesome. Mrs. Hungerford drove upon the ground about four o'clock in her pretty phæton, looking as fresh and bright as the roses she wore, and a half dozen of us rushed up to her, declaring that next time we would all vote for an afternoon picnic. She told us not to be too sure, and laughingly added that too much common sense made people unpopular.

All along in the Sunday-school a great deal of attention had been devoted to the singing. Every now and then was a distribution of new singing books, bearing fantastical names and filled with "modern music," which for the most part were rollicking melodies, as if Offenbach's jingles had been Sundayfied. The children seemed always to be learning a *new* piece, and never singing an "old" one long enough to become familiar with it. It was as in the "quarterlies" a skipping about from one thing to another. The superintendent declared that there was nothing like it for "keeping up the interest of the school." Just how it came about that Mrs. Hungerford was led to express her mind about the Sunday-school music I don't remember. But she at first suggested that if the children were to be of use in the congregational church singing, they ought to become familiar with some of the standard hymns. Mr. Nelson, the leader of the singing, thought it would be all behind the times to drill the children on "Old Hundred," "Jerusalem the Golden," or chanting even the Lord's Prayer. They wanted something bright and lively. Mrs. Hungerford said that so much of the "bright and lively" spoiled their taste for anything better, that for a child to be able to sing well a fine choral like Old Hundred was better than to be able to rattle off a book full of popular Sunday-school pieces, that in point of music were as inferior *as* music, as the commonest serials in story papers were to good literature. But that while parents would forbid these sensational stories to their children as reading matter, they placed no restraint whatever upon their familiarity with "trashy" music, and so little intelligent attention was paid by parents and teachers to the matter, that the "trade in Sunday-school "Harps" and "Gems" and "Garlands" and "Wreaths" had become so great, as to make a true lover of music despair of better things. All the fine old chorals that had been sung for two centuries and grew in beauty year by year—what Sunday-school scholar was familiar with them? But alas! every one of them knew the Moody and Sankey hymn book by heart, with its excruciating "Hold the Fort."

Well, we had never heard such talk as that before, and I confess that it shocked me just a little, and I try to feel that I am progressive and liberal. Our superintendent looked greatly annoyed, and began to wish, I imagined, that the grand Mrs. Hungerford with her fine airs and peculiar views had never come to our Sunday-school. If any one was to follow *her* idea of things, why the whole system of Sunday-school work, at least as carried on in our neighborhood, would have to be overturned. It was plain to see that she thought it was all wrong; that in large part it was superficial and nonsensical.

As for the Sunday-school library, she never allowed her class to have one of the books to read. She procured a little library of her own for their use, after having first read each book herself. She confessed that she found it difficult to find many books that were worth a young girl's careful study and suited to her comprehension. She allowed no change of books until the reader had fully mastered the contents of the one

in hand, and could tell all about it from beginning to end.

But it was not until we were preparing for the Sunday-school Christmas festival that Mrs. Hungerford's peculiar views seemed to find a full airing. In the first place she thought the festival being an affair for children should be held in the afternoon, at least not later than five o'clock, and close at half-past six. We had for a long time been in the habit of giving the children candy and cake, passing the latter, indeed, to the entire audience, and the festivals, mind you, were held in the church, and such a munching there always was over the cake! And next morning the church would be a sight to behold, like an unswept restaurant. Lady Hungerford said we made it a den of feasting. As for giving the children candies, she thought we had no right to do that; that it was outside the province of Sunday-school workers to take upon themselves the responsibility of feeding children with pernicious stuff of any kind. But she might as well have talked to the wind! Not have candy? Why the children would rather have a box of candy than all the illuminated cards or books in Christendom. And the children, of course, were the proper judges as to what they ought to have! Moreover, if we did not have candies and oranges and pop-corn balls, as all the other schools did, why, we would lose our scholars. As it was, some of them already alternated between two schools, so as to come in for a share of the "goodies" at the festival of each, and the Sunday-school that is most generous in presents, the superintendent assured us, would have the most scholars. At that Ralph Hungerford spoke up, and said he wished it distinctly understood that he took no part in the scheme for buying the children with presents; he believed in bestowing a few gifts judiciously selected and fitly given, but he counted the over-abundance of gift-making at such a time as bad in its effects, and as a matter of taste vulgar. To do the children *good*, Mrs. Hungerford added, seemed to be an altogether secondary consideration. The spirit of rivalry, of popular success, of outward show had possessed even the Sunday-school. The children were so much pampered, so much was done for them and so little demanded of them, that they received nearly as much harm as benefit from the Sunday-school. She believed in progression, but progression in this case would be a turning back to the simple, sturdy, honest Christian work of ten years ago, when the children learned at least as much as the text of the catechism. So much now was done for a reward, to learn for the pleasure of acquirement; to do good and to be good for goodness' sake were doctrines very carefully avoided. Indeed, so eager had the managers of Sunday-schools grown, to have a *full* school rather than a *good* school, and so many were the means employed to bring children into the school, that neither the parents nor the scholars longer regarded the Sunday-school as a privilege, but thought that patronizing the school at all was conferring a favor upon the teachers and workers in it.

All that we felt to be but too true. Each Sunday-school played a sort of grab game, and an unsectarian child could scarcely be born in the neighborhood without plans being laid for its capture by the rival schools. Then our superintendent—and he was always seconded by one or more of the Sunday-school officers—was very desirous that our festival should be a popular success, something to please the people. Mrs. Hungerford thought the taste of the people should be elevated by such an entertainment; that it was better to give them something a little above their plane than exactly on a level with it; that although the exercises should be cheerful and bright, they ought meantime to be of a character suitable to the church and to the spirit and meaning of the Sunday-school itself.

But as I said before, much of what she said, so far as changing that particular festival was concerned, might as well have been flung to the winds. The festival must be something to "take with the people," and I think it did, for nothing was applauded so much as a row of girls in fancy costumes who bore in their arms stuffed doves, toy sheep and baskets of wax fruits, as emblems of the various Christian graces.

We had a tree of course, and while it was

being trimmed, Mrs. Hungerford who had been asked to look at the church decorations, came in. I knew at a glance that she was disgusted, for she had a way of letting her eyelids fall on what had offended her. She saw there was no use in saying one word and forbore further comment. It took an hour to distribute the gifts, which covered a long table near the tree. The superintendent made the most of them; he said it entertained the people to see the gifts distributed. What we all had I can't well enumerate, but I felt a sense of relief when it was through. There was so much as to be actually vulgar, as Ralph Hungerford had said, and nearly everything was to go into the stomach or of a nature to confer no continuous or permanent good.

I think Mrs. Hungerford was so ashamed of the whole thing, that had it not been for Ralph she would have left the school, as a field of work in which there was little to be hoped for in the way of improvement as a whole. But Ralph is a long-headed fellow, and very broad in his views, and being a man he sees things as women usually do not.

"Why Eleanor," he said after they reached home that night, and she had thrown off her wrappings with an air of weary disgust, "you will find it much the same in any kind of work in which you may engage. You can't expect to bring your co-workers up to your standard, or to look through your eyes. Look at men in political life; men of the highest character and aim, and see with what foul-handed and low-minded fellows they are obliged to work. Their party is full of them, but they work on, bear obloquy; the sin and shame of the whole party is oftentimes heaped upon their shoulders. But they do not flinch from their duty. I fully agree with you, Eleanor, as to your idea of Sunday-school management. I am sick and tired of pandering to popular success. But just now there is a mania for cheap popularity; the people, teachers and even preachers are infected with it. It is only casting your pearls before swine to try and stem the current."

When Mrs. Hungerford afterward told me what Ralph said (she seemed to feel that I was somewhat in sympathy with her) I just out with what I thought, and told her that she had been planting good seed on poor soil may be, but some of it had already taken root, for I had heard half a dozen say they thought just as Mrs. Hungerford did, but had n't the courage to express their opinions; that she could afford to speak *her* mind. At that she seemed to be a little gratified, when I blurted out what I had long wanted to say, that I never would have believed that a woman with such grand airs and rich, grand dresses, could have so much old-fashioned common sense.

Mary Wager-Fisher.

A JUST AND FAITHFUL KNIGHT OF GOD.

I acknowledge that it is the greatest folly to pry into the so great secrets of nature and the amazing works of God, without the spirit of God.—*Kepler, Appendix to Harmonics.*

II.

Faraday's father and paternal grandparents were Sandemanians. The sect is a small, decreasing one, which rejects all belief in the connection of church and state, all fellowship outside its own communion and makes no missionary efforts; believes in the independent self-government of each separate body of communicants; claims to take its rules of faith and polity directly from the New Testament which is expounded from Sunday to Sunday by elected, unpaid elders, of whom there must be a plurality in each church. The members are strongly attached to each other, hold that the Christian should not take interest on loans or hoard for the uncertain future, but that the better provided brother should freely give to the less fortunate or be ready to perform

any act of kindness as the early disciples were to wash one another's feet; so one gives and one receives without access or loss of dignity. They maintain the love feast and are bound to assemble on the first day of the week for prayers, preaching, the breaking of bread and bringing together of that which each has "put by." As unanimity in church business is required, the persistent dissenter from the large majority is cut off from church privileges; so is the neglecter of church duties and the immoral; this cutting off puts the condemned under social ban and the offender can never be received back but once; second excommunication is final.

This sect had a plain little meeting-house, since torn down, in Paul's Alley, Red Cross Street; it was here that Faraday a month after his marriage made his confession of sin and profession of faith. His faith in Christ he considered to be the effect of Divine power—the unmerited gift of God to one who had nothing in him that could be pleasing in His sight. The sense of his own unworthiness and incapability of doing what was good before God, extended even to this act of professing the truth.

"When his wife asked him why he had not told her what he was about to do, he only replied, 'That is between me and my God.' When he entered the meeting-house he left his science without, and would listen to the prayer and exhortation of the most illiterate brother of his sect, with an attention which showed how he loved the word of truth from whomsoever it came."

Those who knew Faraday best, knew that his belief colored his whole nature, that he held it with great tenacity, that he was warmly attached to "this small self-contained sect," but they knew also that he was tolerant. Cardinal Wiseman once good-naturedly asked him, "if, in his deepest conviction, he believed all the Church of Christ, holy, apostolic, Catholic, was shut up in the little sect" of which he was a member. "Oh no!" was the answer, "but I do believe from the bottom of my soul that Christ is with us."

"Never once during an intimacy of fifteen years," says Tyndall, "did he mention religion to me, save when I drew him on to the subject. He then spoke to me without reluctance; not with any apparent desire to improve the occasion but to give me such information as I sought." The younger man thus relates his recollections of a dinner with Faraday: "At two o'clock he came down for me. He, his niece and myself formed the party. 'I never give dinners,' he said. 'I don't know how to give dinners; and I never dine out, but I should not like my friends to attribute this to a wrong cause. I act thus for the sake of securing time for work, and not through religious motives as some imagine.' He said grace. I am almost ashamed to call his prayer a 'saying' of grace! In the language of Scripture it might be described as the petition of a son into whose heart God had sent the Spirit of His Son, and who with absolute trust asked a blessing from his father. . . We talked of research and its requirements, and of his habit of keeping himself free from the distractions of society. He was bright and joyful, boy-like, in fact, though he was then sixty-two. His work excites admiration, but contact with him warms and elevates the heart. Here, surely, is a strong man. I love strength, but let me not forget the example of its union with modesty, tenderness and sweetness, in the character of Faraday."

While Mrs. Faraday's father lived, she, with her husband, spent their Sundays at his house; they usually went Saturday evening and returned Sunday evening. From the time of his joining the church, Faraday was often called upon to exhort in the weekly meetings. In 1840 he was chosen elder; this laid upon him the duty of preaching in his town; his sermons were extemporaneous, with the exception of such notes as he could write on both sides of a card after careful study, and he held in his hand a small Bible the pages of which he turned quickly. His manner in preaching was more quiet than in lecturing; his subjects practical rather than doctrinal, his object being apparently to bring together convincing passages of Scripture; his discourses seemed like mosaics of proof texts. He read the Bible, slowly, reverently and with

such an intelligent, sympathizing appreciation of the meaning "that some who heard him thought they 'had never before heard so excellent a reader.' His prayers in the public service and in his simple family worship, expressed perfect trust and submission to God's will, with deep humility and confession of sin."

The Sandemanian morning service concludes with a loud simultaneous Amen, and the church members withdraw to join in the feast of charity. The Sunday afternoon service invariably closes with the Lord's Supper.

Faraday held his office as elder till 1844, when being called upon to account for his absence from a love feast, he answered that by order of the Queen he was her guest, and justified himself on the ground of obedience to his sovereign, but the "members," did not agree with him and he was deposed from his eldership and cut off from the church; he continued to attend the services, was restored to his membership and in 1860 to his office which he held till compelled by increasing infirmity to lay it down. A short time before his resignation he wrote to his niece;—"He who rules over all is kinder than all; and though I sometimes tremble when I have occasion in doctrine or judgment to use His word, being unable to remember it, I dare not venture to put that, (his eldership) from me which he has put upon me and I call to mind that His throne is a throne of grace, where prayer may be made for help and strength in time of need. And he makes my brethren so kind that there is only one of the brethren who teases me, and that is myself, and I often think pride and the absence of humility has much to do with that." One of his latest sermons was preached at Dundee about four years before his death. After expressing the fear that his failing memory would prevent his quoting Scripture with perfect accuracy, he poured forth words of loving exhortation while, as one of the elders present said, "his face shone like the face of an angel."

Faraday's religion was of the life rather than of the lips. "In my mind religious conversation is generally in vain," he said, yet he was never ashamed to express his religious belief. "I am" he wrote in answer to a lady who wished to study science with a view to its bearing on religion, "of the very small and despised sect of Christians known if known at all as Sandemanians, and our hope is founded on the faith that is in Christ." Again he wrote, "The Christian is taught of God, by His Word and the Holy Spirit, to trust in the promises of salvation through the work of Jesus Christ. He finds his guide in the Word of God and commits the keeping of his soul into the hands of God. He looks for no assurance beyond what the Word can give him; and if his mind is troubled by the cares and fears which may assail him, he can go no where but in prayer to the throne of grace and to Scripture." "The Christian religion is a revelation. The natural man cannot know it. . . There is no philosophy in my religion! . . . But though the natural works of God can never by any possibility come in contradiction with the higher things that belong to our future existence, and must with everything concerning Him ever glorify Him, still I do not think it at all necessary to tie the study of the natural sciences and religion together, and in my intercourse with my fellow creatures that which is religious and that which is philosophical have ever been two distinct things.'

In 1854 he delivered a course of afternoon lectures at the Institution, Prince Albert in the chair. In the opening sentences of the lecture on deficiency of judgment Faraday said, "I shall be reproached with the weakness of refusing to apply those mental operations which I think good in respect of high things to the highest; I am content to bear the reproach. Yet even in earthly matters I believe 'the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead,' and I have never seen anything incompatible between those things of man which can be known by the spirit of man which is within him, and those higher things concerning his future, which he cannot know by that spirit."

Faraday came to the study of the laws by which God governs the forces of nature,

fully convinced that there could be no more noble subject for the exercise of man's intellect. But he approached the Deity in his rule over man now and forever, saying, "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him." In that sense the devout philosopher did keep his religion and his science apart, but he could not, and probably had no wish to keep them absolutely separate. Take for instance the following extract. "When I consider the multitude of associated forces which are diffused through nature—when I think of that calm balancing of their energies which enables those most powerful in themselves, most destructive to the world's creatures and economy, to dwell associated together and be made subservient to the wants of creation, I rise from the contemplation more than ever impressed with the wisdom, the beneficence and grandeur beyond our language to express of the Great Disposer of all."

Prof. Tyndall says, "The contemplation of Nature and his relations to her produced in him a kind of spiritual exaltation. His religious feeling and his philosophy could not be kept apart; there was an habitual overflow of one into the other." Nature in all her phases was intensely interesting to him; the sunrise, the sunset; but above all he delighted in a storm when accompanied by thunder and lightning. He has been known, more than once, to call a cab and drive in a pelting rain to some spot where he could view the commotion of the elements. Or utterly without fear, he would stand for hours at the window watching the effects and enjoying the scene; while those about him "knew his mind was full of lofty thoughts, sometimes of the great Creator, and sometimes of the laws by which He sees meet to govern the earth."

In his lectures "he exerted an actual fascination upon his auditors; and when, after having initiated them into the mysteries of science, he terminated his lecture as he was in the habit of doing by rising into regions far above matter, time and space, the emotion which he experienced, did not fail to communicate itself to those who listened, and their enthusiasm had no longer any bounds." On Monday morning, February 26, 1849, he gave a private lecture at the Institution before Prince Albert and others; his notes closed with these words:—"The clouds which obscure our mental sight are daily thinning, and I cannot doubt that a glorious discovery in natural knowledge, and of the wisdom and power of God in the creation, is awaiting our age, and that we may not only hope to see it, but even be honored to help in obtaining the victory over present ignorance and future knowledge."

The golden rule he often repeated but some of his associates said he did not keep it, for he would do for others what he would not have been willing they should do for him. Dr. Gladstone had lost his wife and only son and was himself ill of the same infectious fever that had rendered his home desolate. Faraday called and undeterred by remonstrances went to the chamber of his friend, would have taken his hand had the sick man allowed it, and did sit by his bed-side, "consoling him with his sympathy and cheering him with the Christian hope." Any little kindness to himself clung to his memory. In a letter to Prof. De la Rive, after writing of oxygen, nitrogen, ozone etc., he turns to more friendly expressions and asks, "Do you remember one hot day I can not tell how many years ago, when I was hot and thirsty in Geneva, and you took me to your house in the town and gave me a glass of water and raspberry vinegar? That glass of drink is refreshing still."

His gifts, contributions to his church and to various charities, must have amounted to hundreds of pounds a year, but this can only be inferred from the fact that he left but a small estate, though his income for sometime before his death was from a thousand to twelve hundred pounds a year, while he and his wife had lived simply, comfortably but not expensively. He never allowed his name and seldom his initials to appear on a subscription list, but he kept post-office orders ranging from five shillings to five pounds; these he would send to his beneficiaries and he often made loans which he knew the needy debtor would never repay.

About the year 1832 the alternative came

distinctively before him; should the knowledge already possessed be devoted to the acquisition of money, or should he use his God-given powers to further penetrate the secrets of Nature? He had been engaged upon some profitable analysis, and his reputation was such that he might have commanded almost any terms from merchants in need of the services of a chemist of known ability and integrity. But the business so absorbed his time that his independent investigations, which he would never forego, encroached upon the eight hours of sleep that he knew he required. The money making or the scientific research must be neglected. His creed bade him interpret literally the injunction, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth." In obedience to that injunction the commercial analyses were almost entirely abandoned.

"Suffice it then thou money god" quoth hee
"That all thine ydle offers I refuse.
"All that I need I have; what needeth mee
"To covet more than I have cause to use?
"With such vaine shewes thy worldlinges vyle abuse;
"But give me leave to follow mine emprise."
Fairie Queen. Book 2. *Canto VII.*

Nearly thirty years later in refusing a publisher's offer Faraday said, "I do not desire to give my time, for money is no temptation to me. In fact I have always loved science more than money; and because my occupation is almost entirely personal I cannot afford to get rich." And looking back from the vantage ground of three score and ten, he declared, "My life has been a happy one, and all that I desired . . . the harvest is a continual joy; all seems so prosperous and happy."

From 1836 to 1865 he was scientific adviser to Trinity House, an incorporated body of noblemen and captains, connected with the merchant service and having in charge certain maritime interests, light-houses, pilotage etc. He chose his own title, scientific adviser, and fixed his own salary, two hundred pounds a year. His work in this capacity was invaluable to the Brethren, as the corporators are called, and to navigators, besides being highly satisfactory to himself. His last scientific labor was a report on electrical lights for light-houses, which are but developments of his own discoveries. When called upon by government for services, to examine new inventions, applications or the like, he never took pay except when associated with those who made such investigations a means of gaining a livelihood, and he indignantly repelled all approaches of interested parties.

In October 1844 he went with Mr., afterwards Sir Charles Lyell, to the Haswell Colliers to inquire into the cause of a disastrous explosion. They were in the galleries where the chief loss of life had occurred; Faraday asked how the rate of the current of air was measured; the inspector took a pinch of powder out of a box, let it fall through the flame of a candle, and said they noted by a watch the time the smoke took in going a certain distance. Faraday was satisfied the test would answer the purpose, but thought the powder was carelessly handled and asked where it was kept. "Oh, tied up tight in a bag." "But where do you keep the bag?" "You are sitting on it." The mining officials had given the government commissioner what they thought the best seat. He sprang to his feet and most expressively put before them their carelessness, doubly culpable because they should have set the example of vigilance where danger was ever present.

In 1841 Mr. John A. Lowell, to whose judicious and generous care in carrying out the munificent wishes of his deceased relative, Boston is indebted for the privilege of hearing many leading scientists, invited Faraday to deliver a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, Boston, but the offer though appreciated as a high honor was declined on account of failing health.

When Cyrus W. Field was thinking of uniting the two hemispheres by electric cable, wishing the best advice, he asked Faraday if it could be done; the answer was an expression of doubt. Mr. Field begged the scientist to make the necessary experiments, offering to pay the full value of the services. Faraday declined all remuneration but went to work, and his decision was, "It can be done, but you will not get an instantaneous message." "How long will it take?" was the next question. "Oh! perhaps a second." "Well, that is quick

enough for me," was the conclusion of the aggressive American.

Faraday was reluctant to take office and never accepted a sinecure; to be on a committee and not work was far worse than to overwork; he was always averse to anything like favoritism or nepotism. He was one of the original members of the Athenæum Club, and his only brother having been spoken of as a suitable person to do the gas-fitting for the club, Faraday wrote to the Secretary, "Few things would please me more than to help my brother in his business, or to know that he had got the Athenæum work; but I am exceedingly jealous of myself, lest I should endeavor to have that done for him as my brother which the committee might not like to do for him as a tradesman; it is this which makes me very shy of saying a word about the matter." Faraday's warm affection for his brother, and his grief for his sudden and distressing death are shown by the following extracts from a letter to Mrs. Faraday, dated August 13, 1846, and written to her, then at Tunbridge Wells;—"Dear Heart:—My brother, exhausted by the results of a terrible accident which happened to him on Tuesday night, died about seven o'clock. . . Come home dear. Come and join in the sympathy and comfort needed by many. . . My sister and her children have not forgotten the hope in which they joined together with my dear Robert, and I see its beautiful and consoling influence in the midst of all their troubles. I and you through the same troubles have part in the same hope. Come home, dearest."

In the evening Faraday liked to read aloud and he read "delightfully" Shakespeare, Walter Scott and other poets. His taste was rather for descriptive poetry such as Childe Harold, Coleridge's Hymn to Mont Blanc, or Gray's Elegy; the latter he would repeat when much else had utterly vanished from his memory. If he read a story he chose one that had "a thread to it," as he said. Fully aware of the need of recreation, some evenings he went to the zoölogical gardens; the animals there always interested him even to the monkeys, and he would laugh at their capers till the tears ran down his cheeks. On one occasion, after a long series of baffling experiments he succeeded in producing the effect he had expected; his face beamed with joy and he danced around his apparatus exclaiming, "There they go! there they go! we have succeeded at last." At the close of so severe a mental strain he thought himself entitled to a treat. "Now let us go to the theatre to-night," he said to his assistant. "Which shall it be?" "Oh, let it be Astley's to see the horses," and to Astley's they went. He enjoyed theatrical performances, especially operatic ones, for he was a good bass singer, but did not allow himself to frequent theatres.

The children of his relatives and friends were his frequent visitors; he would join in their fireside games with as much glee as they, often devising new plays for them. Though he was never a father his love for children was always a prominent trait in his character; this led him to establish his courses of juvenile lectures; they were given in the lecture-room of the Royal Institution, the first course in 1827. The older friends of the young people and the brother philosophers took the back seats, the children occupied the front rows and with countenances full of interest listened to the words and watched the experiments, which showed how much of philosophy underlies some such every day sight as a burning candle; and, said the lecturer, years after, "I never found a child too young to understand intelligently what I told him; they would come to me afterwards with questions which proved their capability." But he took the utmost pains to make himself intelligible to them, often questioning his little niece as to what she did or did not understand, saying that she helped him to make the subject clear to other young folks. The Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred were there and sent their written thanks for the pleasure and instruction afforded. Sir James South was there, though too deaf to hear a word, but he liked, he said, to see the happy faces of the children.

When Mr. Braden Powell was a little fellow thirteen years old, he gave some short lectures on chemistry at his father's house. The professor who "played as a magician

with the earth's magnetism" liked to join the family audience and applauded the experiments heartily. Going one evening to a *soirée*, he asked to see the younger children; the oldest daughter brought the "wee things" in their night gowns to the foot of the stairs. "Ah," said Faraday, "that's the best thing you have done to-night."

One of Mrs. Faraday's nieces was often a member of the philosopher's household, and when her aunt was called away was frequently put under his care in the laboratory. The child would sit with her sewing as still as a mouse, and in the intervals of deep thought her uncle would stop to give her a nod, a kind word, or throw a bit of potassium on the water that she might see it burn. "In all my childish troubles," says this niece, "he was my never failing comforter, and seldom too busy if I stole into his room to spare me a few minutes; and when perhaps I was naughty and rebellious, how gently and kindly he would win me round, telling me what he used to feel himself when he was young, advising me to submit to the reproof I was fighting against. If I had a difficult lesson a word or two from him would clear away my trouble, and many a long wearisome sum in arithmetic became quite a delight when he undertook to explain it."

After Faraday was fifty years old frequent intervals of rest became absolutely indispensable. When Mrs. Faraday saw that his overwrought brain must have relief she would persuade him to go to the seashore, the country or the continent. In the shorter excursions one of the nieces was sometimes allowed to join. The first thing which the philosopher did when he reached his stopping place was to set up a standing desk, by putting trunks on a table near a window; he also placed a telescope in position and nothing passing on sea or land escaped him. The youngest member of the party was instructed to coax the worker from his desk whenever she could. If she induced him to go and read with her the grandfather would ask, "What sort of reading lessons are those going on up stairs? I hear ha! ha! more than any other sound." The child in heart and the child in stature watched parent birds feeding their young; newly shorn lambs trying to find their mothers who did not know their own progeny divested of their fleeces; he would go far out on the rocks to find sea anemones or hermit crabs to show her, and one would laugh as gaily as the other over the droll motions of the crabs.

If he offered his young friends a choice he wished them to decide at once, and he allowed in them no subterfuges or "glossing over things." His niece once spoke of a professor of previous high repute, who had "abstracted" some manuscripts from a library. He asked quickly, "What do you mean by 'abstracting?' You should say stealing; use the right word, my dear." He had a way of repeating a suspicious statement very slowly and distinctly, with an air of wondering scrutiny, as if it had astonished him. His irony was then irresistible and always produced a modification of the objectionable phrase. Once when he was listening to a lecture on the English language, the phrase, "He don't pay his debts," was used as an illustration. Faraday, forgetting that he was an auditor, exclaimed aloud, "That is very wrong."

To young men he was ever ready to extend encouragement. "Work hard, work carefully and you will succeed," said he taking the hand of a young scientist in both his own. To others, when his own powers were approaching exhaustion, he wrote again and again, "I rejoice to know that when I need rest you can work." To Mrs. Faraday's nephew, then an art student in Paris, he wrote, "No man can do just as he likes, and in many things he has to give way and may do so honorably, provided he preserves his self-respect. Never, my dear Frank, lose that whatever may be the alternative. Let no one tempt you to it, for nothing can be expedient that is not right; and though some of your companions may tease you at first, they will respect you for your consistency in the end; and if they pretend not to do so it is of no consequence."

Faraday's reverence for nature, man and God made him a true gentleman; courteous towards all, he expected courtesy and due respect to himself and rarely had any

difficulty in gaining cheerful obedience of subordinates. Tyndall once criticised the conclusion of a letter in which Faraday had used the words, "humbly yours." The answer was, "But I *am* humble; and yet it would be a mistake to think I am not also proud." In 1835 he was informed that a government pension was at his command; he decided to decline it, but by advice of his father-in-law reconsidered the matter and called upon the prime minister. Lord Melbourne, being rather blunt, spoke of the whole system of pensions to literary and scientific men as a "humbug." Faraday was deeply offended, went home, wrote a note peremptorily declining the pension and left it himself the same evening at his lordship's residence. Lord Melbourne was disposed to treat the whole affair as a joke, but the king, William IV., was not so easily satisfied. A mutual friend tried to remove the difficulties and though the scientist said, "I hope that in doing what was right I have not given others occasion to have one evil thought of me; since I first knew of the affair, nothing has been nearer to my mind than the desire whilst I preserved my self-respect to give no one occasion of offence," he was inexorable until the peacemaker begged him to state what he would require of Lord Melbourne. "I should require of his lordship what I have no reason to expect he would grant, a written apology for the words he permitted himself to use to me," was the reply. Lord Melbourne wrote a frank apology, it was as frankly accepted, the pension was granted and regularly paid.

When Garibaldi in the height of his popularity and fame was in London, one of the members of the Royal Institution said, "We must get Garibaldi to come some Friday evening." "Well," said Faraday, "if Garibaldi thinks he can learn anything from us we shall be happy to see him."

In 1827 he declined the chemical professor's chair in the new University of London, on the ground of duty and gratitude to the Royal Institution. Nobly did he discharge the obligation; during the greater part of the first twenty-six years working with straightened means and keeping account of every farthing. Indeed the "Institution was kept alive by the lectures that Faraday gave for it . . For thirty-eight years his lectures were its life," says Dr. Bruce Jones, who was the secretary when Faraday died. In 1857 he was elected to the presidency of the Royal Society, but contrary to the urgent entreaties of many members and friends declined the office, saying, "I must remain plain Michael Faraday to the last." In 1858 the Queen offered him the use of a house at Hampton Court, on the Green, opposite the palace, and there he spent the remaining summers of his life.

As infirmities increased he laid down his duties at the Royal Institution one after another, but the managers continued his salary and insisted on his keeping the rooms. He wrote to the Deputy Master of Trinity House in May 1865, that he wished to be relieved of further responsibility. Sir Frederick Arrow called upon him to announce that the Corporation, with the concurrence of the Board of Trade, had voted to transfer the duties to Prof. Tyndall, but to pay Faraday the usual salary as long as he lived. It was difficult to persuade him that there was no injustice in receiving money he was no longer able to earn, but that done, he took Sir Frederick by one hand and Dr. Tyndall by the other and "with swimming eyes passed over his office to his successor."

The loss of physical and mental power caused Faraday to reflect more and more on the great change and the hereafter. "I cannot think," he wrote, "that death has to the Christian anything in it that should make it a rare or other than a constant thought; out of the view of death comes the view of life beyond the grave . . . My worldly faculties are slipping away day by day. Happy it is for all of us that the true good lies not in them. As they ebb may they leave us as little children, trusting in the Father of mercies and accepting his unspeakable gift."

Calling on a fellow director at the Royal Institution, who was partially paralyzed, Faraday said, "You and I are waiting; that is what we have to do now; and we must try and do it patiently." To the Count of Paris who had invited him to Twickenham,

he wrote, "I bow before Him who is Lord of all, and hope to be kept waiting patiently for His time and mode of releasing me according to His Divine Word, and the great and precious promises whereby His people are made partakers of the Divine nature." To another friend he wrote, "I have told several what may be my own desire—to have a plain simple funeral, attended by none but my own relatives, followed by a gravestone of the most ordinary kind, in the simplest earthly place." When asked how he was he answered, "Just waiting;" and he sat at the window of the house at Hampton Court watching now the people on the green, now the ever changing beauty of the clouds. His disease, paralysis, crept slowly on and though he was conscious of and grateful for affectionate care, his mind wandered and in the spring of 1866 he imagined himself making new researches, and asked to have the records preserved carefully, for "it might be a glorious discovery." When his faculties had nearly faded away, a little child stroking his hand roused him "to bright and loving interest."

In June 1867, the niece and devoted assistant of Mrs. Faraday, Miss Jane Barnard, wrote, "I am thankful to say we are going on very quietly; he keeps his bed and sleeps much, and we think that the paralysis gains on him, but between whiles he speaks most pleasant words, showing his comfort and trust in the finished work of our Lord. The other day he repeated some verses of the forty-sixth Psalm and yesterday a great part of the twenty-third . . . We are surrounded by most kind and affectionate friends, and it is indeed touching to see what warm feelings my dear uncle has raised on all sides."

About the middle of August he became weaker, seldom spoke and took but little notice of anything and on the 25th while sitting in his chair in his study passed quietly, almost imperceptibly away. On the 30th of August 1867 the remains were buried at Highgate Cemetery; the funeral was strictly private and plain. His relatives stood around the grave, two or three of his scientific friends came out from the shrubbery and joined the group "and in perfect silence, according to the customs of his Church, the coffin was deposited in the grave." "We could not but follow his last wishes," Miss Barnard, wrote, "I must not lead you to think we did not fully enter into his views, but some would have liked it otherwise."

Faraday bequeathed his philosophical and experimental notes, in seven bound volumes, two volumes of printed papers and some other books, "for the Library of the Royal Institution if the managers should think them worth a place!!" To these the widow added other books and papers together with his notes of Tatum's and Davy's lectures, his account books and letters from fellow-workers in science; these are all kept in a case by themselves called the Faraday Cabinet.

At the meeting of the members of the Royal Institution held February 3, 1868, the managers reported resolutions thanking Mrs. Faraday for continuing the superintendence of the house to the end of the previous year, and offering her an annuity of a hundred and fifty pounds as an expression of a sense of the great debt owed to Mr. Faraday. The resolutions were unanimously passed, and Mrs. Faraday was requested to accept the one offering the annuity, "as an indication of the feelings of gratitude of the members to one who so long and so well did everything for the good of the Institution."

The Prince of Wales, who had sent Mrs. Faraday a letter of condolence soon after her husband's death, interested himself in securing a pension for her, and the Queen granted one of a hundred and fifty pounds from the Civil List Pension Fund, "to the widow and niece of the late Prof. Faraday." It is worthy of notice that the other grants of pensions reported at the same time are all for smaller sums, one hundred, seventy, and sixty pounds. When Faraday's will, which was dated April 15, 1861, and was in the hand-writing of the testator, was proved, the amount sworn to was less than six thousand pounds and was all left to Mrs. Faraday, with the exception of some small legacies, "given as a mark of affection to those who in life were dear" to him. Among those thus remembered was the assistant and the housekeeper of the Royal Institution.

When standard encyclopedists declare themselves unable to sum up Faraday's work in a single article, and say that his name will be found scattered through their volumes wherever anything new in physics is mentioned, we, of course, would not attempt the task. But fortunately there is another way of estimating his services; the opinion of his cotemporaries is on record. When the French had erected a certain light-house on the sands near Calais, the authorities invited the Trinity House officers and Faraday to inspect it; at dinner the health of the *étranger célèbre* was proposed. A young engineer protested against their guest being called a stranger, for he said ever since he became a student he had known the great Englishman well by his works. Faraday was a stranger to no student of his day or since. His honors, accepted or refused, counted over a hundred. He was elected member, active, corresponding or honorary of societies literary, scientific or medical, all over Christendom. He was repeatedly awarded medals for his discoveries; from the Royal Institution the Fuller medal; from the Royal Society, all in their gift; the Copley medal twice, and in one year two, an unprecedented circumstance. The Royal Society of Copenhagen sent their medal. Prussia made him Chevalier of the Order of Merit. France made him Commander of the Legion of Honor and sent him the Grand Medal of Honor of her Great Exhibition. Italy made him a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus. He was chosen one of the eight Foreign Members of the Imperial Academy of Science, Vienna; one of the eight Foreign Associates of the French Academy. Oxford conferred on him the degree of D. C. L. Prague that of Doctor of Liberal Arts and Philosophy. Cambridge that of LL. D. All these distinctions were unsought by him and involved no money payment, except that of F. R. S.; he did seek to become a Fellow of the Royal Society and there he paid his fees.

Above other honors he prized his election to the Senate of the University of London, and was one of a committee of three to draw up the scheme for the examinations for scientific degrees. Titles he might have had, but he thought them more liable to depress than exalt scientific men. When his life was drawing to its close he said:—"The sweetest reward of my work is the sympathy and good will which it has caused to flow in upon me from all quarters of the world;" and to the last he was the same humble, unassuming "plain Michael Faraday," seeking and saying, "that which he thought was true," and doing, "that which he thought was kind."

What was the root of his humility? Dr. Bence Jones says, his religion "produced what may well be called his marvelous humility." Dr. Gladstone says, "Faraday had learnt in the school of Christ to become 'a little child,' and he loved not the world because the love of the Father was in him." Prof. Tyndall says:—"The faintest traits of a character sketched by Paul found in him perfect illustration. For he was 'blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, apt to teach, not given to filthy lucre.' He had not a trace of worldly ambition; he declared his duty to his Sovereign by going to the levee once a year, but beyond this he never sought contact with the great. The life of his spirit and of his intellect were so full, that the things which men most strive after were absolutely indifferent to him."

It may be objected that Faraday's creed was a narrow one. "Right or wrong," says Tyndall, "this faith, held in perfect tolerance of the faith of others, strengthened and beautified his life." A contributor to a London secular paper gave no doubt the popular estimate of Faraday's religion when he wrote thus: "This simple, serious, Christian piety pervaded all Faraday's thoughts and all his actions; exalted every motive and softened every trial. But it was too deeply real to be busy in announcing itself. It was the solid foundation of his life and not a curious superstructure raised for exhibition." The firm, tolerant holding of any creed that embodies the great central facts of Christianity is a centre of strength to the character, and on the other hand, we heard a clear thinker, claimed by the liberal school of theology, assert that "the flabbiness of morality" now prevalent is due,

in a great measure, to unsteadiness of belief.

There is no investigator peering into mindless, soulless matter, trying to find the beginnings of creation's wonders and the origin of his own existence, who does not hear Faraday proclaim God all and in all. There is no skeptic at all conversant with the lives of real scientists, who, when he declares that science is incompatible with true religion, does not hear Faraday answer, "I was a Christian." *Susan D. Nickerson.*

TAKING A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

July 1876 was hot enough everywhere, but certainly it could scarcely have been hotter anywhere than in a certain little village lying under the shadow of Mt. Tom, in the fair valley of the Connecticut. As early as seven in the morning the heat was wilting. The air like a sponge absorbed all the vitality of the body almost at the first contact. Ladies sat all day in darkened parlors, wearily fanning themselves and wondering if it were possible that men could be actually working in the fields. They made as much fuss over their husbands and sons going to their business in the morning as if they were soldiers going to battle, and welcomed them at night like returning veterans. Nor was this feeling wholly unjustifiable in view of the list of deaths by sunstroke which the papers published every day. Not till evening, when the panting earth had begun to cool her hot face in the fresh bosom of the night, was there the least sign of social life about the closed houses.

Not indeed that the first hours of evening were much more tolerable than those of day. The ground, the trees, the walls were saturated with heat, and after the sun went down began to give it forth in such suffocating volumes that for a while the earth reminded one of an old-fashioned brick oven, from which the fire is drawn only when it is hot enough for baking purposes. It was not till the huge umbrella of the earth had been interposed between the village and the sun for several hours, that the atmosphere became at all tolerable.

In deference to this extraordinary state of the weather, nine or ten in the evening had become the fashionable hour among the young folks for croquet parties. The present narrative opens on one of the warmest evenings of the month, and just as the paper mill bell has sounded the hour of ten. The lawn of one of the most elegant residences in the village is at this moment brilliant with Chinese lanterns and lively with groups of laughing players. A lunch-table, bright with silver, gleams through the low door windows of the parlor, which open upon the veranda and the lawn, while close about the pleasant scene the dense, soft darkness broods cosily. One or two whitish blotches loom out of the night along the top of the fence separating the lawn from the street. They are the faces of pedestrians, who in passing have paused to admire this glimpse of fairy land.

Two young ladies are not playing croquet, but sit talking under a tree at a little distance from the players. One of them is Violet Hazen, the hostess of the evening, a tall young lady whose sweet, strong face would give the impression of unusual calm and self-poise but for the depths of loving weakness in the brown eyes, which betray dangerous possibilities of self-devotion. The young lady with her is Mary Coates, a clear-eyed, fresh-complexioned girl, Violet's sole and unlimited confidant. She knew all about the latter's engagement to Will Ronalds even before Violet's own mother. It is he of whom the two chance to be talking just now.

"Where in the world can Will be so late?" Violet is saying as the reverberations of the bell die away after the last stroke of ten.

Mary was casting about for some more or

less probable excuse to allay her friend's anxiety, when she heard some one coming up the garden walk from the street.

"That 's he now, I fancy," she remarked.

Violet listened a moment to the steps which were now quite audible, although the comer was still in the dark, and then shook her head laughingly, saying,

"I have listened for his step oftener than you, and that's not it, nor anything like it. I wonder who it can be?"

Mary, who was sitting with her face in the direction of the path, while Violet had her back to it, could already descry the outlines of the approaching figure, and said mischievously,

"Don't look around. Will you bet a box of gloves it is n't Will?"

"Of course I will," said Violet, "ten if you like. Don't I know his step?"

But even as she finished speaking, a change in Mary's expression caused her to turn quickly. It was Will and yet it was not. His gait, although not staggering, was uncertain, a little like a person wading, and marked by an exaggerated attempt at a beeline. As he drew near, he began smiling in that loose propitiatory way peculiar to persons whose eyes are deprived by alcohol of the power of focusing the gaze, so that they can only make out the general outlines of persons until quite near, and consequently have an awkward feeling of being inspected before they can inspect.

Mary had instantly recognized his condition, and as she did so glanced involuntarily at her friend. How would she bear it? Violet's first look had told her that something strange was the matter with Will. She had never seen an intoxicated person in her life, but she instinctively apprehended the truth. As she sat motionless, half-turned in her chair to look at him, her bright young face grew ashen, and a fascinated look of fear sprung from the depths of her eyes. He sat down with a lurch on the chair by her side and now she saw a glassy film over his eyes, and observed a peculiar puffiness beneath them and about the lids, and noted a singular pendant cast of the cheeks as if the muscles that keep the features in place had grown tired.

Will was not very far gone. He had observed that both girls looked at him oddly, and that Violet made no reply to his greeting except that decidedly unpleasant stare. He knew that he had been drinking a little too much, but if they thought he was intoxicated he would convince them of their mistake, and with that intention he began to talk rapidly. But his voice sounded as if his tongue had swelled to double size and he stumbled sadly against the corners of words. Certain consonants were like fire-barred gates across his path, making a detour necessary. When it came to this he had sense enough to relapse into silence, although with a sentiment of indignation at his organs of speech for betraying him so causelessly, and a firm conviction that he was really much clearer in his mind than would appear from their testimony.

After his conversational failure, still moved by the feeble cunning of an intoxicated person desirous of concealing his condition, he took a cigar from his pocket and put the wrong end in his mouth. Some moments later recalling that it was not lighted he began to hunt for matches in his pockets, a quest that promised to be endless, for every time he made the rounds of trousers, vest and coat he forgot where he had begun, and so had to make the tour again.

In order to lower his discomfiture and if possible distract Violet, Mary launched into a string of acrimonious personal criticisms on one of the croquet players before them. She was so abusive that Violet was conscious of a faint colorless sensation of surprise, at hearing such language from the most benevolent and charitable of girls. But it did not strongly impress her, seeming to be quite in keeping with the general shock she was sustaining.

But there was now a diversion that brought the situation to a crisis. The croquetests came up, mallets in hand. One of their party had retired from the game and they wanted Will to take her place. As she saw them coming, Violet, by a heroic effort, transformed the look of anguish on her face into a smiling air of interest in what Mary was saying. Her only idea now was to hide Will's condition from the others.

"Come Mr. Ronalds," said Sade Allen, the prettiest of the new-comers; "Laura won't play any more and you must be my partner."

"Come Will."

"Do come."

"It will spoil the game if you don't," said others.

Will knew enough to be aware that it would be sure detection for him to go, but being too stupid to invent any excuse or to say no he was just about yielding to their importunity. But Violet was equal to the emergency. She smiled into the foolishly grinning face of her lover and said with an air of coquettish challenge,

"You would rather take a walk with me than play croquet, would n't you Will?"

The poor fellow had just sense enough to nod assent without removing the unlighted cigar from his lips. Mary instantly came to Violet's support by eagerly declaring that she wanted to take Laura's place.

"Why, Mary, what's come over you? I thought you hated croquet and never played," exclaimed Sade in surprise.

But Mary's only reply was to seize a mallet and rush off to the play-ground, whither the others had to follow her. Once there, by gross blunders and loud talk she tried to engross their attention, but these young people were not dull, and while they appeared to be quite deceived by the ruse, every one comprehended the pathetic meaning of the sight, as Violet, trying to steady his lurching gait, slowly led her lover away. A half-hour later she returned alone, and at lunch presided with perfect self-possession. The party, however, broke up earlier than common. It is evidence of the unusual powers of reticence possessed by the young ladies who were present at the croquet party, that it was full a day and a half before all the circumstances of Will's escapade were known to every person in the village. Of course no one ventured to speak to Violet of the matter, but she understood perfectly well that it had become common gossip. She would have known that merely from the new interest with which people looked after her as she walked about the streets, and from something odiously sympathetic in the expression of countenance with which her lady acquaintances greeted her. But she made no sign, carrying herself quite as usual, and only her mother and Mary noted how rigidly the muscles rose through the thin smiles, and how sadly the red veins about the eyes showed in certain lights.

A week after the croquet party there was a little party at Sade Allen's. Mary and Violet were there, and Sade was careful to give the latter to understand that Will had been invited. He was not, however, present. Violet occasionally took a spasmodic part in the conversation, but for the most part sat in a wrapped-up silence, with an air of self-absorption such that those who glanced at her with a word to say turned away without saying it. Finally she was missing from the room, and Mary a while afterward found her leaning on the front gate all alone.

"My poor little girl," she said, putting her arm around her and drawing her head down to her shoulder.

"Oh I am so miserable," Violet whispered huskily, and as if the words had been the dam that stood in the way of her tears she began to cry. Mary let her cry a while, and then merely said what is after all perhaps the best argument against sorrow,

"Don't cry, dear," and soon Violet stopped, not being of the sort whom crying makes cry, who cry mostly at their own tears.

"Have you seen him, since that night?" she asked.

"No," said Mary. "No doubt he is ashamed to show himself. It will do him good to be thoroughly ashamed of himself."

"I am so sorry for him. I know he feels so badly. If I could only tell him that I forgive him," Violet said passionately.

Mary replied after a pause,

"If you marry him and he is intemperate it will make you utterly miserable."

She was surprised and a little indignant, to see Violet's resentment at his conduct had so quickly dissolved in compassionate tenderness.

"It will kill me," Violet answered with quiet conviction.

"It seems to me that I 'd never marry a

man who would n't take the pledge for my sake," said Mary with some asperity.

"It's clear you've never been in love," replied Violet dejectedly.

"Why don't you tell him that you won't marry him unless he takes the pledge?"

"Because it would n't be true. I'd marry him anyhow. Perhaps I might influence him afterwards."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mary. "If you can't influence him before, you may be sure you can't after."

Then she continued, "Anyhow, after what's happened now you'll be in a position to insist on his taking the pledge, and if you manage things properly, it may turn out for the best after all that his pride has had this fall. Just act as if you take it for granted that he will sign as the only amends he can make. He wont have the face to refuse. I want you to promise me solemnly, now, Violet Hazen, that you'll do this, and not let everything go in one of your gushes of forgiveness."

"I'll do my best," replied Violet. "I'll be as severe as I know how."

"If he takes the pledge he's the sort of fellow to keep it," observed Mary.

"Keep it!" repeated Violet proudly, "Will never breaks a promise," and then with a sudden change of tone she cried, "But oh, where is he? It's a week since I've heard a word from him. I'm afraid he has done something to himself or gone away. I can't sleep. It makes me sick. I can't bear up any longer," and she leaned her head on the gate and cried.

"Hark! What's that!" exclaimed Mary.

It was a hoarse cry down in the village that had caught her ear. Now again it rose on the still night air.

"Fire! Fire!"

The "thud," "thud" of running feet upon the earthen sidewalk drew nearer, and a panting man rushed by shouting the alarm.

Windows were thrown up, blinds banged back and nervous voices heard calling: "Where? Where?" but the crier had neither time nor breath to answer.

And now other voices took up the alarm and it was sounding on many tongues down every slumbering street.

Suddenly, as if the tenor and suspense of the town had swelled to the point of wild explosion, there burst forth the loud clangor of one of the village bells. A great volume of sound relieves surcharged feeling by furnishing adequate expression. The strokes were swift, hurrying, incessant, each peal throttling its predecessor. They were like the rub-a-dub of the marshaling drum.

"Where is it?" cried the others of the party rushing out from their card tables and back-gammon boards.

"Look there! Oh dear, I'm afraid it's the paper mill," exclaimed Mary excitedly, pointing to the North, where over the tree-tops a dull glimmer shone against the low cloud-roof and now and then a shower of sparks ascended. The quick jingle of a small bell came up from the village.

"They're getting out the Cataract. Excuse me, I'm off," said one of the young men who was a member of the volunteer fire-company of the place, and vaulting the fence he vanished in the darkness. The two other young men in the party showed a disposition to follow his example, when Sade said,

"Why should n't we all go together?"

"Oh let's do it?"

"Won't it be fun!"

"How lucky we're up," chorused the girls, jumping up and down with excitement.

In a trice hats and shawls had been donned and the whole party was half-walking, half-running along the street, too breathless to talk save in ejaculations. As they passed along, lights shone in upper windows on either side of the street, and from almost every house the father or son was sallying forth half-clothed to join the muster.

Violet had scarcely spoken since the first alarm, and chancing to touch her arm Mary found that she was trembling violently. Such had been her anxiety about Will for a few days past that her heart sunk with undefined apprehensions at every sudden noise. This midnight fire alarm had filled her with agitation, as if it threatened some terrible solution to her nameless fears. A buggy with a fast-trotting horse whizzed by, going the other way.

"They've sent after the Blandville engine," said some one; "it must be a big fire."

As the panting party turned a corner the blaze came under plain view. It was indeed the paper mill. The jingling of the engine bell, the hubbub of men's voices, the hoarse orders of the foreman, and now the sound of hand-brakes as they went "chug, chug," under the arms of a sturdy crew, came from the scene, which was lit up by fitful flashes from the burning mill. At one end of it the flames poured forth from every window, and the roof smoked, but its greater length was still in darkness save for the gleam of lanterns from within, as men hurried to and for to rescue property or oppose checks to the flames. But even as they stood and gazed, a baleful glimmer shone from several windows a moment before quite dark.

For half an hour the men fought the fire inch by inch. Then the mill pumps broke down and there was no longer any chance of saving the mill. Soon the flames poured out at all the windows and burst through the roof in many places. The fire roared like a huge mill-wheel, and the sheet of flame cracked and snapped as if great blankets were being shaken. The bells had long since ceased ringing. Everybody was aroused, and the fire had become its own beacon, holding every waking eye for miles around, and irradiating the chambers of distant hillside farm-houses with a ruddy light, till the sleepers awoke in consternation and chanticleer crowed to the false dawn.

So long as there was a chance of saving the mill there was a feeling of strain and excitement among the people. The conviction that nothing more could be done produced a sense of positive relief, which was apparent in a general unbending and disposition to look around, find acquaintances and compare notes. The young men who had been working at the engine and hose took the opportunity to join the group of girls, and receive congratulations on the drenched clothes and blackened faces that testified to their public spirit.

But beyond smiling absently when addressed, Violet took no part in the chat going on around her. Her eyes were roving everywhere among the crowd, looking vainly for Will.

The magnificence of the conflagration was at its height. The roof of the mill had fallen in and from the jagged tops of the brick walls, as from a gigantic brasier, the flames leaped fifty feet in the air, like genii harnessed to the earth and striving with frantic bounds to carry it up with them into the empyrean. The low clouds were rosy with the lurid glow and reflected it back upon the houses and streets, so that the whole village was illuminated with a theatrical red light. The effect reminded one of a grand spectacular scene on the stage. The very attitudes and groupings of the crowd betrayed a histrionic consciousness. The entire population had now turned out as spectators. Thieves might have plied their trade undisturbed among the deserted houses. Some had even brought chairs. Husbands stood with their wives, and the young men with the maidens in groups beneath the trees encircling the mill, the foliage above them shriveling in the heat. Small boys playing tag, and clusters of men about the engine and hose, occupied the foreground.

A sudden indescribable stir and indrawing of the breath among the crowd constricted every heart with terror, even before the cause of it was seen. A young fellow, a village ne'er-do-well, with perhaps too much of the whisky aboard which had been circulated among the firemen, had in a fit of bravado gone too near one of the toppling walls and a mass of falling brick had struck him down. He lay helpless and writhing, apparently with a broken leg. The wall, thirty feet high on that side, was evidently on the point of falling outward, and an attempt to reach the unfortunate would expose the rescuer to the risk of a horrible death, with all the chances against his escape. The people looked on terrified. There were brave men there but no one stirred.

Perhaps two seconds had passed, though they seemed like five minutes, when a quick gasp from Violet made Mary look around, and following the direction of her eyes she saw a man who had started out from the shadow of a tree, moving swiftly toward the mill.

"Come back! Come back!" cried some, but he kept on.

He reached the fallen man, and as he turned to drag him away Mary perceived what Violet at the first glance had seen—it was Will Ronalds.

"Run! Run! The wall is falling," cried a hundred agonized voices, as the bricks fell in a shower and the whole wall began perceptibly to sway outwards.

Will glanced upwards as if calculating the danger. The spectators could see the working of each feature of his face in the strong glare of the fire. He violently dragged the crippled man outwards about fifteen feet, and then as if recognizing that there was no chance of escaping he knelt by his side and turned his eyes on the people. They met Violet's and seemed to turn her to stone as if they had been a Gorgon's. Most of the women and many of the men covered their faces with their hands to shut out the horrid sight that was coming, but Violet's gaze was fixed on Will, as if fascinated.

At first lazily, the wall in one mass swayed outward, then more swiftly as it described the middle of the arc and at the last moving like lighting. There was a crash like an earthquake, and a cloud of dust rose from the shuddering ground, while fragments of brick rolled to the very feet of the onlookers. A deep groan went up from the people, only to be suddenly stilled as through the smoke and dust Will was seen with the man in his hands, clambering over the recesses of hot brick.

It seemed like a miracle but was in reality very simple. When he saw that there was no time to get out of reach of the wall, he had drawn the injured man to a spot opposite a great window, and as the wall fell in one piece the brick went each side and left him unscathed.

Relieved by ready hands of his burden and looking neither to the right hand nor the left, he went straight to Violet. All the women looked at her with a half-envious sympathy to see how she would receive him. But Mary would not look for it seemed to her that Violet's face at that moment was something sacred. Will drew her arm through his, and led her away down one of the crimson-lighted streets into the deserted village.

"It's just like a theatre," said somebody.

For the next week Will could not show himself on the street without having to shake hands with half a dozen people anxious to congratulate him on his pluck. The contest with the week before, during which he had been too much ashamed to stir out of doors till after nightfall, was decided testimony to the virtues of heroism as a salve for human frailties. Indeed, if the men and the opportunities could only be brought together, there are always individuals enough who would be glad to mend their reputations by risking their lives, to perform all the heroic deeds that humanity in its daily experience stands in need of. Perhaps when society is more perfectly organized this mutual adaptation will be secured.

What part particularly pleased Will was that he had been re-instated in Violet's favor without any temperance lectures, for his principles as to drinking had been no more affected by that croquet party episode, than is a man's taste for driving by a single runaway accident. It was not drinking but careless drinking that had done it. Doubtless he would have chuckled with a still more amused self-congratulation, had he known of the plot to take benevolent advantage of his disgrace by forcing him to take the pledge, which Mary and Violet had laid, and which the affair of the fire had so completely flanked. For, thanks to that, he had returned to Violet not as a conscience-stricken suppliant, on whom rigid conditions of pardon might be imposed, but as a hero "trailing clouds of glory" and laying at his mistress's feet as public amends for his slip the civic crown of oak-leaves, that by Roman custom was the meed of him who saved a citizen's life.

But could he have fully appreciated all that was touching in her awe and worshipful admiration of him since he had saved a man's life, he would have had compunctions in taking advantage of it. Who was she, she asked herself, to reprove one who for a mere stranger's sake had dared to throw the dice with death, as lightly as if he had been playing forfeits with a girl!

For the week or two after the fire Will drank a good deal more than usual, as a result of the excitement and exhilaration of his popularity. He took good care indeed not to attend any more social reunions in an intoxicated condition. Of that particular form of dissipation he was pretty well cured. But he called on Violet several times when she could n't help seeing that he had been indulging rather freely. It began to be said about the village that Will Ronalds was going it pretty hard again, and the ladies began to talk him up at the sewing circles and wonder if Violet Hazen knew about it. Mrs. Hazen liked Will well enough but naturally thought her daughter ought to know about these reports, and got herself into hot water several times by attempts to communicate them to her.

One day, Violet did finally muster up courage to speak to Will about his drinking. It was at the end of a call, after he had risen to go.

"What a Puritanical little thing it is?" he had jestingly replied.

"But you can't think it is good to be—to be—intemperate, dear," she said earnestly, yet fearful lest she should hurt his feelings.

"Of course not," he replied, "but I don't call moderate drinking intemperance." "But does n't it lead to it Will? How many people there are who begin with a little and end with too much! If you would only make up your mind to stop, you could do it easily, you are so strong, and I would try to make it up to you by being nicer than you can think. I would not let you be sorry."

Is ever a modest woman more piquant to her lover than when she shyly yet frankly owns confidence in her power to make him happy? But she would not let him interrupt her.

"I know," she went on with the eagerness of a long repressed utterance, "I 've been sad-faced and dull lately, but it was all because of you. Whenever I 've seen you, I 've seemed to see a horrid death's head over your shoulder."

"No wonder you have n't enjoyed my calls," said Will, with a rather wry face.

"Oh, don't be vexed at that. Wont you promise not to drink any more, Will? Wont you please, for my sake?"

He drew her close to his side and caressed her soothingly for a few moments before he replied, and then he said tenderly but decidedly,

"I will take the pledge on our wedding day to make you happy. I know I can keep that if only by reflecting the happiness you will give me. And let that be enough dear. Please don't fret your sweet self any more over this teetotal nonsense."

But naturally she did fret herself, and often enough her pillow was wet with tears. Forebodings were saddening the betrothal period, that maiden honeymoon which should be so sweet, and her anticipations of the future were clouded with a fearsomeness that was a sad shadow on the daydreams of a prospective bride.

As I observed at the opening of this narrative, the village where these young people and their friends lived and moved, lay, figuratively speaking, beneath the shadow of Mt. Tom, and it had long been agreed among them that sometime they would make up a party for a night excursion to its summit, for the purpose of viewing the sunrise therefrom. And it came to pass, about two o'clock one moonless August night, that eight of them, including Will, Violet and Mary, set out in a great pic-nic wagon with this excursion before them.

It was so dark that the fences and road were invisible, and as one of the girls was generally driving or whipping, there was just enough likelihood of being tipped over to make it exhilarating. This, together with the fact that they were all near enough together to laugh and sing in concert and talk in discord, resulted in a racket which must have left an impression among the awakened households along their route, that the inmates of the neighboring lunatic asylum at Northampton had broken loose.

Violet alone of the merry party was silent and sad. She tried at first to assume a cheery manner so as not to be a kill-joy to the others, though her heart was like lead in her bosom, but as soon as she saw that they did not need her assistance to have a jolly time,

she gave up the effort and withdrew into her own thoughts. To the loverlike cares and attentions with which Will tried to dispel her melancholy she responded with affectionate gentleness, but they seemed to be powerless to relieve her dejection.

At last he began to be a little vexed. Of course he understood, and all the others would understand, what she was so sober about. It was n't nice, and it was n't like her of all girls, to bring him into reproach by sulking at him and looking the martyr in the presence of outsiders. But he was too generous not to take some of the blame to himself. He had been going it rather too hard since the fire. Really he ought to let up a little and he would. Violet had a right to feel out of sorts.

It was after three o'clock and still pitch-dark when they reached the yoke of the mountain, the highest point on the road between Holyoke and Easthampton, and the spot where they must leave the wagon. There remained a climb of several hundred feet by a foot-path before they should reach the summit, which was lost to view in the black sky. One of the girls who was too delicate for the mountain climb, and her escort, were going to continue the drive toward West Springfield, returning in time to meet the others as they came down from the top in the morning.

The lanterns were lit and the climbers entered a little grove and began the ascent. At first there was a good deal of laughing and at last a good deal of panting, and it was after four o'clock when they emerged from the shadow of the last tree upon the bald rocky sconce of the mountain, and threw themselves down on the dew-drenched rocks to rest.

There was as yet no sign of the sun in the east, but the landscape below them was revealed with wan distinctness in that weird gray light of earliest dawn, which reminds one of the light spoken of in Genesis as created before the sun. To the north and west lay the farms of the three Hamptons, looking like a vast checker-board with their variously colored crops. To the south and east the wooded flanks of the mountains stretched away to where a long streak of mist bordered the landscape, beneath which like a jewel under its cotton the Connecticut nestled.

The light of early morning is reputed to be most trying to beauties whose faces begin to show the ravages of time, and surely never does the face of earth look so sad, so worn, so pathetically faded as in the twilight of dawn. As one by one its familiar features emerge from darkness, how commonplace, how flat, how homely they appear. It is as if the imagination, piqued by the veil of darkness, had over night invested the earth with a beauty not its own. Even so a doting fancy sometimes touches the faces of absent friends with an ideal grace not truly theirs. How sharp the sudden disappointment at meeting, and how poor the heart, if the eyes do not well over with a self-reproachful impulse of more utter tenderness for the very disappointment's sake.

But, sooth to say, the young people with whose doings we are now concerned took a less sentimental view of the matter. Their criticisms upon the appearance of Mother Earth as she emerged from the bed-clothes were rather sharp than sympathizing. One of the young men, commenting on her seedy appearance, said she looked as if she had been on an all-night spree, and another offered to bet something that she had a bad headache.

"What a contrast there is between the two twilights of evening and dawn!" said Sade Allen, to whom I will take the liberty of replying, since no one else did, that it is just like the difference between the warm dimness of reminiscence and the fearsome obscurity of anticipation, that is in the minds of those who are old, like the earth.

"How terribly close men do stick to the earth to be sure," said one. "Look at that ant going out to his field! It makes one feel dreadfully unsympathizing and inhuman to be up so high. Men do seem so absurdly small."

"Why you're only a thousand feet up," rejoined another. "It's lucky the people in heaven don't get high-toned at that rate."

Will and Violet had wandered away from

this group of jesters and philosophers, and were standing on the extreme northern edge of the mountain-top, where the cliff descends almost plumb to the meadows eight hundred feet below.

"What ails you Violet? What makes you so sad this morning?" he asked.

"Don't you know?" she replied, without turning her eyes from the landscape, whose dreariness was reflected in her young face at that moment.

The tactics of bargainers, each seeking to make the other commit himself to the first definite proposition, are not more curious than those of friends who have a grievance between them, each trying to make the other be the first to define it.

"I suppose you are fretting over the gossip about my drinking," he said finally.

She made no reply beyond a slight pressure of his arm, at once assenting to his statement and tenderly reminding him that he must not think it was himself, but his fault that she was at odds with. What a subtle alchemy is that of love, that can always separate in its wondrous crucible the offense from the offender, although they seem never so closely identified. Perchance never yet was a soul so evil and besotted but that to some eye, blinded, or shall we say supernaturally endowed, by love, his depravity seemed incidental, unessential and his real self lovable.

"I don't know what the stories about me are," pursued Will, "but I've no doubt on general principles that they are twice as bad as the facts."

"Very likely," answered Violet listlessly.

"I know you regard these things differently from what I do," continued Will, feeling that he was having unusually uphill work making a smooth plea, "but I can't profess a very deep sense of guilt merely because I've taken something with a friend now and then."

To this she made no reply at all. He confessed himself nonplused. She had always before been eager to discuss the subject of his habits with him and to ply him with arguments, and that she was not angry the way she leaned on his arm told him. Had she intended to excite his conscience she could have chosen no better tactics, but in truth tactics of any sort were far enough from her mind. Her listlessness was simply the result of despondency and discouragement as to any prospect of his reform, which had come over her since his recent performances. She loved him as much as ever. Nothing was likely to make any difference with that, but her love was pitched in the lower octave of sorrow.

They joined the rest of the party and Violet being claimed by Mary, who wanted her to assist in botanizing a little, Will wandered off and getting under the lee of a big rock puzzled compunctiously over Violet's queer resignedness of manner. He did not generally relish overmuch having her preach teetotalism to him, but he would ten times rather listen to the most violent diatribe on that subject than have her assume this new style with him.

A half hour dragged along and the East was already streaked and dappled with reds and yellows, when he was startled to his feet by a shrill scream, sounding there on the mountain top as if it came from the air around. A dozen steps brought him to the spot where he had last seen the girls, resting amid a bivouac of shawls. As he rushed in from one direction Mary and Violet had appeared from another. It was Mary who had screamed. Violet followed her more slowly, apparently excited but very pale.

"She was reaching into a crevice for some moss and a rattlesnake stung her," gasped Mary, and instantly her horror-stricken expression was reflected in four blanched faces. There was a pause in which nobody said anything. Then Sade Allen exclaimed,

"We must take her home instantly and get a doctor."

"The wagon won't be at the foot of the path for an hour and a half yet," said one of the young men in a low voice.

Will looked so completely dazed and stunned that you would almost have thought he was the one least concerned. Violet as she sat on a couch of shawls was the calmest of the party. Resignation to death depends on the nervous tone and hers was just now, owing to the discouragement about Will, reduced almost to the point of

indifference to anything. After the first shock it began almost immediately to seem all right and fitting that she should die here on this mountain top, this great hill-altar, with her lover by her side. God had shown her this way out of her sore perplexity.

"Ah, see the sun," she said, as the first beam of the rising orb fell full upon her forehead. "Set me around with my back to it. I can yet overtake the night in the valleys."

She was a little flighty from the mental strain.

"Has anybody got any whiskey?" said Fred Harris, the young man who had spoken before.

No attention was paid to a question so apparently irrelevant if not worse, till Sade Allen exclaimed eagerly,

"Oh yes. Don't you remember that story we were reading? Whiskey 'll cure rattlesnake poison. Oh, if we only had some!"

Will was kneeling beside Violet, supporting her and talking in wild broken words. Fred took him by the shoulder to arouse him and said,

"If you 've got your whiskey flask we can save her."

Will looked up vacantly a moment, and then as the light of comprehension flashed into his eyes he whipped a flask out of his pocket, and unscrewing it in frenzied haste thrust the mouth to Violet's lips, crying,

"Quick! Drink! It will save you. Don't you remember that story we read?"

Seeing what it was, she averted her head with a gesture of loathing.

"Hold on Ronalds," said Fred. "She can't drink the raw liquor. Let me have it."

Taking the flask and getting the water-jug from the lunch-basket he mixed some whiskey and water in a tin cup, saying as he did so,

"Now, Miss Hazen, you must drink this stuff till you are overcome by it, and then the poison will be neutralized."

Violet had watched his preparations with more agitation than she had before shown.

"You mean I must get drunk like the girl in that story?" she said.

"That 's what it amounts to," replied Fred.

The tone in which she had spoken was so peculiar that Mary added quickly,

"We girls will take care of you, darling, and send the men away. It 's just like taking medicine, you know, Morphine for instance."

Will took the cup and held it to her lips, saying,

"Quick! Drink it all at once, and never mind the taste."

She looked earnestly in his eyes as he bent toward her, and replied in a low resolute voice,

"I will not touch it."

A thunderbolt dropping in their midst from the near clouds would not have stunned the group around her more than these five words, uttered so low that only the nearest were sure that they had heard aright. By turns and altogether they coaxed, begged, and commanded, crowding about her with their panic-striken faces, and jostling one another in their eagerness to try to influence her against so suicidal a resolution. Both the other girls were the signers of as many total abstinence pledges as was Violet, but neither would have thought that it was any sacrifice of their principles to use the liquor in such an emergency. The difference was that Violet's feelings on the subject had been wrought up to a pitch of morbid intensity, by her long anxiety and present despair over Will's intemperate habits, while the same cause had for some time made life itself seem dreary to her. After a few moments she said to those around her,

"Won't you please go away or else be quiet."

Then she whispered to Mary, and at a suggestion from her all except Will retired a little distance.

"Don't think hard of me, darling," she said to him, with a smile at once tender and solicitous.

But he only answered with a look of dumb desperation.

"Don't think I don't love you because I am so obstinate," she said gently "It is because I love you that I will not live by what is killing you. Surely you understand that."

"Do you think it kind to make me feel that I have killed you?" he cried.

"Oh it is n't you, dear. You must n't think that," she said anxiously, caressing his cheek with her hand. "It is because I choose, just because I am a little notional on the subject of temperance. Only, dear, I can't help thinking that perhaps my dying so may do more to make you a good boy in that way than I could do if I were alive. You see I was getting rather discouraged about that," and she smiled sadly.

"If you 'll only take this I 'll never drink again in my life," he said, in piteous entreaty.

"Oh, Will," she exclaimed, a sudden change coming over her face and into her tones, "Do you really mean it?"

"Mean it?" he cried, his voice rising with indignant amazement, and seizing as he spoke the cup of whiskey and pressing it to her lips.

"Quick! Drink! Of course I mean it. Can it be that was what you were waiting for?"

"I was n't waiting for that because you have said so often that you never would promise," she answered, holding away the cup with her hand, "that I supposed you never would. No, Will, don't be in such a hurry," for he, out of senses with her deliberation when every second was critical, was trying to make her drink.

"Won't you say I took a mean advantage of you in making you promise, for I 'm afraid it is a little mean, only I did n't plan it you know."

"Violet, for God's sake drink. You make me wild," he cried.

She took the cup in her hand.

"And won't you ever be sorry for this promise and wish you had n't made it?"

"No! No! Only drink!"

And at last she did drink, all in one swallow, gasping out with an expression of extreme disgust as she gave back the empty cup to him,

"Oh Will, how could you ever drink such stuff?"

As he poured out another draught, the rest of the party, who had seen the pantomine without hearing the voices, came running up full of congratulation that she yielded, quite unable to conjecture the cause of so sudden a change.

She drank again and again.

"If there is only enough in the flask," muttered Will anxiously.

There was not over half a gill left when to his intense relief her eyes began to scintillate and her cheeks to flush. She began to talk with vivacity, and a radiant smile illumined her face.

"What a beautiful Bacchante she would make," said Fred Harris, who with the others had out of delicacy retired a little, leaving Will and Mary alone with the fair patient.

After another draught Violet's lustrous brown eyes grew glassy, her voice thick and her words overleaped one another. It seemed to Will that he was assisting at the fall of an angel.

"Will, I think you had better go away now," said Mary, "It would have been her wish."

"Oh no, don' g 'way Will," muttered Violet, with a smile that was seraphic. "Wha 'f I shd die so?"

But Mary motioned to him and he went, and almost immediately after Violet dropped off to sleep in Mary's arms.

It was perhaps two hours later when Mary called out that she was awake, and when Will came to her she was sitting up and looking about as if somewhat dazed. She saw him, vivid blushes overspread her face and she looked down.

"Are you all right?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes," she replied so low that he barely heard it, her face becoming crimson as she spoke.

"Do leave her alone," said Mary sharply.

The other members of the party coming up and making similar inquiries were snubbed by her in a yet more summary manner.

During the drive home she also saw to it that nobody bothered Violet with questions, nor would the shame-faced girl allow Will even once to catch her eye, and whenever he looked that way her cheek was dyed with such deep blushes, that at length out of mere commiseration he kept his eyes straight ahead. He managed however, surreptiously,

beneath the carriage blanket, to capture her hand, and a certain tremulous little pressure which responded to a certain big squeeze put him in the highest spirits for the rest of the drive.

Edward Bellamy.

MINISTERIAL BACKSHEESH.

Travelers in the Orient are familiar with the Arab practice of exacting and receiving *backsheesh.* Nominally a gratuity of money it is in reality a *quid pro quo.* Under a very thin veil of benevolence it is simply a price paid for a more or less substantial return. The traveler employs the Arab to render some service and on its completion pays the stipulated price; but the gratuitous backsheesh in addition is just as much expected as the price itself, and in reality forms a part of the price. The Arab would very likely decline the service if he knew there was to be no backsheesh, and the traveler pays it as a part of the necessary expense of his journey. Or, the recipient of the backsheesh may be a troublesome beggar who is thus paid to desist from further importunity. The most striking feature about this kind of gratuity is the entire absence of the gratuitous element.

It would, no doubt, be grossly unjust to say that all presents from parishioners to ministers were on the same level as the Oriental backsheesh. Many of us have received gifts from our parishioners which we knew to be pure tokens of friendship, nothing more nor less. And yet no intelligent observer can deny that in very many of the presents made to ministers the backsheesh element is painfully manifest.

The backsheesh element is often seen, for example, in the *publicity* which frequently accompanies ministerial present making. A present is chiefly valuable as an expression of good will from one individual or set of individuals to another. When this is the chief object in the mind of the giver, it is usually sought in the most direct and simple manner possible. Anything approaching ostentation in the manner of making the gift is almost sure to throw suspicion upon the motives of the giver. The left hand is not to know what the right hand doeth. This principle is well recognized in the ordinary gift-making of private life. And yet how often when the *minister* is made the recipient of a gift, is his home suddenly invaded by a crowd of frolicking parishioners calling themselves a "surprise party," whose good will for the minister seems to be overshadowed, to say the least, by their determination to have a jolly good time. Then comes the presentation speech, in which one of the party has an opportunity to display his eloquence, and, after the minister has responded, the company set themselves to work to recover in social enjoyment, so far as they can, the value of what they have subscribed to the minister's present. Nor are they satisfied with this, but take good care that the local or religious paper that represents them shall publish their generosity to the world, and give them due credit for the "elegant gold watch," or the "fine oil painting," or the "provisions for the larder," or the "generous roll of greenbacks," the exact amount of which to a dollar is frequently stated. A brother minister once told me, that on the morning after a donation party at his house, one of the donors returned and requested permission to take an inventory and make an appraisement of the articles donated, so that their value could be correctly stated.

All this ostentation and parade are certainly unnecessary for the proper expression of good will. They *seem* at least to give ground for the suspicion that the gift is not wholly gratuitous, but is made to a considerable extent for the purpose of receiving a pleasant evening's entertainment and the

gratification of personal or churchly pride. In so far as this is the case the gift assumes the character of the Oriental backsheesh.

Again the backsheesh element is seen in those cases in which presents are made to a minister to *make up deficiencies in his salary.* Sometimes the salary is made small intentionally with the understanding that the "gifts of the people," in provisions and other things, will bring it up to a comfortable living rate. In this case of course the gifts are no gifts at all; they are in reality a part of the salary on the promise of which the minister accepts his call. They can hardly claim to be any better than backsheesh. The gratuitous element is absent alike in both. Our fathers were more truthful and business-like in this particular, if we may judge from the contract made with an early New England minister which I have somewhere seen. It provided that the salary should be so many pounds sterling, so many barrels of potatoes, so many cords of wood etc. No attempt seems to have been made to call justice generosity.

But there are other and worse cases in which even the stipulated salary has fallen badly in arrears, or has proved entirely inadequate to the necessary expenses of living, and the shortage is made up by so-called gifts of money or other valuables. When the "generous roll of greenbacks" amounts to many hundred dollars, one cannot avoid the conviction that, for an expression of good-will solely, the amount is extravagantly large. Suspicion is apt to arise that it means something else than mere good will; and if the suspicion be true the generosity of the gift is the generosity of backsheesh.

Once more the backsheesh element is seen in the *excessive* present-making of which certain ministers are sometimes made the object. Well-meaning parishioners will sometimes deluge a popular pastor with their tokens of esteem until, if he be a man of sense, he will pray to be delivered from his friends. Such presents to ministers are usually prompted, not by a healthy feeling of personal regard, but by a sickly sentimentality of which the donors ought to be ashamed. The chief object of such presents is often to attract the attention of the minister to the donor. Sometimes one fears the present is a bribe to secure immunity from too faithful preaching or personal remonstrance on favorite sins. In all these cases it is a cunning investment of the backsheesh order.

It is not to be wondered at that the minister who has been long accustomed to receiving gifts in these various ways should develop a certain backsheesh element in his own character. Some ministers, not many let us hope, rather enjoy the coddling style of treatment. The more petting they can coax out of their parishioners the happier they are. They would rather take their whole salary in the form of backsheesh than as the payment of a just debt. Other ministers, not liking this style of treatment at first, submit to it as a sort of necessity, and insensibly lose their aversion for it. Thus we find a class of men in the ministry who are always on the lookout for gratuities of one kind and another. They seek "discounts" in every store, "passes" or "half-fares" on the railroads, free entertainment in the houses of unknown brethren when they travel, and all because they are "ministers." In short they are ministerial Bedouins in constant expectation of backsheesh.

The evil of all this is very plain. It degrades the character of both minister and people, and brings reproach upon the Christianity they represent. No minister can heartily respect himself or receive the respect of others, who is habitually petted like a dog or supported like a mendicant. No parishioners can honestly take to themselves credit for generosity, while paying just debts or seeking their own personal advantage. Christian people should be conspicuous for their fine sense of manliness and honor, and these qualities are inevitably lowered by ministerial backsheesh.

The remedy is in the hands of people and pastor alike. Let it be understood by all that while the minister is Christ's ambassador, and as such seeks souls rather than dollars, he is at the same time a human being, a member of human society, with human wants and human responsibilities.

Like all the laborers he is worthy of his hire. Like other friends, he is entitled to

receive at proper times and in a becoming manner testimonials of personal friendship in the form of presents. But if there is any member of the community whose presents ought always to rise above the level of the Oriental backsheesh, that one is certainly the Christian minister.

Horace Bumstead.

DOMINUS REGIT.

Sore with the burden of a sad world's woe,
My heart sometimes in tears doth overflow;
And griefs that love or skill may not allay
Brood o'er my soul, as clouds obscure the day.
Then, like a starbeam thro' a rift of night,
Shineth this word that puts all fear to flight;
"God rules. Shall not the Judge of earth do right?"

Oh, then my crushing burdens I resign
Into the hands of Him whose love divine,
Straight thro' the mists and damps of human woe,
Can send a healing beam of light to show
How present suffering, Sorrow's fleeting night,
But fits the soul for Heaven's unfading light.
In this God rules, and shall not He do right?

So, weary with my struggling and unrest,
I fold my tired hands upon my breast.
Not mine to question why these hearts must bleed—
Not mine to fathom all the piteous need.
Mine but to rest upon His tender might—
Mine but to trust His love, in Him delight,
Seeing He rules who surely will do right.

Mary E. C. Wyeth.

THE STILL HOUR.

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God!" When? In the better life to come, no doubt, but here also, and with a most satisfying vision. You are like one whom a kind and faithful guide is leading along a lonely and dangerous road through the darkness of the night. The form of your guide you can scarcely see, but his words of comfort and assurance are in your ears all the while; you trust him, for you know that he perfectly knows the way, and you commune with him as you go along. Now and then, as the clouds break and the stars shine out for a little, you think you can almost see his face. By and by the morning comes, and you see as you are seen and know as you are known. But the comfort, the joy, the assurance of his presence and his guidance you have had the whole night long; the daylight gives you a fuller revelation of that which you knew already.

We sometimes entertain angels unawares, and do not give them so good entertainment, perhaps, as we should if we were aware that they were angels. The divine visitant is not always recognized. Thoughts, inclinations, desires are awakened in our souls by the Holy Spirit, but we do not discern the source whence they come or the character that they wear. They have reference, probably, to common and homely things; they point out to us some near but neglected duty; they quicken within us a feeling of compassion or a purpose of helpfulness. It does not occur to us that God is likely to send us messages about such simple things, and we often put them aside, with but little ceremony, as mere impulses. We must not treat good impulses so rudely. They are the servants and messengers of God.

It must be owned that the patriarch Jacob was rather a shrewd sort of man—a little too shrewd, now and then, we are inclined to say. Especially does this quality appear to his disadvantage when he undertakes to drive a sharp bargain with Jehovah. On the morning after that wonderful vision of the ladder and the angels he "vowed a vow unto the Lord," saying, "If the Lord will be with me, and keep me in the way that I go and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on so that I come to my father's house in peace, *then* shall the Lord be my God." The fair inference is that if the Lord will not guide and feed and clothe Jacob, Jacob will not have the Lord to be his God. Moreover he seems to think that the Lord will not be gracious to him unless he has a fair bargain with him to that effect. Undoubtedly God is often good to people who have such low thoughts about him as Jacob had; he does not turn away even from those who chaffer with him as Jacob did, showing by all their prayers that they do not trust him at all. But such jealous bargainings with the Infinite Goodness are unworthy of those to whom he has shown Himself ever so dimly. Think of saying, "*If* the Lord will be good!" How can any worshiper insult Him with such a hypothesis?

Many disciples are inclined to think that the apostles, and those that companied with the Lord while he was here, *ought* to have been exceptional Christians; that we in these days, have no such reasons for faith and fidelity as they had. But what advantages had they that we have not? Simply this: they saw the body of Christ. Whatever aids to faith can come through the senses they had a little more fully than we have them. But it is not much, after all, of spiritual enriching that the senses can give us. Merely to behold the tabernacle of flesh in which the Son of God abode would profit us little. While "we have the mind of Christ" let us not go about deploring our misfortune in not being able to look upon his body.

There is a sufficient reason why Paul urges the Roman Christians to present their "*bodies*, holy, acceptable to God," as their "reasonable service." A consecration which does not include the body is an imperfect consecration. Many reasons why this must be so at once suggest themselves, of which one or two may be mentioned. It is true that God is a spirit, and that they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. It is also true that there is much religion which is only bodily exercise that profiteth little. Yet while a religion that is wholly spiritual may be better than one that is wholly physical and formal, a religion that begins in the inner life and working from within shapes the outer life and finds its clear expression there is far better than either. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father not only keeps us unspotted from the world, but it visits the fatherless and the widows in their affliction. It not only prays for them, it *visits* them. It sends the Christian to them in his own proper person to speak kind words to them and minister to their necessities. A religion which is

all spirit is not good for much in this world. We want a religion that finds expression in a cheery presence, a hearty word, a warm grasp of the hand;—nay we want a religion that knows how to express itself in bread and potatoes and shoes and coal; and this is a kind of religion for the propagation of which the body seems to be indispensable. There is a good deal of Christian work that cannot well be done without the assistance of the body. The public services of religion really seem to require as much as this. A congregation of disembodied spirits would not be very inspiring to the preacher. People talk about being present in spirit in the prayer meeting, but if everybody was present in that way there would be no prayer meeting. The same principle applies to our profession of faith in Christ. In our proper persons, in shapes that men can see, we are to stand up and avouch the Lord to be our God. If there is a visible church in the world the members of that church must make themselves visible. The nation cannot depend upon invisible voters or invisible soldiers; neither is the kingdom of God in this world very effectually served by invisible Christians. And therefore it is only reasonable that men should present themselves to God in their bodies. We have had too much of a religion which is pure abstraction; let us understand that though flesh and blood may not inherit the kingdom of God the kingdom of God does inherit flesh and blood; inhabits them, too; makes itself known through them, and can make itself visible in no other way.

A GOOD confession is a part of Christian duty. Not only obedience to the Lord but acknowledgment of him is demanded. It is a reasonable demand. The citizen who in times of rebellion is not ready and outspoken in the confession of his allegiance to his government justly earns the distrust of his neighbors, and strengthens by his silence the hands of the rebels. There is always need of a distinct expression of allegiance to God's government in this world; the times are always such as to call for it. As to the ways of making this confession—there are many of them; only this much is necessary, that no one who is the King's loyal subject leave himself in an equivocal position; that no man who means in his heart to be on the Lord's side, suffer himself, through his silence, to be counted on the other side.

THAT hymn which avers that "nothing either great or small remains for me to do," has undoubtedly done much mischief. There are many Christians whose fundamental idea of the religious life is expressed by it. To be trying all the while to make ourselves better, they say, is great folly. We have only to surrender ourselves to the Savior and be made better by Him. Now doubtless there are certain texts in the Bible which seem to convey this idea. But precisely what do they mean? There is no room here for an examination of them, but it may be safely said that they are simply intended to teach us that nothing needs to be done to secure the favor and love of God. To make Him ready and willing to forgive sin, or to befriend the sinner, nothing remains to do. But it is a great mistake to suppose that these texts imply entire passivity on the part of him who is saved. They mean nothing of the kind. All the moral energy that he possesses must be summoned into exercise. "Strive," is the Master's word, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." This truth ought to be very plain, but in fact it is one over which thousands of Christians are all the while stumbling.

IT is well to remember that an abstract Christianity is neither useful nor beautiful. The value of it is only seen when it becomes a habit of living. The most shapely and beautiful garment loses its symmetry and beauty when it is cast off and laid upon a couch or hung upon a peg. Let it be put on by its owner, and you at once perceive its comeliness. Something like this is true of the religion of Christ. It is not meant to be judged or criticised apart from the lives of men. But when the robe of Christ's righteousness is put on and worn its beauty is revealed to all beholders.

O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care;
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

O Master, let me walk with Thee
Before the taunting Pharisee;
Help me to bear the sting of spite,
The hate of men who hide Thy light,
The sore distrust of souls sincere
Who cannot read Thy judgments clear,
The dullness of the multitude
Who dimly guess that Thou art good.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the Future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LAISSEZ FAIRE IN A NEW FIELD.

It has heen proved hy a sufficient induction of facts that the economical rule of "Let aloue" is ofteutimes a hard rule to apply in industrial exchanges. As men now are, simple competition does not serve to distrihute with any fairness the gaius of production. There is need that the priuciple of good will be brought in to temper the severities which result from competitiou. *Laissez faire* must he supplemented, iu the business world, by the Christian rule of bearing one another's burdeus.

On the other hand the business of philauthropy often requires the application of this maxim. A very large class of those who appeal for the gifts of the charitable ought to be systematically and severely let alone. These are the people who are resolved not to work, and who fully iutend to eat—not their own bread, but their neighhor's. Some of them get a liviug by traveling, some of them get it by staying at home and sending their children with baskets to your back doors; many of them secure it by ways less overt but no less effective,—hy skillfully appealing to the sympathies of kind-hearted people. Now here is an excellent opening for the doctrine of *Laissez faire*. These are the people to he judicially and vigorously let alone.

"But they are suffering," one says. Very good. That is just as it should be. Let them suffer. Let them alone. "But they will starve," persists another. Well, that is the natural consequence of idleness. That is the divine law. "If any man will not work neither shall he eat." They will not work. Why should they not starve? *Laissez faire!*

Of course there are qualifications to be made just here. Those who have been idle and improvident may sometimes be relieved of the suffering they have brought upon themselves if there be a hope of inspiring them with the purpose of self-help. The law that inflicts suffering as the consequence of indolence or improvidence is a good and wholesome law, and we have no business to repeal it. It must he made plain to all who are inclined to mendicancy that the ways of idleness are ways of suffering. When we by our charities cast doubt upon the universality of this law we do mischief. Yet it may sometimes be wise to interpose and save men from its retrihutions. If permanent henefit to their characters can fairly be hoped for as the result of such interposition then we may interpose. It is lawful to save them from suffering, if at the same time we can save them from the siu which is the cause of their sufferiug. But unless this result be clearly iudicated it is better that we should refuse to protect them from the retributions of the good law they have violated.

In much of our charitable work this good and wholesome law of self-help has been too little respected. The crude idea of mauy almsgivers is that it is their business, just so far as they have the power, to relieve all suffering, no matter what its cause may be, and uo matter what the effects of such relief may be upou the sufferers themselves or upon the community. Probably these good people take for literal rules of conduct some of those hyperbolical maxims of our Lord by which he sought to break the neck of Pharisaic hardness and exclusiveuess. "Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." When that is followed as a literal rule it soon reduces itself to absurdity, and some of this absurdity gets incorporated into the charitable gifts of many well-meaning Christians.

Perhaps too they remember the secoud great commandment of the law, andrea son about it on this wise: "I am bidden to love my neighbor as myself. But I do not like to suffer, therefore I ought to relieve the suffering of my neighbor." But this command will bear analyzing. I must, iudeed, love my neighbor as myself. But how well do I love myself? I love myself too much to suffer myself to become a mendicant. I love myself so well that I would rather live on the merest pittance that I earned by my owu labor thau to live in luxury as a dependent ou the earnings or savings of those upon whom I have no claim. I *ought* to love myself as well as that, aud I ought to love my neighbor as myself; aud as I will not myself hecome a pauper while I have the strength and the opportunity to work, so I will in no way encourage or abet him in becoming a pauper. My manhood is worth more to me than anything else in the world, and his is worth as much to him as mine is to me. I will do everything that I can, therefore, to invigorate my hrother's manhood; and will choose suffering for him as I would for myself, rather than permit it to be undermined.

Following this rule it often hecomes the plainest duty to stand hack and let the retributions of natural law fall upon those who persist in dis

obeying the law. Doubtless there is sometimes need of patience in dealing with those who have fallen or who are falling into habits of dependence. They need to be instructed in the obligations of self-support and the limitations of charity. They need to have their self-respect stimulated by judicious and pungent appeals. But when they show themselves bent on pauperism the best medicine for them is a vigorous letting alone.

THE WAGES OF PHILANTHROPY.

There is good authority for saying that the laborer who spends his strength in philanthropic work is worthy of his hire. The man who promotes the mental or spiritual welfare of his fellow-men does them a real service; while he is doing it he must subsist; and his subsistence may properly be provided for by those whom he is serving. It is sometimes evident that this kind of service results indirectly in promoting the material welfare of men, and then it is generally easy to get them to pay for it. If you can make a property holder see that the maintenance of a church or a mission will have the tendency to increase the value of his real estate, a good and sufficient reason for maintaining the church or the mission will be at once suggested to his mind. But there are many kinds of philanthropic and Christian work whose immediate material rewards are not so evident, and the support of those who are engaged in these kinds of work becomes a difficult and delicate problem.

The ideal philanthropist is the man who possesses by inheritance, or by honest accumulation, or by regular earnings aside from his charitable work, an income sufficient to enable him to prosecute his labors of love without being a charge upon anybody. A man who is able to do his neighbors good without taking anything from them in return has an immense advantage in dealing with them. The suspicion of mercinariness cannot attach to him, and he is delivered from the temptation of conciliating his beneficiaries by suppressing or distorting the truth.

But the number of those who are at once financially independent and ready to devote their lives to philanthropic work is not large; and most of those who are engaged in work of this kind are obliged to find their livelihood in it, if not by it. Ministers of the gospel generally belong to this class. The church of Christ is a philanthropic organization, and the minister is the servant of the church in doing its work of benevolence. And according to Paul's maxim that "they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel," most ministers, in this country, at least, depend upon the voluntary gifts of the people whom they serve for their support. This relation is one of great delicacy. The philanthropic character of his work makes it difficult for the conscientious minister to regard the matter of his salary as a purely business matter; and, on the other hand, the habit of regarding his support as a gratuity puts him in the position of a mendicant—a character which it is not good for him to assume, nor for the church to impute to him. One does not wish to lose the consciousness that his labor is one of love; neither does he wish to part with a sense of manly independence; and it is sometimes hard to hold fast to both these assurances at the same time.

It seems to be best, on the whole, for the minister to have a definite business contract with his congregation. Paul's maxim must be assumed, and there must be a distinct understanding between the pastor and his church that his support is not a gratuity, but a fair equivalent for services rendered. A livelihood he certainly has a right to claim of the people to whom he devotes the strength of his life.

The permanent relation of a minister and his church allows of a definite financial agreement between the parties; and although, as we have seen, it is sometimes difficult to harmonize the conflicting motives of self-respect and self-denial, yet, ordinarily, the adjustment is made in such a way that the minister's character is not hurt nor his reputation damaged by his financial transactions with his people. There is, however, a large class of philanthropic workers, of one sort and another, who live by their labors, and whose pecuniary affairs do frequently give rise to suspicion and scandal. Many of those who covet the reputation of great philanthropists or eminent Christians come to be regarded as sordid and selfish men who make a trade of philanthropy, and only follow it because it is more profitable than any other business open to them. Sometimes, no doubt, this suspicion is altogether unjust, but not infrequently there is too much ground for it. The conduct of the evangelists, and "finangelists" and temperance reformers is not always such as to protect them against such suspicion.

The demands of these laborers are sometimes exorbitant. The money value that they place upon their services badly dulls the edge of their philanthropy.

Sometimes there is a degree of secrecy and concealment that is not reassuring. It seems to be the design to convey to the world the impression that all is done without thought or hope of recompense; but the local committee is given quite another view of the matter. Any false pretenses in a transaction of this nature will prove extremely injurious.

It is very unfortunate that skepticism should arise respecting the purity of the motives of those who go about doing good. Above all men they ought to guard their conduct against the charge

of mercinariness. And there are one or two plain principles of morality which they and those who employ them would do well to bear in mind.

The first is that laborers of this class ought to be satisfied with a moderate compensation. They are entitled to support, but they will be vastly more successful in the long run if it shall appear that they are resolutely refusing to take advantage of the opportunities of enriching themselves which their personal popularity affords them. Moreover they ought to live plainly and humbly while they are engaged in this work. If the hospitality of a mansion or of a first-class hotel is offered them, they are not, of course, to be debarred from accepting it; but if they provide their own entertainment it ought to be modest and inexpensive. It must be remembered, of course, that these people can work only a part of the year, and that they must live while they are not at work; and the compensation which they receive for a week's or a month's services should be fixed with this fact in mind. They ought to work as steadily as health will permit; and they ought to receive for the work that they do enough to maintain them respectably while they are resting. But it is not becoming in those whose profession is benevolence to live luxuriously, or to make haste to be rich.

The second principle is that the financial arrangements of such persons with the committees that employ them had better be conducted with perfect frankness. If the laborer is worthy of his wages, then let him not be ashamed to state openly what wages he expects; let them be provided in a business-like way, and let there be no secrecy about it.

The financial operations of persons of this class are frequently attended with a great deal of cant and affectation and pretense by which intelligent persons are disgusted, the influence of these philanthropists is lessened, and the causes that they represent are damaged. Debts that cannot be paid without hypocrisy had better go unpaid; reforms that cannot be prosecuted without humbuggery may as well wait awhile; a philanthropy or a Christianity that is sordid or greedy or tricky is not worth propagating.

MAKING A BABY OF HIM.

We have read a bright little book for children entitled "How They Made a Man of Him." It is the story of four or five little girls, who, prompted by the missionary spirit, saved a boy of their acquaintance by believing in him, and standing up for him, and strengthening in every way his self-respect.

There is need that somebody should write a book for grown folks entitled "How They Are Making a Baby of Him." That is a business in which a great many excellent people are busily employed. The man of whom they are making a baby is the man who has fallen into vice, and who has either reformed or has shown a desire to reform. Him these good people are diligently telling that he has no mind of his own, no will of his own, no power to turn from his evil ways; that he is in helpless subjection to his appetites; that if temptation overtakes him he is likely to fall; that he can only be saved by being taken up and carried bodily along the way of integrity, and protected from every evil influence. If this is not said in so many words, the sum of what he hears in many of the places where men and women meet to consult about his welfare is calculated to make some such impression upon his mind. The powerlessness of a man who has formed an evil habit to relinquish it; his blamelessness in falling into temptation if he can find anywhere a temptation to fall into—this is the substance of the talk which he commonly hears if he chance to turn aside from his evil courses to listen to the words of those who are trying to save him.

Such doctrine as this is, of course, quite welcome to the devotee of vice. He always tries to make himself feel that he cannot help it; that he is the victim partly of appetite, partly of external circumstance. He is glad to be confirmed in this view of his own case. If, then, he does reform, no matter what his present purposes for the future may be, he always bears in mind the assurance that if he *should* fall again he would be blameless. He would be very unfortunate, no doubt, and his friends would pity him, and he would pity himself; but they would not censure him, and he would not censure himself. If temptation should be kept wholly out of his way he would be sure not to fall; if it is not kept out of his way very likely he will fall.

When a man is brought to regard himself in this way, the prospect of saving him is poor. When he comes to abdicate his own manhood; to confess to himself that he is destitute of the power of choice; to stand outside of himself, and look down on himself, and pity himself, and wonder which way the tides of circumstance and propensity are going to drift him, the business of making a baby of him is pretty effectualy done. And we cannot help feeling that one reason why so many men who have tried to reform have turned back to their old ways is found in the unfortunate doctrine that they have been taught concerning their own moral imbecility.

Undoubtedly the wills of men do become weakened by vice. But a will that has become weak is only strengthened by using it, and you do not encourage a man to use his will by telling him that he has no will to use. Everything ought to be done that can be done to strengthen his self-respect and his sense of manliness. He must be made to feel that he is not simply a helpless passenger drifting upon currents that he can neither

stem nor cross, but that he is on deck, and that his hand is on the helm, and that it is for him to choose which way he will go. Undoubtedly he will need the divine help after he has made his choice; but the divine help comes in, not as a substitute for his choice, but to supplement his power. And we have a perfect right to say to the most degraded man that if he will only use what manhood he has left, God will help him to overcome temptation, and that he need never go back to his evil ways.

Of course there is need, also, that such men should be surrounded with good influences, and shielded from temptation as far as this can be done; but it is quite impossible wholly to guard men against temptation; and a method which relies mainly upon this must always fail. A vast amount of labor that has gone to the building of defenses to keep temptation away from men might better have been employed in strengthening the manhood of men to meet temptation. Both kinds of work must be done; but we think that the right proportion has often been missed; and that the effect of much of the current teaching has been to debilitate rather than to invigorate the moral energies of the fallen.

Of course this has been done with the purest intent, by men and women who have proved their sincerity by arduous labors and painful sacrifices; by men and women whose earnestness and purity have won our heartiest applause. Their only fault is the exaggeration of an important truth. Fallen men *are* weak, and ought to be considerately dealt with; but you can overstate that truth in such a way as to do them great injury. That error must if possible be avoided. They must be taught that they have moral power, and that they are responsible for the right use of what they have, and that God's grace is waiting to make up all their deficiences. They must be taught that a return to the ways of vice is not only unfortunate but wicked; that the man who has resisted temptation for five years, or one year, or one month has proved himself to have the power to resist it for a longer period, and that therefore his fall is a sign of guilt as well as weakness. And instead of the gospel of imbecility, they must hear every day the stirring call of the prophet of the Lord, "Show yourselves men!"

THE SALVATION OF THE HEATHEN.

Some anxious souls are greatly distressed over the uncertainty whether any heathen can be saved. The Westminster Confession flatly asserts that none of them can be. "Much less can men, not professing the Christian religion, be saved in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature, and the law of that religion they do profess; and to assert and maintain that they may be is very pernicious and to be detested." But most of those who adhere to this Confession "for substance of doctrine" are now pretty sure that the Westminster divines were in this matter wise above what is written; and that Peter was a good deal nearer right when he said, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted of him."

It is to be hoped, at any rate, that this is true; for otherwise it will go hard with some of the members of our churches. If none but Christians are saved, some of these will have a sorry reckoning. We do not now refer to those professors of religion who are living immoral or irreligious lives. For there are some members of our Orthodox churches whose conduct is exemplary, and who are, in a certain way, deeply religious people, but who have no right whatever to the Christian name. The God whom they worship is not the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Gospel of which they speak is not the "good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." Their God is a stern, stark, inflexible, relentless Force. Their gospel is a prearranged concatenation of interworking forces issuing from this great central Force. The Being that they worship is a Being that no man can trust or love, any more than he can trust a shark or love a hurricane.

Of course these good people never have any confidence concerning their own future. They sometimes "hope" that it may be well with them after they die, but they are often in despair about themselves. Conversations with such persons of some such tenor as this have often been heard:

"You know that you want to be a Christian?"

"I do; more than anything else."

"You have done, so far as you knew, all that you could to become a Christian, have you not?"

"I believe that I have."

"Yet you cannot be sure that God accepts you, when you come to him in this way?"

"No; I have no confidence. I hope that he will; but I do not feel sure."

More than one aged disciple, who has been trying for many years faithfully to serve his God, who has prayed continually, and lived uprightly, stands now upon the borders of the grave, and feels that there is serious reason for doubt whether his God will not consign him to everlasting woe. He knows that he desires above all things to be a devout and faithful man, but he does not feel at all sure that what he calls the "justice" of his God will not send him with this desire in his heart to feed the flames of an eternal hell. It is useless to deny the existence of these dismal beliefs; we ourselves have heard

these very things said by half a dozen different persons within six months.

Now it is a great misuse of language to call such persous as these Christians. The religion that they hold is not the religion that Christ taught. The God to whom they pray is not our Heavenly Father. The ideas of salvation that they receive are not Christian ideas. And there is absolutely no such thing in their religious experience as a hearty and genuine faith in God. There cannot be. Such a God as theirs cannot be trusted.

Nevertheless, these persons are hardly to blame for being in this condition. The theory of God and of religion which they hold has been drilled into them from the earliest moment of their intelligence, and they have been taught that to doubt its entire truth is the gravest sin. They have held it so long that it has become for them a mental and moral impossibility to change it. Yet they have been faithfully trying all the while to live good aud true lives. Their religion has uot giveu them any comfort, but they have recoguized the law of right, and have striven to obey it. And although they are not Christiaus, although they are as truly heathens as if they had been born in China or Hindostan, yet because they have been "diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature and the law of that religion they do profess," which is *not* Christianity, there can be no doubt, we think, that they will find themselves included, along with the upright and faithful heathen, in the Infinite Compassion. At any rate we hope so. We have a great deal more hope for them than they have for themselves or for the rest of the heathen. But it is a great pity that these good people are not Christians.

LITERATURE.

Mr. Cook's "Conscience"[1] has all the strength and all the weakness of his previous volumes. We find here a rhetoric that is sometimes felicitous and forcible, and sometimes grotesque and monstrous; a logic that frequently disentangles difficult subjects of thought and often descends to the vices of the ancient scholasticism; a philosophy which not seldom drops its plummet into the depths of human life and thought, and then suddenly goes flying over the moon. Mr. Cook's theory of Conscience seems to us on the whole sound, and his treatment will undoubtedly help to clear up a subject that in the popular mind has been greatly confused. Conscience iu his theory gives us the knowledge that there is a distinction between right and wrong, and the feeling that we ought to do the right and shun the wrong; but it does not tell us what particular acts are right or wrong. It is the judgment which decides upon the character of particular acts. The first chapter of the book in which the nature of conscience is discussed, and several of the succeeding chapters in which the testimony of conscience to persouality in man and in God is examined, contain many instructive and inspiring passages. Of the two ehapters entitled, respectively, "Solar Self-Culture" and "The Physical Tangibleness of the Moral Law" it is, perhaps, sufficient to repeat what has been said by Professor Bowen of Howard University, Mr. Cook's old preceptor, whose friendship for his pupil gives great weight to his words—that the speculations contained in them are simply "fantastic." Philosophy gets no credit from such acrobatics as these, she gets only contempt; and there is too much reason to fear that Christianity will suffer quite as much from the absurdities that are thus perpetrated in her defence, as she will gain by the true and strong words that are said in her honor.

Among recent religious works is a volume of *Discussions in Church Polity* (Charles Scribner's Sons) selected from the contributions of the late Dr. Hodge from the Princeton Review by the Rev. William Durant. One who wishes to get a full knowledge of the government of the Presbyterian Church and of the arguments by which it is defended, would do well to possess this stately octavo, which, with its careful table of conteuts and its elaborate index will assist him greatly in his study. Dr. Hodge was a stanch Presbyterian; he loved to exalt the sect of his choice above all the other sects, whose pretensions he found it easy to answer. But he was much more liberal in some matters than many persons of a less rigid theology; his views of the conditions of church membership, for example, may well be commended to the consideration of some who count themselves much more "advanced:" "Nothing can be plainer than that our church requires nothing more than credible evidence of Christian character as the condition of Christian

[1] Conscience with Preludes. By Joseph Cook. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

communion. Of that evidence the church officers are to judge. *Not one word is said of the adoption of the Confession of Faith* or of anything but the evidence of piety." (p. 220.) We could wish that a little of the enlightened wisdom of Dr. Hodge in regard to this matter could be got into the heads of some of his brethren in other sects. . . . . A volume of *Sermons Preached in the Church of the First Religious Society at Roxbury* by George Putnam, D. D., for many years minister of the society, (Houghton, Osgood & Co.) is a precious memorial of the life and work of a good man. Some of these sermons present the peculiar theology of the Unitarians, not however in a belligerent way; but most of them are utterances of a ripe Christian wisdom that no disciple can read without profit. . . . *The Great Slighted Fortune*, by J. D. Bell (New York: T. Y. Crowell,) is an earnest plea for personal culture. The stand-point of the writer is that of Evangelical Christianity and his aim is an excellent one, though his method is diffusive and his style effusive. We should say that he had been sitting at the feet of Joseph Cook rather more than was good for him. But, these extravagances and redundancies apart, the book represents an honest effort to do good; and what we have regarded as its faults will be counted by many good people as among its shining merits. . . . The fourth volume of "The Swedenborg Library," edited by B. F. Barrett, is the discourse of *Divine Providence and its Laws*, (Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.) Mr. Barrett has judiciously abridged and condensed this remarkable discourse, which must be ranked among the most suggestive and valuable of the writings of the great Swedish teacher. . . . . Dr. Marvin R. Vincent of New York has a good fame as a preacher, and his *Gates into the Psalm-Country* (Charles Scribner's Sons) shows that this reputation rests on conscientious and careful work. These discourses upon the Psalms are not remarkable for originality or power, but they are thoughtful and devout; the titles of the several discourses are apt and poetic, and there is much of sweet and nutritious meditation upon these fair pages.

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder is one of our younger writers to whom the title of poet by good right belongs. This new collection[1] of his verses, to which by a curious inversion the last instead of the first poem gives the title, confirms the promise of "The New Day," and shows us that the author is devoting himself to his art with fidelity and ardor. There is not a careless line among these verses; the music is sweet, the sense of natural beauty quick and keen, and the sentiment pure. We shall not look in Mr. Gilder's work for any lyrics of masterful strength—though even here he may disappoint us—but we shall expect from him many songs that will give us pleasure and do us good.

[1] The Poet and His Master, and Other Poems. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Among recent novels, *Madeleine* (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) which is translated from the French of Jules Sandeau, is said to be "a story of French love." In what respects French love differs from English love we do not know; but the sentiment of this book is very pure and genuine; if this is a fair sample of French love France is the best country under the heaven. The story is somewhat romantic, but in no wise sensational, and its lesson is a noble one. The French Academy honored themselves in crowning it. The translation, by Francis Charlot, is cleverly done, but such a blunder of proof-reading as that in the last paragraph is hardly excusable: "It is not I that you should thank." . . . . Our excellent friends of the "Ten Times One" Series, with whom the readers of Sunday Afternoon are well acquainted, are introduced to the rest of the world in a volume entitled *Mrs. Merriam's Scholars*. (Roberts Brothers) Mrs. Merriam is better known in this neighborhood as "Aunt Huldah. The story, as those who have kept up with its serial publication have easily guessed, is not altogether fictitious. Mr. Hale says in his preface: "It would be idle for me to bring forward the achievements of Rachel Fredet, by way of encouraging others, unless they are possible or probable. I have saved myself from difficulty here by narrating nothing of importance in her life which has not been done under similar circumstances by ladies well known to me. In the business of the care of the Topin family, indeed, I have felt obliged to tone down the true picture and to omit repulsive detail as I know it to have taken place; so far from exaggerating the story I have understated the duty which was done by the friend from whose experience I have taken the suggestion of the incident." We trust that the lesson of courage and devotion that the story teaches will be learned by many who have not read it in Sunday Afternoon. . . . In *The Bohemian* (Charles Scribner's Sons) Mr. Charles DeKay has introduced to us a number of exceedingly disagreeable people. This statement needs perhaps to be qualified by a question whether some of them can be called people—whether the likeness of some of them was ever seen upon earth. Mr. Harpalion Bagger is, of course, a caricature; and if it be true that a company of literary people can be got together in the city of New York to pay to the caricature of a man such homage as was paid by the Expressionists to Mr. Bagger, we are sorry to know it. His whole sketch of the Bohemian club seems therefore to be a caricature, yet the only person of the story for whom we are expected to entertain any re-

spect is an enthusiastic member of this preposterous company. Some parts of the book seem to be meant for realism and some parts for exaggeration, but the line that divides the two elements is not distinctly indicated. Miss Adelaide Bryce, the heroine, is not an impossible though she is a thoroughly contemptible character, and there is nothing in the book which does not encourage the belief that the world is hollow, and that sawdust lurks under the most polished exteriors. Nevertheless there is here and there considerable cleverness of delineation, and it is evident that if Mr. DeKay would only revise his views of life and his notions as to what things are worth reporting he might write something worth reading.

THE two volumes of "Poems of Places"[1] which will have most value for many of our readers,—those relating to New England—have been issued, and it is good to note how many places in Yankeeland have been the subject or the inspiration of verse. No less than one hundred and sixteen localities are here celebrated; and a just local pride should assure the sale of a good edition of these neat volumes. Some of the poems that have no local color are located by Mr. Longfellow; and we learn, with interest, that "The Old Clock on the Stairs" was at Pittsfield, and a "Gleam of Sunshine" at Brookline, and "The Village Blacksmith" at Cambridge, and Mr. Bryant's "Green River" at Great Barrington instead of Williamstown, and Miss Larcom's "Hannah Binding Shoes" at Beverly; and Mr. Longfellow's "My Lost Youth" at Portland, and Mr. Woodworth's "The Old Oaken Bucket" at Scituate, and "The Fire of Driftwood" at Devereux Farm, Marblehead.

THE title poem of Mrs. Zadel Barnes Gustafson's collection (*Meg: a Pastoral and other Poems.* Roberts Brothers.) is a simple love-story told in artless and well-tuned verse. The writer has a strong love of natural beauty, and a deep and genuine human sentiment, and her gifts of poetic expression are not mean. There is, however, an occasional rough line that shows haste or carelessness and that mars the effect of her work. The frequent changes of form in the same poem are not always pleasing; sometimes with no note of warning the verse skips from trochees to anapests and back again. These faults of structure can be easily corrected; and Mrs. Gustafson has so much natural aptitude for this kind of work that she ought to give much more care to the perfection of her art. Some of these verses as "Little Martin Craghan," "The Factory Boy," and "The Nemesis of Luxury" are passionate pleas for the working classes; and many of the others are full of the love of human kind. "Flower of May?" is a pretty piece of fancy, and "Maud's Answer" is one of the sweetest love songs that we have read for many a day. . . . . *Nadeschda, a Poem in Nine Cantos*, by the famous Finnish poet, Johan Ludwig Runeberg, has been translated from the Swedish by Marie A. Brown. The translator is also the publisher. (Boston: Post Office Box 900.) It is a romantic tale of the time of the Empress Katharine, and celebrates the fortunes of a serf-girl of Finland, for whom two princely brothers contended, and who, having been espoused by one of them and then torn from him by the jealousy of the other and the pride of their mother, was at length restored to her husband and introduced with him to court through the favor of Katharine. The translation, in various unrhymed meters, possesses a degree of spirit, and gives some hint of the genius of Runeberg; but it is often clumsy and prosaic, and does not, probably, fairly represent the patriotic Finnish poet to English readers. . . . *The Voice of a Shell* by O. C. Auringer (New York: Authors' Publishing Company) contains a collection of verses, chief among which is "a Panorama" entitled "Tempest and Destiny." Mr. Auringer is greatly impressed by the sea, with which most of his verses connect themselves in one way or another; and he contrives to let us see that he is so impressed, but he does not succeed in conveying this impression to his readers. He has considerable talent for verse-making, and in his views of life (but not in his powers of expression) he somewhat resembles Lord Byron. It would be well if the Authors' Publishing Company, by which this volume is issued, would admit to its membership one or two competent proof-readers. . . . Another collection of devotional poems entitled *The Blessed Life*, (Roberts Brothers) has been collected by the editor of "Quiet Hours" and "Sursum Corda." These poems are mostly old favorites, selected from the hymn books,—Watts, the Wesleys, Doddridge and Montgomery furnishing the larger number of them. The little book will be a convenient manual of devotion for the sick room. . . . Another compilation, of the same character, is *Heavenly Dawn*, by Margaret H. Morris. (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.) A few original pieces, are, however, combined with the selections in this volume. These original contributions are not in any way remarkable, and the selections are not all of high quality, though there is here and there a poem from an "unknown" writer that is worth preserving within covers. The frequent schoolgirlish resort to italics is a blemish upon the typograpical appearance of the book.

DR. CHARLES S. ROBINSON'S "Songs of the Sanctuary" has undoubtedly been the most pop-

[1] Poems of Places. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. America. New England. Vol. I, II. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

ular Hymnal ever published in this country. Having nobody else to excel the Doctor has now undertaken fo excel himself, in the publication of a new hymn and tuue book.[1] In some respects this collection is better than its predecessor. Though it contains more than a thousand hymns and the type is fair and large, it is so neatly and compactly priuted that it is much smaller than "Songs of the Sanctuary" and therefore not only less cumbrous, but a good deal cheaper. It is also more popular than the other book, haviug more of the easy aud familiar melodies. Quite a number of the "Gospel Hymns," so called, are included,—some of the cheapest and least durable of them we are sorry to say. The two on pages 156 and 157 might both have been omitted without loss, and one of them ought to have been, since one is a simple repetition of the other—a palpable case of plagiarism. Mr. Sankey's "Ninety and Nine" was also au extremely thin piece of music at first and it has been worn to shreds; we ean hardly imagine that anybody could ever wish to sing it again. But most of the selections from this class of hymns and tunes are judiciously made, and this feature of the book will add to its popularity. The hymns generally are well chosen and judiciously arranged, and the tunes are singable. The congregation that has the "Songs of the Sanctuary" will not wish this book, since a large share of its hymns and tunes are found in that larger work; but any congregation that does not possess that, and that is meditating a change would do well to examine this neat, cheap, handsome and sensible Hymnal.

Not an elegant, but a readable and serviceable book is *The Avon Edition*, of the Works of Shakespeare (Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger). The type is fair and large, and the pictures, though rather coarsely engraved, help to illustrate the text. The readings of Messrs. W. G. Clark and W. A. Wright have been followed, and the sketch of Shakespeare's life, contributed by the late Professor John S. Hart, is a very good one. The plots of all the plays are well outlined and there is a glossarial index, an alphabetical index of the characters in the plays and an index of familiar passages. Altogether The Avon Shakespeare, while somewhat cumbrous, will be a handy volume for amateur Shakespeareans.

Here are two books; one is named *Just How* and the other might well be. The first, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, is "A Key to the Cook Books" (Houghton, Osgood & Co.). It gives in the plainest language the most minute directions in the culinary art, supplying all the information which the ordinary recipes are careful to omit, and making it easy for any young woman of ordinary common sense to learn with patience and practice the fine art of cookery. . . . . The other book is *A Hand Book of Nursing* (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) It has been prepared for family and general use and is published under the direction of the Connecticut Training School for Nurses at the State Hospital in New Haven. Nothing could be more explicit or judicious than this manual; it gives the most careful and elaborate directions concerning the conduct of the nurse and the methods to be used in the care of the sick; explaining how to arrange and ventilate the room, how to prepare disinfectants and deodorizers, how to prepare and serve the patient's food, how to change his clothes and the bed clothing, how to use various appliances, and to make certain applications to the person, and pretty nearly everything else that a competent nurse needs to know. The book contains also many valuable suggestions concerning the care of sick children and the management of some special medical cases, with a valuable chapter on "Emergencies." The last part of it is devoted to the subject of "Monthly Nursing," in which the counsels are minute and extremely serviceable. It would be well, however, if the two portions of the volume could be bound separately, inasmuch as the first part of it could be wisely placed in the hands of many to whom the second part would not be useful. Few professional nurses are so well-instructed that they could not learn many important lessons from this excellent manual, and the wisest among us will consider it no less indispensable in every well-ordered household than the Bible or the Dictionary.

Doctor Holbrook has given us a sensible treatise[1] on an important subject. However it may be about brains, many people in these days have nerves, and find it difficult to manage them. The causes of nervous exhaustion, and the best methods of preventing as well as curing nervous difficulties are well set forth in this little book. An interesting and somewhat instructive portion of the volume is the last half of it, which contains twenty-eight original letters from persons more or less famous, giving some information concerning their "physical and intellectual habits." The experiences of these individuals often flatly contradict one another, and one would have a sorry time in trying to follow all their maxims; but it may be that by some sort of mental alligation their discrepancies can be compounded into a harmonious result.

[1] A Selection of Spiritual Songs, with Music, for the Church and the Choir. By Charles S. Robinson. New York: Scribner & Co.

[1] Hygiene of the Brain and Nerves, and the Cure of Nervousness. By M. L. Holbrook, M. D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. III.——APRIL, 1879.——No. XVI.

MY CUP RUNNETH OVER.

Wherefore drink with me, friends! It is no draught
  Of red intoxication; at its brim
No vine-wreathed head of Bacchus ever laughed—
  This pilgrim-cup of mine, now worn and dim
  With time's rough usage: no bright bubbles swim,
Or foam-beads sparkle over.—Have ye quaffed
The waters clear that through green pastures glide,
  Where they who love the Shepherd follow Him?
Brimmed with His peace, my soul is satisfied;
  Cooled are my feverish fancies, calmed the stir
  Of dreams whose end was only bitterness.
  Healed at this fount our inmost ail would be,
  Did we but health above disease prefer.
  My cup is filled at wells whose blessedness
  A world's thirst cannot drain. Friends, drink with me!

Lucy Larcom.

THE MORMONS.

I.

ORIGIN OF THE MORMONS. THEIR OWN ACCOUNT.

One Joseph Smith, Jr., in 1820 had a revelation, as he was in a solitary place, that his sins were forgiven him. Two glorious messengers appeared and announced to him that all denominations of professing Christians were holding erroneous doctrines and that God had acknowledged none of them as His "Church and Kingdom." Smith was promised that the true doctrine should in due time be revealed to him. But Joseph "fell away" and not until 1823 did he have any further communication from heaven. In September of that year an angel, Maroni by name, announced by authority that Joseph Smith, Jr., was chosen to introduce a new dispensation, that the American Indians were a remnant of the Israelites who in early ages emigrated to this country and had their prophets and inspired writings, that such of those writings as had not been in various ways destroyed were deposited in a certain hill

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near Manchester, N. Y., that they contained revelations concerning the last days of the world, and that, if faithful, he should have wisdom to bring forth to men these hidden and hitherto unknown truths. On a second visit the angel told Joseph where the writings were to be found and ordered him to go and look at them. He went to the hill called Cumorah, near Palmyra and Manchester, N. Y., dug down, and found a water-tight stone box and certain engraved plates containing the writings. But for some reason it seems that Joseph was not permitted then to possess these buried treasures. It was four years after this and after several meetings with the angel that he came into possession of the plates. Orson Pratt, the greatest Mormon preacher, describes them thus: "The plates appeared to be gold. Each was 7 by 8 inches in size, and thick as common tin. They were fastened like the leaves of a book and were filled on both sides with Egyptian characters. The volume was six inches thick. A part of it was sealed. A curious instrument was found with it, called by the ancients Urim and Thummim. It was two transparent stones set in the rims of a bow. By this he received revelation of things distant, both past and future." Mr. Pratt further says: "The news spread. Rumors also, false and slanderous, were repeated. Joseph left the region for Pennsylvania to save his life and the treasures. In a bag of beans he hid the plates and thus conveyed them in safety to the house of his father-in-law. Here he translated the records. He sat behind a screen with the two stones in his hat and read off the sentences which one Oliver Cowdrey wrote down, and thus we came to have our "Golden Bible." Translation was a work of nearly three years. In 1829 John the Baptist laid hands on Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdrey, ordaining them into the Aaronic ministry, and commanded them to baptize each other. They obeyed. They were at the same time told that they should soon be inducted into the Melchisidec priesthood. The translated book was printed in 1830. It made a volume of about three hundred pages. To it was appended a statement signed by Oliver Cowdrey, Martin Harris, the man who furnished money to pay for the printing, and one Whitmer. These three persons are called by the Mormons "The Three Witnesses." They said, "We declare with words of soberness that an angel of God came down from Heaven and he brought and laid before our eyes a book, that we saw and beheld the plates and the engravings thereon." This Mormon Bible consists of sixteen books by different authors, prophets at successive periods. From one of these prophets, Mormon by name, the book is named. It is verbose in style. It abounds in passages of Scripture, there being more than three hundred quotations from our Bible. It dates from 600 B. C. The story begins with Nephi the son of Lehi. He and his family came to America. He had four sons, Laman, Lemuel, Samuel and Nephi. There was a rebellion against Nephi whom the Lord had appointed to rule. The rebels, the families of Laman and Lemuel, were cursed and condemned "to have dark skins and to become an idle people full of subtlety and mischief, and did seek in the wilderness for beasts of prey." Hence the Indians are called to-day by Mormons, "Lamanites." The books are largely filled by the narration of wars between the Nephites and Lamanites. In the days of Nephi II. a terrible earthquake announced the crucifixion of Christ at Jerusalem, and three days afterward the Lord himself came from heaven into the chief city of the Nephites, where he remained forty days, showing his wounds, instructing the people and instituting Christian churches. The wars with the Lamanites however devastated the land; the Christians made a final fight on the hill Cumorah where two hundred and thirty thousand of them were slain. Moroni, the son of Mormon, wandered a fugitive till 420, sealed up the plates on which this history was written and buried them where Joseph Smith by revelation found them.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY.

The real author of this book of Mormon was Rev. Solomon Spaulding, a graduate of Dartmouth College in 1785. His health

failing he engaged in business, and in 1809 was living at Conneaut, O., where there are numerous Indian mounds. He then wrote a romance, setting forth the not new theory that the North American Indians were representatives of the lost tribes of Israel. Mr. Spaulding took advantage of his surroundings and connected his story with the relics which were found in the mounds. In a fictitious introduction to his novel which he entitled "*The Manuscript Found*," he speaks of the book as one of the exhumed relics of a past age. He makes use of the Scripture style of expression. He tells of the departure from Palestine of a Jewish father, Lehi, and his four sons, Laman, Samuel, Lemuel and Nephi, of the various journeys and of their voyage to this Western Continent. Dissension and division are frequent. The descendants of the brothers develop into hostile tribes. Then came quarrels and wars and finally a decisive battle, and in short the substance of all that is found in the "Golden Bible" of Joseph Smith. Indeed the Book of Mormon seems to be only a modified but mutilated edition of Rev. Mr. Spaulding's "Manuscript Found." There is abundant internal evidence that the later is a reproduction of the earlier work. Spaulding used to read the chapters of his story to his neighbors, who were deeply interested in its progress and were greatly entertained by the ingenuity of the author. He worked upon it three years, or until 1812, when he moved to Pittsburg, Pa. There he put his manuscript into the hands of a printer by the name of Patterson. He expected to publish the book and it was announced in the papers in 1813 as forthcoming. It never was published, however, probably because Spaulding had not the money to pay the bills. Spaulding died in 1816. The original copy was returned to his widow who kept it until the Book of Mormon was published, and then she produced it in proof of her assertion that Joseph's pretended revelation was a fraud. In the Boston *Journal* of May 18, 1839, she told the story of the Manuscript. The evidence is complete that Smith discovered only what he and some associate had hidden in a box of their own making in a hole of their own digging. Smith came into possession of a copy of the work of Spaulding made by Sidney Rigdon, a workman in Patterson's printing office. Rigdon confessed the fact afterward when he was cut off from the Mormon Church by Brigham Young. The three witnesses also quarreled with Joseph and Rigdon and confessed to having sworn falsely. Rigdon on leaving the work of printer became a preacher of peculiar doctrines. Smith had quite a large following in certain views peculiarly his, and these two religious Ishmaelites coming together set to work to give the world a new Bible. Smith, adding what was suited to his purpose, dictated Spaulding's story to Oliver Cowdrey from behind a screen and the work was done, "and palmed off upon a company of poor deluded fanatics as divine."

The new prophet seems to have had but vague notions of what doctrines the new church should hold. Rigdon held to some doctrines which Smith did not. But they both agreed on the question of the Second Advent, then exciting their section of country. They made that doctrine prominent in their Bible. The idea was "the end is at hand, the Indians are to be speedily converted; America is the final gathering place of the saints, who were to assemble as near the center of the continent as possible." This was a doctrine and this they preached and this chiefly at first. It may be said in brief that the religious teachings of the Book of Mormon relate to very modern questions. The discussions of 1830 and thereabouts seem to furnish the new leaders with themes. Millinarianism is the main question. Infant Baptism, however, quite an ancient institution, is denounced and wonderful to relate *polygamy*, a much more ancient and for this country a very modern institution, is *emphatically* and *repeatedly condemned*. Polygamy as a duty was proclaimed by a revelation much later in the prophet's life.

PLANTING AND TRAINING OF THE MORMON CHURCH.

The first church of Latter Day Saints was organized in Manchester, N. Y., in

April, 1830. In June the first conference was held. The number of converts there was thirty. Smith was recognized as prophet and leader. He took his company, by revelation, to Kirtland, O., in January, 1831. Converts multiplied. Smith and Rigdon established a mill and a store in Kirtland and also a bank without a charter. Smith elected himself President and Rigdon was made Cashier. The people of the country round about complained of "irregularities" in the management of these financiers and made a run not on the bank but on the officers, and on the night of March 22, 1832, dragged the prophet and his cashier out of bed and gave them a coat of tar and feathers. The Mormon prophet and saints, however, remained for six years after this event in Kirtland. In 1833 the first presidency of the church was instituted, consisting of Smith, Rigdon and Williams. Brigham Young appears first in Mormon history in 1833. He at once began to preach and soon became prominent among his brethren. In 1835 the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles was instituted and Young was made one of the twelve. He went out on a preaching tour and was wonderfully successful in the Eastern States. In 1836 a temple was dedicated at Kirtland and two apostles, Orson Hyde and Heber Kimball, were sent as missionaries to England. In 1838 Smith and Rigdon fled to escape their creditors and repaired to Missouri, where at a town called Far West they joined another community of Mormons who had been driven out of two settlements by their gentile neighbors for turbulence, thefts and alleged murders. Trouble seems to have been the inheritance of the saints from this time forth. They were constantly quarreling with their neighbors and in these quarrels several people were killed. The people of the whole region were greatly enraged at them. The leaders of the saints quarreled among themselves and in October, 1838, the president of the Twelve Apostles and Orson Hyde, one of the twelve, apostatized and accused Smith the prophet of fraud and gross crimes. They made oath that Smith and his followers were avowed traitors to the government of the United States; that the Mormons regarded the revelations made to Smith superior in authority to the laws; that they would obey the prophet before any other man or men. These witnesses also testified that there was a band of sworn devotees known as Danites who were bound to support Smith and his associates always, right or wrong. These Danites, it may be here remarked, first mentioned in 1838, were dreadful in the devotion to Young in later days as witness the Mountain Meadow Massacre. It is believed that by one of them the governor of Missouri was shot in his own house. Before 1839 began the troubles assumed an aspect of civil war. Both sides were probably in fault, but Mormon arrogancy and defiance of law were the chief provocations. The militia was called out to compel submission to the state authorities. The Mormons had fortified their town and had armed themselves, but they surrendered and engaged to quit Missouri, and in due time several thousands of the saints took up their abode in Illinois at the town of Commerce, where a large land owner induced them to locate by giving them a land grant. Smith here founded Nauvoo. By revelation to Smith the saints in all places were called to this settlement. So corner lots in Nauvoo soon commanded a high price, and Smith soon became a rich man. Illinois gave a charter of remarkable features to the Mormon petitioners. It authorized Smith to organize a military body. The Nauvoo Legion was soon enlisted and equipped. It numbered at one time nearly four thousand members. By the charter the State authorities had little or no jurisdiction in Nauvoo. Smith in April, 1840, was "lieutenant general of the Legion, mayor of Nauvoo, first president of the church, seer, translator, prophet, apostle of Jesus Christ and elder of the church." In April, 1841, a new temple was begun. By revelation the saints were commanded to help to build it, not only by giving money but also every tenth day of labor. So the work went rapidly on to completion.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

From 1840 to 1844 may be considered THE GOLDEN AGE of Mormonism. Nauvoo

was the veritable Jerusalem. There was the temple and only in the temple could acceptable service be performed. The prophet was king and also priest. He had sundry revelations in 1841; among these the doctrine of baptism for the dead. Friends could now save their dead friends from the pangs of the second death by baptism, but this rite must be administered *in the temple.* Quick rose its walls and marvelous to the gentiles was the growth of the new city caused by the immigration of the saints from all quarters. Curiously, with the revelation commanding the erection of the temple came one commanding the building also of a large hotel for the benefit of Smith and his posterity forever. It was built even as the temple. Nauvoo in short was the wonder of the West. If nothing adverse had happened it might have to-day divided the admiration of the great world with Chicago. But, alas, something did happen and Chicago has no rival.

The people of Illinois congratulated themselves on the acquisition of a city of fifteen thousand people in a day. The Mormons were industrious and thrifty. The new State was happy in its addition of some thousands of men so enterprising. It could see only stupidity and cruelty in the conduct of the Missourians. How could they persecute such citizens! Illinois could not do too much for its Mormon immigrants. She made them practically exempt from State laws; she furnished arms for its military legion; she held its officers accountable to no one. Joseph was a general indeed of quite an army. His men were resolute, revengeful, fanatical, well-drilled, thoroughly equipped, a formidable force. How different his position now from that three years before when he fled in the night from Kirtland to save his neck. How different the prospects of the church. In 1830 she had a membership of thirty all told. In 1840 there were in the States and in England more than one hundred thousand adherents to the new faith, fifteen thousand in Nauvoo alone. Persecution had been succeeded by prosperity, poverty by wealth, and weakness by power. Men high in state and national offices coveted the favor of the late fugitive from justice. Joseph was as supreme as Pharaoh. He was an absolute ruler. Politicians seeing this vied with each other in securing his favor. He could cast four thousand votes, enough to decide almost any State election and even enough to turn a national election. We can imagine the bright visions which the vain and ambitious man had of future fame and power. But whatever they were they failed of fulfillment. The growing strength of Mormon force in State politics excited alarm and caused quick action for reducing that power to harmless proportions.

The Democrats were afraid of the increasing power of the Whig party. Smith and his followers in 1840-41 voted with the Whigs. They had nothing to hope for from Democrats, they said. In Missouri a Democratic governor had persecuted them and exiled them. A Democratic President, Van Buren, had denied the prophet redress, while on the other hand Henry Clay in the Senate and John F. Stuart in the House, both Whigs, had supported the Memorial against Missouri in behalf of the Mormons. The prophet, in fact, was not in love with any party or people except his own. He was a veritable Ishmaelite. He had had a hard time. The Yankees would not follow him. The Free-soilers of Ohio tarred and feathered him, the Democrats of Missouri had robbed him and the Whigs only tolerated him. So the Democrats of Illinois endeavored to conciliate him. They voted the extraordinary charter for Nauvoo. Stephen A. Douglas, as judge, released him once from arrest. In 1842 the Mormons voted solidly the Democratic ticket. What would they do in 1844? Smith could get no promise from Henry Clay or from Calhoun whom he expected would be the candidates for the presidency. So he had *himself* nominated for that office. But the prophet had already exhausted the patience of his people. By his arrogance and defiance of law he had kept them constantly in collision with the people of the vicinity and of the whole State. He had become a very tyrant. His own people demanded of him the observance of law. Some of them whom he had oppressed

beyond endurance started a paper in Nauvoo in which they said some strong and unpleasant things of the prophet. The faithful destroyed the office and presses of the paper. No redress could be obtained by the sufferers. They fled for their lives to Carthage, the county seat. The citizens there demanded of the Governor the services of the militia to aid in carrying out the indictment against Smith, his brother Hiram and sixteen other rioters. The State authorities counseled moderation, but the people were furious. Smith ordered his Legion under arms. Nauvoo became a camp. But finally the lieutenant general and his brother surrendered and went to Carthage jail to await trial. A guard was set for their protection, but on the night of June 27, 1844, a mob attacked the jail, dispersed the guard and killed both the prophet and his brother. Thus ended a remarkable career. Joseph was no common impostor. He was unlike any religious fraud who ever preceded, or has succeeded him. He was not an austere man, but one full of levity. He was fond of jesting. He is said to have dressed like a dandy. At times he drank like a sailor and swore like a pirate. Sometimes he was meek and again boisterous. Repenting as often as he fell, he was a man among men and greatly beloved by his innocent followers. He had followers, fellow-leaders who were frauds on humanity, but the rank and file believed as they do to-day that he was a true prophet and a servant of the Lord. Living he was a leader, but dead, of course, he became at once chief in the catalogue of martyrs to the Mormon faith. Yet the death of Joseph Smith brought to an end the golden age of Mormon history.

MOVING ON.

A calm followed the storm. A period of peace followed the violent eruption in which the prophet lost his life. The people of Illinois relaxed their hostility a little, and the saints soon chose a leader to succeed the Martyr. Four aspirants sought the first place. Smith's brother William claimed it on account of relationship. Sidney Rigdon claimed it on the ground of priority. James Strang claimed to have a revelation commanding him to lead the people to Wisconsin. Lyman Wright had an order from heaven to take the Mormons to Texas. But Brigham Young, who was in Boston as a missionary when Joseph was killed, suddenly appeared in Nauvoo and opposed the claims of all these would-be leaders. At his suggestion the people voted to vest all authority for the present in the College of the Twelve Apostles. This was virtually vesting it all in Brigham Young, who was President of the Twelve. Young at once executed a *coup d'etat.* Rigdon and his supporters were at once "cut off." Other schismatics were also cut off or compelled to acknowledge Brigham's authority. Now many of Smith's followers deserted Zion, but a large and loyal community remained. Brigham completed the Temple and rapidly put the people through their "endowment," a kind of initiation in which they were advanced to different degrees of priesthood. The most terrible oaths were taken by the people. The penalty of violation of these oaths was "to have the throat cut," "the heart plucked out and their blood spilled," etc. In 1845 the old troubles began again. Gentiles were made to suffer "in mind, body and estate" by their Mormon neighbors. Collisions became frequent, and it was clearly seen that the State authorities must give serious attention to the Mormon problem. Governor Ford had been elected by Smith and his followers. He had always favored them officially, but now because he would not grant them certain extraordinary demands they began to abuse him without stint. The authorities of the church called their missionaries home. The preachers now all came to Nauvoo, a city at this time of 16,000 population. They inflamed the saints with hatred toward the gentiles. Their sermons were merely stump speeches full of treason. The preachers cursed the State and the United States. They became intolerable. On the other hand the gentiles were active. They resolved to follow the example of their neighbors in Missouri, and expel the Mormons. War was at last avoided only by an agreement on the part of the saints to leave in the spring of 1846.

They built or bought twelve thousand hand wagons. By May 1, fifteen thousand Mormons had crossed the Mississippi. About one thousand deserted the host. The Apostles went in advance with about two thousand followers. These Apostles, by the way, were a curious lot. Indictments for counterfeiting coin had been found against nine of them. But they escaped before trial and the long march began.

This march of one thousand two hundred miles across the plains and the Rocky Mountains was conducted with great skill. The story of the trials and triumphs of these pioneers has few parallels in history. Perhaps it has none at all.

It was in April, 1847, that Brigham, with one hundred and forty men and seventy wagons, left Omaha, where the saints had gone into winter quarters after leaving Nauvoo. Meantime there had been great activity among all the Mormons. Many young men went back to the States and hired out for the season, bought provisions and sent them on to the pioneers. A battalion of five hundred men was sent by Brigham to aid the government in the Mexican war. This battalion consisted of volunteers who went not because of patriotism but for money for the benefit of the saints. Young was paid $20,000 in gold for their services and the money was expressly intended for their families. Apostles have said since that little or none of it ever reached those to whom it belonged. Col. Phillip St. George Cooke commanded the battalion and these Mormons took part in the famous overland march of General Kearney. They marched more than two thousand miles to San Diego. On arrival at San Francisco many of them settled, but some of them found their way back to Salt Lake City.

The saints before leaving Omaha resolved that Joseph's mantle had fallen on Brigham. They elected him to all the offices lately filled by the prophet, seer and revelator. Missionaries were also dispatched to England.

At a conference the authorities were divided as to *where* the church should next "make a stake." Brigham insisted on California as the promised land. Others urged Texas. A compromise was the result and "some valley in the Rocky Mountains" was agreed upon as the destination. Leaving the larger part of the faithful near Omaha in April, 1847, Brigham and his advance guard entered the Jordan Valley in what is now Utah in July. They planted a crop, and Brigham with part of his men returned. They found that many had apostatized. But a large body yet remained faithful. In 1848 about four thousand went on to the new Zion. All suffered much that year, for the crops gathered were scant. In 1849 a great harvest was gathered. In this year also began the great emigration to the new found gold fields of California. This helped them wonderfully. Emigration to Salt Lake was also large. The missionaries sent on converts by thousands. The Mormons labored diligently and for two or three years they were almost unheard of in the States. Prejudice had greatly abated. But as soon as they became prosperous again they showed the old spirit of arrogance and now also of revenge. They began to plunder emigrant trains. Outrages were frequent. Old bitterness was revived in the States and disgust was excited by the avowal of polygamy as part of their creed.

The territory in which the Mormons had settled had now become part of the United States. Young called a convention and organized a State named *Deseret*. But Congress would not admit it. Congress made the territory of Utah and President Fillmore appointed Brigham governor of it in 1850. Evidently the prophet was disappointed even by his appointment. He wished for more than he could get. He preached a sermon at this period in which he showed how good a citizen he was. In it he said: "These gentiles will yet beg us to take them as our servants. I expect to see the day when the President of the United States will *black my boots*."

From 1850 to 1856 several changes in United States officials occurred. In 1857 came an open rebellion. The United States Courts were attacked. President Buchanan

sent out an army of three thousand men under Colonel Albert Sidney Johnson. In September they entered Utah. The Mormons prepared for war. Martial law was proclaimed. No one was allowed to leave the Territory. Two Mormons attempting to do so were killed it was said, *by the Indians.* Brigham said in the Tabernacle, "I shall no longer protect emigrants but will turn the Indians loose upon them."

In August, 1857, the finest train that had ever crossed the mountains reached Salt Lake. In it were forty families. It left Salt Lake and was "lost." A year passed before any United States official knew its fate. After many years the facts came out, and the Mountain Meadow Massacre is known as one of the most villainous acts on record in the world's history. The Meadow is three hundred miles south of Salt Lake. There was a Mormon settlement thirty miles south of the Meadow. John D. Lee was bishop there. The day after the train passed there a convention was called by Lee and he stated that he had orders from Salt Lake "to follow and attack those accursed gentiles and to let the arrows of the Almighty drink their blood." A party of sixty whites and as many Indians attacked the emigrants while at breakfast next morning, killing ten or twelve of them. There were fifty armed men in the train. They formed a circle for defense. They supposed they were fighting Indians. A wagon containing white men approached. The emigrants hailed them as deliverers. These strangers claimed to be mediators between the Indians and the emigrants. The emigrants came out from their defenses, and then found themselves betrayed. These whites were their butchers. Every one in the train excepting a few very young children was shot. One hundred and twenty souls thus perished. After nineteen years one old man, this Mormon Bishop, is executed for this great crime; made a scapegoat for the cruel hierarchy which ordered the butchery. Did Brigham Young know of this massacre? Perhaps not. But John D. Lee was a son of Brigham by adoption. Brigham was Indian Agent for the territory but in his official report that year he made no mention of the bloody deed. No candid mind can doubt for a moment that he knew that it was to be done and there is scarcely a chance to doubt that he ordered it executed.

But Buchanan's military demonstration was only a show. Young fortified his town on the approach of Johnson. He forbade the entrance of armed forces into the Territory and waited for an attack. But peace commissioners went to Utah via California, a compromise was effected and there was no fighting. The invasion really enriched the Mormons. It brought to them large quantities of army stores. As a compromise was effected and these stores were not nearly all used in 1861 when the troops were ordered away most of them were thrown away or sold for a song. Brigham commanded his people not to sell the soldiers anything; *he* sold them what they would buy. Brigham was mediator or middle-man for the officers and for the Mormons Money was made in every transaction by the shepherds, now out of the wolves, now out of the sheep. Pork was bought at one cent and sold at sixty cents per pound. Verily there were profits in those days. The army brought the first money to Salt Lake City and when Johnson left quite a number of the Mormon leaders were rich men. Brigham saw in the visit of the army a smiling providence. Behold, he said, how prophecy is fulfilled. The Saints rejoiced and grew stronger in faith. Probably the most treasonable talk that was ever heard on this continent was heard in the Mormon Tabernacle about this time. Printed sermons of Young and his Apostles startle the reader of to-day. Gentiles in Salt Lake had a hard time to live till 1862 when Camp Douglas was established by government. General Conner was put in command and then began the Golden Age of the gentiles. Their rights as citizens were now respected. In 1866 the old spirit was as active as ever and a gentile's life was not safe even in the city. Since 1868, however, great progress has been made in civilization and Salt Lake is now a safe and even pleasant town to visit or to dwell in.

THE MORMON CAPITAL.

Temple Block is the starting point in all measurements in Utah. The streets of the town run at exact right angles. They are one hundred and forty-four feet wide, leaving one hundred feet between the sidewalks. Each block contains ten acres of land and was originally divided into eight lots of one and a quarter acres each. Nine blocks make a ward. There are twenty-one wards. The outer wards are much larger than the others. The city is four by ten miles in extent. Only a part is thickly settled. Trees abound along the streets and many small orchards flourish in the city. It presents the view of an extensive park or grove from the heights. The city is well supplied with water from a reservoir. Streams flow along each street and from these the gardens are watered and many of the families use this mountain water in their houses. The great majority of the dwellings are little *adobe*, *i. e.* sun dried brick buildings. There are, however, some very fine public buildings and one of the largest stores in the United States is in Salt Lake City. It is the great Z. C. M. I. called "Co-op" for short. Mormon stores and shops have the motto "Holiness to the Lord" and the "bull's eye" sign over their doors. Brigham's residence is an oblong three-story building. The theater will seat two thousand people and is a creditable looking structure.

The center of attraction, however, is the tabernacle. This is, at present, the temple of the Mormon Jerusalem. A great temple has been begun on the tabernacle lot but its walls are only about thirty feet high as yet. Many Mormons think it will never be completed, but if it is it will be one of the largest buildings in the country. The tabernacle is a nondescript structure like nothing that is, or was, or will be again, probably, in architecture. The plan of it is said to have been "revealed" to Brigham. If it was, some earthly architect is relieved of an awful responsibility. I do not hesitate to pronounce it the most ungainly structure that I ever saw. Seen from the hill above the city it looks like a great oval bee-hive slightly raised from the ground by a hundred short columns. Seen from within it is a cheerless, dark and dingy theater. It will seat by actual count nearly seven thousand people. It contains one of the largest organs in the world, a really fine instrument and built on the spot by a Mormon. On the platform are seats for the dignitaries. In front of the organ sits the immense choir. In front of them is a pulpit and three seats. Here sit the president and his two counselors. Below these sit the twelve apostles and below these are the seats of the elders of the church. Still lower are ranged the bishops. The order of services is not unlike that in our churches. On the day when I was present this was the programme: singing; prayer by Bishop Rolley; Scripture reading by Orson Pratt and sermon by the same, called the Paul of Mormondom. Angus Cannon conducted the service, calling on those who are to officiate. It is said that no one knows that he is to preach or to pray or exhort until he is called by the conductor. Every Sunday is communion day. The bishops begin to distribute the bread as soon as they have broken it, the preacher stopping in his sermon to bless and partake of both the bread and the water which is used instead of wine. All through the hour the distribution continues. The congregation of five or six thousand is so large that it requires ten or twelve bishops the whole time of service to make the circuit. President Young was unable to attend church on this day. His two counselors however were present in the highest seats. They were Daniel H. Wells and John W. Young. Among the apostles sat John Taylor, now president, who was with the prophet Joseph in Carthage jail and who received then and carries in his body still several Gentile bullets. Orson Pratt read Isaiah xxxiv, the context of which is: 1. The judgments wherewith God revengeth his church. 2. The desolation of her enemies. 3. The certainty of the prophecy. His text was Micah iv, 13. "Arise, and thresh, O daughter of Zion: for I will make thy horn iron and thy hoof brass, and thou shalt beat in pieces many people,"

etc. As it is always communion day at the tabernacle so is it also the day of the assumption. The point in dispute is always assumed. Such preaching as I heard there I never heard before. This Paul Pratt had no sermon proper. He harangued on the latter day judgments. Mormon preaching is, they say, a literal proclamation of the Bible words. They take the prophecy as it reads. So the preachers say and so the people believe. They delight to talk about "the remnant" among the valleys of the high mountains. They are the latter day saints, the chosen of the Lord; yet they shall barely escape those awful judgments. All the wars of history are as nothing to that devastating conflict which is to come, and out of which only the saints shall come alive. They never tire of rehearsing the woes they have endured and the wonderful escapes from the plots of persecutors. Their history is to them full of miracles. And it must be confessed that they have some marvelous stories to tell their children and their visitors. But from the gentile point of view these stories have no element of divinity in them.

The assumption, we might say presumption, of the leaders appears not alone at the Tabernacle where the gentiles are generally expected to hear Mormon preaching, but especially in the ward churches, of which there are twenty in the city. I attended the 13th ward church one Sunday evening. Mr. Ferremore Little, a son-in-law of Brigham Young and mayor of Salt Lake City preached. His text was "Where two or three are gathered together in my name," etc. His first point was, we are the faithful—the genuine saints to whom the promise is made. All others are deceivers or deceived. He went on to arraign all sects, saying that they all strained Scripture to meet their ideas and if they find any text which literally interpreted interferes with these ideas, they *spiritualize* it until it means nothing or does fit. He said the gentiles have got a big job on hand, while the Mormons had an easy work, as they took all Scripture to mean just what it said. So far as doctrine was concerned the Mayor's sermon was a *petitio principii* throughout, but as to counsel which he gave his hearers, no man could do better than he did. He said, "Pay for a thing or go without it.' Provide first of all for all of your family. Be diligent. Don't wait like Micawber for 'something to turn up.' Turn something up." He enlarged and emphasized kindness in the family. He remarked that Moses said "spare the rod and spoil the child," which words we never before heard attributed to the Lawgiver, but he said he thought that "Moses was mistaken"! Further he said that he himself had thirteen children and he had never whipped one of them in his life.

Bishop Wooley followed the mayor; his theme was "*Sacrifice.*" He reviewed the history of their wanderings; told of their loyalty in danger; said preparations were made to burn the city rather than let Gen. Johnson and his army occupy it. So would they do again should any foe invade. The old story—I heard it half a dozen times within a three days' sojourn.

One thing is notable in all Mormon discourse and conduct. The people are trained to think of themselves as a separate people. They are veritable Ishmaelites—their hand is against everybody and they evidently believe every man's hand is against them. It seems to an observer that a violated conscience in them keeps constantly active a consciousness of their offensiveness to others. Another notable and painful fact which is forced upon the attention of a visitor is a hostile and even revengeful feeling towards the general government. In private talk, in public speech, it always appears. The Mormons as a people hate the United States. When Brigham led his people across the mountains his avowed purpose was to locate in a country which did not belong to the United States. But while he was marching on, Mexico ceded this very country to the Government and Brigham thus found himself still in the United States, much to his disgust. Religion, as evangelical people hold it, is of course their enemy and they are the avowed enemies of it, but one hears vastly more said against the United States than against any or all churches of bodies of Christians together. Mormondom is a very hot-bed of treason, and I believe that the

government has something to look after in that people who not only never admit that they are a part of it but openly avow that they are charged with a heavenly commission to destroy it. But Camp Douglas overlooks the city and reminds them of an institution, if not of the Constitution, of the United States.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE STATE.

Very soon after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States and the ratification of the amendment to the same which declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof"—to wit, in 1796—this government formed a treaty with Tripoli, one of the Mohammedan powers, in which was incorporated a declaration in these words: "*The government of the United States is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian Religion.*" This declaration received the sanction of the Senate, and for more than eighty years has lain in the archives of the Department of State, authenticated by the signature of George Washington.

Is it to be supposed that Washington and his compeers, who had framed the Constitution, did not understand the nature and objects of the government they had founded? Or is it to be supposed that it was their purpose to make a godless and atheistic State? Either of these postulates would be preposterous, but not more so than the supposition that they meant to deny the notorious fact, in which they doubtless rejoiced, that Christianity was the religion of a vast majority of the people of the United States, and that in the sense implied by this fact it was not improper to speak of the nation as Christian. What they really meant to affirm, doubtless, was that the government had no organic union or official relation with Christianity any more than with any other form of religion; that it was founded upon no religious creed, but upon those principles of justice and righteousness which are the common inheritance of the race and older than any church or religious system; that it did not presume to decide which of all the various religions of the world was the true one, but left that question to be decided by the people themselves in free debate; that it was bound to protect not Christians alone but the advocates of every other form of religion, in their right of worship, discussion and propagandism; that a Buddhist temple, a Jewish synagogue, a Mohammedan mosque, a Chinese Joss-house and a Christian church would all be under protection of one and the same law, the government not concerning itself with the creeds and practices of the worshipers so long as they should be good and faithful citizens of the Republic. Christianity in their view had no special privileges; it was in the same open field with all other religions, and must fight its own battles with its own weapons and at its own expense.

Many excellent Christian men shrink from these affirmations as they would shrink from a cold bath in a wintry air. They seem to fear that Christianity will somehow fail if there is not some visible ligament between it and the State; or, rather, perhaps, it would be nearer the truth to say that without such a ligature they fear the State will come to nought. These men in their terror frame ingenious arguments from the history and practice of the government, to refute the declaration made by Washington in the name and behalf of the American people in 1796. Some of them are laboring with might and main, no doubt with the best intentions, to incorporate a religious confession into the Constitution. They tell us that the chief founders of the American State were Christian men, that our laws and institutions are more or less

pervaded by the spirit and principles of Christianity, that Religion and the Civil Power came over the sea in the Mayflower in holy wedlock, and what God hath joined together must not be put asunder. It is undeniable that Church and State were wedded in the Colonial days, and that the divorce decreed by the Constitution of the United States, the preparation for which had been slow and painful, was nothing less than a revolution, the meaning of which has been gradually unfolding from that day to this. Of course the government, under the influence of old precedents and habits, failed to adjust itself at once and in all particulars to the new doctrine. Many practices were continued only because the people were used to them and no one cared to object. It is always so in revolutions which bring new principles to the front. Though slavery has been abolished in the Southern States of this Republic, many practices and customs which originated in that institution will doubtless exist for generations to come. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear," is the law of all growth. The early homogeneity of our nation is gone, and we have now come to the point where we must decide whether we will adjust the forms and practices of our government to the principles embodied in the Constitution as interpreted by Washington and his compeers, or annul that principle and concede to one form of religion, powers, prerogatives and privileges denied to the rest. Such is the meaning of all the discussion we witness at this day in regard to the relations of the Church with the State under our form of government. The issue is obscured by many and deep-seated prejudices, but we believe it will work itself clear at last, and that Christian men will be led to see that the State will render the highest service to religion by keeping rigidly within her own secular sphere and minding her own business with all her might.

Of course the government in the administration of its affairs must often be compelled to take cognizance of the religion of its citizens. In other words, it must adjust itself to facts as it finds them. In order to administer justice between antagonistic persons or sects it must sometimes take judicial notice of their various religious doctrines and practices, but never as either approving or condemning them. If in order to do justice to its citizens it administers an oath, it will do it in the way which most effectually binds the conscience of him who swears. The great majority of the people being Christians, the forms of proceeding in the courts as a matter of convenience may well be adjusted to that fact. But these forms imply no sanction of Christianity on the part of the government, any more than the simple "affirmation" which contains no mention of God nor any reference to religion implies a sanction of atheism. If the Bible is used in the courts, it is not that the government passes an official judgment upon its character or undertakes to settle the question of its inspiration, but that it simply recognizes the fact that a great multitude if not a majority of citizens believe it to be a revelation of God's will, and that an oath taken with the hand resting upon it or followed by a kiss upon its open page is regarded by *them* with an awe they would not otherwise feel. This form is set aside in deference to the conscience of the Quaker who thinks it a sin to swear, and to the preference of the unbeliever, who is simply required to "affirm" that he will speak the truth. When believers in other religions than Christianity are offered as witnesses, the Court, desiring to ascertain the truth, inquires what form of oath is regarded by *them* as most binding, and then proceeds to administer the same in spite of any seeming absurdity or superstition. A curious illustration of this is now before us, the full meaning of which will best appear if we copy it in full:

From the Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald.

In the county court the trial of the People vs. Ah Chee and Ah Quong, indicted for robbing a China-woman of jewelry and other valuables, was begun. The parties to the suit being all Mongolians, it was concluded to swear the witnesses by the most binding Chinese form. As the ceremony consisted of sacrifice both by fire and blood, it was found necessary to adjourn to the sidewalk in front of the court-house. A chicken and the necessary Joss sticks or wooden tapers were procured, and the latter stuck in the ground and lighted. While they were burning, the prosecuting witness, the woman who had been robbed, held an animated consultation with the Rev. Mr. Nevin, court interpreter, after which two wax tapers were lighted, and, after being brought in contact with

the neck of the chicken, were stuck in the ground. Now began the serious business. A formidable piece of yellow paper, covered with Chinese characters, was brought out and handed to Mr. Nevin, who declined to receive it, saying in English that if he or any white man read it the ceremony would lose much of its force, as the witnesses would claim that they had not understood him. The document was then tendered to several Chinamen, all of whom refused to read it, one saying in good English that he would not read the paper for a hundred thousand dollars. Finally a Chinaman was found brave enough to undertake the office. He read the dread formula first to the woman, who repeated it as he read. At its conclusion a large bundle of paper, previously prepared, was lighted, over which the woman stepped a couple of times, and then took possession of the chicken and the sacrificial knife, a cleaver-shaped implement, which had lain by the side of the fire during the reading of the oath. The male witnesses were then arranged in front of the fire, the oath was again read, each repeating it after the reader, who, after he had finished reading it, threw it on the fire. The Chinamen then, one by one, stepped over the fire, the head of the chicken was chopped off by the woman and the sacrifice was accomplished. We made an effort to get a translation of the oath, but were unsuccessful, Mr. Nevin informing our messenger that, as he had not read the document, he could not accommodate us.

We commend this judicial incident to the consideration of those well-meaning but mistaken persons who perplex themselves and others with long arguments in the religious papers to show that the government sanctions Christianity, and makes itself Christian in administering oaths to Christians in the form which *they* deem most sacred. If immigration from China increases in the future as rapidly as it has in the past, such scenes may become frequent in our courts of justice. But who would think that the government thereby expressed its belief in the Chinese religion? We commend to the same well-meaning class of persons the words of the Master: "My kingdom is not of this world." We recommend them, moreover, to study the historical records which show what a brood of curses has sprung from the union of Church and State since the time when Constantine injected into the veins of the Church a hundred times as much of the blood of paganism as he took of Christianity into his own heart and empire. How any Christian, with these records before him, can wish to preserve or restore the slightest film of that unholy union of Church and State which the clear-sighted founders of this government forbade is more than we are able to understand. The desire to buttress the authority of the Church by an alliance with the State seems to us to imply a sad want of faith in Christianity as a moral and spiritual power. It is nothing but practical infidelity. If the Christian Church would conquer the world, she must cut every rope that holds her to the pier of temporal authority and keeps her forever floundering in shallow water. Taking aboard her armament of "weapons that are not carnal but spiritual," she must raise her anchors from the mud, unfurl her canvas, set her compass by the eternal stars, and, catching the winds of the Spirit, "sail the seas of God" with a courage that knows no fear or faltering, and a faith weakened by no doubt. Then indeed will God give her victory.

That a state will be pure in proportion as its citizens are imbued with the spirit of Christ we most profoundly believe; but the moral and spiritual influences of Christianity can flow normally into the State only through the hearts of individual citizens, not by any organic or official method; and the purity thus introduced will express itself, not by any attempt to incorporate a Christian creed into the Constitution, nor in any patronage of the Church, nor by the slightest departure from its secular functions, but in the finer quality of the justice it administers and represents, in a stricter fidelity to its obligations, and in the more faithful and impartial performance of its own special duties. *Oliver Johnson.*

CALVIN THE SINNER.*

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

CHAPTER V.

Monday morning brought Calvin Birge and Superintendent Cone together again. Before the close of the interview the previous Friday, the Superintendent had decided to find or make a place for young Birge in the company's employ, having discovered in him a certain prompt, available force

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which, if allied to good judgment and welded by practical training, would make excellent stock of which to grow a successful railroad man. Thus it came to pass that Calvin found work enough to satisfy his aspirations in that direction, and a salary which he was assured would be increased in direct ratio with his usefulness.

It was not a little amusing to Mitchell to note how soon "the" road became "our" road and the Superintendent "our" Superintendent, and how soon the affairs of the company became the immediate, personal affairs of Calvin Birge. He was already infected by the enthusiasm of the Superintendent for anything concerning "our road;" an enthusiasm which Mrs. Birge could not comprehend, and of which she secretly wished to hear as little as possible.

If the truth is to be told, it was Mrs. Birge's private conviction that Calvin's connection with the railroad was to be regarded in the light of a punishment for some past transgression of his, or hers, or perhaps of some ancestor who had long since gone to his reward. That a Seaborn should ever come to be a railroad man was as dreadful as it was unexpected. She had supposed that Calvin was foreordained to be a lawyer and statesman, according to the Seaborn traditions. It had given her convictions a severe wrench and had half broken her heart to relinquish that plan, but that he should become a railroad man, that was adding insult to injury. Her thought ran back to the time when Calvin and Mitchell tore up the heliotropes and geraniums in their garden to make room for a railroad, and she wondered if Calvin had then some unaccountable premonition of his future occupation. She had a sickening suspicion that it was inevitable, and she knew that it was useless to fight against the inevitable, but she had many a long struggle with her own heart upon the stairs; in fact she was on the stairs most of the time that summer, and made many and many a fruitless attempt to believe that this was one of the "all things' that "work together for good," before she became reconciled to the fact.

Soon after September came in, the affairs of the Seaborn-Birge family were gotten into definite shape. Fragments of the various investments were gathered up; Mitchell came home; Calvin's salary went to meet household expenses, and with rigid economy it was possible to go on with some degree of comfort. Calvin, brave as he was disposed to be from the start, found that the loss of money entailed more self-denial than he had supposed, and was at times inconvenient enough; while Mitchell, who never knew and probably never would know the value of money, fretted and fumed because he could not go here or there, buy opera tickets and all the new books. He insisted that if one had luxurious tastes one should have the wherewithal to gratify them. The laws of demand and supply should be commensurate, and if they were not some one was to blame,—he did not take it upon himself to say who.

His mother, who was the recipient of his complaints, listened, and looked concernedly at her younger son, but she knew from long experience that he had a healthy way of throwing his vexations, like an eruption, to the surface, and that the more violent the eruption, the calmer and more content he would presently become. Directly she would hear him at the organ in "Mitchell's corner," striking grand, war-like chords that throbbed and rolled through the house from attic to cellar, and which at length fell off into mournful minor strains that brought tears to her eyes, she knew not why; or he would sit dreaming through his fingers some quaint fancy that she could not understand, till all vexatious thoughts and feelings had passed away. Then he would seek his mother, and beg her pardon for his impatient and fretful words.

Mitchell, slight and somewhat undersized, was a general favorite, and altogether more popular than his tall, strong brother, and handsomer, for Calvin, though a noticeable man, with a distant air that his mother approvingly said went with the Seaborn blood, was by no means a handsome man. He needed years, and sorrow, if rightly met and borne, to soften and tone him into attractiveness. Perhaps a certain hardness and severity are wont to go with conscious

rectitude and conscious strength. But Mitchell had a singular, girlish sort of beauty, set off by eyes whose liquid depths seemed soundless. Sometimes, when he came to his mother in his seasons of self-reproach, and he had many of them, she grew hushed and awed in looking into those eyes, for it would seem as if he had lived ages, and had known sorrow upon sorrow. Between this mother and younger son there ever existed a close and intimate communion; she knew many of his most secret thoughts; she found reproduced in him many of her own perplexities, and she knew that he would go on, years, asking fruitless questions. The religious element began to develop in him early, so early that she could never tell when nor where, but along with his slowness, fretfulness, impatience and passionate outbursts all out of proportion to the occasion, there grew up in the boy a tenderness, a compassion, a quick contrition and confession which satisfied the mother that, mistaken as she had been about many things, she might be sure of this—Mitchell had been taught and led by the same spiritual influences that brought her to a condition of trust. He might be tossed about by doubts, and apparently lost in seas of uncertainties, but she believed that, consciously or unconsciously, he had given God his hand and that He would never let him go. This was one of the trusts with which she quieted and comforted herself, and it was also one of the reasons which made her, as Calvin said, "devote" Mitchell to the ministry; this heedless Mitchell who was in the main, gay, debonair, with a kindly word and genial smile for every one.

Calvin's infatuation for the road was, according to Mitchell, evinced by his willingness to do whatsoever the Superintendent required of him, even to the extent of running on errands, executing personal commissions and the like. One of these commissions took him, one morning soon after he entered the company's service, to Mrs. Suavity's elegant abode.

As he delivered a message and a minute parcel that he was instructed to be very private about, he heard a voice that made him look at two girls who were languidly playing croquet in the shade. The girl with reddish-brown hair sent her ball under the arch and looked up indifferently. Seeing a stranger on the veranda she looked again. The first glance told Calvin that it was the girl he had heard singing to Mother Goodenough, and the second, meeting the eyes which no one could forget, satisfied him that it was indeed Cicily, the little girl he used to quarrel with. He remembered principally that they quarreled.

It was years since they had seen each other, but Cicily knew him at once, and seeing that he recognized her, she threw down her mallet and they met like old friends, who, if they had quarreled in the past, would never quarrel again. As he held the small, soft hand in his strong grasp, he felt his pulses suddenly throbbing as if he had drunken new wine. The joy of meeting any one whom she had known in the old days was so genuine that her face glowed with delight. The face he saw at that moment Calvin Birge never forgot.

Lou came up and was presented, and Mrs. Suavity, watchful Mrs. Suavity, seeing from the window the group on the lawn, approached, and Calvin was presented to Mrs. Suavity.

Mr. Birge? This was an unexpected pleasure. She had known the Birges. Mrs. Birge his mother was an invalid formerly. Had she recovered her health?

Mrs. Suavity thought in the next two or three moments enough to fill a volume, and schemes reaching farther than she knew were incipient then.

At the close of the brief interview Calvin Birge was cordially invited by Mrs. Suavity to call at the house at his earliest convenience. The young ladies found the summer evenings dull. Miss Cicily had inquired after his brother Mitchell. Would he not bring his brother Mitchell also?

The same day Calvin had the furniture in his room moved across the hall, into the room over the library formerly occupied by the tutor, giving as a reason that it was larger and lighter and that he would get the sunlight in the morning.

An affair connected with the road took

Calvin out of town for two or three succeeding days, and there seemed no opportunity for saying to Mitchell that he had seen Miss Cicily and to speak of the invitation to call upon Mrs. Suavity and the young ladies. But one evening not long after, having somewhat more than faithfully discharged all his duties, he strolled into "Mitchell's corner." Mitchell was at the organ, concealed by the curtains, attempting by slow, uncertain touches to recall a half-forgotten theme, that somehow persistently haunted his brain to-night. The only light in the long hall came from the chandelier that overhung the upper landing, making a sort of moonlight in the "corner," very pleasant and dreamy. Without speaking, Calvin stretched himself on the lounge and listened. The weird, fragmentary melody, beginning vaguely and leading nowhere, harmonized with Calvin's exceptional mood. Generally, he believed that Mitchell wasted time over the organ. He not unfrequently heard him playing, morning, noon and night; the rolling tones followed him when he went on to the street and greeted him on his return; and he thought Mitchell should spend more time over his books and less over his music. He liked to hear Mitchell play when he played intelligibly, and by that he meant when Mitchell played something that *he* could understand; he liked to hear him sing, and he had himself a heavy bass voice which he often joined with Mitchell's tenor, to their mother's great delight. But Mitchell was prone to wander into all sorts of strange vagaries, improvising by the hour. That was to Calvin's apprehension a reprehensible waste of time. Mrs. Suavity would have said it was also a waste of force. However, Mitchell would not improvise to-night; he was too uneasy for that sort of dreaming. It fretted him to have a thing slip from his memory, and yet he was almost certain to forget a matter that he especially wished to remember, a quotation from a book or a score. He would know at the outset what he wished to say or play, but the instant he opened his mouth or stretched out his hands it would vanish, to return only when the occasion or demand was gone. This mental freak gave Calvin license to observe that "Mitchell never knew what he wanted to say and never said it unless he was vexed." The same thing had occurred to-night, and after many fruitless attempts to recall the truant theme he turned away, not caring to play anything else. Passing the lounge his eye caught the outline of a prostrate figure there.

"Is this you Cal.?" he asked, putting his hand on the shoulder of the figure.

"Yes; who else should it be?"

"I thought it might be our mother; she comes here sometimes when I am playing."

"My mother retired immediately after tea, having a headache," said Calvin.

"I say, Cal," said Mitchell a moment after; "let's go somewhere. It is intolerably dull here to-night."

"That reminds me," said Calvin without moving, "that we have an invitation to call on Mrs. Suavity and daughter at our earliest convenience."

"Who are Mrs. Suavity and daughter?"

"Mrs. Suavity is a sister of our Superintendent, and her daughter is very like what Mrs. Suavity's daughter would naturally be, pretty, lady-like and *so* nice," (Lou's very tone) "and"—

"And what?" for Calvin had stopped as if he had forgotton what he was about to say.

"And I believe there is some one else there—a Miss Cicily."

"A Miss Cicily," repeated Mitchell musingly. "Cicily—why that was the name of the little girl who lived over by the railroad shops. What a little firefly she used to be, with her red hair and touchy temper. I wonder whatever has become of her?"

"This Miss Cicily is the same person."

"No?" questioned Mitchell. "You don't mean that it is really she?" seeing that Calvin made no further remark.

"Yes."

"Let's call on Mrs. Suavity and daughter."

"What, to-night?"

"Yes, I'd like to see the little pepper-box once more. She used to be vastly entertaining, and I need to be entertained to-night."

Mitchell was importunate, and at length, Calvin reluctantly yielded.

On the veranda sat Mrs. Suavity, Superintendent Cone, and Miss Lou. Superintendent Cone passed much of his leisure time with Lou of late. Cicily sat in the door-way, taking part now and then in the rambling conversation. The Superintendent was falling into a habit of talking at Cicily while looking at Lou. Cicily listened, and Lou answered.

Mrs. Suavity received her guests with a grace and ease that was all her own, and so deftly were the young men handled that they found themselves immediately and irresistibly on the easy footing of old family friends. Mrs. Suavity and Mitchell seemed to have known each other ever since they were born, if not before, and he fell at once into the niche prepared for him, without dreaming of the niche or the fall. Her art was so perfect that it was perfectly natural. No one, excepting perhaps brother Philip, knew that it was art, and even he was perplexed about it at times. She was in her element to-night, and he watched her with wondering admiration in his gray eyes. She amused him, she entertained him, and if he was also a little afraid of her, the fear only increased the speculative interest with which he regarded her. He had a passion for experimenting with steam; it was so uncertain, so incomprehensible, he never knew just what it would do even under given conditions, and Mrs. Suavity had for him much of the same sort of fascination.

The household had adjourned to the parlors. Mitchell, Mrs. Suavity, Lou and Uncle Philip were grouped about one of the low tables. Calvin and Cicily were sitting by a window, the only self-conscious persons in the room. The badinage and repartee that flashed from Mitchell and Mrs. Suavity and glanced about the group, gave Calvin and Cicily an excuse for listening in place of talking. But at length, as the conversation grew general and each became accustomed to the proximity of the other, Cicily ventured to speak of the old, childish days when they built round-houses and railroad tracks.

"And quarreled," suggested Calvin.

"Did we quarrel?"

"Always."

"I supposed we were good friends."

"So we were. We never parted in anger."

Something in his tone, or in the recollections his words called up, made Cicily's eyes go down and her lips quiver, and if she had been alone she would probably have cried. It was easy to cry in those days when there was so little to cry about. But a suspicion that Calvin knew that she wanted to cry made her look quickly up with eyes that sparkled through unshed tears, and with something of the old sauciness of manner she said,

"If we quarreled it was not my fault."

"Whose then?"

"Why! the other one of the two must have begun the quarrel."

"The other one of the two was quiet, peace-loving and good-tempered," said Calvin, with a mischievous glance which Cicily failed to observe.

Cicily's eyes began to flash. "Then *both* were not peace-loving and good-tempered?"

"How could they be, since they quarreled?"

"It takes two to make a quarrel!"

"And one to begin."

Words followed words, and in three minutes they had a genuine quarrel on hand. With flashing eyes and a swift movement that brought vividly back the tossing red head, the torn apron and the shoeless foot, Cicily rose from her seat. She wished to see Mitchell; she had scarcely spoken with him. Calvin detained her a moment. Holding out his hand, he said seriously:

"Pardon me, Miss Cicily, the fault was mine this time. You had changed so much that I needed this evidence to feel certain that you were the same little girl who quarreled with me years ago." Cicily stood with determined lips, looking steadily down into the deep blue eyes that for the first time were to her beseeching.

There came in an instant a new sensation, a consciousness of power that without moving a muscle showed itself in her face, in her whole figure; the little girl had gone forever, the woman was there. She did not at once give him her hand, and he added in a lower and less positive tone, "And after

all, I believe we took more comfort in quarreling than other children take in playing peaceably." But she did not speak, and he said again, "I beg your pardon, Miss Cicily."

"Granted," she said, but she did not smile, and she gave him only a portion of her hand, and presently she moved away. He had said that the fault was his this time, which was saying by implication that the fault had been her's hitherto, and he had done her an injustice thereby. For in her heart she believed herself to be as mild as a May morning, and if at any time she were otherwise, it was the fault of whoever opposed her. And besides she had a feeling that she had been practised upon and made to exhibit herself, and though she had granted him a verbal pardon it did not follow that she had forgiven him at all.

Fortunately Mrs. Suavity had proposed music, and Lou was already at the piano, with the understanding that Mitchell was to follow.

Lou played and sang as prettily and accurately as she did everything else. If there was a mechanical smoothness and sameness, no one felt disposed to criticise either manner or method; least of all Cicily, who could never be made to comprehend or follow rules. Consequently she rarely assisted Lou, never unless they were alone. But when Mitchell began to play she drew near as if she were called. Something in the girl's face appealed to him when he met her look a little while ago, and half unconsciously he was answering now. Mitchell, less competent and positive than Calvin, was broader and essentially sympathetic. He seemed to himself to have an infinite number of sides, and to find, often unexpectedly, something responsive, something in common with every one who approached him. He was, so to speak, *en rapport* with humanity in its various shapes and shades. Calvin averred, contemptuously, that every lame dog and miserable beggar appealed to Mitchell. The appeal was not confined to lame dogs and miserable beggars, as Calvin himself came to know in due time. To-night, Mitchell had responded heartily to Mrs. Suavity's fine tastes, and a certain rare elegance of mind and manner; he had understood and approved Lou's smiling serenity and general desire that every one should be happy, and he had met the Superintendent on speculative grounds. And now, here was Cicily. What of her? The pleasant intercourse of the evening had put him into the right mood, and he began to play an inspiring harmony, helpful and hopeful, and when shortly after he caught a glimpse of Cicily's rapt, almost solemn profile, he forgot that there was any one else in the room.

When Mitchell paused, the Superintendent said, "Please give us a song; something old-fashioned, no foreign jargon," and in turning over a pile of old music Mitchell chanced upon "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." Lou said, "Cicily sings that; I never attempt it." Cicily was requested to sing, and seeing the slight something, that on any lip but Mrs. Suavity's might have been a sneer, sang with unexpected firmness and self-possession. It was a voice defective and untrained, but that had in it singular and rare qualities. It was like the call of a bird, wild, free; with the earth beneath, the sky above, and God in all.

As she went on Mitchell turned his face toward her as a blind man would have done, not attempting to see, and the Superintendent rose to his feet and stood as if he were holding his hat in his hand, and Calvin looked out at the night and set his teeth.

As soon as she stopped Mrs. Suavity set every one talking. "What a beautiful song! What a pretty sentiment." Almost any influence can be talked off. But Cicily, turning, met the Superintendent looking at her fixedly.

Presently, amid the pleasant chatter, the young men rose to leave, having out-staid the conventional limit. Mrs. Suavity, Lou and the Superintendent accompanied them to the veranda. During the laughter that followed one of Mitchell's sallies, Calvin turned back. He found Cicily in the hall, and she gave him her hand without reservation.

As the young men went leisurely homeward Mitchell declared it to be one of the most satisfactory evenings of his life. He

had conceived an admiration for Mrs. Suavity; he was disposed to like Lou, and to respect the Superintendent. Calvin said nothing, and Mitchell did not mention Cicily's name.

A little later Philip Cone went down to his hotel with his hat drawn over his eyes and his hands in his pockets.

This was the first of a long series of such evenings.

CHAPTER VI.

It turned out that Mitchell Birge had been formerly a pupil of Professor Brene, the music master, under whose training Miss Lou and Cicily were now placed, and naturally he fell into the habit of escorting them to the Professor's apartments for their lessons. Lou's pleasant voice was easily trained, and she got on with little difficulty. The irascible Professor never stormed at Lou, but Cicily found herself in rigid hands. The necessary technical work proved wearisome and exasperating to the last degree, and she would have abandoned it in disgust, but for Mrs. Suavity's playful prophecy that she would do that very thing. Mitchell, too, helped her with his never-failing sympathy and encouragement.

"Ah!" said the little Professor after one of the severest and stormiest sessions, "she has a magnificent voice if I could but bring it under control."

"But you will eventually?" questioned Mitchell.

The Professor slowly shook his head, wiping the perspiration from his face. "I doubt it—I doubt it," he said. "If I could control the girl, I could control the voice; they are of a piece, girl and voice. There's wonderful promise in both, but who would be bold enough to prophesy what either will prove to be?"

"She needs a motive, and that may come, sooner or later," said Mitchell musingly.

"You are probably right," said the Professor, who had a profound respect for the keen and accurate insight which Mitchell often betrayed concerning the conditions and affairs of other people, while apparently as blind as a mole in the simplest matters concerning himself.

Scarcely a day now passed that Mitchell did not see some one or all of the Suavity household, including, of course, the Superintendent. In fact, Mitchell seemed to have become one of the family, coming and going with the utmost freedom. There were no angles or sharp corners to avoid in meeting Mitchell. He harmonized with Lou and Cicily; they consulted and jested, and entertained each other as only young people can, and, strangely enough, he harmonized more fully with Mrs. Suavity than with any one else. They rarely jested, and their long conversations were almost always of a serious, speculative nature. Mrs. Suavity knew many things that he knew not, and she was positive about many things that she did not know, and to be positive without proof is often more effective than to be uncertain with proof. Mitchell was curiously incapable of metaphysically separating the right from the wrong, if they were mixed, and they usually were, especially in those days. Mrs. Suavity had read largely, and had thought some, and she led him hither and thither by, to him, new paths over old fields of thought, and was rapidly acquiring a prodigious influence over the young man.

Calvin complained to his mother that Mitchell was growing idle, working barely enough to keep up with his classes, when with his previous advantages he might have done two years' work in one, and have graduated the coming year if he would. He, Calvin, had this on good authority, and he thought Mitchell should be spoken to on the subject.

But the mother endeavored to excuse the younger son. He was never strong and there was some trouble with his eyes, and he ought not to confine himself too closely. At the same time, she admitted to herself that Mitchell was losing his interest in the studies by which he could hope to graduate with honor. She perceived a growing uneasiness and dissatisfaction with himself and his probable future. He was less communicative than formerly, avoided explanations, and she felt vaguely that he was being drawn away from herself. It troubled her to see him going eagerly out, evening

after evening, while Calvin sat with folded arms or paced hour after hour the long lower hall. At first Mitchell entreated Calvin to go with him, but meeting rebuff after rebuff he never spoke of it now. A cheery "Good night" shouted back from the outer door; a snatch of song or a ringing whistle as he passed through the lawn; the sharp click of the gate when he reached the street, and he was gone, night after night.

It had always been a sore trial to this mother that the brothers should seem to have so little in common. She had hoped that they would grow up in each other's arms, loving, trustful and communicative. But they were wholly unlike from the first, and as they grew older their differences increased and they understood each other less and less. Mitchell could affiliate with almost any one but his own brother, and Calvin had less patience with Mitchell than with any one else. Notwithstanding, there was a strong and abiding affection between them; the bond of brotherhood was one to which both responded. Calvin would have defended Mitchell with his life, and Mitchell was prouder of Calvin than of anything else on earth.

But of late there had been a coolness, scarcely perceptible at first, but increasing day by day. A flavor of contempt betrayed itself in Calvin's manner toward Mitchell, and Mitchell responded with surprise and then with resentment. Calvin rarely addressed Mitchell, and Mitchell, tired of asking unanswered questions, retreated to his "corner" when Calvin was in the house, or more frequently took his hat and went out when Calvin came in.

Mrs. Birge grew seriously troubled over this state of things and appealed to both for explanations, which neither could give. For Bones had not succeeded in proving to Calvin that the secret of his present unparalleled condemnation of Mitchell's shortcomings and delinquencies was to be found in his own mental uneasiness, and a certain fierce jealousy he had conceived of Mitchell because he was long and often in Cicily's society when Calvin himself was hard at work; and because, when both were in her company she evidently preferred Mitchell to himself. Calvin had told Bones over and over again that he did not love Cicily, that he had something else to do, and if she preferred Mitchell who cared? and for the present, Bones let him have his own way.

As for Mitchell, he had grown up under a general impression that he was, somehow, Calvin's inferior. In his heart he knew that this was true of many things, but not of all. The latent Seaborn blood was beginning to enter a vigorous protest. He said to himself that he would be held in leading strings no longer, that he could attend to his own affairs and that Calvin would better mind his own business. That Calvin could be jealous of him never entered his imagination. He believed that Calvin cared as little for Cicily as Cicily cared for Calvin, and that was evidently little enough.

Matters had gone on in this way, the brothers drifting farther apart, when one night Calvin observing Mitchell's vacant chair said, as they rose from the table,

"Does Mitchell reside under this roof?"

"Yes, certainly. Why do you ask such a question?" inquired Mrs. Birge, surprise expressing itself in her face and tone.

"He fails to honor us with his presence. I have not seen him for more than a week."

"I did not think it was so long," said Mrs. Birge, apologetically. "He often dines alone, coming in after the usual hour, and he sometimes dines out by invitation, as I believe he does to-day."

"I should think he did, and he is out driving a good part of the time. He must be getting on famously."

"Who does he drive with?"

"The Suavitys, of course. I wish for the credit of the family that he had sense enough not to make a bore of himself," said Calvin contemptuously.

Mitchell had returned unexpectedly and entered the dining-room in time to hear Calvin's last remark. When Calvin turned he met Mitchell's flushed face and glittering eyes.

"My dear," anxiously interposed Mrs. Birge, "your brother thinks you should not go to Mrs. Suavity's so often."

"What if he does?" said Mitchell looking straight in Calvin's eyes.

"And he thinks you are neglecting your studies," said Mrs. Birge, putting her hand on Mitchell's arm.

"He can think as he pleases," addressing not his mother, but Calvin, at whom he looked steadily.

"But my dear boy," said the mother tremulously, as she stepped between the flushed faces. "My dear boy, you should do as Calvin says; he knows what is best;" for to Mrs. Birge, Calvin was the head of the family,

"Mother," said Mitchell gently, "mother, once for all, I shall not do as Calvin says, and he need concern himself no farther about my affairs."

"If I had not concerned myself about your affairs," said Calvin speaking for the first time, "I would like to know where you would have been the past few months? Do you know whose time and money you are idling away?"

Calvin regretted the words the moment they were spoken, but instead of retracting he went into the hall, took his hat and went out on the street.

"What did he mean, mother? said Mitchell, whose face had suddenly grown white.

"Oh! Mitchell! Mitchell! what have you done?" cried Mrs. Birge in tears, throwing her arms around his neck.

"Nothing, mother," gently unclasping her arms. "Nothing. What did he mean?"

"Why, Mitchell, you know it is his money, the income from the Seaborn fund, that enables you to go on with your studies. He turned that over to you till you should be in a position to take care of yourself, and his salary, almost the whole of it, goes to help meet the household expenses. If it were not for Calvin I do not know what we should do."

"Why was I not told this before?" asked Mitchell with a certain noticeable solemnity in his manner. "I was given to understand that enough had been saved from our losses to meet all necessary expenses. I did not know that I was living on his money."

"Your brother did not wish you to know. He wanted you to feel our losses as little as possible. He has been very good to you, Mitchell."

"If he did not wish me to know, why did he throw it at me now?"

"You fretted him, my son. He spoke hastily, and I am sure he regrets it already."

Mitchell stood thoughtfully looking down, while his mother anxiously watched his face. She had often seen him fretful and angry, but she had never seen him like this, gentle but determined. A new expression had come into his face, something that carried her back years. She had seen her father look thus.

"Mother," said he lifting his eyes to hers, and speaking in a suppressed tone that made his voice sound unreal, "I would like to know just how I stand. I may have received other mistaken impressions. Have I any rights here? Is there anything that belongs to me?"

"Yes," said his mother, unconsciously speaking in the same suppressed tone. "The homestead belongs equally to you and your brother. There is a fund, the interest of which goes to keep the grounds and buildings in repair, and the surplus goes to Calvin, according to the terms of your grandfather's will. The surplus has not been drawn upon, and has been invested from time to time for Calvin's benefit. That is what we call the Seaborn fund."

"And that he turned over to me?"

"Yes."

"There were no writings?"

"No, he simply takes that money to meet your expenses."

"I understand. Thank you," and he turned to leave the room.

"But," said his mother detaining him, "you will apologize to Calvin?"

He looked at her curiously for a moment.

"For using his money? Yes."

"I did not mean that; he would not wish you to do that. But you will apologize for speaking as you did."

The set look came again into Mitchell's lips and he answered in a low voice,

"No"

But Mrs. Birge did not believe that. She had known Mitchell twenty years, and in that time she thought she had seen every phase of his character. She knew that he was angry, but he had often been angry and

had as often repented and retracted. She heard him going up the stairs; she knew he would go to the "corner," that he would for further seclusion drop the curtain over the arched entrance, and presently she would hear the heavy tones of the organ rolling through the house. After a while he would come to her and say that he regretted his hasty words, and she believed he would say as much to Calvin.

Mrs. Birge went to her apartment full of that expectation, which she dwelt upon all the more earnestly because there was, unacknowledged, a secret fear that it might not be so after all. She was uneasy, thinking of the new look that had come into Mitchell's face.

Neither Mrs. Birge nor her sons knew how much of their present discomfort and unkindly feeling was the direct result of the loss of their money. The economy they were obliged to practice at every turn cramped and irritated them all. Anxieties for the present and harassing cares for the future lie a grubbing at the roots of nine-tenths of the bitterness and misery in the world. Mrs. Birge felt something of this as she sat and waited and listened for the organ tones. Moment after moment passed and not a sound was to be heard in the house. Her ears ached with listening and at length she went into the hall.

As she surmised, the curtains were down, but she parted them, and there sat Mitchell, not at the organ but at the table, looking over a pile of record papers. Had he been growing, unperceived, into a likeness of his grandfather Seaborn? She had sometimes grieved over the fact that Mitchell was "all Birge." But now there was something in Mitchell's face, notwithstanding the handsome Birge features, that made him look more like Judge Seaborn than Calvin, who had the family face, physique and manner. Could it be that Mitchell was something of a Seaborn after all? The question made her drop the curtain and return to her apartment. Shortly after Mitchell went out with a roll of papers under his arm.

For two or three days Mitchell avoided meeting Calvin and seemed unwontedly serious, but he was at the organ practicing several hours a day, and his mother felt that if a change had come over him it could not be a change for the worse. On the evening of the third day he searched the house for his mother, finding her in the library. She knew that he had something to tell her and she waited for him to begin.

He laid a roll of bank bills in her lap.

"What is this?" she asked surprised.

"Money that I found on the dressing-table in my room. Do you know who put it there?"

"I do not, but of course it must have been Calvin. I heard him go to his room after dinner. And Mitchell," the tears starting to her eyes as she spoke, "your brother is unhappy; he says nothing about it, but I see it in his face. You ought to apologize. I cannot endure that there should be unkindly feelings between my sons. You have only each other, and for my sake, Mitchell, make peace with him to-night."

"Mother," said Mitchell, gently taking her hand in his as he sat beside her, "let us have as complete an understanding as may be possible in this matter. I should have spoken before, but I knew it would grieve you and I dreaded to do that. After the loss of our funds, Calvin settled the question of my future without consulting me in the least. He said it was your desire that I should continue my studies, and that consideration alone induced me to go on as he had planned. There had been for some time a hesitation in my own mind concerning my fitness for the profession chosen for myself. I wanted to please you; it was right that I should do so, but after all, I might be doing right in one direction and wrong in another at the same time. And, mother," speaking slowly and more to himself than to his mother, and as if he were groping mentally, "you would not have me, in order to gratify you, do what might, all my life long, be distasteful to me and hateful to God—if—if—indeed He knows anything about it." His voice had fallen to a whisper, and his half-closed eyes had that narrow, introspective look of one who, just then, sees nothing outward. His mother knew that he was not addressing her, and a great throb of sur-

prise and pain at his words kept her silent.

"Mother," said he at length, starting up, "it is useless to talk. I could not make you understand; I do not understand myself, but one thing is certain, I cannot study with the ministry in view until I have some more settled belief. It would be only a mockery."

His mother put one hand over the other as if she were holding down her pain, while she asked quietly,

"How long have you been in this unsatisfactory condition?"

"Always, I think, mother," with a grim smile. "I don't think I was ever satisfactory to myself or to any one else. These wretched uncertainties concerning my future, and the future, have haunted me vaguely and at intervals for two or three years, and have latterly taken definite shape."

"This disagreement with your brother has made no difference?"

"No; only it may have hastened a conclusion that was certain to be reached sooner or later, and the sooner the better for all concerned. And mother, I cannot talk with Calvin just now, but I wish you would return him the money found on my dressing-table, and say to him, from me, that I am grateful for all his past kindness and his intentions regarding the future, but that I cannot take his money, never again, and that I shall repay him what I have already used as soon as possible."

"But, Mitchell, what are you going to do?"

"I shall for the present give up my studies, most of them. Professor Brene has obtained for me the position of organist in the church from which he is to retire. The salary will be sufficient to meet all ordinary expenses, so far as I am concerned, and of course that will lighten Calvin's burden somewhat."

"It is quite settled then?"

"Quite, for the present, at least." He had gone to the door, but on the threshold he stopped, and came back to his mother's side. Her eyes were on the clasped hands that lay in her lap, and her face was very pale. His heart smote him. "Mother," he cried huskily, "forgive me. The hardest part of all this miserable business is to know that I disappoint and grieve you. It may turn out better than it seems. Give me a little time."

The mother's arms were around her son, but the quivering lips could not speak. There was nothing to forgive, there would be nothing to forgive; he must do what looked right to him, but it seemed to her, then, that little more in the way of renunciation could be required of her. What plans she had laid and how surely they had come to naught!

CHAPTER VII.

One morning, a week later, the sun shone in through Mrs. Suavity's parlor windows in a subdued and well-bred manner. Mitchell, in one of his leisure moods, sat beside Miss Lou, ostensibly helping her untangle a confused mass of scarlet worsteds, but, man fashion, he was only making "confusion worse confounded," pausing now and then in his laudable undertaking to fasten ends of gay worsteds in Pique's collar. Pique disapproved, but Lou admired, Mitchell talking meanwhile the veriest nonsense, which Lou and Pique understood equally well. If he could win an occasional smile from Mrs. Suavity, who sat silently, a little removed, he considered himself well paid for any exertion he might make. How lovely she looked! ensconced in that green velvet chair, with her soft gray draperies drifting about her; the laces at her white throat fastened by a spray of rubies, and a delicate color in her cheeks, so delicate that it seemed more a suggestion than a reality. Mitchell loved dainty combinations of color as he loved dainty combinations of tone. An open book lay in her lap into which she dipped from time to time, and then looked dreamily at the grate of glowing coals, lost in pensive reverie; and with her downcast eyes, her grace, her silence, she was a poem, dainty in color and tone. Mrs. Suavity grew beautiful. Mitchell's admiration and appreciation was an incense upon which her beauty throve. Admiration she had had before, all her life, in fact, but such appreciation, never. It was worth while to dress,

and to be, or to seem to be, all that Mitchell admired and appreciated. Mrs. Suavity had a certain sad craving for honesty and sincerity in others, and she found this in Mitchell Birge as she found it in no one else.

There came a sharp ring, and a quick step in the hall. Lou started up, half burying Mitchell in a cloud of worsteds that fell from her hands.

"Uncle Philip, and at this time in the morning!" said she, opening the parlor door.

Yes, Uncle Philip, and in he came, pulling off his gloves, but with his hat set straight on his head.

Lou took the hat.

"Now, Lou, don't run away with my hat, for I want it in just sixty seconds. Where is Miss Cicily?"

"I don't know, somewhere about the house, probably."

"Find her in a jiff, and I'll give you a star the next time you ask for one."

"Why in such haste, Philip?" asked Mrs. Suavity with mild interest.

The Superintendent nodded to Mitchell as he emerged from the cloud of worsteds, and turning to Mrs. Suavity said gravely, "Mother Goodenough has failed rapidly within a few days, and I fear the end is nearer than we supposed. I promised Miss Cicily to come or send for her if there was a decided change."

"And there is a decided change?"

"Yes."

"Cicily has seen her nearly every day, and I doubt if she has apprehended such a result, at present."

"Why should she? What does she know of such matters?" he said with grave pity in his tone.

"Well," resignedly, "Mother Goodenough has no friends, I think."

"None but Miss Cicily."

"And it will make little difference with her, I suppose?"

"She will have lost the one friend she loved," remarked the Superintendent looking expectantly at the door.

Lou lingered long enough to know why Uncle Philip wanted Cicily, and speedily returned with Cicily ready for the drive. Uncle Philip had recently possessed himself of a fine pair of horses for Lou's especial benefit.

"Can't I go too?" pleaded Lou.

"No," answered her mother in a low tone. "Why should you wish to see an old woman die?" At times, a curious, wiry distinctness ran through Mrs. Suavity's soft, flexible tones. The words intended for Lou, reached Cicily, also, and she turned instantly to the Superintendent, startled, white and imploring. He too heard, and Mrs. Suavity would scarcely have approved the look he gave her as he took Cicily's arm and they left the house.

Lou gathered Pique in her arms and went off to the conservatory to console herself by complaining to Pique. Happy Lou! whose sorrows could be gotten rid of in that way.

Only Mitchell and Mrs. Suavity remained. Mrs. Suavity resumed her former attitude looking pensively in the coals, her hands fallen over the open book. Mitchell had heard little of the conversation, enough to comprehend that Miss Cicily was wanted somewhere. He had been busily plucking ends of worsted from his garments. Now, however, finding that they were alone, he leisurely drew an ottoman near Mrs. Suavity's chair and sat at her feet. Following her eyes he too looked in the coals. Presently he said:

"I am trying to see in the coals the thing that you see. Tell what it is, and perhaps I shall see it at once."

Mrs. Suavity looked in the clear, questioning eyes of the young man, eyes that were pathetic even in his most joyous mood, and she said, faintly smiling,

"Have you, too, learned that desire and expectation are the wizards who put us in possession of the thing desired and expected?"

"Not quite that," said he slowly and musingly, "not quite that; a feeling of uncertainty ever stands between my desires and expectations and their fulfillment. But if you were to tell me what you saw, perhaps I might see it with your eyes."

"I had been reading," said she glancing

at the book in her lap, and looking again in the fire, "of that first Easter Sunday and of that evening when the chosen were gathered, and *He* appeared in their midst. And I saw the small, upper room, the closed doors, the perplexed and uncertain group, and then, in the silence and vague light, *He*, standing in the midst, breathing, 'Peace be unto you.' And it seemed, no doubt, as real to me as it seemed to them, and I wondered that Thomas should insist upon seeing the print of the spear and the nails, agreeing with the author," glancing again at the book under her hands, "that by an instinctive view of unerring accuracy man understands that the ideal is not to be touched with hands, and that there is no occasion for its submission to the control of experience. *Noli me tangere* is the motto of all grand affection. The sense of touch leaves no room for faith."

Mitchell sat looking thoughtfully, not at the fire, but out through the window, at the sky, across which was drifting cirrus clouds, repeating to himself, "*Noli me tangere.* Ah me! but that is the very thing I must do—I must touch, I must *know*, else how can I believe?" A profound sadness overshadowed his fine face, and Mrs. Suavity, looking at him with half-closed eyes, experienced the same fascination, the same sad, tender pleasure that comes in contemplating some rare work of art, in which the artist has succeeded in expressing a divine thought. At length with a sigh he turned to her, asking,

"Who said that?"

"Said what?" for their thoughts had drifted far apart.

"That *noli me tangere* is the motto of all grand affection."

"Renan, Ernest Renan," lifting her folded hands from the open book. "Yes, I read Renan," answering an unarticulated question in Mitchell's face; "not that I agree with him on all or on many points; perhaps for the very reason that I disagree with him. He says what he has to say, well, and I like to know what he has to say. A faith is little worth that falls before the attack of friend or foe. A faith should be built on a broad and sure foundation, and if it is not thus built, the sooner we know it the better. An exclusive faith is necessarily narrow, and the higher it runs the more surely it will topple, by attack or by gravitation. Therefore, a faith should be constructed broadly and liberally, so as to include all truth."

"Even at the risk of including all error?"

"Even at the risk of including all error—for error will sift itself out, only give it time enough," said Mrs. Suavity more wisely than she knew. "The Superintendent would have thought Mrs. Suavity more incomprehensible than ever, if he had heard this conversation. The fact was, Mrs. Suavity never talked in this way to any one else. Mitchell alone called out this side of the woman. It would have been difficult to have told which was being influenced the more, Mrs. Suavity or Mitchell Birge.

"Read me the chapter you were reading," pleaded Mitchell, at length.

Mrs. Suavity read finely, as Mitchell already knew, and sitting at her feet he listened to the low, sweet modulations of her voice and the distinct enunciation of syllables as she read the first chapter of The Apostles, by Renan.

Toward noon, the Superintendent came to the street crossing, with his hat over his eyes and his hands in his pockets. Here, he was overtaken by a messenger who had been searching for him the last ten minutes, and at the risk of a growl from the Superintendent in his present mood, he touched his arm and handed him a telegram. The growl came quick enough, but not till he had glanced at the paper which he crushed in his hand, and with a muttered imprecation he strode over to the depot.

"Birge!" called he as pushing up his hat he caught a glimpse of Calvin on the platform.

Birge came.

"The devil's to pay down the road and I must be off by this train. It could n't have happened at a worse time. There are two or three matters at the office that ought to be attended to, but they must wait till my return. And Birge, there 's that woman,

Mother Goodenough—you know who I mean?"

"I do, sir."

"She may not live through the day. I have left Miss Cicily with her. She was to send to the office for me if anything occurred. You must remain in the office, and if she sends, go yourself." And thoughtfully, "you would better go anyway in course of an hour or two. Tell Miss Cicily I shall return by the seven-thirty express, if possible—by midnight in any event."

"The train is in motion, sir," observed Calvin, thinking that the Superintendent was not aware that the train he was to take was already passing him. The Superintendent caught the guard of the last car and swung himself up the steps as it passed out of the depot.

Calvin went over to the office thinking—"So Mother Goodenough is nearly through with all her troubles. How many men in Philip Cone's place would stop to think or care for the death of a friendless old woman. He is certainly a kind-hearted man. And Cicily, she will care more than any one else."

There was no one in the office, and Calvin sat at the Superintendent's desk, thinking of the day when he followed Cicily's voice across the tracks and of her efforts to induce Mother Goodenough to remember her, and her grief when she found it impossible, and his heart warmed toward the lonely girl as never before. No doubt she was full of grief now, and he wished it was in his power to comfort her. He was in a non-resistant mood. Tender, loving thoughts came, and he let them take possession. The hour that he sat thus, alone and motionless, was one of the most pregnant hours of his life, one of the most solemn, too, for before it was over he acknowledged to Bones that he did love this homeless and friendless girl, this Cicily who had no other name, and that he loved her with all the strength and tenacity of his strong, tenacious nature. For Calvin to acknowledge a thing to Bones, was to render it a fixed fact. Henceforth, there would be no more cavilings or disputings on that point. He was scarcely glad—an unwonted sadness and solemnity stole over him, as if he had taken an irrevocable step in the dark. He had committed himself to he knew not what, for all his future lay under a cloud. He might never be in circumstances to marry. The duty that lay nearest was the first duty; his mother and his home. How could he tell what would come after, even if she loved him, even if she were willing to wait. How many fears gathered about that thought, "even *if* she loved him." He had so many reasons to think that she preferred Mitchell; and Mitchell, with the independence and willfulness that he manifested of late, would be quite unmanageable in such an event.

How could Calvin Birge know that that very day, sitting in that same chair and before that same desk, another question involving Cicily's future, and so involving his future, had been definitely settled?

The hour passed and no message came from Cicily. The Superintendent had said "You would better go over in any event." Remembering this, Calvin went, glad yet reluctant to go. But as he went up the tracks he hastened his steps, growing eager to hear her voice, she who would be to him, she who was to him already, more than all the world beside.

Mother Goodenough lay in her invalid chair, sleeping, with her face turned toward the light. She had preferred this position the past few weeks, because of some difficulty of breathing, and because from the window she could see the sky above the car-shop roofs. Here, with her knitting on her lap, she had lain, looking out, with eyes that grew pathetic, waiting and watching for the some one who was to come. Wearily the eyelids drooped, and she slept more and more as the days went on, till at last she had fallen into a lethargic slumber that was deepening into death. Philip Cone had admitted this to Cicily, who now sat watching Mother Goodenough while Pat Hennessy's wife in an adjoining room was softly crooning her babe to sleep. Cicily's face testified to the violence of the storm of grief that had overtaken her, but she was quiet now, white and weary.

A quick flush overspread the pale face as

she saw Calvin, and it was impossible to keep back the tears as she gave him her hand. Something in his eyes made hers go down, and he stood looking at the quivering lids and tremulous lips till he longed with an almost intolerable longing to fold her in his arms and shield her ever more. Neither spoke, but stood hand in hand, with a clasp, that, to Calvin Birge, had all the binding force of a claim and a vow; till at length, Pat Hennessy's wife came in and laid her sleeping babe on Mother Goodenough's bed.

Presently there came a catch and a pause, in the slow, heavy breath of the sleeper. A gray shade like the shadow of coming darkness crept over her face. Calvin stooped and quickly laid his finger on the now fluttering pulse. She moved her hand as if she were conscious of the warm touch, and with a faltering sigh she slowly turned her head and opened her eyes. She saw Cicily, and smiled.

"Mother, Mother Goodenough," cried Cicily falling upon her knees, choking with sobs.

The lips moved again and she whispered—"Cicily; poor little Cicily;" and tried to reach the shining hair with her feeble hand. But Cicily's face was buried in Mother Goodenough's gown, beyond her reach, and the hand fell heavily on her own lap.

Cicily, lost in an agony of grief, knew not how swiftly the moments were fleeing away. The poor, patient face had turned again to the light, searching the still blue sky. The eyelids drooped, but suddenly fluttered open again, looking over the roofs. A quick smile of recognition, and the some one she had been waiting for—the some one whom she would know, the some one who would know her—had come.

"God rest her sowl," whispered Pat Hennessey's wife as she drew near and took from Mother Goodenough's lap the unfinished knitting—the little, white stocking that would never be finished.

Calvin stood looking at Cicily, whose face was still buried in Mother Goodenough's gown, when the door quickly opened. The Superintendent had returned ahead of time. A questioning glance at Calvin, a swift look at the dead face on the pillow, a movement toward the kneeling figure whose sobs he heard, and a flood of tenderness illumined that sometimes hard, stern face. Calvin Birge scarcely knew the man whose hand unsteadily touched the gleaming hair that fell in disorder about the head as if he would have thrown it aside to see the hidden face. If the hand had been Mitchell's, Calvin would have instantly thrust it aside, but her guardian had a right to touch her hair, or her hand if he would, and Calvin could say nothing. Bones took note, however, of the clenched fist and shut teeth, as Calvin withdrew a step or two.

The movement recalled the Superintendent. His tall figure straightened suddenly, and taking from his breast-pocket a paper, he said in a low, courteous tone that somehow reminded Calvin of Mrs. Suavity,

"I wish you would hand this paper to Tomlinson, if he is in the office; and if he is not there, leave it on his desk with orders to have it attended to as soon as he comes in. Then, be at the depot when the four-forty train comes in, and if Drew is aboard, tell him to come to the office at nine to-morrow morning. And meantime, but I dislike to trouble you, Mr. Birge—" Calvin knew from this that the Superintendent was about to ask a personal favor, something no way connected with his regular duties and he said as the Superintendent hesitated,

"I am at your service, sir."

"Thanks! Please step around to the stables and tell Gordon to send the carriage up to the crossing just beyond the depot, at half-past four. If Ned takes the errand he 'll be sure to blunder; the carriage will go to the city limits, or it won't go anywhere till midnight. Commend me to an Irishman for accuracy," and he bowed, with unwonted courtesy as Calvin hastened away.

He performed his duties with his usual promptness, and at half-past four saw the Superintendent hand Cicily into the carriage and drive off. He was too far away to see the face half concealed by the light veil, but the drooping head and spiritless movements told more pathetically than words or tears the story of her grief. A compassion so keen as to become a pain, and a love that had no taint of selfishness,

followed the girlish figure that was rapidly borne away.

He had five or six minutes to spare before the train was due, but instead of going to the office he paced slowly up and down the long platform. Unlike Mitchell, Calvin never lost himself. However deeply engaged in thought, he was at the same time cognizant of his surroundings. So now, he saw what had escaped the notice of many a person with less to think of. Near the edge of the platform, half hidden in the dust lay a small packet, which, without questioning, he stooped to pick up. It proved to be a commutation or season-ticket, bearing the day's date and belonged to Relief Stanhope of Edgeford. It had been neatly folded, and Calvin surmised that the owner in attempting to put it in her pocket, dropped it upon the platform.

His first thought was to return it to the ticket-office, where probably the loss would be reported. On his way thither, he passed two ladies without the door of the waiting-room. One of these, the taller of the two, was saying, slowly:

"I purchased the ticket after the arrival of the train this morning, put it in my porte-monnaie before I left the platform, and went immediately to the school building. The porte-monnaie has not been opened till now—and yet the ticket is gone."

Calvin turned and looked at the speaker. She was a tall, fair, and somewhat distinguished looking lady, dressed in black. He surmised that she looked older than she really was, and he observed a curious pause or deliberation in her speech, occurring between the syllables of a long word which gave her words a noticeable clearness and precision.

"Are you sure that you put it in your porte-monnaie? You might put it in your pocket instead, and have drawn it out with your handkerchief in the school-room," said the other lady concernedly.

"I put it in my porte-monnaie, crossing the platform. I remember, distinctly."

"Have you lost anything, Madam?" asked Calvin approaching and lifting his hat.

"Yes," answered the other lady quickly. "She has lost a season-ticket which she purchased this morning."

"What name?" asked Calvin looking in the tall lady's face, thinking that it was as perfect and colorless as sculptured marble.

"Relief Stanhope," answered the voice first heard.

"I found this on the platform a moment since. I hope it may prove to be yours," said Calvin handing her the packet.

A gleam of color tinted her whole face, as opening it she answered, "It is mine. Thank you."

Calvin bowed and withdrew.

The circumstance would have passed from his mind, but for the fact that thereafter he met her almost daily, as he met many others, coming or going to the depot, and they recognized each other with a bow. She would seem to be a teacher or scholar residing out of town, coming in on the eight-thirty train and returning at five.

WHY?

Why does the bud that is near to its breaking
  Wake sweeter smiles than the fully-blown rose?
Why does the dream on the verge of awaking
  Stir deeper truths than a deeper repose?

Why does the love that is broken with parting
  Lift itself higher by the fullness of pain?
Why is the incomplete rapture of starting
  Close on completion we never attain?

Why? For a boundless unsatisfied longing
  Lies deepest down in the warm human heart;
Ever with this are the sympathies thronging,
  Ever by this do the heaven-flowers start.

Grow with our Spring: we can follow you wholly
  Only as far as its instincts are sent;
Summer 's a fact that is hidden and holy,
  We have not seen it—we are not content.

Elaine Goodale.

THE TENEMENT HOUSE QUESTION.

"Civilization! Oh, how I detest that word!" said the Bachelor of the company, throwing away his paper and marching up and down the room. "Here is this report from the Board of Health, and I defy you to find in the darkest of the dark ages anything worse than the condition of the tenement houses of this city. I believe the peasant of the thirteenth century to have been incomparably better off than the man of the same social grade to-day. Suppose he did live in a windowless hut with an earth floor. At least the air of heaven could find its way in. Is there anything in the imaginations of either Milton or Swedenborg, fouler or more pestilential than the sewage and sink exhalations surrounding and permeating those horrible structures. Leave them, however, and take this very one we are in."

"There I am with you," said another voice. "I was about to remark, that since the days of the old Romans building has not advanced one step. In fact retrogression is the law. If Civilization were triumphant every house would represent certain essential elements of comfort; dampness avoided, noise subdued, dust excluded and smoke also; building so thorough that the expense for repairs, painting and so on would be next to nothing, and water-pipes requiring no plumber, and the effects of waste-pipes no doctor."

"If they would only make the rooms what I call inhabitable," said the Bachelor taking up the word, "we would even dispense with one or two other essentials. But who considers the position of furniture? What space is there for free movement? Take this very room. It is a mere chance that it admits this generous lounge and your long table, and yet it is supposed to be the working-room of a man of letters, who wants books of reference piled about him, and space to start up suddenly and walk till some mental fermentation has resulted in a clear, settled thought, ready for use. Then take noise. Has anybody thought of filling in floors, or doubling doors, and making all work or play rooms at as remote a distance as possible from the central point where silence should have its sway? Not one. You sit here, and every note of the piano, every shout of the children, every sound from the kitchen penetrates and disarranges thought, consciously or unconsciously. You did n't build the house? Very true, but I wager anything you like that if you had you would have spent your money in part in a row of impossible brackets outside supporting nothing, and merely ornamental dust holes, instead of deadening your floors, or increasing the number of square feet in your rooms. I could talk all night and then but have begun. Job should never have said, 'O, that mine enemy would write a book!' but 'O that mine enemy would build a house.' In fact if Job had been in a modern house he would never have recovered senses or complexion. It was sitting in the ashes seven days and seven nights with the wind blowing upon him, and sun

and moon working their will, that finally brought him to. Now in my own case, I would give half my year's salary if in all New York I could find a quiet room. I am in the office only part of the day. Really the most of my work could be better done at home than there, but I have moved till I am ashamed to move again. I did get some peace and fresh air in the sixth story of a Sixth Avenue flat, but the elevated road tore that from me. Now I 'm in a tall house on Madison Avenue, third floor back, to escape street noises, but at the mercy of the piano each side of me and of all the street cries and sounds from the back. Life is an everlasting concussion of the brain."

"On the contrary, you will find," came the answer, "that as soon as the evil is unbearable it will not be borne. In other words, 'Britons never will be slaves,' and we are insensibly making ready for revolt and insurrection, and reconstruction on a new basis. It is not in any case the rich who will suffer. With them the remedy is in their own hands, and the day is coming, nay, I believe it to be not far distant, when honest workmanship and the best adaptation of means to ends will govern the making of every house. It is the poor who suffer most, and it is from foul air, cramped quarters and the degrading results of too close contact, that the dangerous class is recruiting. Here I must say I am almost as hopeless as yourself. The tenement houses of our great cities are an everlasting disgrace, and a generation of inevitable villains, thieves, tramps, rascals in general is coming from them. I read suggestions now and then of reform, but that is the end of it. I have meant to look into the matter, but am engrossed in other directions. Really that is in your line."

"And really it is not," returned the "Bachelor," who is an editor on one of the weekly papers. "I should like to know the fate of my own department if I took to studying up reports on the condition of the poor! I distrust reports. They are all 'cooked.' Some man has a hobby, and that hobby under one disguise or another prances through the pages and governs the statistics. My business is art in general, and therefore I decry modern dwellings as defying art and nature too. But for details—if there is any truth in them I must trust those who have gone to look for themselves. I wish I knew any reliable person, for no one who thinks at all can be anything but disturbed and anxious at the ominous condition of things. You are at your history. I go about among my pictures and worry over the latest forgery in Ceramics. Who will give us any light?"

My time had come. Thus far I had sat an amused listener to the discussion, or rather outbreak on both sides. In my lap meantime had lain a thick pamphlet, one of the objectionable "Reports" referred to by the "Bachelor," and for some days I had been verifying its statements, and comparing what I found there with certain facts already in my own mind or accessible at various sources. In this sheltered and most beautiful home they seemed as remote from the family life and interests—more so, indeed—than facts might be as to the inhabitants of Mars. Delicate, cultured, absorbed in a special study and letting his dearest wishes center in this book, not yet completed but only the beginning of a life-work, only a most sympathetic and tender nature in the master of the house made my own interests in these lower directions tolerable to his fastidious ears. The many who came and went in the hospitable house, artists and authors, took sometimes a theoretical interest but as often argued disgustedly against further experiment, and I had almost come to believe Art to be only another name for a dainty and high-bred selfishness, as hardening and deadening in its results as too much of the modern worship of Culture. Cynicism and sarcasm were the common armor. Enthusiasms or earnest beliefs were to be smiled at loftily or frowned upon as not at all in "good form," and there was room for grave questioning as to whether constant suppression of real feeling might not lead to the extinction of the feelings themselves. The "Bachelor" was most hypercritical of all the many who argued against every existing thing in the most unanswerable way, but long ago I had found that as with others of his tribe a sound heart still an-

swered to certain touches, and that in quiet ways his hand was often stretched out to aid and comfort any unfortunate who claimed that aid. And I had found, too, that no matter what shower of vituperative adjectives fell upon my statements or plans,—"Utopian, chimerical, sheer madness,—" in the end came tangible help and friendliest suggestion.

"Have you ever been in one of these tenement houses?" I began.

"I have been by them. Is not that enough? I feel half poisoned for days afterward. Must I be wholly so, for that would be the result of going in? And what would be the use of going in? I am neither architect, builder, nor landlord. I wish I were the last, for these things I am told pay better than any other venture."

"If you are neither architect nor builder you criticise architecture and buildings, and it is your business, if your creed of the highest utility being an integral part of true architecture is correct, to know where and how that law is broken or can be brought to bear. For a month I have been among the tenement houses, beginning with quiet, pleasant 'flats,' both east and west, up town, and ending in the basements and cellars of Cherry and Front and all that labyrinth of down-town streets. I have seen lodging-houses where a score of people lay on the floor, paying three cents a night for this shelter. I have been in the old church where they crowd by the hundred at the same rate, and in rooms of a trifle higher pretensions where cot-beds with a pillow and single covering are ranged thick as they can be set. And I have been in rooms where a whole family herded together, seven, eight, or even nine people in a space fourteen by sixteen, eating, drinking, sleeping, performing every office of life in this common space, and their brutalized faces bearing the story of inevitable results, written in letters all may read at will. I have found men and women delicately nurtured reduced through these hard times to the same straits, and sickening and dying in an air deadly as that of the Roman Campagna. I have seen landlords who bewailed the condition of things, but said:

"'What can we do? Land is high, and even with the right sort of buildings you could n't get a living return from your money. Tenants would n't pay either. There 's no way out as I can see.'

"Now as a rule landlords are much like other men. Now and then I find a brutal, oppressive one. At times great wrongs are done, and usually by the very ones who have themselves been poor and oppressed. Thus on Cherry Street the owner of four bucket-shops, himself having begun life as an Irish laborer on the docks, puts out tenant and goods at once if the rent is not ready when he appears; just enough, were it not for the fact that most of the earnings have already passed into his till for drink. I find a large proportion of the worst and most loathsome dens owned by such men, and in such cases, only arbitrary legislation can bring them to terms. Of the one hundred and fifty thousand persons provided with medicine from the public Dispensaries almost the entire number come from these houses. The system is bad enough in any of our large cities, but New York has the frightful distinction of killing each year eight thousand six hundred and forty more souls than any ordinary and expected percentage of death rate would admit. This was so in 1875, and the crowding is now even greater, the want of work having forced many families to 'double up,' or take a boarder or two.

"You laugh, but only yesterday I found one family of five in two rooms with three boarders, and another family of eight occupying the same space with two. Premature deaths among the children, and general mortality, funeral expenses and so on cost over six millions in New York last year: ten thousand new paupers and criminals started out into the world, many of them taking to this life because natural supporters had died, and their birth and growing up in these holes had killed all moral sense, and left them hardly a vestige of what you would call ordinary instincts of decency. We pay over thirteen million dollars annual tax for the support of this army, and then sit and shiver as we read of Pittsburgh riots, or the spread of German Socialism."

"You cannot deny," interrupted the Bachelor, "that Communism in one form or another is one of the oldest traditions of the race, and that properly applied to-day your army would disappear. Let society absorb the individual and care for him. Proudhon had the key and all your researches will only the more thoroughly prove the justice of his reasoning."

"I have no time to argue that point. You only draw a logical conclusion from a false premise. Society has no right to absorb the individual any more than the individual has a right to *be* absorbed or supported. His right is to his own personality and its best means of development, and all we can ask of society is that those means be made easier of attainment. Now as a little more than half the population of New York are living under conditions which murder the children, degrade and ruin the young, corrupt every aspiration and stifle every hope, they have become at last a standing army of menace to the whole political, social and moral life of the city. I see but one remedy for one phase and it lies in *immediate legislation*, compelling the erection of new houses on sanitary principles, needed alterations in existing ones, and the demolition of all unfit for human habitation."

"It can't be done," said the Bachelor decisively. "Half the men in the New York legislature are landlords of these very holes. Do you suppose they will vote for the destruction of their own incomes?"

"No, but I do suppose that it is possible to have the matter so presented that the large portion of that body who have consciences may be roused to some sense of what is in prospect, if decisive action is not taken. In 1870, an Act of Parliament demolished ten thousand houses in Glasgow, and within two years a marked change in health returns, prevention of crime, and arrest and conviction of offenders was the result. In 1875, in England private and public enterprise had so stirred up the people that a set of General Laws, "The Artisans' and Laborers' Dwellings Improvement Acts," were passed, governing every large city in England, Scotland and Ireland. Let me read you the preamble to these Acts, and ask if it does not apply word for word to our country.

"'Whereas, various portions of many cities and boroughs are so built, and the buildings thereon are so densely inhabited as to be highly injurious to the moral and physical welfare of the inhabitants;

"'And whereas, there are in such portions of cities and boroughs as aforesaid, a great number of houses, courts and alleys which by reason of the want of light, air, ventilation or proper conveniences, or from other causes, are unfit for human habitation, and fevers and diseases are constantly generated there, causing death and loss of health, not only in the courts and alleys, but also in other parts of such cities and boroughs;

"'And whereas, it often happens that, owing to the above circumstances, and to the fact that such houses, courts and alleys are the property of several owners, it is not in the power of any one owner to make such alterations as are necesssary for the public health;

"'And whereas, it is necessary for the public health that many of such houses, courts and alleys should be pulled down and such portions of the said cities and boroughs reconstructed;

"'And whereas, in connection with the reconstruction of these portions of such cities and boroughs, it is expedient that provision be made for dwellings for the working classes who may be displaced in consequence thererof;

"'Be it enacted,' etc."

"That strikes me as very practical Communism," said the Bachelor with a chuckle. "Your 'Be it enacted' is precisely what I claim is needed. You and I are not so far apart after all."

"You are mistaken. The State has the right to destroy or suppress anything vitally prejudicial to the mass of the people, but it was private enterprise in Glasgow that gave new accommodations and must be private enterprise here. With Old World experiments in homes as a *charity* we have nothing to do. The working class in New York are paying rents which would give a more than legal interest on the cost of suitably constructed

houses, and a smaller sum would yield a fair return on the investment and preserve their own self-respect.

"The ideal city will give every family its independent home, and Philadelphia almost does this, having one hundred and twenty-eight thousand families and one hundred and twelve thousand houses, more than half of them owned by the occupants. Land here is held at such a rate that this is an impossibility, and one hundred and eighty-six thousand families are crowded into less than sixty-five thousand houses. Boston and Cincinnati are little better off than Brooklyn, which has eighty thousand families and nearly forty-six thousand houses, and the smaller manufacturing towns and cities are even more crowded. The middle class have been driven to the country, and it is this middle class on whom any hope of proper municipal action depends. The poor are too poor, the rich too rich, to be anything but indifferent as to whether the city government is administered economically or otherwise. Rapid transit you say will solve this problem, but there must always be a large class of day-laborers too poor to afford the daily fare who will crowd into the regions near which their work lies.

"I cannot understand—it is a constant wonder—why no wealthy and philanthropic woman in New York, has followed in the lead of Octavia Hill—the most practical missionary I believe that London has ever known. Dr. Smith of the *Sanitarium* has warmly advocated her theory and practice, and there is an intermittent agitation in one paper and another. The 'State Charities Aid Association' published her 'Homes of the London Poor,' in which her plan is fully given, 'to secure the lease and control of existing dirty and neglected tenements; to have them thoroughly cleansed; to fix moderately remunerative rents; to collect the rents herself and insist on prompt payment, and by personal effort on tenants to elevate the family step by step to self-respect and the health and virtues which attend it.'

"Her tenants though of the lowest class of poor, and her houses though of the dirtiest, have more than realized her expectations. Long before this, as far back as 1863, Sir Sidney Waterlow had erected the 'Langbourn Buildings,' a development of the Prince Consort's idea of model dwellings for the poor, built in 1851, and since that time many such buildings have been erected The essential point in all these plans is separate domestic conveniences for each family, and this has in every case been secured, with a constant effort toward perfecting details more and more. I will not bore you with figures, though they are all here. But in spite of enormous taxes and many serious disadvantages the net earnings are over six per cent., an exceedingly high rate, as you know, for England. There are suburban experiments equally profitable, but there as here it is proved that the city laborer's family need to be near his work. If he can take his meals at home there is far less danger of his wages finding their way to the beer saloon, or bucket-shop. This Company have no single rooms; they strike at the root of the system of living of which these rooms are the sign. They build not for to-day but for the future, and hope for the time when no family will be forced to live in a single room. And this better provision for wants has already diminished the competition of the better class of workmen with the poorer, so that indirectly the latter are already benefited."

"All very well," said the Bachelor; "I am glad anybody has done anything, but how does it help unlucky Americans? Does anybody intend to look out for them?"

"Most decidedly. All these details I have been giving are only preamble to the fact that even with bad city government, enormous taxes, and high-priced land, it has been found possible to follow the plans of this same Company, and that for a little more than a year the experiment has been working in Brooklyn, not five minutes' walk from the South Ferry. The advantage there is that one large plot of ground was owned; one hundred and five feet front on Hicks Street, and one hundred and fifty-five on Baltic Street. There are no rear buildings to act as fever holes and nests of pestilence. The ground floor has four stores with apartments in the rear, and above each

floor contains eight dwellings of equal width, and each running the entire depth; three rooms being in the main building and one in the narrow extension. Two stair-cases of slate set in sold brick-work give access to the upper stories, and at the top of each flight is a slate balcony protected by an iron railing, each thirty feet long. From each end of each balcony a hall-way runs directly back, making an entrance for two families on each side the hall. Separate doors lead from the hall into each room; there are doors from the middle one opening into both front and rear rooms, and swinging sashes over all. The middle room has light and ventilation from a central shaft three feet by two, and the front one or sitting-room and the back or living one have ample closets with hooks and shelves, and a dresser. The extension, while only seven and a half by six feet, contains a coal box holding a quarter of a ton of coal, a window, a sink, a stationary wash-tub, and ash flue door, and a water closet with separate outside window. The ash-flues discharge into large ash-rooms in the rear of the cellars, separated from them by a brick wall. The water supply is most ample, and every plumbing arrangement as perfect as knowledge admitted. There are no horizontal drains under the buildings, the sewage-pipes passing down the back walls of the extension and out through the rear wall of the cellar. The flat gravel roof is a clothes-drying ground for the families in the upper stories, and the yard has lines for those in the lower. The slate stair-case from cellar to roof is not only absolutely fire proof but cannot be reached by any fire in the buildings.

"In the beginning a set of rigid but essential rules were made; all rents, for instance, were to be paid in advance every Saturday evening to the agent who lives in the building. But to offset this, any tenant who can pay a few weeks in advance has a deduction made of ten cents per week. Those who fail are at once notified to leave. No tenant can under let or take in lodgers, and all sweeping of halls, etc., must be done before 10 A. M. All garbage is to be burned and all ashes thrown into ash flues, and no solid matter is allowed to be thrown into the water pipes, this last offence being a never-ending source of trouble in the average tenement houses. Here, as every tenant has absolute control of his own water facilities, any damage can at once be traced to the proper source. The whole spirit and effect of these regulations is to encourage thrift and care, while leaving the largest individual liberty. There is almost complete privacy, and often two families who have been friends, by taking a hall together and locking the balcony door, secure it as thoroughly as if in a private house. The rental for four rooms averages $1.70 per week, the lowest being only $1.40. In the poorest locations the laborer pays six or eight dollars per month, with only half the floor space.

"In a few weeks from the time of opening the janitor had applications for rooms from families enough to fill a small town, and no one talks of moving.

"'Does it pay?' The owner reports that a gross income of twelve per cent. is sure. From this must be deducted taxes, water rates, insurance, expenses of collection, a reserve fund of one and a half per cent. for future repairs and some minor items. But given all these, there remains a clear seven per cent.!

"No such flats are to be had in New York in the great working centers, and to bring the same returns rents must be thirty-five per cent. dearer, but as tenants are already paying proportionally higher rates the gain would be as great. But it is not alone lower rents that must be considered; it is better accommodations, and every laboring man should be encouraged to take the best apartments he can pay for."

"Utopia at last," said the Bachelor. "I have read, have I not, that these sunless middle rooms were full of danger, and that ventilating shafts do not always ventilate?"

"These defects the owner recognized in advance, but decided not to attempt too much at first, and to ensure a certain business success. The block now building on Baltic street remedies all evils in the first one. There are some larger sets of rooms, and the yard between both buildings becomes about one hundred and eight by

sixty-five feet. All the rooms have outside windows, and each family its own front door.

"Here is a demonstrable success. The thing counted impossible has proved not only possible but profitable. And now again I say that landlords should not be the only scape-goats. In building new blocks what advance has been made on old models? Legislation may destroy pest-holes, but if better houses are not to take their place the old might as well remain. But if ever a golden opportunity waited it is now. Labor is cheap and laborers stand waiting. Let accommodations for fifty thousand people be added this year in New York and Brooklyn, and the landlords of the fever-nests will be at the mercy of the tenants. Competition is more omnipotent than any court, and competition would force landlords to adopt new methods."

"Then you would clean out the old rookeries at once?"

"I doubt the wisdom of that. There will be plenty who prefer to move and who will take better quarters the moment there are any. I think the lowest class of all will be moved more easily a step at a time. First into the rooms left vacant by those who seek ampler space; then, having found the advantages of this, on to new buildings and a more complete change of life. Men leave great sums to Hospitals and Dispensaries. If it is well to cure disease; is it not better to eliminate the causes of such disease, and help the next generation toward better health and life? Four hundred thousand people claim some action and more are coming constantly."

"What can you do on a lot twenty-five by one hundred feet," said the Bachelor uneasily. "There is no chance for any of the main points in your Brooklyn experiment."

"That is true, but the matter has been taken in hand vigorously. A prize[1] of five hundred dollars is offered for the best plan for a model house for working people, the best that can be devised within the limits of a city lot and to include the features we have already spoken of;—security against fire, distribution of light, ventilation, drainage and all sanitary appointments, convenience of arrangement, and inexpensiveness. The coming year will see something accomplished in this direction, and in the mean time every word of interest, every realization of what life in these dens must be, is a help, however slight, to new methods. No wonder the men drink and the women too. What hope or ambition can live in such air? Nothing survives but the reckless eagerness for immediate gratifications that you find in common soldiers in war-time, and the bucket shops offer the only solace. Air, light and room are the needed missionaries, and not till their work is begun has the church any right to look for much success, or to bewail the existing state of things. I could read you paragraph after paragraph from these reports, each one more disheartening than the last, did it not all go to prove that the time for neglect is over. Action will come I believe, but you who sit at ease in quiet homes must lend a hand if you would not hear in the end the inevitable judgment, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.'"

"I'll take a look at those Brooklyn houses to-morrow," said the Bachelor after a long pause, "and if they are all you claim I shall consider them genuine works of art and act accordingly. But no more now, for I seem to smell all the smells of all the cities, and feel my moral sense evaporating. I wonder you remain as lucid as you are."

So the long talk ended, but as it holds the essential elements of any plans for reform in these directions, it may stand as a representative conversation the mind in great part of all who hope and plan and pray for that better time only to come through individual effort, but sure to follow when that effort is made.

Helen Campbell.

[1] This prize has been awarded, but the difficulty of devising a plan for a building which must conform to the dimensions of the usual city lot,—25 x 100 feet,—and have similar buildings immediately adjoining on each side, seems to have stood in the way of any marked improvements.

THE OUTER GATE.

PRELUDE.

Which might have been indefinitely prolonged had it not been interrupted by a cry for help.

Whether we build churches or cottages, barns or business blocks, the one thing needful to their final fitness and worth is a clear conception beforehand of the motive that calls them into being. It is well to show our faith by our works, but faith must lead the way or the value of the works will be more than doubtful.

Our ideas in regard to the safe and infallible road that will lead us at last into Heaven are not more confused and contradictory than are the notions we hold concerning the real object in building churches. Although in the former case "Repent and believe," "Accept Jesus and follow him," "Love God and our neighbor," "Cease to do evil, learn to do well," are but different expressions of the same divine injunction, so simple that he who runs may read, yet diverse doctrines are noisily taught, and the "still, small voice" is rarely heard. Likewise we profess to build churches that we may assemble ourselves together for prayer and praise and to hear the Gospel preached, differing widely as to what the Gospel may be, but quite agreed that it must be heard. Then we set to work with mind, body, purse and credit, to build marvelous temples and monuments of art. We delight in magnificent domes, in grand perspectives, in artistic shadows, sculptures, symbols and hieroglyphics. Unlike the quality of mercy, the light of Heaven must be strained, and that through imported glass, and if all the forms of wood and stone are not in the popular estimation strictly Gothic, then heresy is supposed to be rampant in the hearts of the hearers. The best reason that can be given for the existence of certain decorative features is that they are sacred to the memory of the man who paid for them, and who wishes to have all men speak well of him as long, at least, as the church may stand.

An album bed-quilt is a charming specimen of industrious ingenuity. One likes to lie lazily in bed on a Sunday morning reading the autographs and sentimental mottoes, and wondering whether the loving hearts that planned the pattern and the deft fingers that stitched the mosaic bits together have found home and dear ones whereon to lavish their gifts; but who cares to be perpetually reminded that if the Sainted So-and-so had n't over much of worldly wealth himself, he had rich relations who were willing to pay for a pretty window that admits no light, an elaborate screen that hides nothing, or a high-backed chair that no mortal can sit in and live! This is not turning sacred things to ridicule; if calling them by their right names makes them appear ridiculous they never were sacred.

Any attempt to make a direct return for the infinite gifts we receive is worse than folly, it is irreverence. The most jewel-laden and gold-covered altar that ever was raised by heathen or Christian devotee, the most cunning workmanship ever compelled from slaves or ordered by tyrants, cannot compare in beauty with a single lily of the field or in worth with a human soul! I would not, indeed, formally dedicate to God a crude, coarse, clumsy building, the product of ignorance and thoughtlessness, neither *can* I dedicate to Him anything great or small, rich or poor, coarse or fine that is not already His beyond all claims in earth or heaven. Who shall say "*This* is mine; *that* I give to God?"

No, God is not mocked. We cannot buy heaven with any direct offering of toil or wealth. A single hair of a sinner's head is dearer to Him than all the temples ever reared. Let us speak and act the truth to ourselves as well as to our neighbors; and the truth is that we lavish toil, fine art, and rich material on our churches because we are fond of them, because we enjoy the prestige of having them at our command and of being thought able to pay our share of their cost. Underlying other motives there is a vague notion, not far removed

from superstition, that "in some strange unlooked-for way" this elaborate display, ostentatiously dedicated to the Infinite Creator, will operate to our eternal advantage. The sale of indulgences we think of with holy horror, but still nourish the feeling that the divine favor is not wholly regardless of the value of material gifts and sacrifices—that they will after all bring us a reward somewhat proportioned to their cost!

And yet, though we could indeed sing and pray, and exhort one another to be unwearied in well doing,—though we could hear the Scripture reading and comment, and listen with comfort and edification even to a sermon of thirteen heads in a room cheap and bare as a tobacco barn or a freight depot, and though we feel that the dear Father would be just as well pleased with our service as if we had toiled and taxed to build a magnificent cathedral, still we do decidedly and distinctly prefer the beautiful church; we choose it for our own sake and feel sure it is best.

But the vital question upon which the whole matter turns is whether the benefit derived from the visible beauty of the church edifice constitutes its chief excellence. If so, then we are bound to make it appear grand and altogether lovely, even if this can only be done at the expense of convenience in the ordinary uses of hearing and seeing. But if other uses are paramount to this,—and one or the other must be paramount,—then in the name of all the saints and martyrs who have striven and agonized that the Gospel might be heard throughout the world, let us consider those uses and build accordingly.

The numerous elegant churches that stand in their superb beauty in every city and village, are esteemed by many cheering evidences of the abundant faith that is filling the earth. To me, they seem, alas! too often a sign of fatal infidelity. Not that infidelity which consists in doubting my favorite dogma, or finding comfort in what appears to me a broken reed or a vain delusion, but the more deadly faithlessness that is practically false to its own profession and makes all faith a lie. For the spirit that builds and sustains these loudly consecrated "offerings to the Most High," is sadly at variance with the simple mission of peace on earth and good will to men, the simpler duty of saving souls and serving to the utmost the least of our brethren. Because giving to the poor is lending to the Lord, it does not follow that a perpetual loan to the Lord in the shape of enormously expensive church property, legally tied up to the incorporated company of stockholders, and half-buried under mortgages, will be found acceptable as an unstained gift to His beloved poor!

There are many earnest and excellent people on whom the ministry of an archangel would be spent in vain, if the architectural surroundings were not strictly ecclesiastical. It is useless to argue with such or to rail at them. Formalism of any kind is a good pickle. It has prevented much backsliding, upheld many a weak and tottering institution and—covered untold sloth of understanding. Let them rest in peace. I can only appeal to those who accept the duty of working out each one his own salvation in things temporal and in things eternal,—who do not sub-let their thinking, —who hold it no irreverence to render a reason for their faith and show good cause for their work.

To comfort the mourners, to strengthen the weak and save the sinful justifies the most heroic effort, the most devoted sacrifice. Shall we lead these sick and suffering ones to the door of a splendid temple, and hope, even if the seats are free and the ushers blind to the difference between satin and sackcloth, that the grandeur of our material work will secure the priceless blessing?

There is, in truth, great power in the association of ideas. It is a matter of no small import that religion, if it be genuine, be inseparably joined in our thoughts with outward beauty and solemn grandeur; but which is better, that an audience room by its magnitude and wonderful construction should affect our senses to the extent of obscuring the natural and desired influence of what we hear, casting a sort of ecclesiastical haze over the thoughts presented, a

peculiar solvent by the way, that is apt to evaporate, thoughts and all, when exposed to the sunlight or that it should rather intensify and make more clear all appeals to the understanding?

The former is almost certain to result from an attempt to build a beautiful church and to fill it with objects held sacred by association, and supposed to have by their mere presence a sanctifying influence—the latter where perfect sight and hearing are recognized as primal necessities——

Having progressed thus far in an argument exceedingly convincing to myself, our swift and myriad-handed servant, who is supposed to know the name and abiding place of every man, woman and child in the country, and who rests not day or night, brought me Job's letter in a leathern bag.

THE FIRST LETTER—JOB INTRODUCES A COUNTRY COUSIN.

My Dear Architect:

An old friend and relative who lives in a small rural village in this state, having heard of my connection with our new church building has applied to me for counsel in behalf of himself and his neighbors. They intend to build a new church soon and seem to think the lessons of my experience may be transferred to them. This would be a grand economy of experience in other matters than building churches, but it seldom works well. It certainly would not in this case. So I turn Uncle Jacob over to your tender mercies, not doubting that you will lend a patient ear to his complaint. In order to clear the way for you as far as possible, I enclose our preliminary correspondence as well as the epistle which he desired me to forward.

Faithfully yours,

JOB.

THE SECOND LETTER—UNCLE JACOB TO JOB.

Dear Nephew:

We've heard that you are building a new meeting-house and suppose that what with talking matters over at committee meetings, looking at architects' plans and studying up the wants of your folks, you must know by this time pretty much everything that is worth knowing on the subject. We are all commanded to let our light shine. So I make no apology for asking you to give us the benefit of your experience. It wont cost you anything and may be a great help to us. I dare say your meeting-house will be a good many times bigger than ours, because New York is a bigger place than Branville, but as both houses are built to the same end there can't be much odds except in size.

Our fair-weather congregation numbers three or four hundred. In revival times and now and then at a funeral we want room for five hundred. When we go above that, which ain't often, folks expect to be crowded and take their chances. We've raised seven thousand dollars and would n't spend more if we had three times as much. Now if you can tell us about what shape and size we can build to best advantage, and give us some ideas about the cost of different materials, you will be doing us a good turn that will be set down in your favor. I lost a couple of likely critters in August; one of them broke her leg in the rocky pasture and the other had the hoof distemper, but your Aunt Sophronia enjoys pretty good health this fall, the crops are mostly above the average, and I hain't had a day's sickness for more than a year, so on the whole we're middlin' well off and nothing special to complain of.

JACOB GRAVES.

THE THIRD LETTER—JOB TO THE PATRIARCH.

Dear Uncle Jacob:

I am sorry to disappoint you, but the circumstances of our church building differ so much from yours that my experience will be of no value to you. You will understand this when I tell you that our church, although it will ordinarily contain but four or five hundred people, and will hold when full not more than twice as many, is expected to cost from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars besides the land. We began intending to spend a hundred thousand, but times have changed during the last two or three years and my notions have also changed in

the direction of simplicity and economy. Yet as we shall spend ten dollars where you spend one, our work is so unlike what would be possible in your case that any attempt to follow our example would lead you into hopeless difficulties. I will therefore venture but one piece of advice.

Find an intelligent and sympathizing architect, who is more anxious to render you the service you need than to increase his commission or extend his reputation at your expense,—there are such self-sacrificing visionaries,—lay your case before him and follow his counsels even to the extent of spending a few hundred dollars more than your present limit.

Your dutiful nephew,

JOB.

THE FOURTH LETTER—UNCLE JACOB TO JOB.

Dear Nephew:

You 've said enough. I 've laid awake nights trying to picture to myself how five hundred Christian people could manage to spend a hundred thousand dollars in building a place to worship God in!. I dare say your lot costs as much more than ours in proportion; your preaching, your singing and everything else that we reckon a part of gospel dispensation at the same rate. It always seemed to me a hard saying that there were hundreds, may be thousands of people in the great cities too poor to have the gospel preached to them. I could n't more than half believe it, but I begin to understand it now. 'Taint the fault of the poor, it's the fault of the gospel—it comes too high. We have plenty of poor folks here in Branville and it's according to Scripture that we always shall have—poor folks, shiftless folks, lazy and drinking folks and there's always more or less town's poor, but I never heard tell of anybody too poor to go to meeting in the country, and I never knew a man so poor or wretched that anybody else wanted him to stay away. We have plenty of worldly-minded, proud folks, but none that would keep the poor out of God's house if they could as well as not. There ain't many that carries their heads higher than Squire Prescott, but he'll take off his hat on a Sabbath day—he ain't a professor neither—to old Aunt Hannah, who's lived in the poor-house thirty years, and walk up the broad aisle with her as far as his pew—she's hard of hearing and sets clear up in front—and glad to do it, and she feels just as much at home and knows she has just as good a right there as he.

Now if we should fix up things so nice and fine that half the congregation would feel sort of strange and think 't was almost too good to use, do you suppose they would keep coming, or that it would do them any good if they did? Where would our contributions to foreign missions come from—say nothing of the heathen around us—if we laid out every dollar we could rake and and scrape in building ourselves a house of worship? You can call it a consecrated gift to the Almighty if you 're a mind to, but that ain't the kiud of treasure I want to lay up. I don't believe He sets much store by things He don't ask for or keeps much reckoning of them. We are commanded, true enough, to give freely of our substance, but I can't put my finger on a single passage of Scripture commanding us to worship in gorgeous temples, or any promise of great reward for what we spend to please ourselves, no, not even if we give a free exhibition of it all once a week to everybody that has a mind to come.

Yes, yes, Nephew Job. You 've told me enough. I don't believe you know much about building a meeting-house that we should dare to dedicate to the God of the widow and the fatherless. But if you have found such an architect as you describe, you may send him this letter and ask him to give us his ideas on the subject. As I said before, we want a house that will hold, pretty well packed, five hundred people. We want it to cost seven thousand dollars. We want it to be neat, plain and substantial. We want ladies' parlors, a bell and a steeple. We want something that we sha' n't be ashamed of nor proud of either —shame and pride are both stumbling-blocks, and we don't see why we can't have a house that won't go out of fashion every ten years, and will be a comfort to our children's children to the third and fourth generations.

JACOB GRAVES.

FIFTHLY AND FINALLY—THE ARCHITECT'S ADVICE TO UNCLE JACOB.

Dear Sir:

Your request that I give you my ideas concerning your proposed new church has been sent to me by your nephew and I hasten to comply.

Beginning with the final clause of your letter I should answer, there is indeed every reason why you should erect a building that will remain to bless your descendants for many generations. We are no longer a young nation, we have passed our hundredth birthday and your town is doubtless well along in the second century of its existence, possibly the third. We have no excuse for building churches, of all things, to be torn down or "done over" every thirty or forty years. Young America has outgrown a great many uncomfortable and ill-fitting garments, but the fault has not always been the rapid growth of the child. The garments themselves were never suitable. They were neither useful nor ornamental. So, through this habit of building for to-day, expecting to tear down, remodel or build bigger to-morrow, it has come to pass that we are the most wasteful and extravagant nation on the face of the earth. To build with a view to more lasting usefulness, with the distinct purpose of making your work acceptable to those that follow you as well as to yourselves, does not necessarily require an added outlay of money; but it does demand a little more time and a great deal more thought. It requires courage and faith, patience, forbearance and common sense. It requires a resolute putting under foot of mere fashions, however modern; of styles, however ancient, and of all worldly ambition to outshine your sister churches either in the quality of your windows, the height of your spire, or the upholstery of your pews.

With your seven thousand dollars—though I should prefer to say eight—it is undoubtedly possible to build a house for Christian worship that shall be cherished and honored a hundred years hence, not as a relic of a half civilized antiquity or for its hallowed association,—a worthy sentiment that sometimes leads us into great inconvenience and discomfort,—not as a curiosity or a monstrosity, but for its intrinsic fitness and loveliness.

This by way of introduction to my "ideas," which for convenience may be arranged under three heads beginning with "firstly," the situation.

Your new church will not be planted in the middle of a bleak pasture, the corner of a swamp, or at the intersection of deserted highways. When the whole town was a howling wilderness and nobody knew whether one portion would be better than another for human beings to live upon, it was natural that the pioneers should establish their church, the pole star around which society revolved, in the geographical center of the township; otherwise eccentric movements might disturb the social machinery and the more remote corners would fly off to other and possibly heretical centers. Now the dwellers have found the fertile spots, the mill privileges, the well-watered, happy valleys, and you will build the new church where it will best accommodate the majority of those who gather under its roof. It will stand in a broad tract of lawn, made and kept beautiful by loving care. A smooth drive to its sheltering carriage porch and well-kept walks to the doors will be tastefully laid out, bordered with green hedges and sober, long-lived shrubs. The building will stand well back from the street, and the ground will rise sufficiently to cause the water from the roof and the melting snows to run away from it in all directions.

Every spring, possibly on Fast day, or the day that takes the place of that misnomer and well nigh obsolete ceremonial, the men and boys will assemble with pruning hooks and plow-shares, grateful hearts and willing hands, and will then embellish and put in order the grounds and environments of the sacred edifice. There will not be an engirdling belt of coarse gravel and cobble stones, washed and gullied by years of wind and rain, tottering and unsavory sheds close in the rear, and on either side symbolical hedges of thorns, thistles and rank, encroaching weeds, but all through the long bright summer, perpetual verdure

and constant bloom, types of the everlasting spring and never-fading flowers.

As you value the grateful remembrance of posterity, let no selfish local interest prevent your choosing a site of generous dimensions and in some spot that bears the immutable marks of natural fitness. Trees will die and fashions change; the grove may become a sandy plain, and the favorite street be given up to shops and the noise of trade, but through all these varying conditions the spot whereon the sanctuary stands should still be a serene and lovely oasis.

Much more must the lot be large enough to allow the shape and size of building adapted to your wants, and this brings me in good order to my "secondly," the form.

That this must be low and broad is inevitable; breadth you must have in order to give room for the five hundred, and height you cannot afford, neither do you want it. The first floor must be near the ground, only two or three easy steps from the smooth and well paved walks. Long flights of steps are an abomination, much more the inexcusable fashion of hoisting the audience room into the air in order to make room for an entire story underneath. If you want two churches build two, one to hear sermons in, the other for Sunday-schools, prayer-meetings, lectures, "fairs," and high-school exhibitions, but let them both stand on the solid ground.

The shape of the "ground plan" will be a simple parallelogram nearly square. When symbolism was an essential element in religious observance, it was to be expected that even the outlines of the walls of the consecrated structure should be made to assume the form of the cross. It may well be doubted whether this form would even then have been adopted, if the use of the building had been similar to that of the present time. Having lost our devotion to symbols as such, that we should still cling to the inconvenient form for fashion's sake is most absurd. Still there is no objection, if you choose, to a mild form of transept, making a sort of semblance of the symbol. That is, let the transept extend but a few feet beyond the side walls of the nave or main building, which will of course be simple and without posts or other sub-division.

The ceiling, ah! the ceiling. Can you be happy and devout?—can you look aloft?—can you be spiritually elevated?—can you trust that your prayers will ascend as rapidly, under a level ceiling? Do you feel the need of rafters and hammer beams to hang your aspirations as well as your Christmas evergreens upon? If you do, you can have them without great expense or loss except the extra cost of fuel to keep warm, and the possible waste of about one-half the preaching, which, owing to the uncertainty of acoustical routes, may never reach the ears of the congregation. If you do not feel the need of this sort of Jacob's ladder made in imitation of the ecclesiastical architecture of the middle ages, a church with a ceiling level or nearly so can be made very beautiful, very appropriate and exceedingly comfortable, not to mention its superiority in point of strength and economy.

Job need not have hung all his newly acquired wisdom out of your reach. There are certain principles in church architecture as well as in morals that are no respecters of persons. For example, the floor of your church should descend a little towards the pulpit and platform; the singers should have a comfortable gallery slightly raised and near the pulpit; the light should be mainly from the sides and from above, and the heating and ventilation as abundant and as impartially distributed as the sunshine and the dew.

How can a human creature comprehend a spiritual truth when his feet are chilled by a cold floor, his head heated by furnace blasts and his stomach nauseated by poisonous effluvia? What being in mortal frame can hope to present and interpret inspiring thoughts when burdened by such conditions?

Your servant and salvation in this matter will be steam. It will be put where it belongs under the very feet of the congregation, evenly distributed, and to a certain extent—sufficiently to accommodate different temperaments—the occupants of each pew

will determine the amount of heat they shall receive. Fresh air will enter in the same way and be as evenly diffused and atmospheric impurities will be withdrawn before their preseuce is revealed by listless, wandering thoughts aud aching heads. To stop the minister's mouth with a gag, or fill the ears of the people with cotton the moment they enter the church, would be scarcely more disastrous to Gospel dispensation than an illy warmed, unventilated audience room.

You will find it convenient to have entrance doors at the pulpit end of the church, and the parlors should be in the same vicinity, but I hope your pastor will enter in the good old way, and walk up among his congregation to the pulpit, instead of suddenly appearing like a jack-in-the-box from some hiding-place set apart from the knowledge of the common throng. The weakening of the pastoral relation seems to me a far greater calamity than the falling away from standard proof doctrines. So I would cherish the old customs and formalities that tend to preserve this kindly parental association. If his hearers do not escape before he has time to reach them, he may indeed descend among them, but he evidently goes out of his way to do so and that spoils the whole. Kindness that is condescension blesses neither the giver nor the receiver. Let him have the back door in case of fire, but ask him to enter on ordinary occasions by the same door that admits his flock.

I hardly need say that if the ceiling is level, the walls must be somewhat higher and the roof flatter than if you allow the space above the walls and between the rafters, what would be the attic if it were a house, to remain in the audience room. But in either case there is more danger of building too high than too low. Don't be afraid that the building will look "squatty." A broad understanding is a great gain. The everlasting hills preserve their dignity with a width of base many times greater than their altitudes. Our tallest spires reach but a little ways towards Heaven, and elevated piety is by no means sure to follow a lofty steeple. In short, the proper height of this characteristic feature is a matter of architectural rather than spiritual grace, and will depend largely like some other questions of form upon our—"thirdly," the materials.

These must be first durable, which is equivalent to saying that the main walls will be of brick or stone; then suitable, which cannot be the case with materials brought from a long distance, which are of doubtful character, or which are not capable of an honest expression; lastly, they must answer the desired uses with the least possible outlay. This question of economy will settle the competition between bricks and stone. If bricks are not made near by and stone is abundant, the latter will be found actually the cheapest. There is more likelihood that competent workmen to build the stone walls will be hard to find, than that the stone at your command is unsuitable. A man must be an artist and have something of an artist's love for his work and pride in its accomplishment, in order to make a handsome piece of mosaic with rough blocks of granite, trap and sandstone, flinty boulders and slabs of slate. Having that zeal and ability, such stone walls are the most economical as well as the most beautiful.

If Branville is, as its name might imply, a sandy plain, and the nearest quarry a clay bank, you will be compelled with your seven or eight thousand dollars to build the walls, foundation and all, of bricks. If you do this, buy the kiln before it is burned and heat the furnace seven times hotter than usual for hardness' sake and for depth of color. No matter if the bricks melt in the fervent heat and run together. These united masses will make capital foundation stones and can be effectively used above ground in the underpinning. No matter, either, if those for the upper walls are discolored, shrunken, and imperfect in shape, the general tone of color will be better than that of the lifeless staring "brick red" that belongs to the half burned clay. Of course all this masonry, whether brick or stone, must be solidly bedded in the best kind of cement, the visible portions darkened with "unfading" mineral paints, which will ultimately fade like all things earthly, but not

until time and other creeping things have softened and harmonized the whole.

Materials brought from a great distance are not suitable because they demand great outlay for a doubtful gain. To employ such as have not stood the test of at least half a century of actual use is to make an experiment. Cap your windows with such stones as may be found above huge old fashioned fire places, or standing as farm-yard gate posts, unsymmetrical and uncut, rather than build in ornamental blocks of artificial composition cheap imitations of something better. Leave these conceits for buildings devoted to business and commercial profit, where present ostentation is more considered than the searching tests of everlasting truth. Neither build a brick wall with a thin facing of stone that has no strength or coherency of its own. Such superficial decoration that adds nothing to the strength or durability of the structure should also be left to temples dedicated to Mammon. Yet a double wall is honest and may be judicious, the outer part of stone and the inner of bricks; the two standing a few inches apart with needful bonds uniting them at proper intervals; the inner face of the brick wall forming the *visible finish of the interior*, dispensing entirely with wood-work, not only furrings and lath, but making the bricks serve for dado, cornice, and instead of door and window casings. Even the plastering may be omitted if the bricks are well selected and laid in accordance with well prepared designs.

Protection from the elements means indefinite preservation. Hence the roof must be made to stand before frost, fire, wind and flood. Whatever is spent for thoroughness here, especially in its more inaccessible parts, is well invested. The same is true of windows, doors, and their frames. You will hardly avoid with your appropriation the use of wood in certain exposed situations, but wherever liable to decay through the influence of the weather, it should be introduced in such a manner as to be easily replaced without disturbing other parts.

For the windows themselves let me take a fresh text. "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light." Stained glass windows are sometimes very brilliant; so are kaleidoscope views and Chinese fireworks. In building a cathedral or a monumental structure it is quite in order to employ brilliant coloring, to exclude daylight, or resort to any other artificial mode of producing a striking effect upon the senses and the imagination. If your church was chiefly for prayer, meditation and confession, the more dim and secluded the better. In fact we have the best authority for thinking a dark and solitary closet the proper place for these exercises. For the usual services of church let us have plenty of good, clear, honest light, not tinged by rosy hues nor darkened by sombre shadows. He who looks up to the clear sky, even through narrow openings in the walls of a church, sees farther than the apex of the highest nave or dome. A narrow border of bright and pleasant color around a large clear plate glass is more to be desired than small diamond lights, semi-opaque, poor imitations of the wonderful skill, the matchless taste, but undeveloped resources of former times. If you want a few bright spots of color, pictures executed in stained glass, you can easily find a place for them without giving up the transparent windows. These should also be made to open freely, that the sound of the songs of praise may go out and of singing birds come in during the warm summer days.

The floor will be of wood for economy and there will be a cellar for fuel and to contain the heating apparatus. The floor beams, of the most imperishable timber to be obtained, will be laid so that they can be removed and replaced at any future time without disturbing anything else.

Whether the ceilings are high or low, avoid plastering them if possible; wood will indeed grow dark with age, but if the room is well lighted it will never look dingy, and it will never crack and fall off to be renewed in ugly patches—new cloth on an old garment. If, however, lathing and plastering are inevitable, let them be like the roof as substantial as care and skill can make them.

There will be no stucco work in huge rolls and mouldings, no frescoed key-stones

and cheap imitations of carvings that do not exist. Whatever ornamentation there may be, beyond the actual details of construction honestly shown, will be genuine and will be designed and executed with the thought that unless it has a beauty that will be beautiful a hundred years hence it had better be omitted.

The visible charm of the building will lie in its complete adaptation to its use, in the absolute truthfulness apparent in all its parts and in the conscientious thought that has brought these all together in one harmonious whole; a noble structure, nobly planned, that shall remain for centuries, a silent aspiration and the type of a living faith.

E. C. Gardner.

PROVIDED FOR.

"I meant to ha' made my will, Esther."

"Don't worry about that now, Mr. Cargill. See if you can't take a tea-spoonful of the brandy and water."

If Jacob Cargill could have taken anything he could have taken brandy and water, or brandy without the water. A parsimonious disposition in conjunction with the scanty income of an illy-managed New England farm had restricted him through a long life to hard cider, and the unvarying dram whenever he went to the village.

"I meant to ha' provided well for you, Esther."

"The Doctor wants you to sleep, Mr. Cargill; now try not to talk any more."

Had Esther Cargill ever in her life thought of acquiring advantage for herself she might have suggested that there remained time to send for an attorney and to draw up a will, but Esther would have shrunk as from mortal sin at the thought of suggesting anything concerning a will that might prove largely in her favor.

A single phrase would have gone far toward embodying all the issues of Esther's not in the least complex nature,—fidelity to duty.

The resources in epithet of North Upton fifty or seventy-five years ago were not, as they are not now, indicative of any exhaustive habit of analysis. Esther Johnson had been pronounced not "smart" or "good-looking," and these two important negations seemed to finish her up,—for this world at least. The men and women of three-score and five who had been her mates could not remember to have seen her other than slow, conscientious, and unaspiring. Her natural insufficiency of animal spirits may have been still farther lessened by draughts upon it in the maintenance of herself and widowed mother.

Late in life she had transferred all her characteristic, conscientious faithfulness to Jacob Cargill's interests. The neighbors said she led an easier life than had been Jacob's first wife's; but the degrees of ease of the two women certainly did not admit of any striking comparison.

When, however, on a golden September afternoon she walked through the orchard gathering up windfalls from beneath the apple-trees, and a train of fowls followed her, "cutter"-ing tranquilly, while two parti-colored cats, as sleek as if all the world was sunshine and milk, rubbed their glossy sides against her and purred ecstatically,—when on a November morning she walked along the barn floor between the fragrant haymows, picking up corn-husks for her mattresses, and the horse reached out his nose to be patted or the cows lowed recognition, her life seemed sufficiently full. She was content, and certainly her individual interests were not of such importance that she should be continually asking herself whether or not she was happy.

Now that old Jacob lay low down towards the outer verge of life, and beheld stretching behind him the level past with its cold

muck fields and arid sand patches, he seemed to perceive with the startled intensity of a first vision what a shining silver river in his life had been Esther's humble, plodding loyalty.

Esther when the old man awoke stood in the dim sick-room light, reddened by the flickering open wood-fire, her hands folded over the foot-board of the old curled-maple bedstead. Up beside the pillows sat a well-kept, stout man, past middle-age, his full chest rising and falling beneath a heavy, artistically-linked watch-guard.

"Samuel," said the sick man, "I meant to ha' made my will, but I kept puttin' it off and puttin' it off; but I want you to see that *she* is well provided for."

"Certainly, certainly, father. Give yourself no anxiety on that score. I 'll see to that."

North Upton was in the habit of saying, in that happy rhetorical figure which avoids any indiscreet committal to either circumstance or inherent quality as most potent in determining a man's position, that Samuel Cargill had "turned out well." Jacob's other son, having his father's taste for whisky without the balance-wheel of a parsimonious disposition, had not "turned out" so well.

"I meant to ha' left it all for her *use*, with permission to sell,—if necessary. There ain't one woman in a hundred who would 'a done—as well here—as she has. And she never gin me a cross word, Samuel."

"Yes, father; I know, I know," responded Samuel.

In all the twenty-three years of her married life Aunt Esther had not heard so much of commendation; and there sprang up in her heart an awful sense of coming deprivation, a painful reaching out towards the white, pallid face, and for the first time that agonized cry of protest with which we follow our dying.

Her brown, wrinkled face contorted as if she was about to burst into tears; but she went up to rearrange the pillows, saw it was time to give the beef-tea, then adjusted the fire, and by that time had forgotten herself and her own grief.

The old man slept no more for earthly waking. Between the struggles with which he went out of life he signified he had something to say, and when Samuel bent his ear he murmured the words, "Provided for—her."

"Oh yes, yes, father; I 'll see about that," replied Samuel, tears rolling down his plump, rubicund cheeks. Esther's eyes, too, rained tears, but she stood gently fanning the dying man, bending only once to say within the dulled ear, "Put your trust in Jesus, Mr. Cargill."

That final admonition was much, for the Cargills were people who never "talked about religion."

Samuel remained after the funeral to settle the estate. Liabilities absorbed a part of the personal property. The real estate consisted of rugged pastures and scantily-grassed fields, dotted with huckleberry bushes and willows that successive corps of hay-harvesters had "mown around."

Esther Cargill may have heard in course of her life of probate judges and allowances to widows; but Esther's mind while Samuel was settling the estate was principally absorbed in a mysterious dispensation of bad luck among her chickens, the instrument of evil either a weasel or a cat. Preponderating weight of evidence was against a cat,—a "strange cat" of course.

Samuel Cargill was far from being a hypocrite. He fully intended to give the world another illustration of magnanimity towards a step-mother; but he thought he could improve upon old Jacob's plan. Women were at all times miserable managers of real estate. His ill-conditioned brother, too, insisted upon his legal rights.

He one day brought Aunt Esther a document to be signed in the presence of witnesses. The document set forth that for and in consideration of the sum of $500. Esther Cargill did thereby relinquish for herself and her heirs forever all right and title to, or interest in, the estate both real and personal of Jacob Cargill, deceased, late of North Upton.

Esther's ideas at the close of the reading of this paper coincided quite impartially with her impressions at the opening,—Samuel wished her to sign it.

"Dear me!" said she at close of the latter agitating performance, "I've turned up the 'g' in Cargill the wrong way. Why now I knew just as well as I know anything which way a 'g' ought to turn up!"

"I shall deposit the $500 in the bank and you can at any time draw from it for extra spending money. For all your ordinary wants I shall myself provide," Samuel had said.

A few weeks afterwards Esther sat in her best neighbor's house waiting for the carriage in which Samuel was to take her to the depot en route for his home.

"I felt pretty badly, Mis' Russ, to see my things sold off,—my table-cloths, an' towels, an' blankets that I had afore I was married, and the things that I've kept house with. Seems as if when the things you've worked and planned all your life to get are sold off, seems as if your past life was just swept away,—seems as if your life had n't amounted to much; why now, don't it, Mis' Russ?

"I suppose, Mrs. Cargill, we get to thinking too much of our things. St. Paul says, you know, 'Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.'"

"Samuel let me keep the spoons, and that's pretty much all," said Aunt Esther with a sigh.

Mrs. Samuel Cargill assigned her mother-in-law a comfortable back upper room, sent up her food whenever there was fashionable company in the dining-room, let her down when there was no company, and saw that she was always warmly and suitably dressed. On Sundays she sometimes went up herself and read a chapter in the Bible aloud. Mrs. Samuel thought old people ought to read or hear the Bible a good deal,—especially if they were poor.

After a year or two Aunt Esther was seized with a longing to visit North Upton. Mrs. Samuel said she did n't see that there was anything to prevent her going if she desired.

North Upton warmly welcomed the Widow Cargill in her outward signs of prosperity. When, however, after two or three months she announced her intention of remaining indefinitely the mercury of welcome sank, but rose again to cool equilibrium when she continued that she should pay her way by sewing or nursing the sick.

After recovering from a fever contracted in her gratuitous nursing, Aunt Esther wrote to Samuel inquiring how she should meet her bills. Samuel replied, "You may as well draw from your savings-bank deposit; it will make no material difference in the end."

He was about to add that she had better return to his house, but Mrs. Samuel said she saw no necessity for that; Mother Cargill of course knew she could return at anytime.

Aunt Esther found it necessary to draw an additional sum for clothes, and she fell into the habit of drawing according to her need.

Suddenly Samuel Cargill died. Like his father he left no will. His estate proved not absolutely insolvent, but Mrs. Samuel found it necessary to break up housekeeping and go to live with a married daughter.

"I don't know what 'll become of me, Mis' Russ," said Aunt Esther; "but the Lord always *has* taken care of me and I s'pose He always will. Were you going to have this pair of Mr. Russ' stockings footed with the blue-mixed or with Shaker yarn?"

A few tears dropped silently upon Mr. Russ' hosiery.

Wherever henceforth Aunt Esther for a few weeks found a home she labored beyond her strength. North Upton matrons, as they wended their way to the fortnightly meetings of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, congratulated themselves upon a superior household economy in securing for board alone services equivalent to what a high-price domestic would have rendered.

Aunt Esther had a slight paralytic shock. Mrs. Russ wrote to Mrs. Samuel Cargill. Mrs. Samuel felt no assurance that her own presence was fully appreciated by her son-in-law. Certainly she could n't ask him to also receive her husband's step-mother. She hopefully concluded that Mother Cargill had "friends" who would provide for her, and did not write.

Aunt Esther's days of efficiency were ended. Mrs. Russ privately held an interview with the Chairman of the North Upton

Board of Overseers of the poor, and offered to keep Aunt Esther at reasonable boarding rates. Esquire Jarves shook his head; North Upton could n't afford that.

The Board had given notice that it would be in session at the Selectmen's Office on April 1, to receive proposals and seal contracts for the support of paupers the ensuing three years.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Crosby were on their way to the office. Mr. Crosby drove one white horse and one sorrel one. The animals were tightly check-reined; but their preternatural animation in connection with their evident ascetic habits awoke startling suggestions, confused images of apocalyptic mystery and horror. Death rode a pale horse; War bestrode a red one. If, however, these steeds were amenable to laws of matter, the thick leather straps and heavy buckles of their loosely-fitting harnesses could be trusted to hold them to earth.

"I shall offer to take the old lady, George, and Hannah for three hundred a year, and I cal'clate to get help enough from them so that I can take summer boarders, and if we can't make enough out of boarders and paupers together to pay off the debts and give Gertrude Estella an *edg-ucation*, the fault won't be *mine*, Crosby."

"Boarders cost like the deuce. Aunt Esther will want tea three times a day and Hannah has the 'polepsy."

"Paupers may be glad to get fifty cent tea even if it does have green sediment at the bottom, and Hannah don't have those fits very often now. You just let *me* manage this affair, Crosby."

Attendance at the Selectmen's office for pauper negotiations being usually thin, ladies like Mrs. Crosby and her rival Mrs. Pratt could appear there without detriment to the bloom of their natural feminine delicacy.

Hannah, whose occasional epileptic attacks had been attended by no further effects upon her intellect than to render her more honest than the human average, was considered the *chef d' œuvre* of the pauper lot. The Board, however, perfectly understood Hannah's value, and had resolutely reduced the price from $75 to $50 per annum. In conjunction with this reduction the thrifty rival matrons enlarged the scope of their imaginations concerning the amount of work to be exacted from Hannah, and competition continued brisk.

Hannah, however, was not to be disposed of without extraneous considerations. The Board wished to place the three orphan O'Brien children under her protection. Mrs. Crosby scoffed at the orphans,—in a business light,—and Mrs. Pratt secured Hannah.

Esquire Jarves wished Mrs. Crosby to include in her selections Uncle Titus, an infirm but unrepentant sinner absolutely unproductive as labor material, but Mrs. Crosby remained firm on Aunt Esther and George at $200 per annum.

Between the former southern custom of disposing of an unfortunate to the highest bidder, and the occasional northern and western practice of knocking him off to the lowest bidder, exists an area sufficiently broad for the introduction of some mild humanitarian consideration; as, for instance, Esquire Jarves in buttoning up his spring overcoat after the transaction had been closed and the contracting parties had withdrawn remarked:

"If I could have selected I should have taken a different man than Crosby. I 'm sorry Crosby drinks, but his wife seems to be a good-hearted woman?"

The latter clause assumed a slight interrogative rise towards the third man.

The third man had been placed upon the Board that he might, under certain contingencies, by alliance with the second man preserve the balance of power against the 'Squire. The indispensable 'Squire had been so long in office that North Upton voters even of his own political party had become alive to the dangers of absolutism. The third man had, however, disappointed his constituents by yielding to the magnetism of his superior colleague, and the 'Squire's end of the Board always went down with a force that left the second man dangling dangerously and conspicuously high in heavens on the outer edge of the Board.

"Yes," responded the third man, "that kind of rough appearing women often have

the best hearts,—when you get down to them."

The second veuted an inarticulation significant of dissent; but the second man was known to be prejudiced in favor of Mrs. Pratt,--uuder suspiciou of nepotism, Mrs. Pratt being his daughter's husband's sister.

While Haunah and her compeers waited, their terse imaginations holding in suspeuse all the vital individual interests dependent on "who gets me," Aunt Esther had been kept in happy ignorance of the relation of transpiring events to her future.

At four o'clock on this gray, squally, April day, Mr. Crosby curbed his horses before Mrs. Russ' door with a suddenness that brought the gaunt creatures on their haunches and lifted their harnesses two or three inches. One eud of a board laid across the back of the long wooden wagou was occupied by the half-wit George; the opposite end was reserved for Aunt Esther.

Aunt Esther and Mrs. Russ were taking an early tea; the latter, whose sympathetic heart was full of auxious forebodings, having made an uusurpassable cup and opened one of her best cans of peaches.

"Mrs. Russ," exclaimed Aunt Esther rising from the table, as she overheard Mr. Crosby's errand at the door, "has Samuel's wife throwed me on the town?"

"We have u't heard from Samuel's wife, and Mr. Jarves thinks perhaps you 'd better go and stay with Mrs. Crosby awhile. Perhaps by fall I shall want you agaiu."

The thin old woman trembled as a leaf of white poplar trembles above its thin, innutritious soil.

"Why Mis' Russ, I never thought I 'd—come upon the town. Mr. Cargill did 'n't expect I 'd—come upou the town. None of my folks was ever—on the town. Why! why don't Samuel's wife write?"

"Don't be all day in getting ready!" cried the voice of Mr. Crosby.

"O Mis' Russ, where be my things? I hain't picked up my things. Where 's my knitting-work and my piece-work? O Mis' Russ, I never thought I 'd—come upon the town! May be Samuel's wife would write. Won't the law let 'em wait!

"Hurry up there!" vociferated Mr. Crosby.

"O get my shawl, Mis' Russ,—never mind my gloves. I must hurry,—O I never thought,—you can keep my tea-spoons that I had afore I was married, Mis' Russ! O, I never thought—"

Assisted by Mrs. Russ the agitated old lady clambered into the wagon.

Over hard-frozen April mud with its hoof-marks and wheel ruts, over patches of ice alternating with old snow-banks jolted the wagon with its wrought-iron springs.

"O dear, I 'm most dead,—riding without a robe or any back to the seat. I wonder if I could n't sit down in the bottom of the wagon," said Aunt Esther at the expiration of a half-hour.

George grinned. Mrs. Crosby turned her head.

"I guess you can stand it; we 're almost there."

Mr. Crosby curbed his animated steeds before a decent farm-house. A young person with a modish coiffure but an unmodish protrusion of hair-pins came out to inspect the arrivals.

"I don't know who you think is going to do the work if you have n't got Hannah; I 'm sure I shan't," said Gertrude Estella, scowling vindictively at Aunt Esther.

Aunt Esther that night found her sleeping-room on the ground floor of an old extension receutly moved up and attached to Mr. Crosby's residence. The two north windows rattled in their casements; the east looked out gloomily upon sheds and shed-yards.

On a faded fragment of carpet, within walls not too mutilated to afford resonance, in the bleakness of of old age, in the chill of utter loneliness, Aunt Esther knelt and begged to be forgiven the sins for which God was punishing her. She may have dimly hoped for an interposition that should bear her away to friends, warmth and quiet. To appearances the sound of her strong crying only moved the cobweb-lined strips of border-paper, torn and pendulous above her head.

Mr. Crosby struck the outside of the door with his heavy boot, and the iron latch rattled in its catch.

"Hush up there; we don't have any pra'r meetin's here!"

Mrs. Crosby and Gertrude Estella mingled their loud laughs. Aunt Esther hastened to retire, more crouching, more tremulous, with a shamed sensitive fear of having violated some unknown canon of propriety.

Mrs. Crosby's scheme for taking boarders was frustrated, but she fully utilized Aunt Esther's capabilities, and the old lady was eager to labor, still cherishing the hope that she might be found able to "pay her way." She had, however,a trembling uncertainty of touch productive of accidents and a wavering judgment concerning practical ends that subjected her to loud reproach or coarse derision; but she was exempt from the physical abuse that fell to the lot of slow, obtuse George.

Mr. Jarves had forbidden blows, but Mrs. Crosby did not construe this prohibition to include "a good shaking up," nor did Mr. Crosby consider it inimical to the corrective influences inherent in a number eight leather sole. George was worked with no allowance for bodily weakness concomitant upon an imperfectly developed brain, and Mrs. Crosby measured out his food by a private standard illy according with his voracious appetite. When he had no evening tasks he liked to crouch beside Aunt Esther, whose voice and touch he found soothing to his rasped nerves.

By the second winter, hard work and insufficient nutrition began to have a perceptible effect on George. All one windy February day he lay feverishly tossing on the hard cord and straw mattress of his old bedstead in the wood-room chamber. Aunt Esther dragged herself up the dangerously steep stairs to carry him herb drinks.

When at eleven o'clock in the evening he heard the vehement whoas that signaled Mr. Crosby's return from the village, he crawled down, lighted his lantern and went out as customary.

Village whisky aggravated Crosby's natural roughness into positive brutality. Impatient at the boy's dullness the man kicked him over upon the ice, and himself led the horses into the stable. A half-hour later Aunt Esther, always wakeful, aroused by a moan looked out at the east window and saw in the moonlight on the ice near the shed a prostrate figure. She crawled out and helped him in.

The remainder of the night he lay on the dining-room lounge, a slight effusion of blood escaping his mouth, and Mrs. Crosby vainly attempting to rally him by sharply calling his name or by the enticements of a glass of steaming sling held beneath his nostrils. Mr. Crosby had become too stupefied to be fully conscious of what was transpiring. Within twenty-four hours George died.

Aunt Esther received increase of consideration. Mr. Crosby iterated and reiterated his explanations of how George slipped and fell on the ice.

"I'd no idea though," added he, with sharp glance at Aunt Esther, "but that he 'd pick himself up and go to bed."

"I don't allow any tattlin' in *my* family," irrelevantly remarked Mrs. Crosby. "Folks that are imagining things and telling things and trying to get other folks into trouble generally gets the worst of it with *me*. Any one who consults her own good with *me* will keep her tongue between her teeth."

"I don't know for my part what there is to tattle," said Mr. Crosby.

The ice in the shed-yard had a stain upon it; Mr. Crosby broke up that ice.

When Mr. Jarves came, Aunt Esther in a neat dress sat in an easy-chair by the dining-room fire. While Mr. and Mrs. Crosby explained the circumstances of George's death her knitting-needles rattled excitedly. Once she spoke crossly to the cat; Mrs. Crosby looked at her threateningly.

George's grave was made at the foot of a pasture boulder. No flower but the houstonia grows thereon. Under its name of innocence, the houstonia may be fitly emblematic of the soul set free that February night from the untoward limitations imposed by no transgression of its own.

Mrs. Crosby consented to take Uncle Titus in George's place,—at an advanced rate, for Uncle Titus was not only unproductive but was an inveterate complainer in the ears of the Board.

When in the first piercing chills of November Aunt Esther meekly petitioned for new flannels, Mrs. Crosby took refuge in a novel form of scientific dogmatism.

"This habit of wrapping up in flannels in cold weather is all nonsense. Look at me, full of blood, hearty, weigh a hundred and sixty,—I don't wear flannel. It's always your thin, weak people who think the most of flannel. Let the flannel alone, I say, and they 'll be the better for it."

"But I 'm cold," protested Aunt Esther.

"Stir around then and quicken your circulation. People who *work* are n't cold."

But when Aunt Esther essayed some household task she broke a dish or spilled the water, and Gertrude Estella pettishly pushed her into a chair, declaring old people more hindrance than help.

One stingingly cold night in December Aunt Esther lay wakeful, with a more than usually vivid sense of the bleakness of that narrow, prospectless point of existence known as solitary old age. Old and shriveled and tremulous though she was, her heart cried out like the heart of a fair little child for its mother. All affections, all aspirations, all interests dead in her heart as the rustling flower-stalks in a garden, yet still that cry, O mother, mother!—earliest and latest of the universal human cries,—after all but the illy-recognized yearning of the soul for God!

The wind from beneath the doors and from the base-boards sucked up through the thin straw of her mattress; the snow sifted in around the loose windows. Through an unfrosted pane in the upper sash she saw the frost particles sparkling in the clear air; she saw the happy stars far off in their purple home. She drew the hem of the cold cotton sheet closer and cried, "O, mother, mother, I 'm so cold and so tired, and ache so; O do come and help me!"

Then, frightened because she 'd been praying to her mother, with half-formulated hope that God had n't noticed it, with some confused notion of atoning to Him, she folded her blue, bony hands as her mother had taught her in the warm, summer twilights of long ago, and continued:

"O Lord God, in the greatness of thy majesty, look down upon me in pity and not in anger. Forgive my transgressions and remember not my iniquities; and whenever it shall please Thee to take me from Time into Eternity, O take me to be with Thee in Heaven! This I ask for Jesus' sake."

The voice grew less strained on the last clause,—as if she was getting back to something familiar and comforting.

For a minute or two she lay still, looking out on sparkling air and up to the heavens, repeated a hymn, and then fell to groaning with rheumatic pains.

Mr. Bob Crosby's sleeping apartment adjoined Aunt Esther's. When cats quarreling beneath Mr. Crosby's window annoyed him he hurled a boot at them. He now resorted to the same expedient, striking his side of the partition opposite Aunt Esther's head. A few minutes' quiet followed. Then the incorrigible human began turning again, creaking her old bedstead and moaning.

A bound upon the adjacent floor, a stumbling across the dining-room, and Mrs. Crosby's broad figure, a shawl over her shoulders, presented itself in the door-way.

"What do you mean by such a noise,—keeping people awake at this time o' night?"

"Oh I do ache so!"

"Does it improve matters any to wake up everybody else in the house?"

"I have such pains!"

"Lie still and you won't think about your pains."

"The cold comes in around this window."

"Hang your dress up over it."

"Hang up——my dress?"

Mrs. Crosby impatiently strode across the room, and stretched the dress obliquely from a nail in one casing to a nail in the opposite.

"Now I hope I shan't hear anything more from *you*," remarked she, retiring with a bang of the door.

The over-awed, old creature curled down, and lay shivering and whispering ejaculations until the moon went down and darkness folded her in,—shivering and watching

the advance of cold morning, until Mr. Crosby was heard astir breaking up kindlings and puffing at the cold with the vigor of a man who habitually gives expression to his physical discomfort. Then she crawled up and put on the cotton dress, into the waist-lining and sleeves of which fine snow had sifted.

Two days afterward a neighbor coming in and perceiving Aunt Esther to be in the first stages of rheumatic fever, Mrs. Crosby was under the openly-deplored necessity of sending for a physician.

The Doctor upon his return met Mr. Jarves.

"I think, Esquire Jarves," said he, "you 'd better go up to Crosby's and see about Aunt Esther. She ought to have a fire in her room, and I'm afraid she has n't been suitably clothed." "But," added he, recollecting Mrs. Crosby's annual bilious attacks, and Gertrude Estella's predisposition to inflammation of the throat, "don 't say a word from me."

Mrs. Crosby complied with the letter of Mr. Jarves' orders by building a fire in Aunt Esther's room every day,—the amount of fuel consumed varying with circumstances,—and by procuring flannel the wool whereof was mostly an outside fuzz, disappearing in the first washing as if it had been a soluble salt. Yet Aunt Esther recovered.

But death came,—not until August; then with no rustle of wing, no stealthy footfall. Rhetorical figures seemed strangely inappropriate beside Mrs. Crosby's death-bed. Midsummer haze lay out on the newly-mown fields; a katydid in the tangle of petunias in the yard piped cheerily; but the moon lighting up the strong, hard outlines of that face was the same that looked one windy February night on poor George moaning prostrate on the ice, the same that fell athwart the frosty, December sky, through which Aunt Esther believed her prayer penetrated to Heaven.

But love lightens even death. A girl knelt at Mrs. Crosby's side, clasping to her lips, burying in the warmth of her bosom in unreasoning anguish a hand, the coarse muscles of which had forever relaxed,—coarse, but this child had known its touch of tenderness.

"I don't want God; I want my mother!" cried Estella, in response to some awkward effort of Aunt Esther's at consolation.

But the second night, spent by her own passion, she threw herself on Aunt Esther's bosom crying,

"If you know anything comforting tell me. I must find something."

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts," proclaimed the voice of Aunt Esther without a tremor.

Aunt Esther's memory was stimulated by the occasion. Text after text fell from her lips,—stimulated by their own power carrying Stella's whole conscious being out in love and confidence to the Being beyond the mystery and shadow of death, bringing submission, bringing desire to henceforth know and do His will.

Bob Crosby sitting alone in the dining-room overheard the texts and stole out into the warm night,—across the stubble-fields, beneath the shadows of way-side maples, through the shed-yard where the moonlight struck a spot where once had lain a stain upon the ice; three words followed him:—death, eternity, God. Beneath the voices of katydids, of cicadas, and of frogs in the distant swamp came a *moan*, penetrating, mysteriously incorporating itself within his own soul. The great volume of midsummer sound, unfathomable heavens, out-stretching fields belonged to a Power demanding harmony with itself, demanding righteousness. The moan belonged to him alone,—alone as he should be at death,—alone as when caught up unclothed spirit before Holiness and Might.

He stole into the barn. A flood of pure light from the open doors revealed even the hay-seeds in the cracks. He crept upon the newly-filled mow and threw himself face downward. He thrust his fingers in his ears; but the moan came. The moan belonged to him. Then, independent of all nerves of sensation, with ten-fold intensity

came again the Power, demanding harmony, demanding righteousness.

Bob threw himself off the mow, and out again—better rather insect voices and silent heavens over motionless fields.

When at length after many painful, uninstructed days Bob obtained a clear view of truths complementary to those of God's holiness and man's deflections, the upheavals in his moral nature had been too radical to admit any languid appreciation. Bob didn't hesitate for fear he "shouldn't hold out."

He was ready, also, to "begin at Jerusalem" in making known the gospel.

"I tell you, Uncle Titus, it's of no use for you and me to expect happiness in another world if we don't live differently in this. Dying ain't going to bring any such great change that if we don't try to follow Christ here we shall want to there!"

"Um!" ejaculated hardened, whisky-sodden old Titus.

The warrant for North Upton's next March meeting contained on the petition of Bob Crosby an article:—To see if the town will effect any change in its manner of providing for paupers.

But North Upton had just built a town hall which payers of poll taxes only especially exulted in as twice as imposing as the hall of South Upton, a town containing twice the amount of taxable property. It had also built a new iron bridge, the abutments of which might have withstood all the floods of sacred record and profane legend, and North Upton must economize,—on school-teachers' wages, and the paupers;—there was no alternative. A motion was made to pass over the article in the warrant.

Esquire Jarves, who not being on the Board this year was more favorable towards reform than in prior terms, had been solicited by Bob to make a speech upon the occasion.

"If I had your command o' languidge I would have something done," Bob had observed.

Bob was terribly disappointed in the 'Squire's "languidge."

"I tell you brethren," said he springing to his feet, and forgetting that he was n't in the "Crosby district" prayer-meeting, "we don't look at this thing in the right spirit. We ought to consider it more as if 't was ourselves was paupers. There may be those who've come on the town by their own fault, but what would become of us if the Lord treated us according to our faults?

"There are those, though, who are n't to blame for being poor, and it's a blamed shame to have 'em trucked around from family to family without no stiddy home.

"I don't want you to think I hold that I've always done right in this matter. I've got enough to repent of,—all I can bear, anyway, brethren,—and it's because I don't want nobody else to have so much that I want a change."

When it was known that Bob Crosby was making a speech, stragglers in the back part of the hall crowded up, groups around the outside door or lingering on the stairway broke and came in, and sovereign voters were seen issuing from the side-door of the wooden structure labeled "Hotel," wiping their mouths as they ran.

Bob had had no preconception of how easy it is to make a speech when once a man is launched.

The motion to pass over the article was withdrawn. North Upton voted to purchase a farm, although it would give the Board a great deal of "trouble" to find the right man to place thereon, and more "trouble" to look after him when he was placed.

Aunt Esther did not live to see the change. She died peacefully in Mrs. Crosby's best chamber, Estella supporting her tenderly,—Bob coming in with the physician whom he had brought for a third visit that day,—her last connected words; "God having provided some better thing for us—"

And again at the last, "Provided for—"

They buried her in the village cemetery in the Cargill lot. Two or three weeks afterwards a daughter of Samuel's came to North Upton to look up her step-grandmother.

Elizabeth A. S. Chester.

DIVES AND THE ANGEL.

An angel came to Dives as he slept,
  A Presence with severe and searching glance,
Who stooped and questioned him "How have you kept
  The promise of your rich inheritance?

"How is it that you still join field to field,
  And house to house, and make your treasure more,
While want and misery remain unhealed,
  And wretched children beg from door to door?

"While pallid women, finer-souled than you,
  Drudge weary year on year for scantiest wage,
No hope before them, all the long days through,
  But toil in youth and beggary in age?

"Has Heaven, which dowered you as its almoner,
  Found you a faithful servant, just and true?
How many hearts, with gratitude astir,
  Are happier to-day because of you?"

"Hear, Lord!" replied the rich man, "I implore!
  I know my wealth is only shining dust;
I turn no homeless beggar from my door
  Without a cup of water and a crust.

"To bring the heathen to Thy feet more near,
  My name is foremost, and my aid is sure,
And my discarded garments, year by year,
  Console the shivering shoulders of Thy poor."

"Unfaithful steward! false and self-confessed,
  Who hope to win the favor of the skies
By grasping and enjoying all the best,
  And giving only what you do not prize!

"You make a virtue of your selfishness
  And hold the joy of giving poor and cheap,
By offering to another's sore distress
  That which you do not want and would not keep!

"The work-girl who divides her scanty store
  With one more poor, is princelier far than you—
A penny from her slender purse is more
  Than thousands from your bounteous revenue.

"Your fortunate fingers hold the golden keys
  Which make it a delight and joy to live;
The jeweled gates of luxury and ease
  Swing wide, and yield you all that life can give.

"You dwell within a palace grand and proud,
  Fair as though conjured by a wizard's spell,
While others wander shelterless, or crowd
  In wretched huts where beasts would scorn to dwell.

"You clothe yourself in raiment rich and fine,
  And toss your brother garments coarse and old;
You give the water, and withhold the wine,
  Divide the copper, and retain the gold.

"Is it because you earn reward and praise
  By purer heart and life, and nobler deeds,
That you walk daintily life's lilied ways,
  While he goes stumbling in its thorns and weeds?

"What is it that you fling the poor a crust
  While you fare delicately every day?
What is it that you give because you must
  And still live on in wealth because you may?

"Then, when at last Death's chill compelling clutch
  Has pinched your grasping fingers numb and cold,
You try to gain the praise you crave so much
  By scattering what you cannot longer hold.

"The selfish worm within the apple's core,
  Which revels all his life in fruit or flower,—
Who thanks him that when he can eat no more
  He leaves behind what he could not devour?

"Is it your virtue then, that you forsake
  The precious gold of which you are so fond?
You leave it only that you cannot take
  A credit-letter on the world beyond.

"Beware! for noting all your narrow greeds,
  An eye which can not err and does not sleep
Will scan, as measure of your generous deeds,
  Not only what you give—but what you keep!"

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

THE HOWGATE SCHEME OF ARCTIC DISCOVERY.

The approaches to the North Pole are so well guarded on every side that at present, at least, it is no summer-holiday excursion to run up among the ice-floes and icebergs that belt even the seventy-eighth parallel. From this line to the eighty-third parallel, though the journey may be accomplished in ordinary seasons with the aid of steam, it must yet be an extraordinarily open summer to enable the best equipped ship to reach that point without severe struggles. Indeed, if we were to accept as final the honest decision of the officers of the last English expedition in regard to one if not all the routes to the Polar seas, the question would be settled; and the national treasury might close its vaults with unswerving firmness against any and every effort to secure even a silver

dollar for purposes of Arctic research. But no sooner are these views fairly expressed than another scheme is afoot, its promoters anxious to profit by past experience, and also to bring new ideas and elements to work on the solution of the problem. There is in this no distrust of the honor, the bravery, the endurance, the unspeakable sufferings of those who have given this decision. There is no doubt in any unprejudiced mind that the officers and crews of the Alert and Discovery did all that men could do in their circumstances. Nearly all affected by scurvy, and many almost helpless from its effects, there was nothing to do but to retrace their steps before another fearful winter deprived them of the power. Whatever may be the opinion regarding the cause and prevalence of the disease in this particular instance, the fact is patent that the only wise course in the case was to seek as quickly as possible the healing influences of a milder climate and different diet. But it is hard for men of this or of any generation to accept the decree of impracticability and impossibility in a matter of such universal interest. Of this the Howgate scheme is a substantial proof. Our only means of judging to-day of its wisdom is by a consideration of the present state of the problem to be solved, its conditions, and the principles of its proposed solution.

1. The most successful attempts simply to reach a high northern latitude by different routes are some seven in number. In 1806 the elder Scoresby reached a point above Spitzbergen, 81° 30′ north latitude. Twenty-one years later Captain Parry, in nearly the same line, reached 82° 45′ north. He left his ship, the Hecla, in a bay at the upper extremity of the island, and with his two boats as sledges strove to push out toward the Pole. The ice floating south at just that season threatened to undo all his work; but persistence got the victory, and Parry was enabled to record a higher latitude than any before reached, and one but quite recently surpassed. The three navigators next to be mentioned who were eminently successful in nearing the Pole, chose the route through Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound. Dr. Kane, in 1854, sent a sledge with Mr. Morton and Hans to Cape Independence, in latitude 80° 35′. In 1861 Dr. Hayes, from his winter-quarters in Port Foulke, made a splendid sledge-journey across the Sound and along the western shore to latitude 81° 35′,—as daring and successful a trip by sledge as was ever accomplished. Captain Hall's expedition ten years later reached 82° 11′: and so favorable were the circumstances in which he was placed, that with prolonged life and strict discipline it would seem his efforts might have been eminently successful.

And now we turn to a remarkable voyage in far distant seas. From the upper coast of Novaya Zemlya the Austro-Hungarian expedition in 1874 sought to penetrate the great Siberian Sea; but their ship, the Tegethoff, was caught in the ice and drifted far toward the Pole, till they anchored under Wilczek Island, and passing on with sledges discovered Franz Josef Land, and touched a point 82° 5′ north of the equator. Finally we come to the crowning work of all in this line, the sledge-journey under Captain Markham in a straight line north of Discovery Bay, when in 1876 the unprecedently high latitude of 83° 20′ 26″ was attained. The English expedition under Captain Nares by which this great feat was accomplished took the Smith's Sound route. Thus by this gateway the very nearest approach has been made by civilized man to the North Pole.

Glancing at a circum-polar chart, then, we see at only three main points land projecting up above the charmed circle of 80° north, and all stopping considerably short of 85°: namely, Grant and Hall Lands, on either side of Robeson Channel; North-East Land, an outlying part of Spitzbergen; and the famous Franz Josef Land, still further to the eastward. In all other quarters the line of discovery retires far to the south; leaving, for the most part, immense wastes of water, ice, or land, we know not what, to prove palpably how little we understand of the most northerly regions of the earth. At these three points alone has there been any decided result in attacking the citadel of the north. In these directions, and in these alone, have the most successful endeavors been made. Not but that all the previous

history of Arctic exploration was the necessary preliminary to this result. By the slowest and by the hardest the outworks have been taken and held. From the time of Willoughby and Chancellor to the present—three and a quarter centuries—every voyage has contributed something to our knowledge of a better way to attain our end. And if the results seem slight—these three points alone standing as guide-posts to the Pole—we are to remember that they are not as slight as they seem. Masses of the most precious information have been accumulating that not only touch all branches of science but will one day give success in this endeavor, if success is possible. Every well-considered voyage is a step. The Advance and the little schooner United States pointed out the way to the Polaris; and the latter to the Alert and Discovery. Scoresby, likewise, was the pioneer and counselor who did much to insure to Parry his crowning victory.

If we now inquire what exactly is indicated by all this past effort, and what we propose to ourselves in what is to follow, a two-fold answer must be made. No doubt the observations and scientific facts, the fuller acquaintance, in a word, with the Arctic world that must ensue, are the paramount benefits sought. On the other hand, it cannot and need not be denied that the hope of reaching that point called the North Pole is another and most potent incentive to brave danger and death in the frigid zone. It has always been felt that the leader who first reaches that point will be a hero forever. His will be the one name on the lips of future generations in this connection. It must and will be remembered, as surely as will Livingstone's name be linked with the discovery of the Zambesi, and Stanley's with the head-waters of the Nile.

The Royal Geographical Society in urging the preparation of the last English expedition purposely avoided mentioning this as one of the aims to be accomplished. "The object," says its secretary, Clements R. Markham, "was declared to be the exploration of as large an area as possible of the unknown region; while all allusion to attaining the highest northern latitude possible, or reaching the Pole, was again purposely omitted." The Admiralty, by the way, rather more than hinted that the attainment of a high latitude would be in no wise reprehensible in itself.

It was doubtless well in such an undertaking to give full prominence to the most important things. But as we read the narrative and admire the almost superhuman efforts put forth on every side, we confess to following the account of Captain A. H. Markham's journey due *north* with a heightened interest and a quicker pulse than those of the endeavors of Lieutenants Aldrich and Beaumont to the west and to the east. And we cannot but fancy that a little more strain was upon the sledge headed toward the Pole than upon the others. And why not? Every step was taking them nearer to that mysterious point and outdoing some historic competitor. In Arctic matters every commander, and every member of his crew—and every student as well—comes soon, like Captain Hatteras in the story, to walk invariably "toward the north."

Not discarding this, then, as an element in the problem, but admitting that it may and inevitably will be a powerful motive in its solution, we can safely let it remain and even acknowledge its presence. Thus the lamented Dr. Petermann in discussing this subject only a short time before his death, said:—"I would not dwell too much on science, as that will come in its time. Of course all that can be done for science will be so much gained; but the main thing now is to find new coasts and new lands—to find the *Pole*. Everything is secondary to that. After we have arranged the coasts and seas in the Arctic regions we can determine their scientific value." The learned bodies of Great Britain, even, in summing up the stores of scientific wealth gathered by the Nares expedition rarely fail to mention that a chosen band from the Alert "reached the highest northern point ever attained by man."

The real object proposed, therefore, is in the largest sense the exploration of as extensive an area as possible of the unknown region,—including in this the attainment of

an extreme high latitude; for where one has gone others will find means to follow, and the minutiæ of exploration will be done at leisure. "Every expedition is a step," to use again the words of the great geographer, "every step is an increase of knowledge, and thus we go on from year to year, until in time we shall reach the end." The chief aids to further research bequeathed by past work are a knowledge of tides, currents, winds and temperature in a given district; the means of subsistence furnished by animal life in the vicinity; experience in warding off disease; and the state of the ice at different seasons. No explorer can prudently set out without having studied carefully all these points and fore-armed himself accordingly.

II. Coming now to examine the conditions of the problem to be solved—the helps and hindrances to its solution—we are met first by a consideration of the various routes to the north. In fact the number of apparently feasible ones is quite limited; and some of these are for the present taken out of the discussion. Of the great tract north of Siberia we know so little that all conjecture as to its furnishing one or more highways to the Pole would be useless. This is the task Professor Nordemskiald set himself last summer to execute—to gain clearer notions of the North-Siberian coast and the waters and lands beyond. The route by Behring's Strait, having many things in its favor, will be attempted next summer by the Jeannette under the direction of James Gordon Bennett. The Jones' Sound route, now proposed by the secretary of the Royal Geograpical Society as one of the most promising highways—since the Smith's Sound has been pronounced unsuitable—has only this in its favor, that all discoveries made there would be interesting, especially if it were possible to connect it with Lieutenant Aldrich's survey on the north. At best for a great distance the region is certainly unknown, and whether land or water none can guess. The East-Greenland route—the second proposed by the secretary—also has much of interest; and a successful attempt to connect Cape Bismarck with Lieutenant Beaumont's furthest would complete the boundary of Greenland, and add greatly to our knowledge of that extremely interesting country. Of the sea directly north of Spitzbergen we can form no very sanguine expectations. Land has never been descried in that direction; and though Parry won his brightest laurels there, the fact remains that a ship must find refuge on the northerly parts of Spitzbergen, and sledges must commit themselves to limitless ice-fields, liable by the southerly drift to undo all the most strenuous exertions. That is certainly sound sense implied in the "three Arctic canons," that a coast-line must be the basis of the sledges as well as of the ship. However, the Dauntless will make trial of these waters during the coming season. Regarding the exact value of Franz Josef Land as a base of operations, we are scarcely as yet in a position to judge. Reached by the accidental drifting of the Tegethoff in 1874 but little time was allowed for its examination. We know there is land there, in latitude 82° 5′ north; and land appeared, with dividing water-channels, to stretch away to a great distance. So far everything is hopeful; and it may prove an important point, especially for European explorers, on the highway to the Pole.

Any or all of these various routes are now advocated by British authorities as preferable to the Smith Sound water-way for the purposes of research and discovery. Particularly do they recommend at the present moment the sending of a powerful steamer by way of the Barents Sea up the western side of Franz Josef Land. Previous to the Nares expedition the whole subject was thoroughly canvassed by them; and after carefully weighing the evidence—especially the preferences of Dr. Petermann for the Spitzbergen seas — it was decided that through Smith's Sound was opened the most promising field for their endeavors. It was tried, and complete success attended the effort. Not particularly favored by an open season—far less so than was Captain Hall—yet by the most skillful seamanship and unremitting watchfulness the Alert and Discovery were safely worked by Captain Nares to snug winter-quarters in a very high latitude, and valuable discoveries made

on every side. His deductions as to the tides and winds, and the tendency of the narrow channels west of Upper Greenland to choke with ice, must be carefully heeded by every future voyager there. Owing to this, Kane and Hayes, working without steam, were fast imprisoned at the very entrance to the great sluice-way. One consideration alone has induced British scientists to abandon this route. They believe that all has been accomplished in this direction that is possible; at least, that now more hopeful fields await them elsewhere. And they may be perfectly right. The Palæocrystic Sea of Nares did oppose in 1875 and 1876 an impassable barrier to further progress. The ships could proceed no further. They could not scale walls of ice a hundred feet thick. Captain Markham led a forlorn hope when he sought the Pole over this ancient ice piled into hummocks and ridges from fifteen to fifty feet high. Even all the ardor this brave officer brought to the work—ardor born of long reflection upon and preparation for just this crisis—could not overcome impossibilities. When we say that he reached 83° 20′ 26″ we may safely affirm that he covered the last mile it was possible to cover and return with life. The four hundred miles more that stretched away between him and the Pole could no more be passed by him than if they had been four thousand.

Thus much for the facts in the case. They are palpable and cannot be denied. As regards all the deductions that have been drawn from them, that is another thing. They may all be correct. The future may prove that the reasoning was well founded, and that the English have done wisely in forsaking an impracticable route. Time, we say, *may* prove this. But as yet it is not proved. The present age yields to none in bowing unquestioningly before absolute demonstration. Anything short of that is just as certainly cross-questioned and thoroughly sifted before acceptance. There are distinguished American authorities who believe that ice may not always block the upper part of Robeson Channel, and that some future season may put a different face upon the Arctic Sea from that presented to the expedition of 1875–6. Had it been otherwise the Howgate scheme would not have been originated, nor should we now be commenting on its prospects.

III. What is that scheme, and how does it propose to solve the problem before us? The peculiarity of the Howgate plan is, that it does not undertake to untangle the riddle of the Frost King or lay bare the mysteries of his hoary realm at a single bold dash. It does not expect to carry the citadel by assault. In other words, it will not risk the great expenditure and pains incident to such an undertaking on the chance result of one or even two seasons' work.

Captain Howgate does not claim entire originality in the mere idea of a colony-system of discovery. He frankly concedes that Dr. Isaac I. Hayes suggested such a plan many years ago and designated Port Foulke, where he had wintered in 1861–2, at the entrance to Smith's Sound, as an appropriate station whence season after season discoveries could be prosecuted northward. This may be said to have been the germinal idea that found lodgment in Captain Howgate's mind, which was vivified by the remarkable voyage of Captain Hall, and has gradually developed into a fully matured and systematic plan. He proposes to establish a colony that shall be a permanent settlement in the far north; abundantly stocked with provisions, and apparatus and supplies for research; the home of a strong band of resolute men. By the aid of steam, now found so indispensable to Arctic navigation, he believes he may safely locate his colony far beyond the point fixed by Dr. Hayes; though the latter still holds to Port Foulke as an original base supplying any other that may be fixed beyond. In Lady Franklin Bay on the west side of Robeson Channel, in latitude 81° 44′, the Discovery found snug quarters for the winter of 1875–6. A good haven lay in the north side of the bay, said by Captain Stephenson to be one of the finest harbors in the world. It was sheltered by hills 1,300 feet high, and was perfectly secure. A fine vein of coal cropped out close by, and large game was quite abundant.

This is the designated seat of the How-

gate Colony—surely not an unpromising one, though well inside the eighties. It is desired to station here at least fifty picked men who have been regularly enlisted into the service of the United States. Three commissioned officers, two surgeons, an astronomer, and two or more naturalists will complete the number. One or more substantial buildings, the materials for which will be taken thither by ship, will furnish comfortable accommodations: and with fuel at the very door, and plentiful supplies —some three years' provisions—in stock, with every appliance for health and comfort that experience can suggest, it would seem that life would be almost as endurable and not much more imperiled than in some of the more exposed signal-stations in the United States. It will be the endeavor to visit this settlement yearly in order to supply all needs, to carry news from home, to bring back the sick and discontented, and supply their places with fresh material.

This much for the general outline. The amount of detail is almost endless for such an undertaking—enough to appall the most painstaking.

Two objects will be kept constantly in view; one to reach the Pole, the other to make careful investigations in every branch of science possible. To facilitate the former a full equipment of boats and sledges will be provided, and a large number of trained and healthy Esquimaux dogs procured, with sufficient native drivers, who will also act as hunters to supply the colony with fresh animal food. After everything is fairly settled at Lady Franklin Bay it may be possible to form a subsidiary depot at Cape Union, and perhaps others still to the north on the shore, forming the sub-bases for further advances. Large quantities of copper wire will be furnished to form telegraphic communication between outlying parties and the colony, and a special contrivance has been invented to take in certain cases the place of ordinary batteries. The telephone also may find a use in this field. Balloons, though not relied upon for transportation, may serve a good purpose when anchored for observation over large tracts of ice and to mark out routes; while balloonets may readily give the direction of the upper currents of air. Special experiments to this end have been made by experts both in this country and in France, to provide material best calculated to withstand the effects of extreme cold. M. de Fourville, world-famous for his success in ballooning, has entered with the greatest enthusiasm into the subject, and even solicited permission to join personally the expedition. This new mode of Arctic research may indeed prove more useful than we suspect in the manner already pointed out.

On the supposition that all works well, the final dash for the Pole, whenever an opportune moment arrives, is thus planned:—The four hundred miles to be crossed is to be divided into eight stations, fifty miles apart. Eight sledge-parties set out together, and upon arriving at the allotted distance each sledge-load of supplies is successively *cached*, and the party returns. Should success attend them, a single sledge's company is left to make the last fifty miles and stand on the North Pole of the earth! This is a daring anticipation; but it will do no harm to *plan* for success at least. For this final achievement of what all hope for though few expect, tolerably smooth ice-fields or open water-courses or, again, tracts of intervening land must lend their friendly aid; and it is not impossible that some or all of these may be found. It is the intention if occasion offers to test in this work Commodore Ammen's life-raft, a modification of which it is hoped will serve as a combined sledge and boat, to be used either on the ice or in open water.

In the vicinity of Discovery Harbor the English expedition found a fair supply of game. A large number of Musk-oxen were killed, and though the flesh was too rank to be really palatable, yet nothing in the way of fresh meat comes amiss to Arctic travelers. Hares, ptarmigans, seals, etc., were tolerably abundant. For clothing, quantities of skins fashioned into garments by Esquimaux women, who understand, better than any others the requisites both of fashion and comfort in the Polar regions will be necessary. To gather such supplies was the work of the Florence in 1877-8; and

they are stored at Disco Island awaiting transport north. Could the main expedition have started when desired much labor and expense would have been saved; as a sufficient number of dogs and native drivers were secured, and will now have to be found and brought together anew—not an easy task.

The other main object of the colony—scientific research—is to be kept constantly in view. In fact the present expedition is calculated to meet precisely the project of Count Wilczek and Lieutenant Weyprecht. They would have stations formed at several points in the high North by different governments, and simultaneous and uninterrupted observations made in all possible branches of science. The feasibility of such an attempt will be proved if the Howgate Colony prospers. It will become the first of a regular chain of stations encircling the Pole; fulfilling the dream of scientists in every land, and treasuring stores of facts pertaining to earth, air and seas that will add immeasurably to the comfort and intellectual wealth of the nations.

Such is the scheme of Arctic exploration as developed under the careful study of Captain Howgate. To secure its complete success required more ample funds than could be easily obtained from private contributions. Beside, it was a matter of national interest, and should be made one of national pride. It was every way desirable that the United States should commission a vessel for the work, and that most at least of those engaged in it should be regularly enrolled in the national service. In this way alone could that strict discipline be maintained necessary to any measure of success. Accordingly a bill was brought before Congress two years ago embodying the necessary provision, $50,000, for equipping a vessel for the service. Its fate is familiar to all. Favorably reported by both committees, it failed from purely political reasons and was necessarily deferred for a year. Meantime, in the hope that Congress would yet act favorably, the little Florence, which has actually done such excellent preliminary work, was sent out at private cost,—Captain Howgate drawing largely on his own means to that end.

This energetic officer has been repeatedly assured of the most cordial and hearty sympathy with his project from the great scientific and commercial bodies both of this and other lands. It has indeed met but little unfavorable criticism except from the British geographers. When first proposed it was thus greeted by the Geographical Magazine, London: "Captain Howgate's scheme is crude and based on untenable premises. We trust that the direction of Smith Sound will not be persisted in as no new work of any kind can possibly be achieved there; and the mere tramping over ground already discovered by the English Expedition, where careful collections in every branch of natural history have already been made and complete series of observations taken, would be as disheartening as it would be useless." As an offset to this we might mention the firm support of Dr. John Rae and others; while various admissions made by Captain Nares himself tend in no slight degree to neutralize his peculiar views of the "Palæocrystic Sea."

Regarding the possibility of spending one or more winters in comparative comfort at the proposed station, we may consult Captain Stephenson's opinion. The Discovery was anchored in twelve fathoms of water within two hundred yards of the shore. After the ice shut her in, thick snow walls were piled up around her and a layer a foot deep was frozen solid on the upper deck. The result was an equal temperature of from 48° to 56° Fahr. on the lower deck through the winter. In this extremely high latitude the sun was lost to sight for 135 days; and though darkness is far more dreaded than cold in its effects on the health and spirits of the men, we have Captain Stephenson's testimony that they managed to pass the time very agreeably. He says:—"I consider the winter by far the most agreeable time of the whole period spent in the Arctic regions. . . . . The ship was very warm and comfortable. Our amusements were of the most enlivening description." Theatricals, concerts, readings, study, observations, etc., fully occupied the minds of both officers and men; while during much of that time the aurora or the

clear-shining moon and stars filled the Arctic sky with splendors. As Lieutenant Julius Payer remarks, "Considering the high northern latitude, the Discovery certainly seems to have wintered in a sort of paradise." The Alert also passed the time safely and pleasantly, though in latitude 82° 27′, and deprived of the enlivening presence of the sun for a hundred and forty-two days.

Surely, then, Discovery Harbor in Lady Franklin Bay does not seem altogether an unknown spot, filled with unspeakable horrors. It has been the pleasant home of British seamen; it may also be of American. Money and wise forethought have robbed the dreaded North of half its terrors.

A word respecting one or two points of importance in this connection. It is well-known that beyond a certain bound on the road to the Pole the snow-fall lessens, owing to the excessive moisture having been already precipitated upon the high lands further south. This phenomenon will work most favorably for parties traversing the extreme limits of the North. Again, although not yet a proved fact, many, and Captain Howgate among the number, believe that land-masses exist beyond Markham's limit. It is thought that if that gallant officer could have proceeded a little further, or found means to scan the far horizon, he would have found relief from the almost impassable hummocks—the ice-valleys and ice-mountains—over which he so long and painfully toiled. Several of the Polaris' crew were confident that they sighted land only a little beyond Markham's turning point. He might have been very near it without recognizing it; for, as Lieutenant Payer remarks, "the mist-banks which are frequently met with in the Polar regions veil the land from sight." If land does lie there, either as a continent or cluster of islands, the conquest of those parts is sure. With a firm base all things are possible to trained sledge-men.

We have pointed out in brief the nature of the task to be performed above the eightieth parallel, and Captain Howgate's proposed mode of approaching it. The scheme has been for two years before the world, and is fully matured.

And now if Congress shall honor itself by making a generous appropriation to the object of Arctic discovery as we trust it will speedily, nothing will remain but to crowd forward the work with all possible haste and thoroughness. In that event, for the sake of science and the benefits that must accrue to humanity, we will invoke from the winds and the waves, the snows and the ice, due consideration for the hardy mariners and their cause. *S. J. Douglass.*

JACK.

"A morning like this with the sun a shinin', and the birds a singing, and them posies a blossoming in those beds down there does seem to chirk one up mightily," said Mrs. Zib, flirting her dust-rag vigorously. "It 's a pity now you ain't able to be up and get a peek at it. It 'd do you more good than medicine 'cording to my notion. There 's lots of folks gone by already, the kind that has little to do. Well, if I ever!" and Mrs. Zib's poke bonnet and the edge of her sharp nose seemed in imminent danger of going through the shutter, she was so inquisitively eager in her inspection of some passer-by.

"It 's that Hoke boy," she said presently, withdrawing her head and proceeding to set in order the vials on the stand. "I declare he is a shaver to be driving his own pony, a black one with a ball face and a—what do you call it—dog cart; I don't see why there 's any need of giving a decent wagon such an outlandish name! He ain't more than eight years old I 'm sure, and is about as sassy as they make 'em, but then some folks are able to buy all sorts of fol-

de-rols for their children, and others are put to their wits' ends to git bread for theirs, and you can't help feelin' that lots is various. Some do seem to git all the plums in the pudding, and others can't even git a whiff at the crust. It's queer, but I suppose it's right."

She gave me an interrogative glance as she spoke, then spying some uneasiness in the little week-old morsel of humanity who was cuddled in my arms, she took him away and sat down with him in the low rocker. "You folks make an awful fuss over him," she said meditatively, "not that he is anything out of the ordinary run either as I can see, but somehow you seem to think he is wonderful. S'posing now you had felt bad about his coming, not knowing how he could be fed or clothed, and s'posing nobody kissed or cuddled him and wondered whether he looked like you or his father or his grandmother and all the rest of 'em?"

"Mrs. Zib please hand me that baby right away. I want to kiss him."

"I ain't going to do any such thing," said nurse peremptorily. "He's just been fooled with enough this morning! All them big girls in the family had to have their foolishness over him before they went to school, and I hain't counted how many times you've kissed him. He'll take it easy enough on my lap awhile. Yeller ain't he? Well, that's the jaunders; it makes 'em sleepy too. I once saw a baby just as likely for his age as this one, but laws he was blinkin' and winkin' away in a miserable sort of a shanty, and nobody seemed to want him in the world very much; he was one of them kind that never gits the whiff at the pudding. He belonged to the Briggs, Dan'l and Melindy, and the belongin' to them wan't much of a blessing, for they were two of the shiftless, slack, always behind hand sort of people who never seem to know how to take care of themselves rightly. Their folks had always been just so too, a workin' a little on other folks' land, doing an odd job now and then, keepin' in victuals and shabby clothes somehow, the women gettin' cold vittles when they washed for the farmers' wives and some of the old clothes it wa'n't no use to make over. Dan'l, however, was the very cream of the hull, so far as slack-handedness and downright laziness was concerned. It wa'n't no trouble for him to do nothin' and never troubled his conscience neither, though perhaps he did n't have one to trouble. Sometimes he'd git a job in harvest or plantin' time but generally folks were shy about hiring him; nobody likes to pay a man for settin' and drummin' his heels ag'in the fence, or stoppin' to talk to everybody who happens to go by. The women folks said he was a heavy hand, too, on the butter and the meat. He was a great one to go gunning; you'd see him slouchin' along regular, two mangy, ribby hounds a followin' after; such folks must keep a dog you know even if they hain't nothin' for themselves.

"Melindy used to say sometimes that she wished Dan'l was a little steadier at his work, but if you went to blaming him she always had some excuse for him. He had a pain in his side, or the Squire wanted him to work too hard, or he had to take care of the baby.

"There always was a baby in the house; a little, half-dressed, generally miserable creetur, for they never got the right kind of care, and wa'n't made the least mite of, though Dan'l and Melindy liked them in their way. I can't even say that it was curious the little things died off one after another but it did seem to me fortunate, for there wa'n't no gainsaying but what they were better off out of the world than in it. Jack though, he toughed it out though he had all the drawbacks the others had, and grew to be a little black-eyed youngster, hanging on to Melindy's torn skirts, trottin' round after Dan'l, or lying in the sun and sand alongside them miserable dogs.

"Melindy went when the seventh baby came and she and the child were buried together, and you would n't hardly think it, but one day when one of my boys went past the place where she was buried, if there wa'n't that forlorn little Jack a walking round and round it and piping "Mammy, mammy!'

"Misfortunes never come single they say,

and I believe it, and to prove it Dan'l's gun went off all of a sudden one day when he was climbing a fence, and somebody found him the same day lying there clean shot thro' the heart. After he was decently buried no one knew what to do with Jack. It wa' n't to be thought of that anybody around should want *him*, and the only way seemed to be to send him to the poor-house. I remember he sat out on a big stone in the yard, hiding his face from everybody in his torn jacket sleeve, and crying for the dog that Squire Jones had took away 'cause he said it was a good bird-dog, and somebody or other hushed him up quite sharp when he called for 'Pappy.'"

"Old Mrs. Fox asked me if I did n't feel to take him, but I did n't mean to fly in the face of Providence by taking that child when I had tough work to keep my own. So Jack went to the poor-house. I 'm sure we have to pay taxes to keep it going, and its fair somebody should be sent there once in a while.

"Do you know the Brones? 'No?' Well that 's curious for they live only a matter of four miles away. Likely as not you 've heard enough of them to know they are awful close, but I 'm free to say that of all stingy, scraping, rich creatures they are the very beat. I was sent for to come and nurse Tom's wife when she had her baby a couple of years ago. Tom came over beforehand to strike a bargain with me, tried to tell me the work would be light with Samantha her niece there, and asked me right out to take off a couple of dollars in my price. But I knew the Brones and they knew me, and I went for my regular wages or not at all. You see there is a great deal to do on a large farm like theirs and they expected me to be busy every minute.

"I often wondered when I was there what was the use of having money if you could n't enjoy it. They certainly did n't seem to get any good, so to speak, out of theirs. Their very table was mean, mean for them who could afford better—sour rye bread, rusty pork and the small potatoes they could n't sell. Though they had a big lot of poultry none of it ever came on their table, neither did eggs or such, for everything that would fetch a copper went to market and if they lived like that you can think what sort of vittles Jack got! Yes, Jack, for I found Dan'l Briggs' Jack there.

"You see the first night when I see that tall, shamblin creature shufflin' in with his head dropping forrards I mistrusted that I 'd seen him somewheres before, and I watched him while he eat his bread crusts and cold potatoes, and after he 'd gone out I asked Samantha, 'Who 's he?'

"'Jack,' she says.

"'Jack what?'

"'Jack Briggs?"

And then I had it sure enough. 'Tom got him out of the poor-house a spell ago,' she said sharply; 'he 's half a fool. I hate him.'

"Well, I would n't blame any one for being half a fool living on such food as they gave him. Fat edges of pork with no meat on them, cold potatoes, and bread left to get hard and dry so he could n't eat so much of it. Bless you child, I 'm not lying; I 'm telling down-right truth; I 've seen Christian folks more than once play that trick on their hired folks!

"I spoke to him the next morning as he was washing outside on the bench. 'I knew your folks once,' says I.

"'Eh,' said he, looking at me with those dull black eyes o' hisen.

"'Yes, and I knew you when you was a little fellow; you 've growed considerable since. How did you get along at the poor-house?'

"'I had fits sometimes, and they flogged me sometimes.'

"'You don't say so,' says I. 'How long have you been here?'

"'Quite a spell!'

"'You look kind of peaked and yeller,' says I; 'don't you feel well?'

"He stared hard at me and real tears came to his eyes. 'I 've lots of pain here,' he said, putting his hand to his side, 'aud my head hurts sometimes!'

"Four days after I went there, Jane, that's Tom's wife, got word that her father and mother were coming down to see the new baby and spend the day. She was mightily flustered when she heard it, for she

had n't a bit of pie or cake in the house and she wanted me to make some. She said tho' it must be apple pie and a cake that would n't take more than an egg or two, and but little butter, say a table-spoonful. I concluded to make it as best suited me, seeing I had a fair field, Samantha having gone to the village; and tho' Jane's bed-room opened into the kitchen, her bed stood so she could not see the part of the room where I was at work. All the same, she made her tongue do duty for her eyes and kept telling me what to do all the time till I clean lost patience, but you may be sure I mixed things my own way. No stale dripping out of the old yellow bowl in the buttery went into my pie-crust, but I put into it good, sweet lard out of the firkin in the cellar, and I did n't sweeten them pies with molasses sugar either, but good granulated went into them.

"When I began with the cake she called out, 'I guess after all it had best be molasses; that only takes one egg, and shortening instead of butter.'

"'Well,' says I, smiling to myself as I stirred up a good cake, which had plenty of eggs and butter in it for once. Her speaking of molasses cake tho' put it in my mind to bake a nice, soft one, for molasses cake when fresh ain't to be sneered at. Yes, and I meant to tell you that I made a pie in an oldish saucer, made it thick and good and sweetened it with molasses, and after it was baked I tucked it away in the wood-shed. After dinner I looked to see if Jack had a piece of the pie we had cut and that Jane had grumbled over because it was too good. But Samanth did n't give him any, which was just what I expected. So I left Samanth busy with the dishes, and tucking that saucer-pie under my apron I went down in the yard alongside the barn to look at some blankets I 'd hung out there that morning. I looked sharp to see Jack when he came along to go to the meadow and then I called him soft like. 'What?' he says, stopping short.

"'Here,' says I, 'take this and go set down in the gate corner and eat it. I 'll wait for the dish.'

"It wa'n't three minutes before he brought the saucer back, every crumb clean gone. 'I 'll never forgit it,' says he a crying.

"It was the next day the old folks came. I baked good, sweet bread in the morning and cut it fresh for dinner too, though Jane was hurt about it, and what with ham and decently mashed potatoes, chopped cabbage, and the sugared pie we had a good dinner everybody enjoyed, especially Tom who could n't stop bragging about it. But I had a plan in my mind, so after we 'd finished I says to Samanth, 'You 're tired; so you go set in Jane's room and hold the baby and talk to Granny, and I 'll wash up the things.' She wa' n't backward to accept, and Tom took the old man out to see the farm, and for once in his miserable life I set Jack down to a decent meal. Nothing was sneaked off that table by me, and it gave me solid satisfaction to see him eat. Samanth screamed right out when she came in and saw him finishing the pie. 'Ain't you ashamed to let him make a hog of himself?' she cried. But I reckon I set her down sharp for once.

"What did you ask me just now? How they spent their evenings there? Well, how do you suppose? Like you folks; going in the parlor and lighting it up bright, and talking and reading and playing? I rather guess not. You don't think they would ever set in their parlor do you? If you do you don't know them.

"They sot in the kitchen, burned one candle and kind of grumbled when they felt like it. I most always sot in by Jane and the baby; our light came in from the kitchen, for she would n't burn an extra candle for herself. She was always hinting at something I might do evenings, but I let her hint. Sometimes Jack came in, fearful, like a dog not sure of its place, and sot down for a spell by the door before he went to bed in the loft over the out-kitchen, but Samanth was always finding fault and picking at him. One night he came up by the table and asked for a needle and thread to fix his jacket, but she never pretended to hear him. I was clean put out with such meanness. 'Jack,' says I, 'hand me that jacket,' and I got my house-wife, and put on my specs and sot down to darn it.

"'It 's a dirty, miserable thing,' says I, a working away. 'It ought to go in the rag-bag, and Tom ought to get you a decent suit.'

"Tom's chair came down hard and he looked mad enough. 'Better dress a beggar in broadcloth,' he growled.

"'Oh, no need of that,' says I, 'only give a man working for vittles and clothes decent ones!'

"'I know my own business, and I hate meddlers,' says Tom. 'Here Jack, clear out to bed.'

"Of all the queer questions Jack would ask though! One day he says to me 'What's God?'

"'You poor creature,' says I, 'ain't no minister ever told you? Well, he 's a sperrit.'

"'What 's a sperrit?' says he.

"Now I 'm one that 's satisfied with facts without pryin' into 'em. I never muddle myself a wondering, but I see by his questions he was stupid like, so I says, 'A sperrit is something that ain't flesh and blood.'

"He shook his head backwards and forwards. 'Where 's God?'

"'Why, in Heaven you poor heathen!'

"He looked as if he was most a cryin'. 'If He was only down here I might find Him,' he says as serious like as could be, 'but I can't never find Him up there!'

"'Twa'n't no use for me to say more to him you see; he showed he was lacking, and I wa'n't no minister. Another time when I was by the well he came along to fill the water jug to take to the field. 'I 'm a thinking, Miss Zib,' says he.

"'What about?'

"'Thinkin' if I got way to the edge of the world would I fall off?'

"'Of course,' says I.

"'Fall where?'

"'The Lord knows,' I says a little sharp, for his silly questions pestered me. I did kind of wonder tho' to myself where a body falling off the world would land, but I ain't a scholar and don't pertend to say, besides I never expect to travel to the world's edge myself.

"It was that very afternoon Tom came in the kitchen in considerable of a hurry. 'Where 's the Tobias liniment?' he asked Jane, who was sitting there holding the baby.

"'In the right hand corner of the second closet shelf. What do you want to do with it?'

"'Jack fell off the mow and got hurt.' 'What did he want to do that for? Now don't waste that liniment on him for nothing.'

"'Guess I'll go see if he's much hurt,' says I, thinkin' a fall from a mow wa'n't no trifle.

"I found him all in a heap on the barn floor, and what was worse he did n't know anything. 'That's a high mow,' says I, measuring it with my eye, 'and how in heaven's name do *you* know where he's hurt and wants to be rubbed with liniment? The best thing you can do is to get a doctor.'

"'I want to git another load in before it rains,' says Tom in that aggravatin', slow way o' his'n, 'and it's no use runnin' up doctor's bills when 'taint no need. The Tobias cured the old mare's leg last week, and bye an' bye when he comes too we'll find out where he ails.'

"'Tom Brones,' says I, 'I feel good telling you you are the meanest man a living. Look at that poor thing there! It ain't enough you've starved and worked him to death, but you are going to let him die like a dog. I'm going to get Sam Demarest to go for a doctor.'

"'Hold on, you long tongued Jezabel,' says he, 'and stop your meddling. I'll go for the doctor myself;' and with that he went to work saddling a horse, grumbling and swearin' to himself, and to me for that matter, but I was trying to fix Jack a little more comfortably and never minded him.

"Samanth came up and looked in and screamed a little and went away again. Bull, the dog, came and smelled of him and whined, for the dog always took to Jack, but nothing roused him; he breathed heavy and looked bad.

"It seemed an age before Tom came back. He was slow always and I need n't have expected he would put himself out of the way for Jack.

"The doctor seemed to think something pretty serious was the matter with Jack. He worked over him quite a spell; examining, listening, growing graver every moment. He tore away his poor rags, even clipped away some of his shock of hair. Then he shook his head; 'I can't do anything for him now.'

"An hour after it was all over. Neighbors, hearing the news, came in and stood around, but Jack never knew one of them; never knew when I helped put bandages on his head, and his hair was so pretty, thick and brown, and with a curly wave into it.

"Jane grumbled some when we told her he was dead. He was a poor miserable creature, not worth his salt, she said, but hir'd folks was scarce just now in harvest and asked such ridiculous wages. The town would have to pay for his coffin though, and was that Tobias liniment left wasting in the barn?

"It was the next day Mr. Somers, the old Methodist minister, came to the house and made a prayer over him. Actually, the first prayer I believe ever made by anybody on his account, and Tom and two or three of the neighbors took him up to the wood-lot to bury him. Jane had to come to it and let one of Tom's white shirts be put onto him, it wa'n't one of the newest, and really he looked as peaceful and calm as any baby could, and he wa'n't bad looking seen so, and I was glad to remember that I had been kind to him in them little ways I told you of.

"I just thought the last Sunday I was there that I'd put on my bonnet and go see where they'd laid him, so without sayin' anything I tramped up there. It was a wild place enough and of course there wa'n't nothing to mark it, but the Lord will know where he sleeps at the last day, and that is enough ain't it?

"I kind o' wondered when I stood there what had become of his soul? He was such a white heathen. It made me think of a beautiful sermon I once heard our old Dominie preach, 'No man cared for my soul,' or some text most like it, and it did seem to me all of a sudden as if no man had cared for Jack.

"But I guess I had better put this little fellow down by you now, for he's sound asleep, and I can go down and see why nobody has brought them lemons yet. Tut, tut—don't look so down. I meant to chirk you up a talking."

"Chirk me up? O Mrs. Zib!"

Margaret H. Eckerson.

A NEW CHAPTER ON WAGES.

The object of our system of public education is to spread a simple, honest, industrious, intelligent manhood among the masses of our poor people. But there is a difficulty with which we have to contend, and we are quite powerless in the face of it. That is the poverty which cries for bread. Only a very small number of those persons for whose benefit we have established free high schools are able to avail themselves of the advantages which they confer, and the schools are largely frequented by those who are quite well able to pay for the instruction they receive. All the very poor people are placed by their circumstances beyond the influence of the higher education. They are obliged to leave learning when they are still children in order to make a living, and we cannot educate them because we cannot support them. The law requires every one to be able to read, write and cipher; but a real education, what makes manhood it cannot require, and the public sees the multitude of its children go into the world in a very sad condition of ignorance and uncertain fortune.

Then we hope through the indirect influence of many half-educated and a very few wholly educated men and woman, and by means of books and newspapers, "to effect

something in the long run." In other words we put our trust in what Mill calls spontaneous education of the masses. I am afraid that this is *laissez faire.*

A poverty-stricken, uninformed, unhappy, disorderly population increases, and every year shows us the wreck and waste of infinite human faculty. Then we know that our political institutions have somewhat prematurely anticipated a future of enlightened and honest manhood; and although our big human crowd may be getting along a way of progress towards that future, there is too much disorder and stumbling for us to rest at all contented with *laissez faire.*

But what can we do? Social science and politieal economy object to everything; and we must give heed to their objections, so well founded as they generally are. Here is the gist of the difficulty. We must never support anybody. Everybody must support himself. As our economy books say: No agency will effect any lasting improvement in the condition of the poor unless it makes them rely upon self-help. No one can help himself properly without the intelligence acquired by education. Mr. Brassey says the great quality of self-help is to be developed only by higher education. This is quite beyond the reach of those whose poverty cries for bread, and unless we can give them some support there is little hope of their being raised from their wretched and degraded condition. These are the propositions of a very hard problem. An attempt to solve it must be deemed more or less presumptuous, but is, however, more pardonable than no attempt, for if there is any one problem upon the solution of which rests the happiness and prosperity of men it is this.

If simple, honest, industrious, intelligent manhood were a commodity, what a demand there would be for it. What capital would be invested, what labor and production would ensue! Yet it is a product of time and "labor upon appropriate natural objects," and has exchange value. People are willing to pay great sums of money for it. Then why may it not be regarded as a commodity? Because an essential agent of production is absent—the wages of labor. Who has ever thought of offering wages for the production of disciplined intelligence, and in that way making it a commodity of the market?

After all are we not beginning to recognize a kind of property or wealth in brains, and are we not making laws for the protection and distribution of property of this kind? The tendency of our civilization is to discover what things are useful and precious and then to bring them into the market where men can buy them. The utility of mind has been recognized. It has come to be regarded as the wealth *par excellence* of individuals and the community. We have practically demonstrated the exchange value which it possesses. It is high time that it should be brought to market where men can buy it. It is time that education became organized and regulated upon the principles of economical science, the science which is concerned with the production, exchange and distribution of wealth. We suggest that the education of poor people may be regarded as a commodity for which many will gladly pay an exchange value, measured by the cost of production through the agency of capital and wages; that in consideration of this demand, and in proportion to the extent of it, a new kind of industry ought to be established. There is a new field for the enterprise of individuals, and we propose to them the plan of funding schools in which a number of poor children, from ages between twelve and fourteen on indefinitely, shall receive wages for the work they do,—in which each child in the degree of its capacity and for its purposes in life shall be thoroughly instructed,—in which a technical knowledge how to do something by means of which he or she can make a living shall be given,—in which lastly the high intellectual training may be acquired by the organization of useful and important facts.

If there is a demand for the education of the poorer classes it is not for that sort of education which forms a decorated manhood. The demand is not for adornment, but for simplicity, honesty and intelligence. Very few people would be willing to pay wages for the production of what is called

æsthetic culture. There is enough money spent in the colleges and universities upon it with poor result; for a little bit of what is pure and genuine is produced, and a great quantity of what is sham and good-for-nothing. We do not want to see the "Swollen visage of counterfeit knowledge and literature," to use Milton's expression, even so much as peeping in at the windows of a school for poor children. Certainly not. "Each in his degree and for his purposes is to be thoroughly informed." Goethe says this of the Province of Pedagogy where Wilhelm Meister made some stay in his travels, and it should be our rule.

Every occupation, properly speaking, is the centre of an organization of facts, you might almost say the basis of a distinct science. Every one busied in any occupation should be constantly employed in studying these facts and in organizing them in his mind. The trade of brick-laying is the basis not only of a technical knowledge and skill but of much more. As an agent of production the brick-layer stands in relations with the community, and it is desirable that he should understand them. Here we have a field of economical and social science. Beyond the trade there is an art, the art of building in brick, and much organizable history. Here is a wide field for higher knowledge and culture. The brick-layer may become a student, scholar and artist after having begun his education as a tradesman; this provided he has mind enough and disposition.

"Can we," asks the Rev. F. W. Farrar, "teach nothing in heaven and earth which shall be valuable as an end no less than as a means?" It seems to us that in the organization of such knowledge as we have described there is ample opportunity offered for the acquisition of a practical and at the same time a liberal education. The Encyclopedia cannot be regarded as the reflection of enlightened manhood. We are beginning to feel sure now-a-days that all unorganizable facts are better placed in the books than in the heads of young people. Our object then is to devise some scheme of education which shall offer to every man the knowledge that can properly be founded upon the basis of his future profession, occupation or trade. This knowledge always spreads out into a field wide enough and varied enough for the acquisition of disciplined intelligence, which is the end of education. As for aesthetic culture we will have that afterwards, and we will have it on a substantial basis.

If any one of us is so inclined then let him found a school for the education of a number of poor children between twelve and fourteen years of age, in which there would be instruction solely in the organization of the facts which base themselves naturally upon the conduct of life and its business. Let him found a school for brick-layers or engravers, or mechanics or painters or carpenters. Certainly manufacturers and agriculturists would be induced to adopt such a means of increasing the skill and intelligence of their workmen; and those especially interested in some science or art would have the opportunity in this way of furthering its highest interests.

In each school there would be a certain kind of work to be done, and for that work rightly done there would be paid to the scholars wages, the measure of its value and excellence. This is the main thought of this writing. The wages of each scholar would be increased, diminished or withdrawn according as he worked well or badly. You would dismiss each one as soon as he ceased to further the interests of the school and the object of its foundation. It would not be a prosperous industry in which workmen were maintained when they failed to further the interests of its production, by doing what was not to be done or doing what was to be done badly. Certainly the "common steadfast dunce" should not receive wages for discipline and learning of which he is incapable; nor would you retain any vicious children for the sake of their moral reformation. Your school has been founded in the cause of higher education; its object is neither the maintenance of paupers nor idiots, nor is it to be a reform school for bad children. It is an industry for the production of simple, honest, industrious, intelligent manhood. Wages are paid for the labor of producing as much of that as is possible.

Let the scholar workman be paid a certain sum per hour; hire him for a week or a month and pay him at the end of the week or the month the sum of his earnings. Of course pay him as infrequently as possible, for then you will encourage prudence and saving economy. Mr. Brassey quotes Mr. Reid, director of the Paris-Rouen Railway, as having said that nothing could be a greater test of the respectability of a working-man than being able to go without his pay for a month.

The work in the school would be divided into two parts, and the wages correspondingly into two parts. You would pay first for the acquisition of the skill or knowledge essential to the business, and second for the acquisition and organization of that knowledge which it is desirable that all should possess. For instance in a school for brick-layers, or in connection with it, there would be two sorts of work to be done. First, laying bricks rightly and speedily with the greatest skill and intelligence; second, study in political and social science and in the history and art of building in brick, the organization of facts and the statement of them in speech or in writing. In addition to this work the scholar should be urged to pursue by himself such reading as would illustrate the special subjects in which he was interested, and open his mind to other fields of learning. It would be very desirable if the school could possess a library containing works illustrating the subjects taught and a selection of standard literature, and if it could be made a pleasant place where the scholars could pass as much time as they pleased in study and reading its benefit would be greatly increased.

If, to begin with, you were to employ ten scholar-workmen at the rate of three cents an hour for a month, and were to give them eight hours work each day, you would divide the time equally between brick laying and learning. The brick-laying would be done outside the school, and at first it would not be worth much; but there are plenty of people who would gladly pay the cost of the bricks if they could get some common building done for nothing, that is without having to pay the wages of labor. Thus four hours of your day's labor would be devoted to the organization and exercise of technical knowledge and skill; the remaining four hours would be devoted to study. At the end of the month the wages of the ten scholar-workmen would amount to sixty-two dollars and forty cents; three cents an hour, eight hours a day, twenty six days. After a short time the wages of one-half the day's work would be covered by the value of the brick-laying done, and the cost would no longer be the burden of the school but of the employer of your workmen. From that time on you would simply pay the wages of the time given to intellectual training, that is the wages of four hours a day. This illustration being drawn from a special case does not make a general rule. Each line of instruction would be governed by conditions of its own.

We must make a short digression here to anticipate an objection which the reader is likely to make. No child or man could live upon one dollar and forty-four cents a week, nor upon double that sum. But suppose there are two children in a family of father, mother and three children, one of them twelve years old, the other fourteen, who earn in this way seventy-five dollars each in the year. If the father can earn as much as five hundred dollars there is no reason why the family should not be able to live together comfortably. Statistics of wages and living in the United States make us certain of this. It is not proposed nor would it be at all desirable to relieve parents of the responsibility of supporting their children, nor is it in any way intended to break up home relations. The father, mother and children should labor, learn and earn as much as they can in order to live together comfortably and happily. By making the children gentle and intelligent we should certainly expect to purify the atmosphere in their homes, and thus exert an influence in the heart and soul of our social life.

We will return again to our school of brick-layers. It has become in the way described a half-day school, and the wages are now given for the half-day work, for the

learning and organization of the useful and important facts, and for such higher learning as may have been adopted. The wages can now be raised from three cents to four cents or five cents an hour, but only in consideration of the increasing excellence of the work done. It must always be remembered that *the wages are not given for the support of the scholars but for the work they do in supporting themselves.*

If you have a wage fund of one thousand dollars a year, you could pay to two of your scholars as much as one hundred dollars each during the year for their half-day work in school,—to four of them fifty dollars each, to four of them seventy-five dollars each, and have three hundred dollars left to add to your next year's fund.

Real intellectual progress is very slowly made.

The wages in your school would not be increased rapidly but very slowly from year to year. In the meantime the wages of the other half-day's work outside the school are being earned, and there is a competition between the work and wages of the two half-days. Of this competition we should not fail to take advantage. By means of it we should be able gradually to sift all but the best minds out of the school; for if one of the scholar-workmen by laying brick during half the day earns fifty cents, while for the other half-day's work in school he can only earn thirty cents, he will have a reason of his own for leaving the school or lessening the number of his school hours. Perhaps he does not care for the work in school, or cannot hope to do better by remaining. Then he is likely to leave, and although he may not have gotten a high education, at least he has learned a trade and how to make a living by it. With the power to raise or lessen or to withdraw the sum given in wages to any one of the scholar-workmen you could regulate this competition at will. By lessening the number of your scholars you could secure more means to reward those whose work seems most satisfactory and promising. The time comes at last when these too would be dismissed and you could begin all over again with a new relay. With a wage-fund of one thousand dollars a year, such a school as I have described ought to be the means of giving a practical education, in the course of twenty-five years to at least forty poor boys or girls, and of giving to a large number of them a liberal one. Of course the elements of rent, instruction, books and sundries, would more than double in any case the wage-fund of a thousand dollars. The instruction should be of good quality. Instructors should be men of strong character and of special and liberal learning. It is essential that the methods of teaching and the quality of criticism should be sound: the test of scholarship in the school is not to be the remembrance of facts as learned, but the organization and statement of them in speech or writing. No simple book-learning would serve the purposes of the instructor. It is not proposed to found schools of mediæval dogmatics, but schools of modern independent thought. The instructor should be able to look at a matter in its different aspects, not simply in the one which is his own or his own adopted. Tuition of this desirable kind is not to be procured cheaply. I think, however, that an income of twenty-five hundred dollars would be amply sufficient to defray the entire expenses of such a school as the one I have described; a thousand dollars for the wages of the scholar-workmen, at first ten in number, afterwards not so many; a thousand dollars for tuition; five hundred dollars for the rent of a room, no fine school-house being needed; for books, fuel and sundries.

Let us consider what honest and good work would probably be done in such a school. Professor Cairnes calls our attention to the fact of how far a practical Englishman can be drawn out of his natural bent, by the pecuniary prizes offered in the universities to those who pursue successfully branches of most abstract learning. The student-workman would have a much stronger inducement. The learning which he would be urged to pursue successfully would not be at all abstract but of obvious practical value. Moreover he would be forced to the greatest exertions by the necessity of making a living. The ordinary student such as we see him in college is al-

ways shirking hard work. He is seldom willing to wade through difficulties if he can jump them. He lacks patient energy. The student-workman of similar disposition would have to choose between the exercise of patient energy and the need of bread and clothing. The result is already known. There is almost no limit to the amount of hard work even children can do under the pressure of necessity. It is proposed to organize, direct and limit the pressure of necessity and to encourage it in every way.

With so much reason to believe that such a school as the one described would be the place of much good work and well-directed energy, let us consider for a moment what the capacity for making a decent living and acquiring a substantial education and some culture means. We know that every simple, honest, industrious, intelligent man is a precious possession for all time. We know how he exerts an influence upon those who are round about him, and upon his children and their children. It is not necessary to call Mr. Darwin or Mr. Herbert Spencer to bear witness. And he who helps to create such precious manhood ought to be glad. "*He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.*"

The wealth which a man possesses except what is spent in support of life and its pleasures generally constitutes the fund called capital. This is usually invested in such a way as to be re-productive of wealth, which is divided between the capitalist and those employed in the processes of re-production. Now if a part of that sum which individuals devote every year to increasing a capital ample for their support and well-being were invested in such an industry as the one proposed, would not the money be wisely employed? Could the economy books raise any objections to this way of employing it?

Supposing that a man is interested in the cause of higher education for poor people, and at the same time in the economical welfare of the community, how could a scheme be more cleverly devised than the one just sketched to meet his desires? By founding an industrial school upon the principles we have laid down, a school where wages would be given for work rightly done, where that work would be planned to supply some industry with skilled labor and to evolve the highest intelligence of those employed, he ought to have the most unalloyed happiness in his beneficence; for no complaints could be raised against improvident charity or encouragement of idleness and pauperism. *He would supply poor people with the means of subsistence while they were learning to support themselves, and they would be supporting themselves by the labor of learning.*

It is quite possible that the school could be made a "paying concern." There are some factories in England where the younger operatives spend a part of their time in study and reading. The result is said to be very good, for the factory work they do is in all respects better in consequence. But why should not wages be given for the intellectual work which in this way furthers the interests of production? If as Mr. Walker of Yale seems to prove, the amount of production determines the amount of the wage-fund in any industry, "wages being paid out of current production," the amount by which the wage-fund is increased owing to the influence of intellectual work would be better applied directly to its organization and encouragement.

Let us consider the following method of making the school a material success. Suppose we found a double school for bricklayers and carpenters, and educate ten of them in the manner described at a cost of twenty thousand dollars. By forming a co-operative society of house-builders we could by agency of skill, intelligence and good taste build a house more beautiful and more substantial in a shorter time, and in a more economical manner than others engaged in the same business. There would be a greater demand for our houses than for those of rival builders; they would be better and would cost no more. Training and discipline of eight or ten years would remove us above the competition of the market. It would take a long time for others to acquire our head and hand capital. In the meantime the twenty thousand dollars which has

been the means of removing us above competition ought to be more than made up.

The art of building in brick and wood would be raised one step, and it is in this way only that the highest art is to be attained finally by us. We must begiu with the trade and rise to the art. Goethe's words are: "Für deu geringsten Kopf wird es immer ein Handwork für den besseren eine Kunst, und der beste, wenn er eius thut, thut er alles, oder, um weniger paradox zu seyn, in dem eiuen was er recht thut sieht er das Gleichniss von allem was recht gethan wird."

It will be a very long time before we have a great art which shall be the expression of the combined industry, thoughtfulness and genius of our people. As Mr. Ruskin says, "Art of man is the expression of his rational and disciplined delight in the forms and laws of the creation of which he forms a part." We cannot expect to have any of this art before people have eyes to see these forms and minds to know these laws. But this is irrelevant.

It may be well to point out five results which the proposed scheme is especially calculated to cause. The foundation of industrial schools in the way and upon the principles laid down, would tend directly to lessen the number of people who depend for support upon institutions of charity and the benevoleuce of individuals. Much money might be saved to be the means of lasting good which is now unproductively consumed. Taking up some statistics of municipal expenditures we see that in the City of Springfield, Massachusetts, the population between 1845 and 1877 increased from 11,171 to 29,553. In the same time the burden of pauperism increased from a yearly cost of $2,414 to $38,913. There are plenty of alarming facts of this kiud to be learned. There is little doubt that something ought to be done *at once.*

The proposed schools would relieve the competition for unskilled labor by reducing the number of those who can furnish nothing else to their fellow-men, and by withdrawing children from the field.

They would also relieve the competition which has become so alarming between mechanical labor of men and machinery.

They would cause an increasing quantity of good work to be done and of good things to be produced, and the cost of them would be diminished. They would illustrate and advance the interests of co-operation. They would be the models of co-operative industry and formative of co-operative societies upon the soundest principles of division and reward of labor. The greatest obstacles with which co-operation has had to contend have arisen from the want of intelligence of the operatives. They disagree and become disorganized because they do not understand the complex relations and the duties by which they are bound together.

Much more might be said. The idea of making a higher education a production of the market by means of introducing the element of wages for work presents some new and iuteresting problems. It is a bare suggestion of them which we have undertaken to make.

D. W. R.

PALISSY THE POTTER.

In the forest-bordered outskirts of the little town of Saintes, there stood, more than three hundred years ago, a few small houses such as the simple peasautry used, and to one of the poorest of these was attached a low out-building of very strange shape and appearance. The blue waters of the Charantes flowed past on one side, and poured into the ocean so near by that on stormy nights the murmur and beating of the surf on the beach came up distinctly, but when the sun shone and the sky was clear, then it was charming, for it was a grand old forest that waved its branches over the queer little building, while underfoot the ground was strewn with nuts and

healing plants or spread with thick moss, through which glittering beetles and lizards of dazzling hues gleamed and darted in the sun.

And a forest like that was as rare as it was magnificent in those days, for one by one the wood-lands of the country had been stripped to swell the revenues of their lordly owners, while the peasantry who in one way or another had lived upon them were left to starve. A little way off, in Saintes itself, there were narrow crooked streets and low houses and here and there a stretch of convent walls glistening in the moonlight, while above them all towered a dusky old cathedral that Charlemagne himself is said to have dedicated to the saint who holds all the keys. But even Charlemagne himself was not the oldest builder of Saintes; the Romans had been there before him, and a bridge over which they had thrown a triumphal arch was still standing under the shadow of the gray cathedral tower, and still farther on was a time-worn church built over the tomb of St. Eutropius. The stones of the tomb had crumbled away, but if any one with a fever would swallow a pinch of their scrapings in white wine for nine mornings in succession, he was promised a certain cure.

So the people in the town seemed to have plenty to dream over; but outside, in the little hamlet under the trees there was work to be done. Every one had their living to earn, if only by gathering fagots for market or chestnuts to roast for dinner at home; while in the queer-shaped little building something different was going on,—something strange and mysterious, but still well enough understood to make the neighbors shake their heads and point their fingers as they went by.

"He is an obstinate, crazy fool!" muttered one of them one day, as he passed with a fagot of wood on his back.

"Yes, and if the saints do not interfere his wife and children will all starve before he has done with his foolery," returned his companion, who had been gathering a bag of saffron and another of wormwood—famous medicines in those days—to send to market.

As they spoke, a lank figure with wretched clothes and a pale haggard face came out of the building, and began throwing billets of wood from a stack near by into a fiery mouth in its open wall.

"There he is, at it again!" exclaimed the old wood-cutter. "It seems then he is wiser than the good God who made us all, and gave us a fancy for food and sleep. It is near two weeks now, that if you pass in the day-time, you see him choking the greedy mouth of his furnace with billets, or if you look toward it at night it glares up and down the forest like an evil eye, and all that while he is only sleeping a snatch at a time, and if his family have a few chestnuts to cheat their hunger with that is all they can hope for. May the saints deliver us from many such wise men for husbands and fathers, say I!"

"Yes; and it is not as if this were the first time either," grumbled the old peasant with the wormwood: "it will soon be five years since he began buying the best jars our potters know how to bake, and shivering them to bits just to daub and smear the pieces over with some miserable mess that he grinds and pounds from morning till night. And what is it all for? Bah! He thinks when the potters have had patience to bake all his rubbish over again for him it will melt into something wonderful, and make him as rich and great as a Cardinal!"

"Yes, yes; but the potters are not the only ones he has worried out of their wits," said the wood-cutter. "After they had littered their furnaces with batch after batch of his rubbish for two of God's blessed gifts of years, what did he say to them as coolly as if they had done nothing at all? 'It is then because your fires are not hot enough that my mixture does not melt;' and up he piled it all on his wheelbarrow again, and was off to the glass-worker's, and bestowed the cooking of three hundred or so of his flinders upon them every now and then for another two years."

"But this is his own furnace that he has now," interrupted the old peasant of the wormwood.

"Yes, and that is because after these four years one of his messes actually melted at

last, and ran a white coating over the potsherd he had daubed it on. He was crazier than ever then with joy about nothing, and what would satisfy him after that? The next time our Good Lady looked down from heaven at him, here he was building away at a furnace of his own, to do greater things than even the glass-workers could manage for him."

"Bah!" said the old peasant again, shifting his sack to the other shoulder, "if his wife and children did not grow so lean while he grows famous it would be pleasanter. And all the time he might earn such a good living at his trade of glass-painting! Glass-painting is a secret that only nobles know, and they teach it only to their children; but for my part I would rather have peasant's blood in my veins, and a good dinner in my stomach, than to smear a white coating over all the bits of potter's clay in the kingdom."

"Well, the saints be patient with us all," returned the wood-cutter; "but some day if one wants to tell a man he is crazy and a fool beside, one will only need to cry 'Palissy the Potter!' after him."

Those who pass judgment on their neighbor's affairs are not always as wise as they suppose themselves; and so it proved this time, as the wood-cutter and the wormwood-man scuffled off in their wooden shoes, still shaking their heads at what they left behind them.

Palissy the Potter was neither crazy nor a fool, but a brave heroic man whose courage and determination no difficulties or disappointments could break down, and upon whom God had bestowed that rarest of earthly gifts, an artist's soul. And one day when he was shown a wonderful and beautiful thing from Italy, which not a creature in France knew how to make, he was fired with a desire to imitate it. It *should* be done in France; he determined upon that; and with no one to tell him a word of the secret, and with a wife and little children on his hands, he laid aside the drawing and glass painting his father had taught him and set to work.

But what was the thing of beauty, the wonderful production of an unknown art, that had so roused the passion of Palissy's soul, and stirred his genius from the half unconscious slumber where it had lain so long? Only an enamelled cup of rare grace in form, but made of common potter's clay in the outset, and then covered in the baking with the same polished white enamel we are accustomed to see on almost every dish we use. But that was the very thing that Palissy found so wonderful. The potter's clay was common enough, for unless it was a wooden trencher now and then, those rough red utensils served for use on the tables of all classes up to kings and nobles, where of course gold and silver thrust them aside. But the enamel! it was the enamel that gave the rough clay its new and mysterious charm! It had been discovered in Italy nearly a hundred years before, but in those days people on one side of the Alps had very little to do with their neighbors upon the other, so that only now and then a stray piece of enameled ware, a vase, or group of figures found its way at great price from Italy into France, while the secret of its manufacture had not dreamed of traveling yet.

"It was Lucca della Robia, the Florentine, who searched and searched until he found a way to do this," said the traveling merchant, who stopping before Palissy's door drew the cup from a cherished corner of his pack and showed it as a treat, thinking the glass-painter more sure to have an eye for it's graces than any one he was likely to meet just then. "He was a famous sculptor in bronze and marble, and used to work day and night, and often with his feet in a basket of shavings to keep them from freezing. That is the way to work young man; no one need hope to be either rich or famous who will not work for it! But even the bronze and marble, though they made him famous, did not make him rich, the work was so slow, and he knew clay figures would do much better if he could but invent a handsome and durable covering for them. And he was right enough, and the secret was no sooner discovered than the Duke and the gentry gave him all he could do, and his purse grew so fat he had no further trouble to keep warm, I promise you! He was a great man you may be sure."

When the merchant had mounted his steady-going steed and had disappeared from sight, he had little idea of the resolve he had awakened and left steadily burning in the heart of Bernard Palissy, the glass-painter. He could not go to Italy—that was too great an undertaking for a man with no money in his pocket, and a wife and children on his hands; he must, then, work out the secret of enamel for himself as Lucca had!

To resolve and to do were one and the same with Palissy, but what was to be done first? Not the slightest knowledge had he of pottery but no matter for that; he happened to be a little wiser in chemistry, and a relentless pounding and grinding began of every mineral it seemed possible might melt and flow into a white enamel. Tin, lead, iron, copper, sand, antimony, steel, litharge, and manganese, all went into the medley, ground and pounded until Palissy was as tired as a stone-breaker—these mixed in every different proportion he could rack his brains to devise, and then ground and pounded again harder than ever. It was no trifling task, and the money the materials cost could with difficulty be raised, much less spared from family demands. But, "Courage, wife!" Palissy used to say; "be poor and patient with me a while, and we will be rich and famous together some day."

The day seemed far off to Palissy's wife as she watched him guessing, experimenting, and groping in the dark, and then when he found himself all wrong, groping, guessing and experimenting over the same ground again; and by the day the wood-cutter and the wormwood man passed by faith and patience had worn completely out together. Poor Palissy had heard every word they dropped, but it was nothing new; all the neighbors said the same, and worst of all his wife was falling into the way of coming out with her eighth or tenth baby on her arm, to look hungrily at him and complain that she could not bear with this madness any longer.

Palissy had stopped now and then it is true, to earn a little money at his regular trade, but that was soon swallowed up in the purchase of chemicals and earthen ware —and now this one last trial, this one more fateful throw—it must succeed! This was no litter of common potter's jars, broken to small bits and spread with every combination of his precious guess-work, for at the last baking the glass-workers had pulled out a few pieces of these with a strange change upon their faces; the enamel had melted and cooled over the surface in a thin, half-transparent crust! Could Palissy believe his eyes! It was four years now that they had watched the opening of the furnaces only to see one failure after another drawn drearily forth, but this one moment of bewildering joy repaid him for the whole! Now he would buy no more from the potters; he would mould his own forms for the next baking for success had come at last, and they should be perfect. The bits of clay with the different chemicals had been all carefully numbered and recorded so that he had the successful mixture at command, and he would bake them himself; he could do better than the glass-workers he was sure. What were seven months of toil at clay-working with such promise as this to give him strength? They were passed like a week, and an enormous batch of jars and pipkins had gone into his own precious furnace this time. If they should but come forth white and glistening with the precious enamel at last!

So he did not even stop to watch the wood-cutter and the saffron man out of sight; he only heaped on more wood, dripping as he was with the heat, caught up his chemicals and began pounding and grinding again; for after six days and nights of feeding the greedy furnace, with only a morsel of food and a moment of sleep snatched here and there beside it, the enamel for some strange reason had not melted. What then? Should he give it up? Never! Some different mixing still must be necessary, and he ran to the village for a few common jars, broke them, and began grinding, pounding and furnace-feeding all at once! He was hard at it still, and the old peasants were just passing out of sight when he heard a sharp, well-known voice at his elbow.

"It is not then long enough that you are roasting yourself and this costly rubbish of yours together, wasting precious fuel, and working as no peasant could be hired to do?" asked his wife. "It has not been amusing, standing as a laughing-stock to the village all the years you were carrying messes back and forth to the potters and glass-makers, and sitting like a ghost outside their furnace mouths, watching to see the good jars you had broken to flinders come out flinders again and nothing more; and as if that were not enough the next scene in the play was worse yet, when you brought the mortar and stone on your back like a pack-horse, to build this furnace of yours that would burn every billet of wood the forest could furnish if it had but the chance! Was I not forced to stand by and see my garden paling thrown in and devoured by it this very morning? And look at yourself! Has any woman in Saintange such a fright of a husband? You know very well it is years since you are so lean your garters cannot hold your stockings in their places, and they are always over your heels so soon as you are a step! And as for the children and myself—oh yes, it is of no consequence about us!"

But Palissy did not answer. He had thrown his last desperate hope into the furnace with this baking, and now, just as his wife was speaking, his last billet of wood had gone in too. But the furnace must not cool! One hour more might decide everything! He rushed past her and a terrible noise of cracking, hammering, and splitting began in the house. Palissy was breaking up tables and chairs and even tearing up planks from the floor to give his precious mixtures one more chance to melt. That was absolutely all he could do. Would it be enough!

The hour passed; Palissy threw open the furnace-door and drew out the jars. Not one of his own mouldings, the work of those seven long months, was right; but the coarse jars he had bought at the village for one more last attempt were white and glistening. The enamel had melted! The battle was won!

True, and yet only begun. The secret was discovered,—now he must learn to use it. Once more the furnace was filled, this time with four month's work in vases, urns, and medallions of most beautiful design. The medallions were moulded by his own hands, but for the vases and urns he had furnished only the designs; he was in debt to a potter for the work. But no matter; the potter was partly paid with some of Bernard's clothes, and in went the baking. If it should but come out perfect this time! There would be a fortune of three or four hundred livres at once, and neither Lucca nor any other son of Italy would outrival the pottery of France.

Once more Bernard forgot food and sleep, and once more the old wood-cutter saw the furnace's "evil eye" glaring through the forest by day and by night, while the gaunt figure of Palissy flitted to and fro in it's ghostly light. The furnace was even better heated than before, and the toilsome, anxious hours came round to an end. Once more the doors were opened and the vases drawn forth, but alas for the three hundred livres! The enamel was perfect, the vases most beautiful, but the mortar of his new furnace had splintered with the heat, and sent showers of tiny flints flying by millions over the enamel in it's melting state, and now that it had cooled there they remained, firmly embedded, and sharp as razors to the touch of the hands!

The village people came running to see, for Palissy was in debt to some of them, and especially to the inn-keeper who had trusted him for four months board and lodging of the potter, and a few wanted to buy; but miserable comforters they proved to be, when for once they found Palissy the image of despair, while vases, medallions and urns strewed the mossy ground in fragments.

"Just another piece of his miserable luck," grumbled a peasant, as he gazed from the destruction scattered about to the wild face and despairing attitude of Palissy.

"Luck!" muttered another; "and what would you have? Must the saints interfere and send luck to meet all the vagaries of a mad fellow?"

"He might then at least let us buy them at a few sous apiece," answered another.

"But no, he says it was precisely to avoid disgracing his high art by doing so that he broke them! Dukes and princes are to buy the next batch he really believes!"

For one moment the heroic spirit of Bernard Palissy quailed at last. Years of anxiety, poverty, and hope deferred only to be cast down; weeks of sleeplessness, furnace heat, and drenching, exhausting toil had failed to touch it, but the bitterness of this last disappointment filled the cup too full. He fled past his friends and neighbors like the madman they had called him, rushed into the house and threw himself upon a wretched pallet for a little rest, and to meet the blow alone. The next day he rose quietly up, and went back to his trade of glass-painting for a year.

And a year at his trade whether Palissy's heart were in it or not did the work he was at last forced to ask of it—for Bernard's brush was a gifted one, and glass-painting was as the old wood-cutter had said, a secret carefully preserved in families who had little else than noble blood to bequeath their sons; while in every wealthy castle, and especially in the chapel so sure to be attached, the windows brilliant in color, rich in artistic work were an especial pride. By the end of the twelve months Bernard's debts were paid, a little money was saved, and he was ready for vases and urns once more. But the success that had evaded and cheated him so long, had really been his own since the very hour of despair that saw his ruined vases strewn in fragments to save them from falling as imperfect into peasants' hands. He was master of the main secret at last, and though experiments and accidents still lay in his path success grew brighter and brighter and the work more and more beautiful, as rich and brilliant colors and rare designs gave additional charm to the grace of his perfect forms.

And for form and color both the woods and the sea shore held Palissy invariably in debt. With the intense love of nature that marks the true artist's soul he had studied and forgotten himself in them all his life, and now his "Rustic Figulines," as he called his new and wonderful bits of work, were brilliant with lizards, serpents and tortoises, lobsters and crabs, sea-weed, mosses and forest plants, and were making his fame and fortune fast. Princes bought them as he had told the old peasant they would; nobles sought eagerly for them, and when the fierce persecutions of the Huguenots arose with redoubled fury under the merciless De Medicis, Palissy the Potter's was far too valuable a life to be touched in the name of the church. Its very value, however, made it a more tempting mark, while Bernard's earnest, truthful nature refused to wear a mask. Everyone knew him as an ardent believer in the new faith, and one night, spite of the favor he was known to hold at court, an armed force gathered under his window, seized him, and carried him to the dungeon where heretics were bestowed.

That meant certain death as Palissy very well knew, and he hurried off a message to the courtiers for whom his work-shop of half finished mouldings was begun. In great vexation and alarm they hastened to the queen, and obtained an edict appointing him "Inventor of Rustic Figulines to the King." That was enough. The rage of his captors was powerless to detain him, the prison doors swung open, and once more Palissy's beautiful work went on, many specimens of which are still preserved and cherished as great treasures under the name of the "Palissy Ware."

Isabella T. Hopkins.

DID GOD MAKE THAT MAN IN VAIN?

We were sitting in a semi-circle around the mammoth fire-place in the house of the "King of Thule" as we love to call him from his resemblance in character and, as we fancy, in person to the father of William Black's charming "Princess Sheila," when a discussion arose as to the usefulness of the lives of some of the more shiftless inhabi-

tants of the neighborhood, who had of late been trying to steal our dogs and had actually carried off venison that we hung and left to dry in the woods. Nothing is considered more despicable in the domain of our King of Thule than thus to steal a deer that has been killed, skinned, "hung," and then left till the hunter has time to return for it with proper conveyances, and as a rule such game can be safely left for days and weeks, as in the cold hunting season the weather does not injure it and no other hunter will touch it.

Now the "king" himself is very tenacious of his privileges and pretty decided in his opinions, hence we were somewhat surprised to have him break in upon the general criticism in which we were indulging.

"You should n't be too hard on 'em boys. They're an ignorant lot but have their points after all. No man loves his hounds better than I do mine and I was pretty mad when I had to track 'em most to "Jersey Shore" last Sunday when they had stole Jesse but I only said, when I caught 'em, 'Bill Jones I would n't a thought this of you,' and I tell you Bill felt real mean. None on 'em ever refused me lodging or shelter when on a hunt. They're kinder jealous because I get more game, that's all."

"I don't see no use in 'em nohow," said another of the party. "What between their stealins' and them Philadelphy fellers a legislatin' that you shan't kill a deer in front of a hound, the huntin's nigh on to spiled in these parts. La Roy himself knows that as well as I do for even he don't have his old luck. The sooner we run them Joneses, Mayses and the like out of these woods and out of Potter's County the better I say. They hain't no use to themselves, nor to anybody else. If God made them folks I can't see what he did it for nohow."

"Come now Jim Raymond you shut up" said La Roy, whose kingly Christian name by the way with its strange spelling is another warrant for the loyal allegiance that he compels from most of us, "that's just the way old man Ross used to talk about old Hoover, till one day he found he had made a fool of himself. I've hearn him tell of it lots of times."

"How was it, La Roy?" we exclaimed as we turned toward the king, who dearly as he loves to talk has to be sure of an attentive and flattering audience ere he will begin.

"It was more 'n forty years ago, when I was a boy in these parts but just as fond of hunting as I am now," began La Roy, that old

HOOVER THE HERMIT

as he was called by all who knew him "took to the woods way up in the Alleghanies. I've heard tell that he came from real nice folks over in York state but that some gal went back on him, making him kind of crazed like. Anyhow he dug out into the thick woods more 'n a dozen miles from any house and there built him a log hut alongside of a pretty little spring that comes out under a big beech tree, taking care to have it out of sight but within hearing of the only traveled road in those parts, and that a road over which very few people passed. 'T was n't often any one ever saw him as he mostly lived on what he shot, but now and then he would go out to the road and sell deer, bear and coon skins to the few traders that passed over it, though he had never let any of them come into his cabin. His clothes were always ragged and dirty and his long hair, which he never cut, so jagged like that the hunters used to say that it froze to the ground cold nights and got torn and ragged by his pulling to get it away mornin's.

I never saw him but a few times in the woods and then he was allers kind of sulky like and would n't say much, but old man Ross, who used to go tradin all over these parts from Oleon to Emporium, Condeesport and Port Alleghany and even away over to Williamsport and back, knew him better than anybody else did. Ross allers put up at one house when he came to Roulette and I've heard him say lots of times that 'folks say that God never made any man in vain, but I tell you that old Hoover was made in vain for he was n't never no use to himself nor anybody else. There he lives all by himself; won't see nobody that he can help and I don't believe would stir out of his track to save himself or anybody else. What kind of use is such a man anyhow!'"

"Well what was he?" broke in Jim

Raymond, who is generally known as "The Growler" throughout the king's domain.

"Just you wait till I git through will you" said La Roy, who enjoys being interrupted in one of his stories about as little as any man you ever saw, "and you may learn a thing or two yerself. As I was a sayin, old Ross allus put up with us and generally got round 'bout once a month—but one while we did not see him from April till nigh on to September. When he did come then I noticed that his right leg was pretty stiff, so after supper as we were all a sittin' round this very fire-place I asked him what had been the matter and had n't he hurt himself, when he told us this story:

"'You know I allers said that Old Hoover was made in vain—that he was n't no kind of use to nobody. If I've a said it once I've said it a hundred times to you and to everybody. But I don't talk so now. On my way through the woods with my team I used to see him once in a while when he wanted to buy something for his old cabin, either flour, 'lasses or ham for which he used to pay part in skins, but more in promises, for dreffuL poor pay was old Hoover—though somehow I could n't never quite refuse to trust him, livin' all alone way out there in the woods and needin' the things so much when he did overhaul me, which was n't often. You see he was naturally kind o' proud like and his clothes used to be all in tatters and he had nothin' much worth havin' besides a few skins and his old gun. But he traded with me more 'n he did with anybody else.

"'Well, on my last trip afore this one I started off from home with my double team and no one but myself along, telling my wife not to look for me home for a week or more.

"'I had got about fifteen miles from home, well out in the woods and a long way from any house that I knew about. My wagon was loaded pretty heavy and I was a sittin' on top of the load jogging along on a mighty rough road, when one of the horses was scared by a rattlesnake that riz right up afore him in the road. The horse giv' a jump sideways that upset part of the load and me with it right into the path. Both horses was skeered then and began to run, so that one hind wheel of the wagon went over my right leg as I lay there and broke it bad, up near the thigh.

"'Off ran the horses with the wagon and there I lay helpless, as I found I could hardly move for the pain it giv' me; I had nothing to eat, no way to dress the wound or set the leg; there was no one in miles so far as I knew and sometimes no teams went over that road for a week or ten days; nobody expected me home for a week, so I began to think that I had got to die this time and that nobody would know what had become of me for a good while. I tell you I was gittin' pretty blue and solemn-like when suddenly I heard a horse's hoofs in the distance—you reckon I listened pretty quiet as the sound came nearer and nearer, the horse being on a gallop. Pretty soon around a turn in the road there came—who do you think?

"'Blest if it was n't Old Hoover on one of my own horses; Old Hoover whom I had so often said, and believed in my heart, too, that God had made in vain.

"'I tell you I was glad to see him and it was by the merest luck that as he left his cabin that day he took a path that crossed my road. He had just crossed it when he heard horses hoofs at such a gait that agin' his rule—which was to hide when anyone passed—he peeked out through the brush to see what was up. Knowing my horses and wagon and seeing no driver he knew something was the matter and so made a short cut through the woods, which no man knew better than he, to where he could head off the team, which he did, easily catching them. He then unhitched and mounted one horse, tied the other, rode back and found me.

"'Old Hoover took me home that night and then went straight off for a doctor, who set the limb and I am now all right. But I tell you one thing; that is God never made any man in vain, and old Hoover shall never want agin while I live' . . .

"Nor did he for Ross kept him in what food and clothes he had need of for the rest of his life."

Henry P. Goddard.

WHAT THE TOUCAN SAID TO THE MACAW.*

A FABLE FOR OLD FOLKS WITH YOUNG HEARTS AND YOUNG FOLKS WITH OLD HEADS.

I.

EVIL DECORATIONS CORRUPT GOOD MACAWS.

The Macaw had been sent to Miss Tode's establishment to be stuffed. But the Macaw was not dead; she sat in a large gilded hoop arranged as a swing in the center of a very handsome gilded cage, and she swung back and forward with such haughty grace, sharpening her beak from time to time on a bit of loaf sugar, that you would never have thought her a criminal condemned to death. Still a criminal she was; she might have enjoyed her golden palace and loaf sugar, with chocolate creams and cocoanut cakes too for aught I know indefinitely, if she had not shocked her mistress by her bad language.

A certain poor portrait painter had first purchased the Macaw from a Brazilian sailor. The artist was painting the portrait of a lady and he wanted a brilliant spot of color to offset her dazzlingly red hair, so he placed the Macaw on her bended wrist, giving the lady at once a graceful pose and keeping the artistic balance of color. Now the Macaw knew very well that the artist was painting her beautiful plumage and no professional model could have posed better, for she was very vain and greedy of admiration. She kept very quiet too, never uttering a word and only moving occasionally to place her cheek beside that of the lady. In that way she gave the impression that she was a very well behaved as well as affectionate bird, and when the portrait was completed the lady bought the Macaw and placing her in the gilded cage hung it in her own boudoir.

Now it happened that the lady was very much interested in a certain Exhibition of Decorative Art, and as the Macaw was a very decorative object she sent the bird, cage and all, to adorn one of the halls. Here again the Macaw was discreetly silent, this time not from self-satisfaction but from humiliation and curiosity. Humiliation because none of the well-dressed people who swarmed in and out from the opening to the close of the exhibition paid her the least attention whatever, or indeed had any realization of her presence; and curiosity to ascertain what it was that they admired so much in the glass-covered cases below. One day the janitor in filling her water-cup carelessly left the door of the cage unlatched, and early the next morning before any one came the Macaw stepped out and began a tour of examination. She was particularly interested in Japanese Art; the storks and other strange birds with which some of the great jars were decorated had a familiar look to her and she was delighted when she found them again worked with bright flosses on a satin screen. She tangled the Venetian point lace in her ugly claws, and dragged over some pieces of old Spanish point from a neighboring case to compare the two. In short there seemed no end to the mischief which she managed to do in the way of disarranging the various articles while prosecuting her Art studies; but when the rooms were opened the Macaw was swinging innocently in her hoop and no one could imagine who had created such disorder.

The Macaw on her return to the boudoir of her mistress turned over again in imagination all the elegant laces, embroideries, silks, tapestries, rugs, porcelain, carvings, paintings, etc., which she had seen, and thought to herself what a fine thing it would be to establish a Society for Decorative Art among the birds on the Amazon. They were a very aristocratic set of birds and it made her blush to think how ignorant they had been in Art matters. The more she thought about it the plainer it seemed to her that this was her mission, but with all her thinking the door of her cage remained securely latched.

"What a stupid bird you are," said her mistress just then, "why do you never sing

* This article belongs to the "Secular Department" of the magazine.

or whistle, or at least talk. Did n't you learn anything of the sailors as you came? I wonder whether the creature will recognize a sailor's song?"

And seating herself at the little upright piano the young lady sang a few lines from Nancy Lee very sweetly.

"Yo, ho! yo, ho!" echoed the Macaw, and fairly started she rattled off a quantity of sailor expressions in Portugese and English, some of them such wretched slang that the young lady stopped her ears, exclaiming "Horrible! horrible. I can never keep such a dreadful bird. I shall have you killed and stuffed. You will make a very good companion piece to the snowy owl over the book case."

And so the Macaw was sent to Miss Tode's alive, for there was no one in the house who was willing to kill her.

II.

A STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

The Macaw peered inquisitively about her new quarters and she was not exactly pleased with them. To be sure on the same table on which her cage was standing there was a Toucan, a bird with whose family she was intimately acquainted in South America. But the Toucan on the table had passed under the manipulation of the elder Miss Tode, had been wired internally, fitted to a pair of glass eyes, and with his prodigious beak varnished was posed very naturally on a perch made of wire and tow, which bristled every few inches with clusters of strawberry leaves of an impossible arsenic green. Although nearly ready for polite society the Toucan wore the appearance of an ancient Egyptian mummy; for his body was swathed with as many narrow bandages, around, and across, over and under, laced and cat-stitched and criss-crossed, as ever a broken arm set by a skillful surgeon. All this lacing was to give the Toucan a good shape, and he submitted to it with the heroism of an army officer in the hands of his tailor.

The Macaw's head had been so full of decorative art that she had not, since she left the artist's studio, thought much of her own personal appearance. Now as she compared herself with the other birds, her old love of admiration came back, and the mummied Toucan recalled to her mind a gentlemanly Toucan in the Amazonian forest who had admired her more, she verily believed, than all her other admirers. She remembered distinctly his expression as they parted on the steps of her family mansion, an enormous fig tree. There was absolutely a tender accent in his low toned voice, as he courteously handed her an orchid which she had dropped, and said gently, "I have something very particular to tell you the next time we meet, Miss Macaw."

And now an ignominious death awaited her; she would probably never see her lover the Toucan again; she was very likely never to know what he had intended to tell her, and in that tragic moment a woman's curiosity, the ruling passion, strong even in death, contributed the last drop of gall in her cup, and rather than any love for the Toucan made dying at that particular moment and in the presence of this effigy of her old admirer a very bitter thing.

There was no one in the room at this particular moment and she tried the latch of her cage only to find it securely fastened; it was impossible to open it from the inside.

Among all those bird forms without there was no friendly heart, no living beak or claw to which she could call for help. But what was that form that rose silently from the fireside and crouched on a chair beside the table? Its great eyes widened and deepened—and filled with a sullen lambent light, as it watched the Macaw's unsuccessful attempts to free herself. There was no friend in all the room for the poor Macaw, but in some cases an enemy can be made as useful as a friend, and the cat who hungrily watched the beautiful prisoner was destined, much against its will, to render her a service. The cat was quite accustomed to the sight of dead birds in every position, but a live bird in those rooms was a novelty, and after watching her for a moment it threw itself upon the cage, which fell with a great clatter to the floor. The cage rolled a little distance, the door flew open, and the Macaw sailed suddenly through it to the top of

one of the cases. Miss Tode who had heard the disturbance ran into the room, and the Macaw seizing its opportunity flew out of the door, over her head through the narrow entry, and out of an open window to the roof. Then while Miss Tode was screaming to the locksmith on the story below to fetch a gun and shoot it, as it was not at all necessary to capture the bird alive, the Macaw flew to a gilded weathercock which she saw on a neighboring steeple. The weathercock told the Macaw which was south, and from her lofty perch she could see all the shipping in the harbor. Spreading her strong wings she sailed away toward the sea. On one of the steamers just below her keen eye recognized a small square green flag, that of Brazil, and she settled quietly down on the main gallant yard and waited.

III.

HOME AGAIN.

In the ship below all was bustle and hurry, for she was very soon to start on her southward voyage.

Not until New York Harbor was out of sight did the Macaw dare to descend from her elevated perch. The presence of "the new passenger" as she was universally called created a great deal of excitement and speculation, but the Macaw wisely kept her own counsel and said not a word as to her motives for returning to her native country.

The captain gave her the freedom of the ship, and her rough songs and jokes which had so offended her mistress made her many friends among the crew. When the ship reached the City of Para at the mouth of the Amazon, "the new passenger" very unceremoniously took her departure without so much as saying good-bye to one of her friends or offering to settle with the Captain for her passage.

Away and away she flew, due west, the mighty flood of the Amazon gleaming white beneath her like the track beneath the feet of a race horse. On, on until she reached the fig-tree, with its many serpent-like roots coiling, interlacing and crossing each other as they reached down to the river. This was the front staircase where she had bidden good-bye to the Toucan, and there was the faithful creature himself, for since the day when he had flown gaily there to tell her the something very particular of which he had hinted, and had learned from her distracted parents that some Indians in a canoe had snared and carried her away, the heart-broken Toucan had repaired every evening to the spot to mourn his loss. The Toucan made such a comical figure that the Macaw when she first caught sight of him could not forbear laughing heartily. He was dressed in the deepest black and his enormous beak was buried in a mourning handkerchief. The Toucan's beak was his distinguishing feature, it was as large as the nose of Prince Dorus but like that personage

> "He could not tell
> That it was ever thought remarkable;
> A decent nose of reasonable size,
> And handsome thought, rather than otherwise."

For the Toucan belonged to a very old and aristocratic family and was used to quite as much flattery as Prince Dorus himself.

> "And for the nose—they called it aquiline—
> Declared that Cæsar, who the world subdued,
> Had such a one—just of that longitude."

The Toucan's joy on seeing the Macaw once more was something quite as ridiculous as his grief. The family and friends all gathered about until every sofa and chair in the house, I mean every branch and root of the fig-tree, was filled. After the first greetings were over the Macaw disclosed her scheme for educating the birds and animals of the Amazon in Decorative Art. "Of course I wanted to see you all," she said, "bnt my main reason for returning is that I have a mission."

The Toucan turned pale, the two bright red spots on each side of his prodigious nose becoming absolutely bloodless; he was not used to hearing young ladies talk about *missions* in life, the only mission with which he was acquainted was the Jesuit Mission of Exaltation, and he stammered faintly, "I hope you 've not decided to be a nun."

"Nonsense," replied the Macaw, "my mission I am sure is to disseminate artistic culture, and particularly the principles which govern Decorative Art among the benighted inhabitants of the Amazonian Valley."

All of the birds looked at her in silent admiration, for they had not the slightest idea of what she meant. After a slight pause old Mrs. Macaw asked timidly, "How do you mean to go about it, my dear?"

"In the first place," replied her daughter, "I shall establish a Society of Decorative Art."

"What 's that?" asked Papa Macaw.

"I shall have an Art School connected with it into which every one shall be put who asks that question, and they will leave the school fully informed."

"Who will teach the school?" asked the Toucan.

"I shall obtain the most learned professors and lecturers. There will be chairs of; Perspective, Drawing, Water Colors, Oils, Modeling, Carving, Etching, Anatomy, Architecture, Decoration of Pottery, with special classes for the study of Ornament and Conventional Design as adapted both to porcelain decoration and to fabrics. There shall be classes in Drapery and Costume, classes in the History of Art, classes in Technique and Expression, classes in Mosaics, Cameos and engraved Gems, classes in Oriental Art and in Medieval Furniture, in Antique Illuminations, in Bronzes and Armor, in Engravings and Etchings, in Glass and Ivory—"

No one knows how much further the Macaw might have extended the list, for at this point a little Egret who had been trying to stow away all these big words in its head became top-heavy and fell off the tree into the water. Mrs. Egret speedily fished her child out, and when quiet was resumed the Macaw continued, "I was about to say—that is I had not quite reached the subject, but I will say that besides the regular Professors who shall instruct classes in the departments I have mentioned, I will endeavor to secure lecturers who will treat on such subjects as Egyptian Art, Decadence of Græco-Roman Art, the Renaissance, and the Modern European Schools."

"But Miss Macaw," suggested the Toucan, "do you really suppose you can find any one in South America who knows anything about those—matters?"

"No," replied the Macaw, "if the material had been here I should not have been needed. I shall first of all, at this house open a Normal School, a training class for teachers, and I will myself educate my professors and lecturers."

"Oh dear!" sighed the Toucan.

"What 's the matter?" asked the Macaw rather sharply.

"You 'll never have any time to see me."

"Not unless you decide to become a professor or a lecturer," said the Macaw.

"But I can't you know; there is that diamond mine of mine that requires all my attention to keep it from being discovered. Besides I never would make a professor."

"Perhaps not," replied the Macaw, "but you could subscribe a few diamonds and let me put your name down to help along the enterprise."

"Oh! yes," replied the Toucan, "with the greatest of pleasure."

And as the Macaw tucked the diamonds into a humming-bird's nest in which she kept her pin-money, she remarked to the Toucan by way of farewell, "And now we shall be only too happy to spare you."

But like most lovers he was not to be rid of so easily, and as he left her whispered, "Can't you find time before I go to let me tell you something?"

But the Macaw was pretty sure now that she could guess what it was that the Toucan wished to say, and she elevated her scornful nose and shook her head. "Dear me no, Mr. Toucan" was all she said, "not unless it has something to do with Decorative Art."

IV.

THE NEW SOCIETY.

The Macaw had appointed a particular day on which to meet all the inhabitants of the valley who wished to join the Normal School, and she was both surprised and delighted at the large number present. She called the assemblage to order and stated the object of the meeting in a very parliamentary manner, and then consulted her tablets. "The first Professorship which I am desirous of establishing," she said, "is that of Perspective; is there any one here who would like to adopt this study as a specialty?"

"What is it like?" asked a tree-toad.

"It is very much like Geometry," replied the Macaw, "it treats of lines and angles."

"The spiders know most about Geometry," suggested a dragon-fly, whereupon some one in the company exclaimed, "Professor Tarantula! Professor Tarantula!" "Professor Tarantula!" was repeated on all sides and the newly elected professor came forward. He was so frightfully ugly that the Macaw could not repress a start.

"What instructions have you for me?" he asked, glaring at the Macaw from his cruel eyes.

"There are two kinds of Perspective," began the Macaw, but with all her experience of society she could not feel at ease in his presence, "Aerial and Linear."

"Which means I take it," interrupted the Tarantula, "the science of spinning lines in the air. I think I may say without egotism that I am a master of the science of Geometry and I have no doubt—"

"How did you learn Geometry?" asked the Macaw abruptly, for she did not at all fancy being lectured by the Tarantula. All society was divided in her mind into three classes: 1. charming people; 2. common people; 3. insufferable people, and she was mentally writing down Professor Tarantula under the head of insufferable.

"Geometry?" replied the Tarantula; "I evolved it from my inner consciousness."

"Very well, then you may evolve Perspective from your inner consciousness too," said the Macaw, and then she bit her lip, or her beak, for she felt she had said a very pert thing, and pertness was quite beneath a Macaw whose boast was that she knew how to be lady-like on all occasions; it was only fit for the school-girl Humming Birds. But the Tarantula only bowed with a self-satisfied air as he retired; he felt that she had paid him a compliment, and he began at once to evolve perspective, spinning long lines across everybody's picture plane and appearing at every imaginable point except the vanishing point.

The Macaw again consulted her tablets. "Who is best fitted to take the chair of Water Colors?" she asked.

"The Victoria Regia," cried several voices at once. The graceful lily queen had already taken her seat and bowed her acknowledgements with such perfect manner that the Macaw almost envied her. The vote which elected her was almost unanimous, there being but one dissenting voice; that came from a wizened little Chameleon.

"Mrs. Presidentess!" he began, "I rise to a question. It is quite indisputable that Miss Regia is competent to teach *water* but does she know anything about *colors?* I for one am very much afraid that she will create a tendency among her pupils to an over-use of *Lake*."

The Victoria Regia was too great a favorite for the Chameleon's stricture to have any effect on any one but the Macaw who, remembering that he had a great reputation for discrimination in color, tendered him the position of Professor of Oil Colors. An old Alligator was then heard to suggest rather cuttingly that it was now the Victoria Regia's turn to rise and, while she admitted the Chameleon's appreciation of colors, inquire what he knew about oils. The Victoria Regia was too good-natured to act on the suggestion, and Mr. Scarabæus Beetle was appointed to take charge of the class in Modeling in Clay and to lecture on Egyptian Art. A Paroquet remarked sneeringly that the Beetle had never been known to show any taste for decoration except in the way of scarf-pins for flashy neckties for flashier young men; but when a cross old Trogon said that his only objection to the Beetle was that he was so green looking, the Paroquet took it as a personal insult and seconded his election warmly. A Coyper or South American Beaver from the upper falls of the Madeira river was made Professor of Wood-carving, an Ant of Etching, and a great spotted Jaguar of Anatomy; the other animals protesting that there should be no vivisection in the Anatomy class. The other chairs were rapidly filled and the lectures provided for, one of the Monkeys agreeing to give illustrations of Technique and Expression, the Armadillo lectured on Antique Armor, and the Boa Constrictor consenting to hold himself ready for whatever was needed in the way of Finish and

Execution. It seemed to be the opinion of the assembly that no member of the Boa Constrictor's class could fail at the end of the term of being a very highly-finished pupil indeed.

And so the Society of Decorative Art with its Art School was organized, not without much dissatisfaction it must be confessed, for though the Macaw had arranged for a very long list of instructors there were still some who were left out; these the Macaw had hoped would become students but they had no idea of doing anything of the kind. The Otter, who was such an accomplished fisher that fishing for office was the most natural thing in the world for him, was the most disappointed and he immediately organized an Art Journal whose main object was to find fault with everything that was done by the new society. The Vampire was evening reporter. The Tapir, a stupid fellow but a heavy business man backed the enterprise financially; the Alligator was made Office Editor, using his great jaws for scissors to make clippings from exchanges and manifesting quite a talent in his original productions for throwing mud at the Art School. The Dragon-fly was reviewer. The king of the Spiders, the Mygale Blondii, on account of a hereditary spite for Tarantula allowed his distinguished name to be used as the editor of the magazine, and he occasionally *dropped them a line* or wrote an editorial full of venom, but the drudgery of the easy chair was left to the Alligator. The Misses Mosquito wrote poetry which had a very musical flow, but left an unpleasant sensation after reading. All the other disappointed and unfriendly creatures were on the staff of contributors.

It would take too long to tell of the war that followed between the Society and the Art Journal, or the tribulation that the Macaw endured from foes without and foes within, and how between Professor Tarantula and his cousin the editor with the unpronounceable name she was ready to lay down her life with vexation.

The Art students were principally Humming-Birds and Butterflies, frivolous little creatures who knew very little about the scope of Decorative Art, and what was worse cared even less.

The Art School had been in progress a year when the Art Journal began to insist that it was time for the Society to give an exhibition and show what it could do, if indeed it could do anything. And so much against the better judgment of their Lady Patroness and President the Macaw, for she felt that in this stage of the Society's history an Exhibition was premature, it was announced and in due time took place. If I were to describe it to you, you would think that I was caricaturing the Loan Exhibition at the Academy of Design, for the Macaw had copied it as far as she could. Enormous turtle shells leaning against the trees represented the suits of armor, buckler and cuirass, shield, and breastplate, and some of them were quite as handsome as any at our Exhibition for they were made of solid plates of real tortoise shell. Instead of a catalogue Professor Armadillo was there in person to explain them. A little higher up in the lower branches of the trees were beds of blossoming orchids; these represented the cases in which costly articles were deposited, and the blossoms themselves, were the satin-lined caskets. Here were displayed exquisite fans, each Butterfly exhibited at least a pair, of finest gauze and lace, decorated with far greater taste and with more delicate combinations of color than any fan painted by the most renowned of French artists. All of the departments were represented; there were quantities of delicate egg-shell porcelain, vases of exquisite shape made of the calices of flowers, Wood-carving contributed by the Rodent family, and Bubbles sent by the Piraracu, a great river fish, which were entered as iridescent glass and were quite as brilliantly colored and twice as fragile, besides a great many other exhibits which I have n't time to mention.

There were a great many distinguished visitors; Sophornis Magnificus from Rio Janeiro was there in a very elaborate Elizabethan ruff, and a diadem that added considerably to the heighth of her *petite* figure; Rupicola Sunguinolenta from Ecuador wore a beautiful cardinal satin coat, and the

Toucan who came on purpose from the diamond regions sported a sulphur-colored velvet waistcoat. In spite of his gay attire he wandered rather disconsolately among the beautiful objects, for the Macaw was so annoyed because the Realejo or Organ-Bird and the Campanero or Tolling-bell Bird were discussing Mozart's Requiem instead of talking Art, and because the Umbrella Bird would not consent to leave his umbrella at the desk but was continually poking it at the pictures, that she really did not notice that the Toucan was there. Another thing that troubled the Macaw was the presence in full force of the entire staff of the Art Journal, reporters, critics, reviewers and correspondents. There was an Iguana who especially irritated her for he was an "interviewer," and before she knew it she was talking confidentially to him, and in return for his pretended sympathy and interest had disclosed a great many facts in regard to the Society which she certainly did not wish to see blazoned in the next issue of the Art Journal. After the hypocritical enthusiasm of the Iguana it was almost refreshing to talk with some monkeys who represented the aristocracy of the Amazonian Valley. These Monkeys were all old beaux with eye-glasses, who prided themselves on being connoisseurs and were, as Mr. Aldrich has said of another class of beings, either "æsthetic, or historic, or scientific or analytic, or didactic, or any kind of ic except enthusiastic."

Poor Lady Patroness—she was heart-sick and weary enough of it all before the exhibition closed. The worst of it was that everybody was so ungrateful; no one gave her the slightest credit for anything but the mistakes and failures of the enterprise; from the professors to the students it was all vexation and she wished that she had never left New York on her "Mission of Disseminating a Knowledge of Decorative Art." But when an advance sheet of the Art Journal printed on a banana leaf was sent her with the compliments of the aggravating Iguana, the poor harassed, persecuted Macaw burst into tears and declared that she would have been happier if Miss Tode had killed, stuffed and mounted her on a wire perch with green strawberry leaves. She was sitting at the window of her fig tree mansion when she said this, in a balcony formed of lianas, or interlacing vines, which drooped over the river. The faithful Toucan was not far off, and he flew to her with such precipitancy that he quite miscalculated the length of his nose and nearly pushed the Macaw into the river.

"There," he exclaimed in despair, "that was just what I was going to tell you before you went away."

"Do you mean that what you wanted was only to give me a start like that?" asked the Macaw, and she wept now as much from fresh disappointment as from vexation, for she had thought all along that the Toucan had something very different to say to her, and that perhaps when she grew tired of playing with Decorative Art she might find time to listen to him.

"I mean," said the Toucan, "that I wanted to tell you that I was afraid it was my nose that kept you at such a distance from me, and that if this was the case I would willingly cut it off."

"No, no," exclaimed the Macaw, "it is not your nose, it is Decorative Art which has kept you at a distance; and I'll do just what you have offered to do to your nose—I'll cut it, this very minute"

And so she did, and there was a very grand wedding and the Toucan took her away for a wedding journey to the "Sundown Seas" and then to live in the Diamond Regions, and they lived ever afterward in peace and happiness, the Macaw never offering to decorate so much as a ginger jar or a blacking bottle.

Lizzie W. Champney.

THE STILL HOUR.

FORGIVE, O Lord, the doubts that break
Thy promises to me;
Forgive me that I fail to take
Thy pardon full and free.

"I will have mercy," thou hast said;
"My ways are not your ways;"
Yet from thy presence I have fled,
I dared not trust thy grace.

I sought to put my sins away,
I strove to do thy will;
And yet, whene'er I tried to pray
My heart was doubting still.

I thought that Thou with jealous eye
Wast watching me alway,
My deeds to mark, my steps to spy
Whene'er I went astray.

I hoped that when, by days and years
Of service and of prayer,
I had besought thy grace with tears,
Thy mercy I might share.

Forgive, O Father, this my sin,
This jealous doubting heart;
For when men seek thy love to win,
And choose the better part,

I know that, swifter than the light
Leaps earthward from the sun,
Thy pardoning love, thy rescuing might
Speed down to every one.

THE experimental value of absolution is often insisted upon by Catholic writers. What has given the priesthood so strong a hold upon the masses, it is said, is their unhesitating proclamation of forgiveness to the faithful. And it is sometimes argued that Protestant ministers must assume the same authority if they would compete with their Catholic brethren. But it would not be well, surely, to assume for strategic purposes a power which one does not possess. The utmost that any man, priest or parson, has any right to say is that "he that confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy." That fact he ought to make very plain. The certainty that every soul that turns penitently to God will receive immediate forgiveness he must always emphasize. In what is commonly known as absolution the priest assumes to know that the sinner has repented, and upon this knowledge bases his announcement to the sinner that he is forgiven. This knowledge no man possesses. The priest says, "I know that you have repented, and therefore I am authorized to tell you, that you are forgiven." This is the common theory of absolution. All that he has a right to say is, "You know whether you have repented or not. I know, and am commissioned to tell you that when you repent you are immediately forgiven." This is something very different from absolution. It may be less effective in multiplying devotees, but it has the advantage of being true.

LET us beware of a technical notion of religious life and truth. The essence and power of religion are often contained in that which has not the ritual imprint. "We may take up," says Dora Greenwell, "some exquisite poem or story, with no directly religious bearing, and *feel that it is religious* because it strikes a chord so deep in human nature that we feel that it is only the Divine nature, 'God who encompasses us,' that can respond to what it calls forth." God has cleansed many things that, to the prosaic dogmatist or ritualist, seem common or unclean. His ways are not our ways. He is subduing to himself forces and elements of life that often seem to us quite outside the spiritual realm. The progress of his kingdom is not wholly reported on our church registers, and the songs of Zion are not all sung by our choirs. The wind that bloweth where it listeth bears in its sweet breath the fragrance of many flowers that do not grow in our gardens. Let us be ready to feel the heavenly influences even when we cannot analyze and classify them, and learn to think more of divine realities than of human phrases.

"CHRIST," says Baxter "is not such a physician as to perform but a supposed or reputative cure. He came not to persuade His Father to judge us to be well because He himself is well, or to leave us uncured persuading God that we are cured." It is well for us to dismiss from our minds all notions of a fictitious or *quasi* righteousness. "He that *doeth* righteousness is righteous." A religion that does not help us to do right is a snare.

"AND I inquired" says Augustine "what iniquity was, and found it to be no substance but the perversion of man's will from Thee, the Supreme, towards lower things." Whoever has turned from the highest path open to him into any lower path is walking in the way of iniquity. To constitute a man a sinner it is not necessary that he should wilfully set himself to commit some flagrant immorality. The deliberate preference of

a lower to a higher good is the essence of sin. Many men who are walking in decorous and respectable ways know themselves to be great sinners, because they know that a nobler service than that in which they are now engaged is open to them and yet they refuse to enter upon it. "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not to him it is sin."

"EXCEPT ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." The same word is true, even now, of many who hover on the borders of the religious life and will not enter in. They want some preternatural and spectacular token of their acceptance with God before they will begin to serve him. If He will vouchsafe them a vision or kindle for them an ecstasy they will do his will; otherwise they will not. "I look upon it," writes Brainard, "as one of the glories of the work of grace among the Indians, and a special evidence of its being from a divine influence, that there has been till now *no visionary notions, trances and imaginations* intermixed with those rational convictions of sin and solid consolations which numbers have experienced; *and might I have had my desire there had been no appearance of anything of this nature at all.*" It would seem that civilized disciples in these days might entertain views of the religious life as rational and sober as did these ancient savages.

LET us not suppose that right conduct and pure religious sentiment are or can be divorced from clear and honest thinking. No man is obliged to use powers that he does not possess; but whatever mental force he has he must faithfully employ. If mental faculties may be fairly called talents, then their owner is not to wrap them up in the napkin of "unquestioning faith," and bury them in the earth. When thought abdicates in behalf of belief religion degenerates into fanaticism. There is no genuine religious sentiment that is not nourished by vigorous intellectual activity. "The energies of the intellect, increase of insight and enlarging views, are necessary" says Coleridge "to keep alive the substantial faith in the heart. They are the appointed fuel to the sacred fire. In the state of perfection all other faculties may perhaps be swallowed up in love; but it is on the wing of the cherubim, which the ancient Hebrew doctors interpreted as meaning the powers and efforts of the intellect, that we must first be borne up to the 'pure Empyrean;' and it must be seraphs, and not the hearts of poor mortals that can burn unfueled and unfed." This strong and manly thinking about the highest themes is, however, a very different thing from that repetitious assertion of certain settled propositions, which is so often regarded as the basis of the religious life. The mistake of the dogmatist is in supposing that assent rather than thought furnishes the spiritual nature with its proper nutriment. The kind of assent which is often deemed most praiseworthy is an act of the will rather than of the intellect; and this is a very different exercise from that of which Coleridge has just been speaking.

"THOU shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind." This is the first and great commandment. Love is life. It is the fulfilling of the law of our being. Only as we worthily love do we truly live; only when we love with a perfect affection that which is perfectly worthy of our affection do we attain unto the supreme good of life. Concerning these truths there has been no dispute; all that is deepest in man has affirmed them with unhesitating faith. And therefore the first great commandment of the law has almost the force of a first truth of reason. Men have always been ready to join in this confession: "I need to love some one with heart and soul and mind; I ought to love God, the Infinitely Good, with all my heart and soul and mind." But when you have denied to God a conscious personality what have you done with these deepest sentiments of the human nature out of which our highest morality springs? You have cut them up by the roots, or trampled them under your feet. You cannot if you try love with all your heart and soul and mind any Being that cannot love you with heart and soul and mind. Personality in God is the correlate of morality in man. The word personality is one over which men quibble but the thing is precious. A God that cannot love us is a God that we cannot love.

"TAKE heed how ye hear," is an injunction suitable to modern church-goers. There is a vast deal of hearing that is altogether unproductive. The faculties summoned to service by the ordinary auditor are the critical or the æsthetic faculties, rather than the spiritual. Some listen to be diverted, some to pick flaws with the rhetoric or the reasoning, some simply for the sake of listening. Going to church and hearing a sermon every Sunday is a duty, and when that duty is done that is the end of it. "It is a strange folly in multitudes of us" says Leighton "to set ourselves no mark, to propound no end in the hearing of the Gospel. The merchant sells not merely that he may sell, but for traffic, and traffics that he may be rich. The husbandman plows not merely to keep himself busy but plows that he may sow, and sows that he may reap with advantage. And shall we do the most excellent and fruitful work heedlessly,—hear, only to hear, and look no further?" There is, no doubt, a good deal of poor preaching in our churches, but there is vastly more of poor hearing. And one good way to increase the efficiency of the pulpit is to cultivate conscientiousness and reverence and thoughtfulness in the pews.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MINT, ANISE AND CUMMIN.

MANY of the ministers of New England have been favored with a circular, dated at Boston but bearing no signature, in which they are "iuvited to join in a band of Workers with our God through Jesus Christ, our Beloved, for the Salvation of Souls by means of a Revival in this Church." What church is meant we are not told. Perhaps the lauguage is meant to apply to any church.

As a means of promoting this revival, Christians are exhorted to put their uames to the following solemn profession and engagement: "We do desire, and will, Consecrate ourselves to God's work by putting away every conscious evil withiu us." The reason for this covenaut is also given: "We do this, O God, because it is Thy Holy will that we should be cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and all alliauce with the devil." Surely these are good resolves aud grave reasons. Such a consecration and such a cleansing every man needs who works with God. And without doubt all those who hear this summons will begin to examiue themselves, to see what the evils are that they ought to put away from their lives —the habitual faults and sius that hiuder them in their Christian service. It might, indeed, be urged that each man knows best what his owu hindrances are, and that it is rather an impertinence to go about pointing out other people's faults. The words of our Lord, bidding us to cast the beams out of our own eyes before we undertake the removal of motes from the eyes of our brethren, would indicate that the duty of censorship is one that every man would better do for himself.

The promulgators of this circular are, however, of a different opinion. They know not ouly what their own easily besetting sins are, but they know those of their brethren, and they undertake to assist the consciences of their fellow Christians by pointing out the particulars in which they ueed to be reformed. This circular does not deal in generalities; it has a definite object; to the eud that "all filthiness of the flesh should be cleansed" and "all alliance with the devil" should be renounced it calls for signatures to the following pledge:

"We will, for Christ's sake—for the sake of the thousands that may be Redeemed, and for our own sake, put away the following evils:

"*We will not use Tobacco.*

"*We will not drink Spirituous Liquors.*

"*We will not go to the Theater or any like place.*

"*We will not Dance.*

"*We will not play Cards or any Game of chance.*"

The italics of our quotation represent large full-faced type in the circular: these five specific pledges stand out as the defiuite object at which the circular is aimed.

These brethren will be sorry to hear that this proposition does uot strike us pleasantly. To be summoned by such high motives to such a lofty task of consecration aud theu to be showu as the result to which this cousecration ought to conduct us, such a pitiful model as this, is quite disappointing. It makes one think of the Frenchmau's climax on lookiug at Niagara: "Magnificent! Subleeme!! Pretty good!!!"

Possibly the authors of this circular have been in the habit of doiug these thiugs which they mention, and have found by experience that *they* are hindered by them iu their Christian work. If so they ought by all means to renounce them. But are they entirely certain that all these practices are positively siuful; that all those who follow them are cherishing in their hearts "conscious evil?"

In view of the widespread misery aud crime that result from the use of intoxicatiug liquor, we think that the Christian man does right who practices and advocates total abstinence. We think that Jesus Christ would have been a total abstainer if he had lived in our day. But he was not, while he was here, a total abstainer, and it is not judicious, in our opinion, to intimate that he was chargeable either with "filthiness of the flesh" or with "alliance with the devil." Neither should we like to say what this circular implies, that all those are thus chargeable who refuse in this day to take the pledge of total abstinence. They do not think as we do, but hundreds of thousands of them are devoted and earnest Christians,—quite as free, perhaps, from "conscious evil" as the authors of this circular.

As for the other items of the pledge under consideration, every one of them is an invasion of the realm of individual liberty; not one of them can be regarded as pertaining to the essentials of Christian morality. The use of tobacco may be injurious to the health of many persons and such

use of it is a sin; but other strong stimulants in common use produce effects equally injurious, and belong in the same condemnation. The habitual use of any kind of unwholesome food is sinful; the indigestible viands that are constantly on the tables of many of our strenuous saints tend, quite as surely as tobacco, to derange the stomach, to break down the nervous system, and "to create an appetite for something stronger." This whole question of the morals of dietetics is one of great importance and delicacy, and "happy is he that condemneth not himself in the thing which he alloweth." But it is clearly a matter concerning which each man must be his own judge; and when one set of men rise up and charge all others who do not adopt their bill of fare with "conscious evil" or with "filthiness of the flesh" they are guilty of an impertinence to which the Christian code allows no adequate reply.

As for the diversions specified, it is quite possible that to some persons they may prove injurious. Such persons must not use them. But, he who does not know that multitudes of the purest and most devoted Christians do use them discreetly and with profit to their physical and moral health, is a very ignorant person. The charge that all who find recreation in the pastimes named are cherishing in their hearts "conscious evil" is one that cannot too soon be retracted.

And when all is said, what a diminutive notion these Boston saints must have, of the ideal of Christian manhood. The typical Christian in their estimation is a man who does not smoke nor drink wine, nor go to the theater, nor dance, nor play at cards. When they have found a man who does none of these things they have found their model. Not only is their "consecration" wholly a negative thing, it is limited to the pettiest negations. Just think of it brethren! You can keep this solemn five-fold pledge of yours with all fidelity, and yet break every one of the ten commandments. Very likely some of you *are* breaking a good share of them every day you live. "We do desire and will Consecrate ourselves by putting away *every conscious evil* within us," you say. And then you go on to particularize the evils that you will put away, and the only ones that your minds rest upon are those five mentioned above, to not one of which, probably, you are or ever were addicted. These are other people's sins, not yours. When you had written down this catalogue, and mailed all these circulars, did you not go up to the temple and stand and pray thus with yourselves: "Lord we thank thee that we are not as other men are?" In all sincerity, brethren, if you had really wanted to consecrate yourselves, "by putting away every conscious evil," do you not suppose that you would have found some sins of your own to put away, far more heinous than any of these?

Have you no other gods before Jehovah? Your money, your family, your ambitions—do you not exalt them above Him? Some sectarians put their sects before Jehovah. Men whom they cannot deny to be workers with God they will not suffer to work for their sect. Is there no "conscious evil" of this sort for you to put away?

Do you not sometimes steal? Cheating is stealing. Do you not sometimes kill? Hatred is murder. And many a man who has been as rigid as you are in the keeping of your five commandments, has been so hard and merciless in his treatment of his work-people, that they or their children have died by slow starvation. Are there no sins of extortion for you to repent of? In your heart are there no lurking demons of impure desire? Do you never bear false witness against your neighbors,—never speak unfair and censorious words, for example, about those who dance, or smoke or play cards? Do not envy and jealousy and wrath and uncharitableness still find a home in your hearts? If all or any of these things are true of you, then it would seem that you have business on hand so urgent that it might well detain you from preaching a crusade against cards and dancing. Solemnly, now, are not the sins that you are inclined to a great deal worse than these you mention, which you have no mind to?

It is a melancholy fact that there are a great many people in all our churches whose ideal of Christian consecration and Christian manhood is fairly expressed by this circular. They are by no means the best Christians in our churches; their characters when measured by God's standard are often seen to be very defective; but they are often the noisest and the most strenuous and the most censorions of the saints; they do not intend to tolerate any dissent from their theories, and they are free to say what this circular intimates, that "the blood of the lost" will be on those who differ from them. These brethren have commonly been treated with great forbearance; indeed they have often been weakly allowed to impose their notions upon their neighbors; but it is about time to give notice to those who make the commandments of God of none effect by their traditions, and who tithe mint and anise and cummin while neglecting the weightier matters of the law, that they are not the keepers of other men's consciences, and that it behooves them to speak in a somewhat less omniscient way of the "conscious evil" in other men's hearts.

COLLEGE FRAUDS.

Recent events have brought the subject of college morality again into public view. The phase of the question that is now most promi-

nent respects the surveillance commonly exercised over the students by their instructors to prevent cheating in recitations. The professor frequently acts upon the theory that students will always cheat if they can, and the student is very apt to infer that the sin consists not so much in cheating as in getting caught at it. The various tricks which are resorted to in the recitation rooms and especially in the examination rooms are familiar to all old collegians; and the bad usage, which has come down from hoary antiquity, does not seem to be waning. Closely connected with this is the practice of using translations and keys in the preparation of lessons. This is of course injurious to those who resort to it and unfair to those who do not, yet many students are addicted to it.

All this deceit and trickery are relics of a state of war. The relation between the schoolmaster and pupil was formerly conceived to be a belligerent relation. The schoolmaster's presumption was that the pupil would learn only as he was forced to learn and would behave himself only as he was compelled to behave himself. The pupil accepted the issue, and was ready to match his wits against the master's brute strength. And though this old notion that the teacher and the pupil are natural enemies is not current now-a-days, some of its corollaries do yet survive, and the practice of cheating is one of them. The principle on which it is tacitly justified, is simply this old maxim, "Everything is fair in war."

The tone that is taken by the college officers toward the students often provokes this misconduct. If young men see that they are expected to behave disorderly it is not in human nature for them to disappoint this expectation. If the discipline deals largely in espionage the students will deal largely in deceit. Under such circumstances they may also be expected to stand compactly together against the government, to protect one another in misdemeanors, and, in the fortunes of war to take every possible advantage of the enemy. We have known instructors in college to recognize this condition of belligerency. We heard a professor once jocosely defy a class to get possession of the printed questions, before an important examination. The challenge was accepted, and the students got the papers from this very professor and used them freely, passing an examination that was quite unparalleled in the annals of the college. Many men in other matters conscientious justified their use of these examination papers on the ground of the professor's challenge. The incident illustrates the status of the ordinary college government, and shows the nature of the only plea upon which the student can palliate his petty frauds and disorders.

These practices are, however, so far as the students are concerned, wholly indefensible. The excuse to which we have just referred is not valid, as every honorable man knows. Espionage or even despotism do not justify fraud. And it is high time that these demoralizing customs were put away from all our colleges. It is, indeed, true that many young men are guilty of deception in college who would never resort to it elsewhere; they teach themselves that the college code requires a less scrupulous truthfulness than is expected in other affairs. Nevertheless it is a great misfortune that a man should ever learn to resort to any kind of trickery. The clear truthfulness of many a young man has received its first blur in these college strategems; because of these offences it was easier for him afterward to become a defaulter or a tricky politician. And the hope that this bad system may be abolished altogether does not seem to us extravagant. In order, however, that this may be done there is need that officers as well as students recognize the fact that the war is over, and agree in regarding the college as a commonwealth rather than a despotism.

We are inclined to believe that the entire abolition of restraint and espionage, and the putting of every man on his honor would work a great reform in college morals. The remedy of expulsion could not, of course, be relinquished; men who proved themselves unworthy of the trust reposed in them would need to be summarily removed. But if the students generally were given to understand that they were neither watched nor distrusted; that each man was expected to be a law unto himself; that the faculty would deal frankly with the students and expect frank dealings from them; that they were regarded as gentlemen, and trusted to maintain, in all their relations with one another and with the officers, that scrupulous truthfulness which is the first mark of a gentleman, we do not doubt that a powerful public sentiment in favor of the things that are honest and true and of good report could be awakened among the students themselves. Indeed there is not anywhere else a class of young men who would respond so quickly as the students in the colleges to an overture of this nature. They are the manliest, the most honorable, the most ingenuous young men in the community.

We have hope, too, that whatever the faculties may choose to do, the students will come to see the way of honor and walk in it. These small trickeries are not worthy of them, and they know it very well. They try to convince themselves that there is no harm in using ponies, and in cheating at recitations, and in the various subterfuges and tricks of college life, but they know that such things are not good for them. And we want to second, by our word, the protest of their better natures. It does n't pay to lie, fellows,

nor to cheat—not even in fun. You will not think of it with complacency by and by; you will be sorry for it, and ashamed of it. All of you who believe in nobleness and honor, make a league and swear one to another that you will never be guilty of it again!

OUR LAWS AND OUR LAW-MAKERS.

THE close of the Forty-fifth Congress suggests a few sober reflections upon the quality of current legislation. Probably the late but not much lamented national legislature was no worse than many of its predecessors; but when we consider the nature of the enterprises to which it has devoted the larger part of its time and energies, the prospect of wise and safe legislation is not so bright as we could wish. It is a fact which no member of Congress would think of denying that the main occupation of the last session has been politics and not law-making. In other words the principal concern of the great majority of both parties has been to prepare for carrying future elections rather than to attend to the present business of the government. The main question of the average Senator or Representative is, "How can I inflict the most injury upon the other party and make the most capital for my own?"

This was the great object sought in the long and fatiguing investigations which the Congress has been conducting. Each party has been trying to kill off the other. The result of the investigation by Mr. Potter's committee, for example, is a majority and a minority report,—the majority report, signed by the democratic members of the committee, making as much as they can of the frands committed by Republicans and as little as they can of the frands committed by Democrats; the minority report, signed by the Republican members of the committee, glozing over the Returning Board iniquities and coming down heavily on the Cipher Dispatches. Neither of these reports is expected or intended to secure the prevention or the mitigation of the evils discussed: both of them are calculated for use in the next presidential election.

It would not have taken these honorable gentlemen very long to find out that there was fraud enough on both sides; if, having reached that obvious conclusion, they had addressed themselves to the task of maturing some practical legislation by which such mischiefs might be prevented in the future they would have shown themselves statesmen; but the attention which they have given to this vital matter is casual, and the utterly partisan animus of the whole investigation is apparent to everybody.

The same thing may be said of the Pension Bill and the Anti-Chinese legislation, and of many other measures that have engrossed the time of this departed Congress: demagogy far more than statesmanship was the seed from which they sprang.

Facts like these which are all the while appearing not only in Washington but in many of the State capitals show that the political reformer is not yet out of business, albeit the compensation for his services may still be small. President White of Cornell University has lately been making some remarks on this general subject, in which he dwells not so much upon the partisan character of current legislation, as upon the ignorance which finds expression in it. His experience as a member of the New York Senate for four years enables him to speak with some authority in the premises, and when he alleges that he has "seen laws for the repression of crime discussed with an utterly inadequate knowledge of principles that in other lands have been carefully settled," and "the settled experience and simplest reasonings and conclusions of thoughtful men in various nations pass for nothing," in determining great questions of finance, he sets before us a very serious fact. The only remedy that Mr. White suggests for this deplorable state of things is the thorough training of the young men of our colleges in political and social science. But the *Nation's* reply is altogether pertinent: "We can imagine no more serious obstacle to a man's successful entrance into politics in this State than a careful preparation in political economy, law and social science." This statement would not hold good in all parts of the country, but in too many neighborhoods it would be found strictly true. The remedy suggested does not therefore appear to reach the case.

It must be remembered that this is a representative government, and that the people are likely to choose legislators who fairly represent them. If they are ignorant and brutal, their ignorance and brutality will find voice at Washington, and in the State Capitols. And by the rapid immigration of great masses of ignorant Europeans and the sudden admission to the suffrage of some millions of ignorant negroes, the average intelligence of our voters has been greatly lowered. The percentage of the wholly illiterate in the voting population is much larger than it was fifty years ago. Of course the result of this change will appear in all the current legislation and administration. The stream will not rise higher than its fountain, and the people are the source from which political morality as well as political power is derived.

In view of these facts the only adequate remedies that suggest themselves are these: a more self-denying devotion of educated men to public affairs, and a more thorough education of the people.

The educated classes ought to have more

influence in public affairs than they now have; though they are in a minority the power which their training gives them can be wielded with great effect if they will only put themselves in contact with the people, and, divesting themselves of the scorn of ignorance, work patiently for the enlightenment of their fellow citizens. In such service as this they will encounter no end of discouragements; but this is the kind of service to which patriotism and Christianity unite in summoning them, and the urgency of the summons can hardly be overstated. The college instructors will do well to teach their young men political science; but they will do better if by precept and example they teach them the supreme obligations of citizenship, and so train them that they shall seek to carry into politics not only the learning that they have gained, but sound moral principles and patriotic sentiments.

Not only by the participation of educated men in political affairs, but also by vigorously prosecuting the work of elementary instruction in the common schools, the people must be educated. The churches, too, have something to do in this work. They ought to be, as they always have been, educators of the people in the great concerns of government; but, better than this, they ought to be strengthening the bond that is suffering just now a severe strain — the bond that unites in one community of interest rich and poor, learned and ignorant. By preventing the segregation of classes in our society, by keeping the people of all grades in fellowship and sympathy, the church may furnish a medium for the communication not only of kindly feelings but also of intelligence from one class to another. To the churches themselves, as well as to the nation, this kind of work is of vital importance.

By the faithful use of all these means we may trust that the average intelligence and morality of the whole people will be gradually increased, and that thus our legislatures will grow wiser, and our laws more just. The process will be slow, and there will be need of faith and patience, but there is no reason for despair.

LITERATURE.

Mr. Cook's fifth volume[1] we are inclined to rank among the best of the series. The discussions are mainly biological, and the questions respecting the relation of life to organization are pushed with a good deal of analytic sharpness. His logic seems to make it plain that organization must be regarded as the product of life, and not life of organization. His fundamental definition of life as the power which co-ordinates the movements of germinal matter is maintained by elaborate and plausible arguments. The reply to Maudsley's query concerning spontaneous generation is especially acute. How do we know, asks Maudsley, "that the movements of germinal matter, which are sustained by inorganic matter, did not originate in inorganic matter?" Living matter when brought into contact with inorganic substances transforms them into living matter; and the transformed substance goes on transforming other inorganic matter. Having due regard therefore "to the axiom that force is not self-generating, and to the fact that living matter does increase from the size of a little cell to the magnitude of a human body"— the vitalist is called by Maudsley to account "for the continual production of transforming power. A definite quantity only could have been derived from the mother structure, and that must have been exhausted at an early period of growth." Mr. Cook's reply is, in substance, that the co-ordinating power which he calls life *may* not increase with the bulk of the organism. There may be just as much life in the germ as there is in the fully developed plant. "The weaver" he says "has just as much co-ordinating power when the web is arranged for the first stroke of the shuttle as he has after it is woven, and the finished product is held up before admiring eyes." This reply must proceed, however, upon the theory that the vital force is not capable of being estimated numerically,—that it is a spiritual rather than a physical force. And to the materialist, like Maudsley, whose fundamental dogma is that there are no forces which cannot be estimated numerically, it is no answer at all. Mr. Cook does indeed "defy Maudsley to prove that the co-ordinating power is increased by the growth of organisms;" but Mr. Maudsley will with equal courage defy Cook to prove that the co-ordinating power is *not* increased by the growth of organisms. With this note of mutual defiance, exit the combatants in opposite directions.

It is unnecessary for us to say that we are on Mr. Cook's side in this battle; but we do not see how he is ever going to convince those dogmatic materialists who refuse to reason at all unless they are permitted to begin with denying the very things that he begins with affirming. And

[1] Heredity, with Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

for those who are willing to believe in spiritual facts, we are inclined to think that more convincing proofs of such facts can be found outside this department of study.

Mr. Cook has great hopes, however, that the victory is yet to be gained for theism by means of biological investigations. We will not pronounce this hope unreasonable; and if it ever should be realized, we will certainly give Mr. Cook a good share of the credit of leading thought in this direction. For ourselves, we do not, however, expect that the microscope is to give the world its clearest proofs of God and immortality.

Amid all the vigorous reasonings of these pages there is as usual a great deal of sensational rhetoric. The elaborate passage about the co-ordinating powers that "land on the bioplasmic shores, each with its constitution drawn up beforehand in the cabin of its Mayflower," is sophomoric in the extreme. And when he goes on to talk of "the original compact in the cabin of God's heart" he is guilty of a coarseness of speech that is wholly inexcusable. Once or twice he drops into poetry—his own we take it; and from his ode on the "Ideal of Perfected Soul" we quote the following stanza:

> "She beckons me and I am awed;
> She is my Muse: she is like God.
> Her look doth Time with God infuse,
> God, God, God is the only Muse."

The rhyme in the first of these couplets is dubious. We would suggest "odd" for "awed," as a possible emendation. The sense would not be seriously affected, and the rhyme would be greatly improved. We observe that this stanza was greeted with "applause" by that audience whose intellectual quality Mr. Cook so sturdily defends in one of these lectures against "scapegrace scribblers" like Professor Asa Gray. Well, when "the five or eight hundred or a thousand scholarly persons" included in this assembly bestow their plaudits upon Mr. Cook's "scientific" statements we in our ignorance must often confess ourselves either "awed" or "odd;" but literature and poetry we do pretend to know something about; and though one thousand "liberally educated" Boston ministers should all, with one accord, join their voices with the voices of Lionel Beale and Hermann Lotze, and Hermann Ulrici, and the nightingales of Gottingen, and Shakspeare and Lady Macbeth and Phocion's wife and Professor Park and Bronson Alcott in pronouncing this stuff poetry, we should respectfully, but very firmly, beg leave to differ.

First among recent religious books we incline to place *St. Paul at Athens* (Charles Scribner's Sons) which consists of nine sermons preached in St. Stephen's Church, Westbourne Park, London, by the Rev. Charles Shakspeare, assistant curate. "Spiritual Christianity, in relation to some aspects of modern thought" is the general theme of these sermons; and the largeness of the preacher's view and his candor of presentation should make his words welcome and helpful to all those whose faith has been somewhat shaken by the onset of agnosticism, and who are yet not quite satisfied with a theory of the universe from which all those conceptions that invigorate our highest hopes and our purest aspirations are dogmatically excluded. These words from his introduction will show something of the insight and the power of statement that characterize the book. "Certainly we shall not escape mental perplexity or practical difficulty by giving the lie direct to the sense of the Infinite which 'besets us behind and before, and lays its hand upon us.' Were it possible to rid ourselves of its haunting presence, every line of poetry, every hue of devotion, all that suffuses our being with ideal beauty, all that impels it to noble ends, would be washed out of our souls, and life would speedily become in theory that which, as it is, it too easily tends to become in fact, colorless and ignoble. So far as our relation to this world of things and persons is concerned, we have to order our lives by what we know. Yet it is the light that comes from the source of all being which clothes what we know with its investiture of spiritual glory, and gives it its power over conduct." These are truths by which the one-eyed skepticism of these times must be steadily confronted. The men who deny everything that they cannot weigh and measure by physical standards deny that which is "the master light of all our seeing." Yet it is necessary to show them that the truths which they set aside are not contradictory, but rather complementary of their science; that culture needs to be kindled by faith and faith informed by culture. This is the task which Mr. Shakspeare has set himself in these discourses. They are addressed to educated men, and their calm reasonings tend to put spiritual religion upon a basis from which materialistic science will not easily remove it. The visit of St. Paul to Athens furnishes the theme of the sermons; and this first collision between Hellenism and Christianity is depicted with much eloquence,—the lesson of that scene being easily carried over to our own time. If we say that the book is akin to Principal Shairp's precious little volume on "Culture and Religion," we shall be understood by many as bestowing upon it high praise. Earnest men, who have been pained by the growing variance between their religious sentiments and their scientific theories, may find in this little book the reconciling word. . . . . George David Cummins, the first bishop of the Reformed Episcopal church in America, was a man of a fervent spirit and an honest purpose, and his *Memoir*, written by his wife (Dodd,

Mead & Company) will be of interest to his personal friends, and to those who were immediately concerned with the religious movement of which he was the leader. There was, however, nothing especially striking about the mental or moral qualities of the man, and his biography can hardly be called an inspiring story. Our Methodist brethren will find in it one "significant fact." Bishop Cummins began his ministry as a Methodist and his change to the Episcopal church was largely due to his dislike of the itinerancy. "The thought of never having a 'local habitation' and a home" he writes "has ever been sad to me, and throws a deep shade over life." He wanted to belong to "a church which did not require her clergy to travel from place to place." Accordingly he took Episcopal orders, and as a presbyter in that church, ministered to six different parishes within a little less than nineteen years. . . . . *The Book of Job* (D. Appleton & Co.,) is the subject of a thoughtful critical essay by Professor R. W. Raymond. The essay is the fruit of a careful study of the book in connection with a Bible class taught by the author. The literature of the subject has been well examined, but the investigation has been conducted with much independence and intelligence. Professor Raymond thinks that the book was probably written in the seventh or eighth Century before Christ, by a Hebrew; "who having placed the scene and characters of his drama before the dawn of the Jewish national history, avoided, in obedience to the rules of his art, the anachronism of introducing allusions to that history." He concludes that the drama is based upon history; that Job is not an imaginary but a real person. His summing up of the doctrinal purpose of the book is given in the following well-chosen words: "The current notion that calamity is always the punishment of crime, and prosperity always the record of piety is not true. Neither is it true that the distress of a righteous man is an indication of God's anger. There are other purposes in the divine mind of which we know nothing. For instance, a good man may be afflicted, by permission of God, and through the agency of Satan, to prove the genuine character of his goodness. But whether this or some other reason, involved in the administration of the universe, underlies the dispensation of temporal blessings and afflictions, one thing is certain: the plans of God are not, will not be, cannot be revealed; and the resignation of faith, not of fatalism, is the only wisdom of man." The chapter of the Essay which discusses the Book of Job as a historical picture is an admirable specimen of inductive criticism. The essay is accompanied with a metrical paraphrase, which exhibits considerable skill in versification, and by which many passages of this sublime composition are happily rendered.

Some unknown but not unskilled translator has given us an admirable rendering of the most interesting and valuable portions of the writings of Plato in which he discourses of his great master, Socrates.[1] The excellence of the translation may be safely inferred from the fact that Professor Goodwin of Harvard University stands sponsor for it in a judicious and appreciative introduction. The sketch of the life of Socrates which the translator furnishes in the preface is distinctly drawn, and the notes which accompany the translation are serviceable. The three works comprised in this volume are the Apology, or Plato's report of the Defence made by Socrates before his judges; the Crito, a conversation with a friend in prison after his sentence, in which he refuses to avail himself of the opportunity to escape, and the Phædo, a description of his last days in prison and a discourse of immortality, which last is, no doubt, the word of the disciple rather than of the master. The translation gives us the flavor of the Greek, but it is good English, and the thought shines through it with great vividness. The reader is brought into immediate contact with the mind of this marvelous man, and finds in this communion a mental and moral invigoration in the strength of which he may go for many a day through deserts of modern materialism. This book is calculated not chiefly for scholars; any reader of average intelligence who purchases it will be likely to rank it among the most precious volumes that he possesses.

Professor Boyesen's book[1] about Goethe and Schiller shows him to be an industrious and enthusiastic student of the German classics, and gives an intelligent, though a somewhat rose-colored estimate of the characters of the two great persons under discussion. It is the fashion just now to worship Goethe, and his intellectual eminence no one can dispute; but the terms in which Professor Boyesen speaks of him are extravagant. Hear him: "Summing up all the varied phases of Goethe's existence, his errors, as well as his virtues, it is safe to assert that he was the most complete type of man in modern history." Of course, it is safe to make this assertion, for this is a free country; but we humbly trust that it is not true. Professor Boyesen is not willing to accept Goethe's own declaration that Wilhelm Meister is his own poetic counterpart. But Goethe was a knowing man; probably he knew himself better than Professor Boyesen knows him; and there is scarcely an

[1] Socrates: A Translation of the Apology, Crito and parts of the Phædo of Plato. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[1] Goethe and Schiller: Their Lives and Works, Including a Commentary on Goethe's Faust. By Hjalmar H. Boyesen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

event in his life or a trait of his character as here pictured, which does not corroborate Goethe's judgment of himself. "Meister," says this critic, "with all his amiability and half-instinctive generosity, is essentially a eudemonist; the motive force of his life is the most refined intellectual selfishness . . . . He continues his life of picturesque vagabondism, flirts with actresses, and troubles himself very little about the effect of his own actions upon anybody but himself. . . . . He regards the world with all its laws, those of morality included, from a purely æsthetic point of view, and with due allowance for national likes and dislikes, values his fellow men merely as accessories to himself, as half-impersonal elements entering more or less perceptibly into the sum total of his being."

This is the character of Wilhelm Meister, according to Professor Boyesen, and the character of Goethe, as Professor Boyesen has described him, is not unfairly summed up in these very words. To say that the man of whom all these things are true is "the most complete type of man in modern history," is to place a very low estimate upon morality. We should say that the man whose moral standards are as low and whose moral forces are as sluggish as Goethe's are here shown to be is a wretchedly incomplete type of man,—no matter how magnificent may be his intellectual power.

Although the estimate placed by this biographer upon the life of Goethe is an extravagant and misleading one, the judgment of his works is that of a sympathetic but clear-sighted critic. The long and careful Commentary upon Faust will be found especially instructive.

The portion of the book devoted to Schiller is of equal value. The infirmities of this great man are frankly set before us as are those of Goethe; and the biographer's judgment is less warped by his enthusiasm. The two essays are good specimens of literary criticism, and show us that Professor Boyesen is something more than a story-teller.

Dr. Holmes's Memoir[1] of Motley is a spirited and graphic sketch of a noble life. The career of Motley is one of the most illustrious in our late history; he was one of our American noblemen;—a man to whom high birth and ample fortune were incentives to splendid work rather than excuses for frivolous idleness. The work that he did is not likely to be forgotten, and it is unnecessary to say that the story of his life and labors is told in an entertaining way. Dr. Holmes is not capable of dullness. One reads, however, with a burning cheek, the record of the indignities suffered by this high-spirited and patriotic gentleman at the hands of meaner men in higher places. It is not for Mr. Motley that the future explorer of our state archives will blush, but for the nation that could find no better depositories of its dignity than the men who used their little brief authority in such a coarse and truculent way.

[1] John Lothrop Motley: A Memoir. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

Mr. Piatt's Poems[1] are delicate expressions of a refined sentiment. One feels in reading them that they were written not because the writer deemed it incumbent on him to say something, but rather because he felt that he had something to say. Some clear or happy vision, some quickening thought came to him, and he gave it form and utterance. Many of his verses have a certain impromptu air about them. We presume that it is not, however, to any lack of carefulness that the fault of these verses—an occasional lack of clearness—must be attributed. The fancy of the writer is sometimes so subtle, and the thread of its suggestions so slight, that the reader does not quickly follow his thought. There is nothing like the elaborate obscurity of Browning, and the meaning of the verse reveals itself without long search. Still there is sometimes a want of transparency in the style; and we are old-fashioned enough to think that poetry as well as prose ought to be intelligible without an effort of the reader. Especially should "poems of house and home" possess this quality, and most of these do. The delight in home scenes and home pleasures which is here so tenderly expressed is itself an evangel. It is good to meet with one for whom these things have so genuine a relish; and we will trust that Mr. Piatt's gentle verse may lead many of his readers into the same pure and quiet pleasures.

The portrait of Mr. Lowell, which has been added to the series of "Atlantic Portraits," is a beautiful work of art and is said by friends of the poet to be an excellent likeness. American literature has reason to be proud of four such names as those of Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier and Lowell, and their portraits, in this popular form, will be welcome everywhere in the homes of the people.

[1] Poems of House and Home. By John James Piatt. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. III.——MAY, 1879.——No. XVII.

THE ROOM'S WIDTH.

I think if I should cross the room,
Far as fear,
Should stand beside you like a thought,
Touch you, Dear!

Like a fancy. To your sad heart
It would seem
That my vision passed and prayed you,
Or my dream.

Then you would look with lonely eyes,
—Lift your head—
And you would stir, and sigh, and say:
"She is dead."

Baffled by death and love, I lean
Through the gloom.
O Lord of life! am I forbid
To cross the room?

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Form, in its simple, primary sense, belongs to physical things and to them only. As we leave the physical world the word becomes increasingly vague and figurative in its application. To speak of the form of the spirit is hardly intelligible language. Yet form, with a slight extension of meaning, belongs not merely to physical things but also to the relations of physical things; to their arrangement in space, their sequence in time, their mutual interaction as efficient forces. We speak intelligibly of the form of society and of the form of government, for society and government involve definite relations of visible actions. We speak also of the form of a thought, but can hardly do so till the thought has found shape in language, and so assumed for our own mind and the minds of others a definite expression. The spiritual, then, is essentially the efficient yet formless element; the physical the form-receiving element, while construction is the union of the

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two in a well discriminated product comprehensive of them both. The play of mind upon matter is incident to all definite, continuous activity of mind and to all intercourse of mind with mind. Substance and form, therefore, become the first dual division out of which all other divisions and the whole process of comprehension proceed. If phenomena were mere form to the mind they would float by as the empty shadows of a dream, but till there is form nothing is offered to the reason.

Form, as we pass upward in creation and onward in development, is ever becoming more definite and more complex. The earth was without form and void the scriptures tell us, and to fill it full of thought was to fill it full of forms. Thus as vegetable life and animal life occupy the world external form becomes increasingly variable and significant. Internal form is added thereto. A complex relation of members is instituted, a definite order of interactions is established and a fixed sequence of stages. Thus thought, or the supersensible forces which are its equivalents, carry form with them into each new relationship, and these relations become their fixed expression. We cannot for an instant escape the two terms, and the above statement is hardly more than a truism.

Whether we designate the constructive element as force or thought, there it is, enlarging itself in new and complex relations of form. No matter through what sense the form reaches the mind, the mind constructs the form and thought together as the one really significant thing. Whether we hear or read, what we hear or read is the thought. The thought is ever pushing forward in creation with the most elaborate enlargement of the form, inner and outer, in continuity and in sequence, in definite actions and reactions. Matter in its simple and in its complex relations is infinitely pliable to thought, and so becomes to it the language which reverberates through all spaces and in all periods. These lines have gone out through all the earth.

This increasing complexity of form is slowly attained. It is a steadily accumulative, not an instantaneous product. Creation is not a fiat; it is a thought which requires a period for its expression commensurate with its magnitude. The stretches of time are reserved for it equally with those of space. The slowly gathering language of the world is too grand and too great to be instantly intelligible. This abundant product is the deliberate accumulation of many ages. We call it the slow accumulation, but it seems slow to us because, like children, we are more interested in the rise and fall of the curtain and in the shifting of the scenery than in the significancy of the play itself. If we fully understood the ages as they actually arose and passed away, we should find them, like the spaces of Saracenic architecture, minutely covered with their own work. It is distance that hides—yet does not hide—this labor from us. The temple is after all what it is by the extended painstaking of the builder, whether we do see or do not see every blow of the chisel, every stroke of the brush.

Form, then, increasingly complex, steadily accumulative, growingly significant, is the law of creation. Is this a necessity or an accident? It is certainly a necessity of expression. We can not require a poet to put a whole poem into a single word. Lines may contain more or less; they must always contain less than the entire epic, the completed tragedy. We will not talk about the Infinite; finite, measured expression plainly belongs to finite minds. The thoughts must proceed slowly, no matter how, at times; they gather in volume and rush on in strength along their measured way. Can we feel sure, in spite of our logical play on the word *infinite*, that the Infinite is not that which contains the finite in its eternal unfolding, as time holds events, or as potentiality is the source of personal power?

Keeping our feet fast on experience, an extended presentation in space, a lengthened delineation in time, are the inseperable conditions of all expression from finite minds to finite minds. The immense burden of thought and feeling which the world now carries with it, it carries because of those ages along which it has gleaned it.

The loss of any of them would be a loss to its present wealth of instruction. But if

it is a necessity of the expression, is it not thereby a necessity of the thought? For the same reason that the thought in its greatness can not be uttered at once, it can not at once grow into that greatness.

The thought lies in ordering the form or forms longitudinally as well as laterally; it lies in descending into all the complexities of concurrent and consecutive interdependence, and arranging them all; in bringing many parts into relation over broad spaces and through long periods. The expression is what it is only because the thought, the activity, corresponds to it.

The thought must be as the expression and accumulate with it. Finiteness puts the same limitation on the growth that it puts on the language in which the growth is uttered. Evolution, the great idea of our time, involves this steady outflow of the creative thought over the fields of space through the doors of time, descending down to us as the mighty river whose fountains are unexplored, whose *debouchure* we know not. To say that this slow accumulation of form is a necessity of the expression and of the thought expressed is to say that it is a necessity of reason, a law of mind. If any part of the process had been omitted, if it had been abbreviated or even quickened, to that extent precisely the thought would have been lost or modified. Reason is a process of expansion, a construction of things under thoughts, and we might as well be asked to build a cathedral in a nutshell as to be asked to put a great and complex problem, in its careful accumulation of conditions and exact consecutive statement, in a word. God said, "Let there be light;" this is rhetoric, not reason. Such solutions hopelessly huddle the terms of our formula. They dazzle and blind the eyes of reason, and it can only grope on its way seeking some one to lead it till healing comes. The rational problem and solution are what they are by virtue of this analysis, synthesis, extension. Interfere with the terms of the equation and the equation is altered.

The universe is rational to us and we work our way in it rationally, by virtue of this deliberate unfolding by which the premises are carried over into the conclusion and all inter-locked under one law, the law of reason.

If this relation of form and thought be true all off-hand strokes of creation are absurd. Creation is form made profoundly significant by a multiplication of relations and dependencies, and to the degree in which these are obliterated form itself is lost. Form is not a deception, cannot be made to cover nothing or to become a lie. It must be expression, and therefore must be charged with thought and by thought—it must be the amplification of reason.

Thus the supernatural cannot push aside or in any manner take the place of the natural. The natural is the expression and power of the coherent creative mind and addresses itself to the coherent receptive mind, and the two abide together only at this point. A supernatural that thrusts in between the two brings darkness and confusion. It is as if the figure were effaced midway in the demonstration. The supernatural can be present to our minds and hearts as a warmer flush of light, as indicating more intensely to us the inner thought, but never as breaking down or over-riding the external form. It may be the ruddy glow of the sunset, but it cannot abolish the light and the clouds themselves. It indicates that the whole process is a living and a loving one, and that is all. It is the enthusiasm of the instructor's voice as he bears the pupil through the lengthened proof.

These preliminary considerations lead us to the inquiry, what is the form of the kingdom of heaven? A form it must have for it is located on the earth; it deals with things and persons, and it is to shape them into an order like unto the order of heaven. "May thy kingdom come, may thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

We may well believe that this form, as the product of all growth, will be one of great complexity and completeness. It will gather in, combine and harmonize all elements, physical, social and spiritual. The kingdom of heaven will involve new physical conditions and find new physical expression. The point of greatest physical

interest, and of largest physical change in the advance of this kingdom, will be the body of man. We are waking up each year more fully and more generally to a knowledge of the relations of the body and the mind, and are already prepared to regard our bodies as giving measurement both to the receptive powers and to the efficient forces of the spirit. We are thus lead to insist on health in the subordinate member as the condition of strength in the superior member. The body must be sound that the mind may be so. Health is that harmonious connection of the body with the world, and the world with the body,—as the organ of mind,—by which they express in each other their fullest powers.

How the world is to affect me through my senses and sensibilities, whether it will bring disturbance and pain or new revelations and new pleasures, depends on the health of the body. A very vigorous spirit may reunite the broken and tangled threads of discordant and jaded sensibilities into partial order, may turn failure into faith and delay into patience; but these graces are not the kingdom of heaven; they are only the pathos of perplexed and baffled virtue, seated amid the scattered material of that kingdom. The world ought to pour in upon us through the open, sunlit doors of many senses, a continuous stream of delightful impressions, harmonized in themselves and harmonized for us by the indwelling wisdom and grace of God. The world would then be to us a divine language whose lines had indeed gone out through all the earth.

But health is not merely the fullness of receptivity, it is the fullness of power. Thus the pleasure of receiving is constantly passing over into the higher pleasure of giving. The conditions of activity make way for action itself, and action removes at once the satiety of appetite and sharpens it for another feast.

What man can do in the world is merely suggested to us, nothing more, by what he has done; but action must minister to the harmonized powers of universal health before it can be a pleasure in itself, before it can extendedly promote pleasure, before it can pass from grade to grade of progress.

An harmonious relation to the world receptively and actively is full health, and will be one physical element of form in the kingdom of heaven. More and more will come with this; not merely will the full measure of power which now normally belongs to the healthy man fall to him, but his organic, automatic forces will themselves be greatly expanded. Observe the execution of a fine painter or of a great musician. While the seat of skill is the creative mind, the skill itself pervades the body and makes it instinct with a new and peculiar life. Its impressions are of wonderful delicacy, its responses of wonderful ease and precision. Another man, though capable of enjoying the result of this skill, seems to have chains on his hands or to be benumbed when he touches the keys or handles the bow. The great gifts of art are woven in so complex a way of physical and spiritual elements, that it is impossible to draw out either warp or filling without destroying the web.

A great orator owes much to the melodious movement and pathetic pace of his own speech. The sentiment takes possession of him physically, and then passes on to renewed and deepened spiritual impressions. If the truth had not already vibrated in his own voice it would not throb again with new life in his own bosom. Men of very moderate mental power are sometimes lifted into respectability by the resources of their bodies, the throbbing fullness of vocal organs; and great genius cannot mount into the lofty forms of conviction and persuasion except by the mastery of sounds, any more than the hawk can float without air.

As the kingdom of heaven advances, intellect and emotion will descend with new expressive power into the body and incorporate themselves in it in a wonderful way. We are capable of a transmutation and translation as yet only indicated to us by the skill of the skillful and the refinement of the refined.

But if the body can be permeated with the most subtle manifestations of a spiritual presence, become its ready expression and

the seat of its increasing genetic force, it may also be and must also be the source of greatly enlarged and spiritualized enjoyments. We will illustrate this in one direction only, the perception of beauty.

Beauty involves thought and feeling fully and aptly revealed in form. It demands thus of the recipient the keen perception of the external element and entire sympathy with its internal force. The delight of a spring morning is made up of many things which must find access through various senses, must set these senses to a lively harmonious activity, and must carry over this rhythmical pulsation of physical life into spiritual affections. Plainly, then, the sensitive power of the body gives the first term in the procedure and measures all the others.

A perfume in the air may start the vibration which shall turn complex pleasure into overflowing delight. The mind in its many chords remains a silent instrument till this finger from the sensible world touches and plays upon it. It then suddenly wakes into extended action.

The character and degree of our enjoyments are determined by the agencies of the outside world which, with rough handling or with delicate approach, find way amid the chords of appetite, passion and affection. Our physical nature will give inlet to higher and more spiritual enjoyments as the kingdom of heaven advances. The body is waiting to be wrought over and over again by the mind and heart, to be made more and more permeable by all light, and more capable of giving the brilliant dispersion and reflection of a diamond.

But it is not physical form alone that is to impart expression to this kingdom. Men are chiefly enriched in each other, their lives being enlarged to the circumference of the human family. Social relations and social forms will therefore receive as much expansion and correction as will physical forms under the growth of moral powers. The bodies of men are permeable in very different degrees by their minds. The voluntary power may be very complete or very partial in its control of its physical instrument. A like difference exists in different communities in the extent to which the highest plastic power in them works its way through them. Uncultivated communities are comparatively impenetrable to the virtues of their best citizens. The masses are led as an army, combined as a party, swayed as a mob, rather than made thoughtful partakers of its wisest counsel, its best sentiment, its most wholesome action.

This condition results in a great separation of leaders from followers, and so gives the appearance of gigantic stature to the great men of the time. This relation captivates the imagination, and when it is passing away the new state is regarded, even by the thoughtful, as the submergence of individual power. Yet spiritual progress inevitably bears the popular mind on to a larger and more general reception of truth, and to a more independent and personal response to its incentives. Nor should the greatness and excellence of the fact be hidden from us by the accompanying loss of outside, dramatic features. It is a far greater tribute to individual intellectual life that that life should be absorbed by the masses and abide in them as interior impulse, than that it should rule them as an exterior power. A first step and a constantly renewed one in liberty and in the kingdom of heaven, is this increased permeability of the community to purely spiritual forces. The grand powers and great virtues of the few thus come to be much more broadly and fully a social possession.

The energy generated by intellectual and spiritual truths finds many channels, many nerve-fibers, by which it passes from person to person, and spreads through the entire social body. Mass and magnitude are thereby imparted to spiritual affections. Men's lives are enlarged in and through each other to the very circumference of spiritual being; and the composite life, by virtue of the perfection of the individual functions, is vastly enriched and strengthened. The keen eye thus sees, the attentive ear hears for the varied activity and the great muscular forces that lie back of them in the masses of men. Genius is elevated to its true position when its watch-tower is not in a desert but on the walls of a city and its voice falls upon crowded habitations.

The leadership of the bodies of men is a poor leadership compared with this participation in their thoughts.

But the permeability of a community is conditioned on its intelligence. We understand very well how a people of varied labors hold up the state and give the conditions of an advanced civilization; we do not understand so well how the intelligence of the many is the condition of the intelligence of the few and turns that intelligence into perennially productive power.

The world has again and again as in scholastic philosophy tried its hand at pure speculation; has striven to feed the activity of gifted minds on their own products; and intellectual poverty and spiritual flatulence have been the final result. Science is to-day blessed with so preëminent a prosperity because it takes its problems out of the experience of the many, and returns its solutions to the many as practical power and a new mastery of the conditions of being. It thus never lacks subjects of inquiry or the incentives of effort or the social rewards of success. When morality and religion shall choose their topics in an equally direct way from the popular necessities; when there shall be intelligence enough among the people to clearly discriminate, to boldly state, and persistently enlarge their immediate wants, then morality and religion will instantly show new life, new fruitfulness, new control. The most profound truths of religion treated in a doctrinal form or divorced from social customs can not steadily nourish the spiritual life, or even prevent its suffering many a twist and warp.

One of the best features of our times in reference to the kingdom of heaven is the convulsive social forces whose débris and waste are expressed in socialism and communism. Blind expressions of want and many erroneous opinions make way for clear questions and clear answers. Ethical and spiritual lethargy are due to the smothered voices of humanity, of the human soul that is hidden in the masses. General intelligence going forth in search of general well-being propounds the great problems which it is the office of morality and religion to solve, and so to further the kingdom of heaven. The watchfulness and restlessness of the popular mind mark the incipient stage of that intelligence, ready to busy itself with these questions which have to do with the conditions of general prosperity. If we labor for the kingdom we will labor for pervasive light, the indispensable condition of the gentle, just action of moral forces.

As the kingdom comes, inferior human life—so thought—will enter more perfectly and more fully into all the intellectual and social enjoyments of superior human life, for the sake equally of both extremes. The antagonism which never has been and never can be settled on any other than the highest spiritual plane, will on that plane pass into the most complete and extended equilibrium.

This is saying no more than that the affections are a source of deeper pleasure than the desires and passions; that society organized by the latter must be constantly subjected to interior strain, and accumulate good only here and there by limitation; that society organized by the affections may be as peaceful as the household, and hold and daily enlarge its wealth by diffusion. The great principle of Christianity, that of universal love, is not yet present in the social sentiments or convictions of men. We catch a glimpse of this truth as in a glass, and straight-way forget what manner of truth it is. When it shall become a practical, conventional sentiment among men, the kingdom of heaven will have taken form and gotten its grand organic powers in working order. The experience and evolution of ages will be passing into the perfect type, and a life of the affections be found superseding that of the desires as the life of the desires has already in part superseded that of the appetites.

This leads us to the third and last formative change in the kingdom of heaven. Popular sentiment, that is the convictions and feelings which have gained power enough to establish themselves in the written and unwritten laws of society, is the morally organic force at any one time and place present among the people. It shows us how far convictions, first springing up

dimly in individual minds, have gained clearness, have gotten coherence and practical power, and so become the habitual action of the common mind in constructing the community.

When the kingdom of heaven shall receive its own proper form the highest spiritual principles and spiritual affections, which are now faint lights in a few minds, will have become public opinion, the daylight by which all are easily and rationally guided. Public opinion is thus the energy of the common life, the accumulated, organic force of ages, full of effective strength, yet abiding clearly in the intelligence and choice of men.

The appetites are the foundation of the desires. If we had no physical sensibilities we should have no desires. The intellect enlarges our horizon in space and in time, and immediately the appetites bring forth and give place to the desires. Civilization is the substitution of desires for appetites. The desires in turn are the ground of the affections. If we were without desires we should possess nothing by which or in reference to which we could express our affections. Strong physical sensibilities are the occasion of strong desires, and strong desires give the condition of rich affections. Yet the higher, though prepared for by the lower, begins instantly to re-act on it and limit it, and the two come into partial and passing conflict. Instinct prepares the way for intelligence; it gives a self-sustaining life which can be entrusted to intelligence in its incipient stages. But intelligence as it increases reclaims the field before occupied by instinct, and so gets room for its own powers. The desires, though springing out of the appetites, at once limit them. Hunger and labor are endured in the pursuit of wealth that is to yield food and rest. The desires in turn must be checked as the affections, our highest emotional endowments, gain ground. The desires, as unrestrained impulses, anticipate and eat up the affections. We are now in the most intense activity of desires kindled by an economic civilization. The collisions between eager, self-seeking desires are at their height. Our affections, narrow, inefficient and sporadic, are operative chiefly in the household, and serve rather to inflame the desires than to abate them. When they shall extend beyond the household, and bear with them a disinterested love that blesses others and so blesses itself in its every manifestation, the desires will be overshadowed and softened, and occasion only that measured activity which will still be necessary to furnish the resources wherewith the affections can manifest themselves. When the rational life shall have made its final transfer to the affections, the contempt, envy, pride and vanity incident to the desires will drop off, and the good-will, sympathy and respect incident to the affections will take their place. This christianizing the life, which is to civilization what civilization is to barbarism, will be the most significant element in form in the kingdom of heaven.

It will make the other two elements tributary to itself, though the three can only grow up together. The physical life and the social life and the spiritual life must feel and obey the same law of growth. Reason, which is light passing into love and spreading everywhere as life, must be allowed its full constructive and reconstructive power in our physical, our social, our spiritual constitution.

If it be true that a form like this belongs to the kingdom of heaven, that the broad, beneficent spirit of that kingdom, powerful to win and to hold the conditions of human happiness, can only be expressed by functions and relations deeply seated in the voluntary constitution of man and society; if it be true that actual life, no more than the mimic life of the marble statue, can be worthily uttered save by fitting material patiently wrought,—it is very plain why the kingdom of heaven is so slow in coming. It is not one volition, nor one corrected tendency, nor one custom, nor one affection that brings it forward, any more than it is one flower that adorns the earth or one bird that makes the spring; it is many affections under many types permanently established in many hearts.

Affections are so reciprocal between man and man, and give to each other the conditions of life in so complicated a way, that

no one can enter alone into the kingdom. Even a saintly character grievously suffers that is shaped in antagonism to men more than in sympathy with them, that feels perpetually the harshness of a harsh, spiritual climate. Angelic intercourse is a condition to angelic life. Evil not only begets evil like itself, it easily distorts the opposing virtues. Puritan character owed in part its harshness to the ribaldry of royalists. Sin that is rampant provokes a vindictive spirit; sin that is mean calls forth a bitter and contemptuous one; sin that is low and repulsive makes the relatively pure soul shrink within itself, as a sensitive plant offended by contact.

The transition of society shaped like our own by self-seeking desires into a type organized by the disinterested affections involves many changes in many persons. The savage cannot gain the impulses and feelings of a civilized life while he remains in the midst of his tribe. If the tribe cannot be civilized neither can its members, except as they are removed from it. The subtler sentiments and incentives of civilization must be implanted and sustained by passing backward and forward between many who entertain them. The civilized man can hardly retain his habits and feelings when removed to the frontier or pushed out into the wilderness. The more spiritual the feeling, the more does it need to be confirmed and nourished by the reciprocal feelings of others. These, in truth, are its proper food, and if these fail it itself begins to fail. If we are to walk by faith and not by sight we must none the less have the revelations and the visions of faith, and these visions reach their most tangible forms in the affections and thoughts of men like ourselves. If our fellow-men show no spiritual life, then there is no spiritual kingdom; we alone do not constitute such a kingdom but seem to stand convicted rather of mysticism. Our thoughts and feelings will suit themselves to their spiritual surroundings, and prevalent transgression will necessarily, therefore, narrow and distort them. There must be a tonic element, a wholesome spiritual atmosphere, if the soul is to maintain entire health. Very few men are able essentially to modify their hereditary faith without being swept rapidly away, suffering either an eclipse of faith or returning to an extreme opinion. Losing the aid of conventional sentiment they miss their footing and are at the mercy of the stream. The profoundest philosophy lies at the bottom of this fact. Ultimate and independent as each mind is or seems to be in religion, at no point does it more need interpretations akin to its own from kindred minds, affections that respond to its affections and so keep them alive.

An isolated life of speculation is an effort to maintain respiration in an exhausted receiver.

Any moral principle too high to find utterance in the spiritual life of our time lies dead; it fails to germinate and to grow. It is hardly of more practical worth than those many kindly purposes which lose control when temptation returns. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is with us such a principle.

It now and then, here and there, shows a little life, but not till it grows can it grow and gather power for all. While intense selfishness is in so many hearts it will be more or less in all hearts by reaction, and the new law must get safe possession in each heart by extended possession of many hearts.

Thus only can it sustain, enforce and fully justify itself. If the kingdom of heaven is large and firm its foundations are correspondingly broad and deep. We often pray with our affections cold and our eyes shut for the kingdom of heaven, and we often labor in the same blind, cold way. The kingdom waits not on the volition of man or of God as simple volition. It waits on many patient, accumulative, regenerative agents and acts.

To strengthen and purify the body and penetrate it with a beneficent spirit, to subdue the desires, and to permeate social sentiment with fraternal affections, to make clear and strong and prevalent the spiritual vision which should illuminate our own lives and the lives of others and assign them their highest form,—these are the methods of the kingdom.

If the whole world were in one church and that the purest church, as churches are now organized and now animated, the kingdom would not have come. That long march in the unfolding of physical, social and spiritual powers would still be, most of it, to be made. A church by misapprehending this may fall among the burdens of progress, the weariest load of them all. It makes that ultimate which is only initial in growth. We need as never before to bring a reverent and clear mind to the study of the natural world, to the tracing of the method in which up to the present time God has actually advanced his kingdom. We shall find the supernatural and the authoritative, so-called and so thought, have been in nine-tenths of their facts a bewildering and misleading light, obscuring the ways of God and perverting his commands. This is the underlying reason of the profouud reaction against miracle and dogma. The church has not understood that the truly divine power begins at once to embody itself in the natural and the rational, which are to it present form and expression and the condition of farther progress. When God is looked to and supplicated to do his work under any other than these settled conditions and in these rational ways, the prayer is as misleading as it is futile.

This fact does not exclude the supernatural. The natural is after all only its form and force. The thought of God, the love of God, the life of God, lie here and now at the centre of the universe or it is a dead thing, as much so as the body that contains no spirit. Form is nothing till it is form, that is, the full, fitting expression of spiritual power. Dogma is disastrous only as it diverts the mind from inquiry; the miracle is misleading only as it obscures the far more manifest presence of God in nature. The one essential thing is that we study and understand the volume of God's word about us, and so become intelligent and faithful workers with him as he brings together physical, commercial, civil, social materials, and builds them into a spiritual temple. *John Bascom.*

SIX STORIES IN ONE.

"THEN you have n't brought them back with you? George has n't gone off again?"

Jerry nodded as he sat down by the window, pale and tired and wiping his forehead as if it were July instead of February.

"I think that house 'll be the death of me yet," he said. "Not but there's plenty as bad, but it's a little queer that I've been fightin' it these six year steady and most o' the time it's too much for me. If anybody'd give me the money I'd have a hundred men haul it down. There ain't a brick nor a plank in it but what's soaked an' steeped in sin an' misery. I've even begun to think I'd no business to tell Padgett to hold on there, but I did think as he'd been at the bottom he'd be a kind of missionary."

"Ah, that house. I thought myself it was only as a missionary that he should be there. If the old plague could appear anywhere it would be from that den. You have shown me nothing so bad."

"There's worse than it in the alley," Jerry answered. "The water don't come in the way it did in my old place on Front street but it might be a mercy if it would an' drown 'em all out. I'm lost sometimes tryin' to make out just why the Lord let's it go on. I've made a fresh count to-day. There's one hundred and eighty-two living souls in that house, and twenty-three of 'em bits of children, swearin' and fightin' like young game-cocks on every flight o' stairs. An' George is worse'n he's ever been, down in that basement passage drunk on the floor. They'd pushed him out that far an' there he'd fallen, an' I had n't the strength to stir him he's so heavy."

"Where's his wife?" Mrs. McAuley asked.

"Cryin' in their room. It's a week now.

He's stripped the place of everything she did n't think to carry into Padgett's. They cleaned him out o' what money he got for 'em, an' he's that far gone he's just filled up with stale beer. There they were, nine men an' three women sodden with the stuff, an' not a thing in the room but old boxes an' the beer-keg. A man's pretty far gone when he gets in there. It's fighting hell itself, an' who's goin' to shut it up?"

"Where is the owner? Can't he be reached in some way?

"Not while he has an agent with a tongue that can lie for him faster'n you can ask. It's this agent business that makes half the mischief. Bring a man with a grain o' feeling face to face with some o' these sights an' he might do something. But turn it over to an agent an' there's never any tellin' what he wont do. He's used to it, an' his business is to get all he can for himself as well as the laudlord. An' there ain't one in that house knows who the owner is, though Padgett done his best to find out. 'Tain't too late to do something if there was anybody to do."

"There's a man will see you whether-or-no, an' I told him you'd but just come in," said the janitor's voice, and Jerry hurried down.

"One hundred and eighty-two people in that one house! Where do they put them?" I said. "I know there are ninety where the O'Brien's live, and that is crowded. This is no larger?"

"No. They're the same, but I'll tell you how they do it," said Mrs. McAuley's quiet voice. "You've seen a good deal, but you have n't been in it as we have. Now I'll tell you what I know about every one of those floors, and there's six with the basement. To begin with, there's four families to a floor. They're packed because they have to be. The men get little work and have nothing to pay for better rooms. The top-floor has a family for every room, that is if you choose to call it a family. They're rag pickers mostly. Four men and three women live together in one of them and pay four dollars a month. Married? Oh, no! There's one widow on that floor. She has a back-room and takes seven boarders. I've seen the floor thick with them at night. That young girl that ran in crying the other night is one of them. She might have been saved if somebody had taken her in time. Now, God only knows. Just below is another widow that takes in servant girls out of employment for ten cents a night. You'd never think what decent looking girls come there, but how decent do you suppose they go back into places? You see they'll spend the day in intelligence offices, and down here at night—some because they like it; some because they've just so much money and got to make it go far as it will. And then people let them look after their little innocent children, and wonder after a while where they learned their wickedness. Next to her there's another rag-picker; bones and rags; he has four boys he employs and one of the dark rooms where they sort is as bad as a slaughter-house. He's been complained of and forbidden to bring them in, but the Health Board can't come down every day so he do n't mind. There's a washer-woman in front with four small children, and she has three men that lodge there and two boys eighteen and twenty. Yes, all in the one room and the closet back of it. The animals do better for they do have a stall apiece. I've thought many a time these poor things was far below pigs and cows. A pig does like a clean sty and knows when you give it to him, but the dirtiest sty is clean along side of some of these rooms, and they're past knowing what's dirt and what is n't.

"The next floor 's the same. Four families on that and they all drink. Somebody 's arrested for assault and battery about every week, and the children fight day and night. Then, below, comes Padgett in front. He sticks because he 's been in the house a good many years. You 've heard their story. His room was one of the worst till four years ago. Now it 's clean as it can be in such a place, with the smell from the sinks and all the rooms steaming in there, and the goings on all around so 't they never get a good night 's sleep. The good he does is too little to make it worth while to hold on, but he 's set and you can 't stir him. George is back of him. He lived there before he served his term at Sing Sing and came straight back. Padgett

saved him though this don 't look like it—drunk for a week now, and lost his place."

"How can he stand firm in such a place?"

"That 's it. Oh, I know just how it feels. Haven 't I been through it all. No air. The sun never gets in. Why, in that very house there are thirty-two dark rooms that never get a breath except from the ones they open into. You sleep in one once even when you 're used to it, and there 's a band round your head when you wake up as if you had an iron cap screwed on and a sinking and craving at your stomach. You don 't want to eat. There 's nothing answers it but whiskey; and with the smell of that you forget the other smells. You do with less food after a glass of that. Darkness means the devil 's own deeds. Ah, I couldn 't tell you what sights I've seen. I think sometimes how is it God Himself does n 't turn sick and sweep it all away. Men, women and children, and less sense than beasts. You see, packed in that way it 's easy enough to get in a hundred and eighty or even two hundred. They do n 't need to be so packed but they get not to care. There are empty rooms now up these side streets but they want the excitement of hearing what all have to tell, and most of them drink too hard to have money left for anything but their own plank or two on a floor. When it comes to such a pass I say the only way left is clean destruction. There 's nothing in them to appeal to. I wouldn 't believe that once. I said God could save anybody and I won 't deny it now, but we 've found there are many we must just let alone. Now take George. His story is the story of hundreds. He has fallen half a dozen times, but he does get up again somehow. It 's in him to break down, and I 'm wondering if he ever will hold on steady and true with things against him so. He 'd go into the country if he had a chance but there 's nobody to give it, and the smell from the saloon is more than he can stand when he 's once broken down."

George had nothing about him to indicate either drunkard or "prison-bird." He was a tall, powerfully-built young fellow, with a quiet, serious face with candid blue eyes and a pleasant smile. His marriage a year before to a young girl working in one of the bag factories had made an event in the mission. They had begun house-keeping in two comfortable rooms on Madison street, but within a week the works where he was employed as blacksmith had discharged half their hands; there was no reserve of money and for a month or two odd jobs along the docks had been all he could find to do. Even these failed him. With no money for rent in good quarters they drifted into bad, and with the inevitable liquor shop below them and the return to old associates the first night there found him in the clutches of his old enemy. For a fortnight he drank steadily, hiding himself so thoroughly that no one knew what might have become of him. At last Padgett found him trembling and shivering on the brink of delirium tremens and led him home. Sick and ashamed he promised anything and everything, knelt at the bench in the Mission, begged to be taken back and wept as he promised amendment. This had gone on for six months, till now Jerry shook his head and any hope seemed useless. He himself was in despair, and the fact of this despair was the only ground remaining for trust or effort to aid him.

"I cannot understand his case," I said at last to the good physician who had sat quietly by. "His face looks resolute enough and as if he could mend if he would, though in that house it is well nigh impossible. Suppose anyone could be found to send him into the country?"

"It might work though I am not sure. The look means nothing to build upon. It is his inheritance, and was resolution in a past generation who lived in clean ways and with a chance for God's air. I knew them all, father, mother and the six children, and it is the tenement house system that is responsible for having sent two to prison and one to the scaffold. Busy in this ward for fifteen years I count them a representative family, for their story is that of thousands to-day. The father was a drunkard, a day laborer along the docks to begin with, and married to a woman with some desire for decency, who as he grew more helpless and useless took in washing. She was a powerful woman, able to master him usu-

ally, and they had the fiercest hand to hand fights. The children went to various schools; all knew every regularly organized charity in New York, and were on the lookout for relief, and all of them thieved from their babyhood and had been in the House of Refuge and up to the Island before they were twelve years old. I saw the mother first with her cheek cut open from a stove-lid thrown at her, and taking care of her through this gave me a certain hold upon her. She brought eleven children into the world, each one a little more burdened with vice and inherited evil than the last. Five died before they were three years old from want of nourishment and vitiated blood. One is an idiot and in the asylum; two are serving long terms in prison; one is still a successful thief; one has disappeared, and George you know. At thirteen he was fully grown and knew every trick of evil that the nest of thieves among whom they lived could teach him. Caught in a burglary, his seven years' sentence was a blessing. He learned a trade, had better food than he had ever had in his life and came out with a desire to be respectable if possible. Padgett helped him in that crisis, brought him to the Mission and has been his good angel, but his inheritance is too strong for him. The fact is, it is an outrage on God's laws that he is in the world at all. Being here we must do what we can for him, but society has yet to learn that redemption from this frightful class is in its own hands. It is not by God's will that these creatures in the slums exist, but by man's unbridled instincts. The Jesse Pomeroys are about you by dozens waiting their time, and this foul, festering under-life has in God's plan for the world but one purpose, to force men and women in quiet homes to open their eyes and see how the tide is rising inch by inch that must sweep all before it, unless they flee to the mountains more literally than they know. Every great city holds the elements of its own destruction, and none in the civilized world more thoroughly than New York. You are surprised. You thought me a quiet, old woman going my way among these people, doing what I could and calling what I could not God's will. So it is God's will in one way; His will that we should make such life impossible; His will that 'he that will not work, neither shall he eat;' His will that something better shall take the place of this thirteen miles of gin-shops, and that a man shall not be tempted at every corner and made weak to resist by the stench that is his only vital air. There are many houses, as Jerry says, with every plank in them steeped in sin and misery. Law should be strong enough to order their destruction, and if law will not do it a vigilance committee might better. The thing that appeals to everybody is done by nobody, and I think sometimes there must be another Luther preaching against indulgences—not in personal transgression but vicarious transgression. We think the time of coarse, brutal sinning is over, and that our charities, our great hospitals, our missions here and there set us apart and beyond any century that has gone before. We wonder why pauperism has become a profession, and we build stately asylums for our idiots and insane and crippled, while at the same time we allow twenty-one thousand hot-beds for the production of such species to do their work under our very eyes. If it goes on at the present rate ten asylums must rise where one stands now, and state taxes double and treble to cover the cost per head of what one might judge to be a personal luxury, each tax payer requiring his special pauper or idiot as kings once had their own particular fool."

We were alone now, Jerry having been joined by his wife for whom a call had come from the chapel below. There were tears of excitement and indignation in the doctors eyes, but she brushed them quickly away.

"I should never give this side of the thing to these two workers," she said. "God be thanked that they have a simple, unquestioning faith that is triumphant over every difficulty. But I am outraged that it cannot be supplemented by keener effort on the part of those who look on. It is one thing to come here and shed tears over the touching 'testimonies,' and look on beamingly without a question as to how

these men live or what means can be taken to hold them in the new path we know they have chosen. God's grace can do much, but man has an equal share in the work. Jerry's business is at the roots and nowhere else. He can touch these poor souls where no one else can, but the fever in which they both live over the horrible surroundings of half the converts hampers their work day by day. And just so long as one of these plague-spots stands, infesting the air, poisoning souls as well as bodies and the miasma settling about our own homes, none the less fatal because unfelt, just so long we are guilty and may know that for us the same old words are waiting; 'The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.'"

"You forget that there is an awakening. The evil is so gigantic that all are beginning to feel its shadow. You will see a better time."

"I doubt it, or at least I think it will come so slowly that my generation will die without the sight. I am not so hopeless as my words sound, however, because I know the leaven is working. But you see, for twenty-five years and more I have watched the progress of things. The enormous influx of foreign population was the beginning here, for the old Gotham Court on Cherry street was almost the first tenement house in New York. From that one block alone hundreds of criminals have gone out. Business has altered the location, that is all; there are dens on the west side as bad as anything to be found in the Fourth or Seventh Wards, brown-stone fronts some of them and so respectable outwardly that you are aghast at the disgusting condition of things within. Something beside sewer-gas is responsible for the diptheria and other diseases which strike people as unaccountable. There is positive organic impurity enough in one of these places to poison a whole street. Sinks, cess-pools, horrible closets, windows closed day and night create an atmosphere alive with germinating pestilence, and one is tempted to wish for another great fire or an earthquake or any destructive force that would enable one to start again and do better. It is not a matter for the state beyond legalizing the destruction of a certain grade of buildings as Glasgow has done. After that the property owner is the one to appeal to, and each one can compel cleanliness and decency. There are plenty of examples from which to draw. But all you and I can do is to lift up our voices as much in season as possible, tell what we know and then—wait. Devoutly as I believe in the work here, it sometimes seems to me an insult to God to pray over these men and then send them back to the holes from which they came. From the sound I think we shall have another commentary on the same text.

There were sobs below and loud excited voices. Then the door of the Mission opened and closed sharply and soon the two came up to their own rooms.

"It 's a bad job," Jerry said, as he sat down wearily, "an what 's more it 's that very same house. It 's the sixth time in a month one and another 's come to me to see if I 'd do something. This is a young fellow, Billy Anderson, about George 's age, that 's been promisin' me to come in here an' never did though I've begged him many a time, for his father an' me was mates an' he 's on my mind a good deal. He 's been drinkin' pretty hard. Out on the river last night an' took enough to have a spree, an' he and McDonald got fightin' and Billy drew his pistol and shot him. They say McDonald is dying, and Billy sent down for me the minute they got him in the Tombs. That 's his girl you heard cryin' so, poor thing. She 's more faithful to him than he deserves. His mother was a decent woman too, an' died o' heart break over Peter an' this boy. There was five, but all died but him an' Peter—that was the husband—was in prison fourteen years. She tried to keep him straight but what you going to do down in those places? If there were devils in Christ 's time that had to be cast out I ain 't sure but that there 's devils now, an' all the harder to fight with because folks say there 's no real devil at all. Anyhow if anything would make me believe it it 'd be the looks I 've seen in faces this very day. I 'd say there was an evil spirit for every room in that house chucklin' and laughin' over the doin 's,

only if you say that for one you 've got to say it for all an' then you get scared, as if God Himself couldn 't put down such thousands of 'em. I know He can, an' I 'm not goin' to go beyond that, an ' may He give me strength to fight 'em as long as I draw a breath. There 'll be stronger 'n me to do it after me."

I have chosen to give scattered facts as they have come under the observation of regular workers among the poor, rather than any statistical statement. Of these, thanks in the beginning to these very workers, and later to the Board of State's Charities and other organizations, there is now no lack, and the long hoped-for and as long despaired-of general interest has at last been aroused. When pulpit and press go hand in hand some change is near. The very enormity of the evil carries its own demand for relief, and popular opinion is setting so strongly against any possibility of old abuses remaining permanent that we may hope for some immediate means of escape from the most pressing wrongs. The present agitation has brought out the fact that in one tenement house region in the center of the city, seven hundred and fifty people were so packed that each family had a living space of but ten feet by eleven, and an average sleeping space of eight feet by ten. The Chinese quarter of San Francisco shows nothing worse. It may be added that the worst phases of opium eating hold hardly a possibility of the brutality and outrage—the wife-beating and fierce fights—the shameless and nameless vices rampant in these pest-houses.

"What can I do? Am I my brother's keeper?" comes naturally enough from the dwellers in quiet homes, who read the statements of examining boards with an incredulity which seems to wait upon any fact not seen with one's own eyes; who are even aggrieved that another demand for sympathy if not for action has arisen.

Nothing directly but a world indirectly. If the men whose only present thought is the largest percentage on their investment, and who build ill-ventilated, dark, disease-breeding nests, had learned in childhood not only the laws of health but the laws of public morality; in others words, if Christianity had been something more than dead doctrines, a formula outside of all common, daily life, such evil could never have had birth. "Wash and be clean," was the ancient commandment, and not till obedience had been proven could any "Go in peace" of absolution be heard. In spite of our civilization we are but just learning that dirt and sin are synonymous, and that the battle with evil has merely taken another form. Deep in doctrinal problems, the fathers took small account of sins against the body, and it has remained for this generation to discover that we are still only in the alphabet of living. God's grace must work, but sun, air and water are gifts of that grace, and only when full measure of each is given can there be one hope for that sound body in which a sound mind may find fitting home. The long pitiful list of insane poor, of idiots, of juvenile criminals of every sort, of crippled and hopelessly diseased children is the burden this generation must carry and deal with as it can. It remains for the same generation to read between the lines of these lists the story of a neglect and indifference as criminal as anything to be found there, to join hands in earnest work toward a new dispensation, and to destroy once for all this subtle, creeping undergrowth, which renders the ground we would make a garden of fatal to all good seed sown.

Helen Campbell.

CALVIN THE SINNER.*

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE last train for the day had gone. Philip Cone and Calvin Birge left the depot together, and when they reached the street sidewalk they bade each other good night, Cone going to his hotel and Calvin going home, each glad that the duties of the day were over, each promising himself an interval of quiet thought before he slept. But if either could have read the heart of the other they would have parted not friends but enemies. As it was Cone said to himself as he hurried away,

"Birge is the likeliest young man I know. I never have to tell him a thing twice; he knows more about the road than men who have been in the employ a dozen years. I shall push him as fast as possible." And at the same time Calvin was saying,

"What prodigious energy that man has. He could run all the roads in the State as easily as he runs this one, and still have time to think kindly of the poor and unfortunate."

A few moments later Calvin let himself into the house and went directly to his own room. He had conceived an especial liking for this room over the library, shut in on all sides except the east. It was substantially fitted up and was always in order, and with its high, white walls and open window blinds was light and sunny, if somewhat severe. A queer contrast to Mitchell's room, which with all its elegances looked like a magpie's nest. A broad, low lounge with high arms stood before the windows, and when Calvin sat in this room, he almost invariably sat with his arms folded on the north end of this lounge. And Bones, in the same position, usually occupied the south end of the same lounge. This made them face each other even if they never saw each other's face.

Calvin's habit of giving himself simply and directly to the matter in hand made him accurate and reliable and prevented abstractions through the day, but when the duties of the day had been faithfully performed he came to this room and to this corner of the lounge, and gave himself to himself with the same simple, direct force with which he gave himself to his work through the day. And as the days went on he not unfrequently sat there far into the night, as silent and motionless as a stone image. But within that motionless skull there was a scene of intensest activity, a turning over and looking into the very heart of the thing under consideration. Calvin Birge was not a man to sin blindly,—Bones would never let him do that,—nor impulsively, for he rarely acted upon impulse, and he never shirked responsibility, holding himself accountable not only for what he did but for what he thought. And so far it was a strong, clean soul; there was no temptation to shirk responsibility.

To-night there were many things to be looked into and turned over. His love for Cicily had become one of the fixities, no longer to be questioned but to be acted upon.

"What will your mother say?" suggested Bones who was already in his corner. "Would she wish you to marry this nameless girl?"

Calvin winced a little, not at what his mother would say but at the fact that Cicily *was* a nameless girl. To love a nameless and friendless girl had a sort of magnanimity about it not unpleasing to a generous nature, but to marry—to incorporate—to make a nameless girl a part of one's self was another matter. The Seaborn blood would never voluntarily seek to ally itself with an unknown, and perhaps turbid rill, but there was in Calvin Birge something stronger than the inherent pride of the Seaborn blood, and he answered,

"She might not wish me to marry Cicily, and I, myself, would have had Cicily differently situated if I could, but it is not for my mother nor for any one to say who I shall marry.

"But if Mitchell loves her?"

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"Mitchell is too young to love anyone."

"But *if* he loves her?" persisted Bones.

"Why then he must get over it, and the sooner the better."

"But has he not rights as well as yourself?"

"Yes, if they don't interfere with my rights."

"But if they do interfere?"

"I tell you, Bones, no one shall interfere —nothing shall interfere," with an emphasis that Bones understood. He was silenced for a little, but he was a persistent fellow, and presently Calvin heard him again.

"But what if *she* loves Mitchell? You know you've been afraid of that."

Calvin made no answer for a while, but at last he said slowly,

"She don't love him,—she may like him, but she don't love him."

Bones muttered, "She likes to talk with Mitchell, he talks easily and better than you; he is with her almost every day, —you saw him walking with her yesterday. How lovely she looked and how happy she seemed. They didn't see you on the opposite side of the street,—they were too pleasantly engaged for that. And now this new matter about her singing. Lou says that Cicily sings better to Mitchell's accompaniments than to Professor Brene's, and that she would not go on with her lessons at all if it were not for Mitchell's persuasions."

"What has Mitchell to do with her lessons?" questioned Calvin sullenly.

"I don't know," said Bones, "I only mentioned the fact. And then you know Mitchell is handsomer than you—girls think much of beauty—and he has certain other advantages which—"

"Look here Bones! What's the use of tormenting a man needlessly. You know nothing about it,—nothing more than I know,—and *I* say I don't believe she loves him."

"But you don't know that she does n't love him, do you? And you can believe what you choose so long as you don't know. You can believe that she loves you for instance. That would be pleasant, would n't it? If I were you, I would n't believe, I would *know*."

"Would you?"

"Yes."

"So would I before the week is out, but you see how I am held. No slave was ever more completely in bondage than I."

For the first time Calvin Birge bitterly regretted the loss of their funds. The more he thought, the more convinced was he that poverty alone stood between Cicily and himself, for if he was free to press his suit, he could—he would make Cicily love him, Mitchell or no Mitchell.

An hour later, Calvin sitting in the same position heard Mitchell let himself into the house and quietly ascend the stairs. As he came through the hall he paused at his mother's door and said cheerily, "good night, mother." She answered "good night, my son," and directly the door of Mitchell's room closed.

"Why can't he be content to go to bed without disturbing my mother; I hear him stop at her door night after night," thought Calvin angrily. How little he knew that the mother lay waiting for that "good night" and would not sleep until it came.

"Mitchell is happy enough, judging from his voice. Probably he has passed the evening with Miss Cicily," remarked Bones casually.

"I know one thing. She, at least, was not happy. Mother Goodenough died today and the poor child could not be happy so soon. It is amazing that he had no more consideration than to go there this evening," said Calvin with savage contempt—a contempt utterly wasted, since the unconscious cause had passed the entire evening with Professor Brene.

If Bones had pluckily told Calvin that he had grown envious as well as jealous of his brother Mitchell, Calvin would not have believed him. Nevertheless it was true, and where ever envy and jealousy find room for themselves, they speedily make room for a hooded companion, who some day flings off his hood and stands up black and pitiless. Some dim foreshadowing of this may have crept into Calvin's inmost consciousness, for he started up and bade Bones begone, and leaning his arms on the window-sill looked out at the night.

A clear moon was shining in a clear sky. Sharp shadows of bare trees lay still on the lawn; the company's shops huddled together black and mute, and in their midst lay Mother Goodenough, cold, white and patient. Oh! how patient, not even waiting.

As he looked, there came a revulsion of feeling. All his boyhood rose up before him, and he remembered among other things that Mitchell could never go to sleep, however late, however weary, without saying, "good night, Cal, good night."

Not so long ago he told him that if they were miles apart he never slept without bidding him good-night. Perhaps he had done so to-night. With dim eyes he turned away from the window and sought his own bed.

The winter was one of the longest and coldest of New England winters. Mrs. Birge rarely ventured out of doors, but then she was never strong, never went out in inclement weather, and her sons, full of their own thoughts and accustomed to her white, spiritual face, failed to note that it grew whiter and more spiritual day by day. Mitchell sometimes followed her with loving eyes, and was stung with a desperate kind of remorse for having disappointed and grieved her in regard to her plans for himself, and he promised himself to make amends by doing as she wished about everything else. At the same time he was going opposite to all her entreaties in the very thing that pained her most. It was in many respects the most trying period of Mrs. Birge's life, and in others the most beneficent. Calvin and Mitchell went farther apart. There was no open quarrel; no hard words but something more difficult to overcome—a sullen silence on either side. Neither would make concessions or explanations, and the thing grew. They by mutual consent avoided meeting and sometimes did not see or speak with each other weeks at a time, though each knew with considerable accuracy what the other was about most of the time. This became a trouble that Mrs. Birge could not bear, and she at last succeeded in putting it off from herself. It was as if she had gone into a separate room and taken a burden from her shoulders and laid it down and left it there, shutting the door. She knew where the burden was, she could tell its shape and measurement, but it no longer lay upon her shoulders with crushing weight. She had tried to do this many times and had failed, for like all conscientious burden-bearers she began nervously to pull the burden back as soon as she felt it slipping away, as if there were in the very fact of suffering and distress a sort of merit, a kind of vicarious influence that would in some mysterious way help or cure the cause of the suffering and distress. It was the old notion of holding a burn to the fire. When once she had put the burden off, she chid herself for having carried it at all. If she could but learn the lesson of trust once for a life time,—but no, it must be learned and relearned with every new occasion. And now she discerned that it had rarely been a voluntary trust; it had been because she must, not because she might. Henceforth she would take her privilege, and trust because she might. Now there came into her life a new era of peace that was very precious and restful. Her perplexed seasons of thought on the stairs became seasons of sweet and delightful communion, and her prayers ran into praises.

Mitchell found that in abandoning his studies he had benefited himself every way. Professor Brene again took him in hand, and insisted upon several hours of severe practice daily, and Mitchell was willing to do some hard work in that direction. The remainder of his time was devoted to the Suavity household, and he had little leisure for morbid thought. Altogether, it was one of the happiest seasons of his life, notwithstanding his estrangement from Calvin and occasional anxieties concerning his mother.

Calvin soon found that "pushing" in the line of promotion meant almost incessant activity and responsibility. Before spring he had become assistant superintendent, and his chief in accordance with a prearranged plan put more and more of his own work upon Calvin, keeping him, meanwhile, in rigid training. His energy appeared to increase with the demand, but there were nights when he went home

thoroughly tired in body and mind. This was well perhaps, and barring certain moody intervals he was not specially unhappy. Loving is of itself beneficent and carries within itself its own reward. He who loves much cannot be long or seriously unhappy. He not unfrequently saw Cicily, though only for a passing salutation, for he rarely sought her society. It was enough, however, to feed upon, and in his present circumstances it was more comfortable to think of Cicily than to see her, especially if he must see her, as he usually must, in Mitchell's company. It must be confessed that there were moments, when meeting them walking and talking, and seeing his handsome brother's debonair and complacent manner, he felt like laying violent hands upon him then and there,—moments when he would not allow Bones to say a word. Indeed, latterly Bones was growing intrusive, and Calvin was getting into the habit of peremptorily choking him off.

Early that spring a startling fact revealed itself to Mrs. Suavity's apprehension. For sometime she had had a dim but sufficiently distinct impression that something was going wrong. Her only difficulty was to fix upon the something. She took an inventory of matters concerning herself and household without finding anything decidedly unsatisfactory. There were, thanks to Philip, no financial anxieties and the family were in good health. Lou was doing remarkably well, especially in her music, and in other ways gave promise of being some day worthy of her mamma. Philip had never been so attentive not only to Lou but to herself. He was continually making them valuable presents, and one day when he found Mrs. Suavity alone he had asked if Lou's full name was Louise Cone Suavity, and said, gravely, that as he was about to make a will it was necessary that he should have her full name. Will making was solemn business; it made a man feel as if he were about through with life, but no man should live beyond his age without making some definite disposition of his property. Mrs. Suavity warmly approved, for then the result for which she had planned and toiled would be accomplished; Lou would be made heir to her Uncle's considerable fortune. There had been times when she had feared that dear Philip would marry, but all anxieties on that score now vanished and she loved Philip accordingly.

The uneasiness of which she was conscious had then, probably, some connection with the company's ward. Mrs. Suavity had ever been somewhat apprehensive of danger in that direction, some rivalry to Lou in the matter of marrying, if the company's ward should be allowed to enter society with Lou. For this reason she had repeatedly spoken to Philip concerning the desirability of Cicily's marrying as speedily as possible, and Philip did not demur, especially of late, but he begged to be excused in the matter of selecting a husband for the company's ward. He had had so little experience in such matters, and so on and so on. Mrs. Suavity never intimated that she already selected Calvin Birge as Cicily's future husband. Several reasons helped to make this selection peculiarly gratifying to Mrs. Suavity. Among them was the fact that she from the first cherished no affection for this straight-forward man with searching eyes, who probably preferred the "brutal truth" to the most delicate and efficient *finesse*, and she would naturally have hated him as only such a woman can hate, if she ever permitted herself to become involved in that most absorbing and wasteful of all human passions. She had also an instinctive feeling that it would be a sort of mental and perhaps spiritual economy to get her aversions, Cicily and Calvin, consolidated; the same expenditure of force would then suffice to run the two. And beside, the fine sarcasm of giving that aristocratic Mrs. Birge, who thought no one quite good enough for her sons, this nameless girl as a daughter-in-law yielded Mrs. Suavity such dainty thrills of pleasure!

As for Cicily, she had grown surprisingly quiet since Mother Goodenough's death, which circumstance was to be accounted for partly by the fact that Cicily was a very sincere mourner, and that mental depression had resulted in a languid physical condition and a lack of interest in people and

things generally; and partly from the fact that Mrs. Suavity had latterly made a study of the girl, and by various experiments discovered that Cicily was most easily managed by the rule of contraries, supplemented by an aversion which Mrs. Suavity knew that Cicily entertained for Mrs. Suavity's strategic self. For instance, if she wished Cicily to remain in her own room she begged her to come to the parlors, promising to do all in her power to entertain her if she would *only* come. Whereupon Cicily had a headache, a most wretched headache, and could on no account leave her room that evening. In fact Cicily had latterly become a victim to headaches, real and imaginary, both equally dangerous and uncomfortable. Upon the same principle Mrs. Suavity quietly picked flaws in Calvin Birge's disposition and personal appearance, while approving Mitchell, setting him in sharp contrast with his uncompromising and undesirable brother. This was working to a charm, when the aforesaid startling fact revealed itself to Mrs. Suavity's apprehension.

Philip Cone had fallen into the habit of driving daily with the Suavity household, Cicily packing herself in a corner of the back seat of the carriage to avoid touching Mrs. Suavity's soft garments, and Lou sitting beside dear old uncle Philip who appeared to grow younger and handsomer day by day. On this eventful day they had nearly reached Mrs. Suavity's abode, the horses moving leisurely with the reins in Lou's hands, when suddenly there came around the corner of a cross street a pair of runaway horses attached to a heavy wagon. They came at a terrific pace, and before Philip Cone could get the reins in his hands there was a collision, the wheels of the vehicles locking. The next instant the wagon horses plunged away, wrenching off the wheels of Cone's carriage which immediately capsized.

By this time Cone had gotten a fast hold of the reins, but his own horses were now running, dragging him along the street. An instant later they freed themselves from the carriage and he threw off the reins and let them go. Torn and bruised, he hastened back to the wreck. Lou was sitting on the curbstone hysterically crying,—Mrs. Suavity was standing erect on the sidewalk settling her bonnet with one hand, but Philip Cone saw only Cicily lying motionless in the street. He reached her with a bound, caught her in his arms, called her endearing names, and implored her to speak to him in tones and manner strangely at variance with his usual cool self-possession. For the moment he believed Cicily dead, and he carried her into the house, as white and almost as nerveless as the insensible girl herself. Lou followed, completely bewildered, and Mrs. Suavity came also in an indescribable state of mind.

The compassionate but vehement love for the company's ward which had grown up in Philip Cone's heart within the past few months, which he had purposely concealed from Cicily, and secreted from Mrs. Suavity with a consummate art that proved his relationship to Mrs. Suavity herself, was now as patent as day-light, not only to that estimable lady but to the duller, slower Lou. Mrs. Suavity had no words that could do justice to the occasion. For the first time in her life she felt helpless.

With a moan Cicily began to breathe, and presently opened her eyes. It was soon apparent that although bruised and stunned by the fall she was not seriously injured. When Philip Cone had satisfied himself of this fact, he said that he would go and find out what had become of the horses. Not that he cared a fig for the horses just then, but he wanted an opportunity to adjust himself to his new position, for one glance at Mrs. Suavity's calm face told him that he had unwittingly but irrevocably betrayed himself. As he was passing out at the door Mrs. Suavity said with unusual gentleness,

"Philip, if it would not trouble you too much I wish you would call at Dr. Ball's office and ask him to come out here as soon as convenient."

"Why, do you think she is seriously hurt?" asked he, a new alarm showing itself in his face as he stepped back to the parlor to look again at the Company's ward.

Mrs. Suavity's pink lip curled, but meeting his eyes as he turned she said slowly,

"No, but I suppose the sooner these bones

are put in place the better." She was cutting open the dress sleeve over the left arm, which lay heavily on her lap. As the sleeve fell back, it could be seen that the bone was broken. Lou screamed, and Uncle Philip shocked at the sight exclaimed,

"Louise, why did n't you tell me before?"

"It is of little consequence, since it is only *my* arm that is broken," returned Mrs. Suavity with the sweetest of smiles. If she had said that up to this time she had been scarcely conscious of her broken arm she would have told the truth, or very nearly the truth. What were broken bones in comparison to broken plans?

Mrs. Suavity went to her room accompanied by Lou. Cicily was unconscious when the Superintendent betrayed himself to Mrs. Suavity, and when she opened her eyes he controlled himself, seeming only the same kind friend she had known for months past. But she knew that something beside the accident had gone wrong, and she had the impression that Mrs. Suavity somehow held her responsible for the accident and consequent injury to herself.

For several days Cicily remained in her own room overpowered by a headache to which all former headaches were but trifles in comparison, seeing only the servant who came in from time to time. Neither Mrs. Suavity nor Lou appeared to be conscious of her existence. Mrs. Suavity was of course to be excused, but Cicily grieved that Lou made no inquiries and sent no word. But one day there came a message. Mrs. Suavity wished to see Miss Cicily for a few moments in Mrs. Suavity's own room.

Vaguely dreading she knew not what, Cicily followed the servant into Mrs. Suavity's presence.

Mrs. Suavity reclined in an easy chair, carefully dressed and with her arm in a sling. She scarcely looked at all ill. Indeed she had just returned from the parlors where she had been to receive a call of sympathy and condolence from Mitchell Birge. Her eyes were down-cast but Cicily felt intuitively the dagger like thrust concealed by the drooping lids, and there was a hard, determined expression about Mrs. Sauvity's thin mouth that she had never seen there before. She had the impression that she herself had been tried and condemned for some unknown offence. The injustice of the thing roused Cicily's native combativeness to which Mrs. Suavity was peculiarly fitted to appeal, and she coldly accepted the seat proffered with unusual courtesy.

Mrs. Suavity made gracious inquiries concerning Cicily's health, all the while looking over and beyond the girl, like a cat serenely conscious of the mouse with whom she intends to come into business relations presently.

Then there was a silence, during which Cicily felt her heart throbbing in her temples, and then Mrs. Suavity *looked* at the girl.

Cicily could never give a distinct account of what happened after that. But she retained a general impression of the whole, out of which rose isolated remarks like flaming tongues. For once Mrs. Suavity forgot her craft and the fact that Cicily was best managed by the rule of contraries. It must be urged in extenuation of Mrs. Suavity's one act of indiscretion that she was suffering from a compound fracture of bones, and that opiates administered to mitigate the pain thereof had somewhat disturbed the firm poise of her nervous system, and that she was suffering still more acutely from a compound fracture of artistically laid schemes, infinitely dearer than all the bones in her body. But Mrs. Suavity was a woman, and she proved her relationship to the sisterhood by doing for once in her life just the thing she never intended to do.

Fifteen minutes after Mrs. Suavity *looked* at Cicily, the girl left her with white cheeks and wide eyes and went directly to her own room. The hands, quivering with excitement, retarded the process of dressing, but presently she went out at the door certain of only one thing, that she would never reenter Mrs. Suavity's house again.

CHAPTER IX.

Cicily's one thought was to get away from Mrs. Suavity. Accordingly she went due east and began to turn every corner she came to, under the impression that such a

course would take her into some unknown region where she would be utterly and finally lost. She remembered, sobbing, that she came out of the unknown, helpless and alone, and what better could she do than return to the unknown, helpless and alone, and if the Lord had taken care of her in the beginning he would take care of her in the end, so ignorant was she of theology.

She had walked she knew not how far or how long, turning one corner after another until she had arrived at that condition of body and mind in which the most familiar things seem strange and foreign. Streets and residences that she had seen daily, became streets and residences that she had never seen. Probably she would not have recognized her own face, white and hopeless, nor could she have been convinced that she had all this while traveled more or less in a circle and at no time far from Mrs. Suavity's house.

Night was coming on; weary with rapid and incessant walking and faint with nervous exhaustion she threw aside her veil that she might breathe easier. She had long since ceased to weep or even to sob. A hopeless apathy had taken possession of the girl. She would walk till she could walk no longer, then she would creep out of the way, and alone, in the night, she would die. Perhaps Mrs. Suavity and Lou would regret their cruelty when they found that she was dead and that they were the cause. For a time there was a considerable satisfaction in that thought. Mrs. Suavity would remember saying that no one cared for a nameless girl, and that she was supremely silly if she supposed that Calvin or Mitchell Birge would for a moment regard, even with compassion, one whose life in all probability began in contemptible poverty and disgrace, if it were not for the fact that she was an inmate of Mrs. Suavity's house, and a recipient of the Company's alms. And as for the superintendent, Mrs. Suavity *knew* that he would rejoice if Cicily were off his hands, for he had been troubled enough with her already. Well! she would soon be off his hands, but in her heart she hoped, she almost believed, that the superintendent would not be glad. She was, however, getting too weary to believe anything. She had not been well since Mother Goodenough's death, and the shock and fright of the accident had affected her more seriously than any one supposed. She thought of Mother Goodenough, dear Mother Goodenough, and she wondered vaguely if she would find her in the unknown toward which she was journeying, and if at last Mother Goodenough would again remember "Cicily, poor little Cicily." Then her thoughts blurred like a written page when the eyes are filled with tears, and presently she stopped thinking and stopped walking and stood weakly swaying to and fro.

It was really less than half a moment that she lost consciousness but it seemed as if hours had passed, when suddenly she caught her breath and her recollection. She shivered—she was cold and it was growing dark. She had never been on the street alone in the dark. A sudden terror took possession of her; some dreadful thing was about to happen. Fear stimulated her flagging energies, and with a desperate effort she fled around the next corner to find herself upon a broad street, where, here and there on either side, jets of flame were darting from one lamp-post after another, for the long avenue was being lighted as far down as the eye could see.

Meanwhile the superintendent had been making an unsatisfactory call at Mrs. Suavity's abode. He had called daily since the accident, but Mrs. Suavity was too ill to receive calls, Lou was all tears, and Cicily was asleep or had a headache and wished to be excused. This afternoon he had been told that Cicily was quite well but preferred staying in her room, and would hereafter receive calls only in Mrs. Suavity's presence. This message made him suspicious, and he was sorely tempted to go to the door of her room and insist upon seeing Cicily herself if only a moment. Had he not this right as her guardian? But he reflected that such a course would probably augment the ill-will which Mrs. Suavity entertained for the girl, and he could not remove her from Mrs. Suavity's care till other definite arrangements could be made. The accident was an unfortunate affair

every way, and seemed likely to be the beginning of still more serious troubles. Irresolute and uneasy he left the house, walking slowly in the early twilight. Once he stopped and turned, prompted to face Mrs. Suavity, to confide in or threaten her, or both. But after all he was afraid to do either, for he could not even conjecture what the result might be. "If it was any one but Mrs. Suavity I would venture, but being Mrs. Suavity it is taking an unknown risk," said he to himself.

As he walked on, his hat drawn down over his eyes, he saw the shrinking form of a woman on the inner side of the walk. He plodded behind, lost in his own perplexed thoughts. But at length, having arrived at a conclusion, he pushed up his hat, and quickening his steps, passed her. In passing he glanced at her,—something in the droop of the head and shoulders reminded him of Cicily the day Mother Goodenough died. "Poor child;" he thought, "I wish I could see her to-night," and the wish made him turn his head over his shoulder just in time to see the shrinking figure falter, stop, and move unsteadily on. "She will fall," he said, and he stepped back and caught her by the arm as she swayed heavily to one side.

"Are you ill Madam?" he asked.

There was no answer, only a sob, and he stooped to look in the face.

"My God," he exclaimed. "Cicily—Cicily is it possible?" He turned the limp head to the light. Yes, it was Cicily, but how wan and ghastly. The reaction from utter fear to utter trust as she heard the sound of his voice set her heart again beating quickly, and she fell into convulsive sobbing. "What is the matter? Where are you going? Tell me child!" demanded he anxiously.

"I—I am going to die. And—and she said you would be glad," stammered Cicily between her sobs.

"Who said I would be glad?"

"Mrs. Suavity."

He ground his teeth to prevent an explosion that would be unseemly in Cicily's presence before he said, gently,

"You are not going to die. You are only very tired. There, lean on my arm and stand still till I see what can be done." But his heart sank as he looked again in the face, shrunken and ghastly from exhaustion. She did look as if she were going to die.

He had seen a public carriage pass a moment previous. Watching, he saw the occupants leave it a few houses beyond. As it returned he hailed the driver, and feeling devoutly thankful for this way out of his present dilemma put Cicily in and followed himself.

Thoroughly exhausted, Cicily fell into a heavy sleep before a quarter of a mile was gotten over.

The superintendent rapidly reviewed the whole question by the light of this unexpected development. Cicily could not and would not return to Mrs. Suavity; it was useless to think of that, but she must go somewhere temporarily. Where? The superintendent came to one of his sudden conclusions which were sometimes like an inspiration, and before they reached the depot he signaled the driver to stop.

He stood almost immediately in the library of the Seaborn house and in the presence of Mrs. Birge. He had seen her in calling at the house with some message for Calvin, and had been instantly and deeply impressed by the genuine goodness and tenderness of the woman. More than once he had said, "Those boys have a rare mother," and thinking now of this motherless girl and the need she had of a protection and care that he could not give, his mind reverted to Mrs. Birge as to an angel of light, and he resolved instantly to lay the whole matter before her and to ask her to receive Cicily, at least for the night.

With his hat in his hand, and with a sort of entreaty in his voice and manner, he told her, tersely, the whole pitiful story.

Yes, she remembered the child Cicily—the bright little girl who had no relatives nearer than a railroad, and the motherly heart filled at once with compassion.

Would she take her into her own home, into her own apartment, for one night or until some definite arrangement could be made?

"Neither of my sons are at home,—I

should like to consult them," she said a little anxiously.

"Calvin has gone to the other end of the route and will not return till to-morrow. Mitchell may be out for hours; meanwhile the poor child suffers for compassionate care. Think if it were one of your children Mrs. Birge, if it were Mitchell, ill, homeless and friendless."

Her eyes were already dim and she remembered instantly, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these ye did it not unto me," and with a voice that was tremulous with self-reproach she said, "Bring her in. I will do what I can for her."

Cicily scarcely waked from her heavy slumber as the superintendent carried her up the long stairs to Mrs. Birge at the upper landing, and from thence to Mrs. Birge's own apartment. There he left her, begging the privilege of a few moments conversation with Mrs. Birge later in the evening.

At a late hour Mrs. Birge entered the library, finding Philip Cone anxiously pacing the floor. Cicily had partaken of some slight refreshment and had again fallen asleep, and this time into a quiet, healthful slumber. Mrs. Birge believed that daylight would find her much better, though probably not fully restored.

Philip Cone grasped her hand, scarcely controlling his emotion, and presently sitting opposite her at the study table the man opened out his whole heart as he never opened it to mortal before, as he would never open it to mortal again. He felt the need of utterly confiding in some one whose judgment he could trust. It was this need that prompted him for a moment to return to Mrs. Suavity, whose penetration and judgment could be trusted in almost anything else, but in this thing never. Now, however, it was an inexpressible relief to lay this whole matter before that thoughtful, unprejudiced, motherly heart, and he ended by saying, "Now advise me, I pray you, having only the welfare of the child in view." The fact was that his affection for Cicily was so genuine as to be largely unselfish. He wished to do what would be wisest and best for Cicily regardless of consequences to himself, and he felt instinctively that he could not rely upon his own judgment in the matter.

Mrs. Birge listened with keen interest. She appreciated the honesty and magnanimity now uppermost in the man, but she could not, she dared not advise him. At length she said,

"It would seem that neither you nor I could decide this matter. The girl must make her own choice. That is her right. If she sees no objection, it looks as if all things considered, it might be the best possible termination. Still I do not know, I could not advise."

"Then if Cicily is better in the morning would you be willing to tell her what I have told you? I will see her myself afterward and be guided wholly by her wishes in the matter." He believed what he said, that he would be guided wholly by her wishes, whereas, if he had rightly interpreted his determination he would have said, "I will be guided wholly by her consent provided it can be won." He was just then incapable of seeing the difference between her consent and her wish. The instinct that made him distrust his own judgment in this affair was the truest thing the man possessed.

Mrs. Birge slept little that night. Many times she raised her head, and leaning on her elbow looked at the girl sleeping on the couch beside her own bed. Very fair and innocent she looked in her sleep. The dim light showed the dark curls clustering about the white temples. The long curved lashes lay like silken fringes on the rounded cheeks, but the grieved look that still lingered about the pathetic mouth was sad to see in one so young. The motherly heart yearned over the girl, and many a prayer and many an aspiration reached upward for present good and future blessing to rest upon this young life. She prayed, too, that Cicily might be divinely guided in deciding the question that would come before her on the morrow. She said truly that she could not, that she dared not advise Philip Cone. Neither could she nor would she advise Cicily on the morrow, but she felt in her own heart that if Cicily was disposed to accede to Philip Cone's proposal it would be the wisest

and best thing she could possibly do. And Mrs. Birge, with all her sincerity and all her intuitions, never knew just what factors in her own mind entered into this conclusion, which now seemed wise and desirable. This woman was first of all a Christian, a humble, sincere Christian, owning a loyal and loving allegiance to her Lord and Master. But next she was a mother, a tender, devoted mother, to whom the welfare of her sons was the first earthly consideration. The grace of God in the human heart can change fear to love, indifference to compassion, sorrow to joy, doubt to trust; it had done this for Mrs. Birge, but the grace of God in her heart would never alter the fact that she was Judge Seaborn's daughter, that his blood coursed in her veins and throbbed in every convolution of her brain. And all unaware, this fact as she leaned upon her elbow and looked in the face so wondrously fair, remembering the mystery that enveloped Cicily's entrance into life, and the possibilities that lay folded in her future, made Mrs. Birge content that Calvin should not return until the morrow, and willing that to-night Mitchell should remain out late. And when later than usual he paused at her door to say good-night, no chiding thought lay back of her

"Good-night, my son."

The morrow found Cicily quiet and acquiescent, partly from languor and partly from indifference. The storms of emotion that swept over her invariably left her in this exhausted, acquiescent condition. In such a mood she would yield without a struggle to perhaps the very thing that she had resisted and fought with all her strength a few hours previous, and which she would resist and fight against a few hours later. Philip Cone might not have been aware of this peculiarity.

Mrs. Birge sat beside Cicily, touching with tender caress the shining hair while she gently told her all Philip Cone had said. Cicily did not seem surprised or startled. Some remarks that Mrs. Suavity made at the very last now unfolded their meaning, and fitted in to what Mrs. Birge was saying as parts of a whole. Mrs. Birge conscientiously refrained from influencing the girl either way. At least she believed that she did, but the very fact that she opened the matter gave Cicily the impression that Mrs. Birge saw no objection to the plan.

An hour later Cicily passed under the pictured Silence over the library door, almost as white and as still. She listened to Philip Cone's impassioned pleading, which seemed to him only a plain statement of the case, scarcely hearing what he said. She saw from her seat the budding trees and the birds flitting past the window, vaguely wishing that she too had wings.

Curiously, the perversity of the girl was the first thing to assert itself. Why, if she did as the superintendent requested, she would be doing the very thing that Mrs. Suavity had said she never should do, *never;* she would see Cicily dead first. Cicily mentioned the fact casually.

"Yes," said the superintendent, "I went out for your trunks this morning and she told me the same thing."

"Did she?" queried Cicily, a little color creeping into her white cheeks, and the old, willful light starting into the languid eyes.

"Yes."

Cicily laughed,—a low, mischievous laugh, as in the old days when she hid from Mother Goodenough, and heard the poor old woman searching up and searching down and looking all around for the perverse cause of all her anxiety. And looking more like her old self than she had looked since Mother Goodenough died, Cicily stretched out her hand to Philp Cone. He grasped it quickly.

"It is settled then?" he said under his breath.

"It is settled," she answered, looking at the trees and thinking how angry Mrs. Suavity would be.

Philip Cone wisely made no demonstrations. Mrs. Birge was called in and the affair hastily discussed, and arrangements made to which Cicily languidly assented. She had relapsed into her former indifference, and sat looking listlessly out through the window, her hands fallen in her lap, listening, unconcernedly, as if they were talking of some one else. Had she forgotten that in the old days, after yielding to

perverse impulses there came a time when she was "*so* sorry?"

Mrs. Birge looked at the girl a little anxiously. The consciousness that she secretly favored Philip Cone's plan conscientiously kept her from taking sides. But perhaps she ought to have taken sides. Cicily was so young, and seemed not to care or to understand the gravity of the affair. There came in the consideration that Cicily was a motherless, friendless girl, who needed just the care and protection that Philip Cone was disposed to give. Indeed it would seem to be a rare opportunity for the girl. Uncertain as to her duty Mrs. Birge said nothing. But as she went up the stairs that night she reached back in thought to her childhood, and heard her old grandfather confessing in his evening prayer, "We have left undone those things that we ought to have done, and we have done those things that we ought not to have done," and it seemed to her that pretty much everything she did came into either one or the other category.

At four o'clock Philip Cone came in with a friend and was shown to the library. Mrs. Birge came down with Cicily, still white and listless.

Mitchell was inquired for. It would be well to have two witnesses.

"Mitchell has gone out, but I hear Calvin in the hall," said Mrs. Birge.

"He will do," said Philip Cone gently.

Mrs. Birge went to Calvin, saying that the superintendent desired his presence in the library as a witness.

Calvin paused long enough to brush the dust from his garments, and without asking a question followed his mother into the room.

The superintendent was stooping over Cicily, and as Calvin entered she rose, still looking out of the window, and the superintendent's friend immediately began to speak.

Some little time passed before Calvin Birge realized that he was witnessing a marriage ceremony. As Cicily gave her hand to Philip Cone she felt compelled to look at Calvin, and her white face turned suddenly and vividly scarlet, and for an instant she struggled to withdraw the hand held in that firm grasp now and forever.

Following Cicily's glance Mrs. Birge saw Calvin. He stood with folded arms, leaning against a book-case, but with a face so terrible that she dared not look again.

THE KING'S ADVENT.

"Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass."

Thus spake the heaven-sent messenger
To Zion's daughter; and she heard,
But laughed to scorn the warning word—
For what was such a king to her?
"The monarch that hath rule with me,"
Swift she made answer haughtily,
"Comes in no mean disguise like this;
But with a royal retinue,
And with the pomp and honor due
Alike to my degree and his.
Go to! ye prophets that foretell
A sovereign so contemptible."

And Zion's daughter, fair and proud,
Smiled with a bitter smile to hear

The ignorant tumult of the crowd,
As the meek king foretold drew near.
"Fit monarch for a rabble rout,"
She spoke, disdainful, "Let them shout
Hosannas now—full soon their cry
Will ring as loudly, crucify!"

Came one amidst the gathering throng
Whose heart had suffered cruel wrong;
Whom want and woe had driven to sin,
Until the tale of life had been
For many an evil year the same
Dull round of wretchedness and shame.
Men gibed at her; and women drew
Their garments closer, lest the stain
Of some uncleanness might remain
From a chance touch. But pressing through,
Heedless of both, she reached His side,
And fell upon her knees, and cried,
"Art thou the King in truth? O King!
Have mercy on a wretched thing,
Too vile to venture any plea
Save its exceeding misery."

Men scoffed at her despairing cries;
And women flashed their virtuous scorn
At the base creature, woman born,
Who shamed their sex. But the king's eyes
Of all her woful plight took heed
With searching glance. Then tenderly,
"I *am* the King in truth," said He,
"And whoso cometh unto me,
My grace shall answer to his need.
Go, and fear nothing."

And she went,
Lost in a strange and sweet content
That took no thought of day or night,
Or henceforth any murmurs spent
Upon their dearth of world's delight.
For joy exceeding all the rest
Was in her sense of peace possessed.

But Zion's daughter, proud and fair,
Still waits to see her king advance
With fitting pomp and circumstance
Of waving banners, and the blare
Of trumpets on the startled air;
Waits with a vain desire as yet—
While she whose bitter need was met

With His compassion; whose disgrace
Was blotted out with her despair,—
Dwells in the sunshine of His face,
And knows the King came then and there.

Mary Bradley.

THE HUMILITY OF POSITIVISM.

We are not desirous of casting reproach upon any man's philosophy by the mere use of a "question begging epithet." Although Auguste Comte stood sponsor at the christening of the Positive Philosophy, he was unable to so thoroughly train up his godchild in the way he should go that when he became old he did not depart from it. It is very true, accordingly, that the philosophy passing current under the name of Positivism is widely unlike the original coinage of Comte. His generalizations, made with all the dash and brilliancy of his race, have been shown in many instances to be too rigid and have been relaxed; many of the details of his method have been proved suicidal and have been corrected, and the whole gilded dome of the Positive Polity, the Religion of Humanity, which he reared upon the foundations of the Positive Philosophy, has been cut away by modern defenders of his principles, who justly regard it as no aid in defence and only a conspicuous target for the missiles of besiegers. Yet the vital elements and great working-principle of his system are so persistently clung to by the writers to whom we propose to advert, that as a simple matter of classification they may best be called Positivists. Thus far in the struggle for existence Positivism as a name has completely outstripped its "Synthetic" and "Cosmic" rivals and shown itself the fittest to survive. Till the case is otherwise we shall freely use the term Positivist—not in the least endeavoring to make it connote, however, the vagaries of the "late Comtism." One word more by way of premise. Harriet Martineau thought it a sufficient reason for ignoring an opponent of Comte that he had not read the original work. This we should be indisposed to grant even if our present task were an examination of Positivism as a system. We should have little patience with a devout Moslem who should insist on our toiling through the melancholy wastes of the Koran before presuming to reject its authority, and refuse us audience if we spoke from a knowledge only of the commentaries of Sprenger or Saint-Hilaire. Indeed a Comtist should be only too happy if an assailant of his master's teachings noticed only their defecated and elaborated forms as found in the expositions of an ardent disciple. Thus might the first wrangles over the terms of an obscurely stated proposition be avoided and the real merits of the question at once considered. But our attempt being no more ambitious than the observation of the doctrines of Positivism in a single phrase, we shall feel at entire liberty to confine our attention to the developed Comtism of such writers as Mr. Spencer and Mr. Lewes. We shall not feel bound to set out for the heart of Africa when we can retain our mental quiet and gain adequate knowledge by reading Stanley.

It is a marvel how widely prevalent the idea has become that Positivism is a proud, arrogant system, springing out of an overweening intellectual vanity. Nothing could be farther from its animus, if we may judge from its own representations. It is modesty embodied. It stands at our door hat in hand, and with nothing but deprecating allusions to itself humbly offers its credentials for our consideration. Far from exhibiting that mental haughtiness which has been ascribed to it, it uses only the unpretentious tone of one who is meek in the

thought of "those imbecilities of the understanding that disclose themselves when we try to answer the highest questions." Let others cry knowledge when there is no knowledge and essay to transmute mere fancy into sober fact. All such lusts of the flesh it has learned not to fulfill by walking in the spirit of the unaspiring conclusion: "Our duty is to submit ourselves with all humility to the established limits of our intelligence; and not perversely to rebel against them." (Spencer, First Principles, p. 108.) Like the archer Hubert at "the gentle and joyous passage of arms of Ashby" it is altogether diffident of its own skill and continually asserts "a man can but do his best." It turns with a sigh of regret from the contemplations of the ambitious attempts of its predecessors, and mournfully points out the impossibility of *its* impotence following in such paths. It sheds a tear over the corpse of "Metempirics" and, *mutatis excipientis*, utters the disclaimer of Mark Antony:

> "I am no philosopher, as Leibnitz (e.g.) is,
> But as you know me, all, a plain blunt man,
> . . . . . .
> For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
> Action nor utterance nor the power of speech.
> . . . . . I only speak right on;
> I tell you that which you yourselves do know."

Surely of a sad countenance does Positivism appear unto men. Hedged about by the relativity of knowledge, it humbly trudges its round, drawn only occasionally from its observation of conditioned phenomena to mildly wonder about the inscrutable unconditioned.

It is unfortunate that Positivism is not willing to rest its case on mere assertion. The moment it attempts to give a reason for the faith that is in it, a painful doubt of the sincerity of all its protestations of humility is excited. One is surprised, though on the whole pleased, to hear a man disclaim for himself those powers of intellect of which others vaunt themselves; but when he sets out to prove his own mental impotence by an exhaustive exposure of the nothingness of the achievements of others, dragging result after result of the labors of the world's thinkers to the merciless tribunal which brands them all vanity and vexation of spirit, even if we are forced to assent to the justice of the procedure we see the necessity of a new definition of humility, if it thus consists in making a throne out of the ruins of the wreck of systems and the crash of philosophies on which to display itself. It is in this particular that modern Positivists appear at a disadvantage when compared with Comte. He was content to largely rest his conclusion of the impossibility of metaphysics on the inevitable working of the law of the three periods which he claimed to have established. He thought it enough to call attention to the fact that it was time for "western civilization" to abandon metaphysics. But, strangely, the pestilent heresy would not withdraw at this hint. Men went on enquiring after efficient and final causes as if quite unconscious that they were therein guilty of a glaring anachronism. As Mr. Lewes plaintively puts it; "No array of argument, no accumulation of contempt, no historical exhibition of the fruitlessness of its effort, has sufficed to extirpate the tendency towards metaphysical speculation." (Problems of Life and Mind, 1. p. 8). Yet he hopes better things for the future. "At present," he admits, "metaphysics is an obstacle in our path;" but he sets himself the task of developing a new array of argument and contempt in the wish to hasten the time when it will "be crushed into dust and our chariot-wheels pass over it." It is in this attempt to train the enemy's own guns upon the enemy's strongholds, to put metaphysics into the witness-box and force from itself incriminating evidence, that the professed humility of Positivism becomes ambiguous and even ironical. And this appears not merely in the audacity of undertaking to discredit the subtleties of metaphysics by using a yet more subtle metaphysic, but is also given abundant expression in the very language of stating conclusions. For the modest quiet and humility which we have seen to be the air of Positivism at the first blush we now find substituted something which looks suspiciously like conceit. Thus Mr. Spencer closes his notoriously inadequate chapter on "Ultimate Religious Ideas" with the statement, "The analysis of every possible hypothesis

(as to the origin of the universe) proves, not simply that no hypothesis is sufficient, but that no hypothesis is even thinkable." The conclusions of a Plato, a Newton, an Agassiz shown to be utterly baseless in twenty pages! Truly on a great age and a great thinker are we fallen. We cannot be too slow in attributing absurdities to such a powerful mind. When we are told, "Did nothing exist but an immeasurable void, explanation would be needed as much as now. There would still arise the question, how came it so?"—we should not say that it is rank nonsense. To ask, who made nothingness? may strike us absurdly but we should be humble in the thought that the "great mental power," the "rare power of analysis" and the "equally rare power of imagination," which Mr. Spencer farther on postulates as necessary to an understanding of the methods of Positivism, may all converge in him though we be ignorant of them.

Perhaps in no way can the confusion into which Positivism falls when it essays, on the *obscurium per obscurius* method, to crush metaphysics into dust, be better shown than in noticing its attitude towards the younger Mill. In so far as he followed after Positivism—and in many points of his philosophy he faced decidedly that way—it hails him as the very Saint Paul of its gospel. It sees him undermining the vast fabric of the Aristotelian logic and making the only organon induction, and it breathes a thankfulness such as a Jew at Rome might have felt at being freed from the rigors of the Mosaic ceremonialism. It beholds him reducing our idea of causation to the mere observed invariable sequence of phenomena, and it bursts into applause at the acuteness of the process. It holds its breath in astonishment at his erudition, and is suffused with pleasant admiration of itself when it reflects on the charms it must possess, to enable it to lure to its side one whose severe taste no other of the reigning belles of philosophy has been able to please. But in an evil hour Mr. Mill was tempted to write his "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," and Positivism can only mourn as it thinks of that performance, and sadly whisper, call him rather Ichabod. The reason of this grief is not far to seek. Sir William's soul delighted in those antinomies of the Pure Reason which Kant was the first to fully indicate, and in order to pave the way for his favorite Philosophy of the Conditioned, he again and again exhibits them in all their bewildering array. Nor though Positivism is regardless of the principle of faith which Hamilton brings in, as Kant the Practical Reason, to save a complete surrender to nescience, it eagerly seizes upon the preliminary proofs of the impotence of the intellect as shown in the contradiction into which it at once falls. Indeed Mr. Spencer reproduces Hamilton's exposition of these contradictories, as better meeting the case than anything he himself can do. He then triumphantly proceeds to judge metaphysics out of the mouth of its most distinguished exponent in modern times, and pronounces sentence of perpetual banishment. Thus far all is well. But alas for the day that Mr. Mill bent his powers of analysis and keen dialectic to the work of the "Examination." The exposure of the harmlessness or at least the ambiguity and consequent untrustworthiness of the doctrine of the Relativity of Knowledge as held by Hamilton, could not rest with its primary effect, but naturally reacted seriously against the same doctrine as taught by Positivists. Especially disastrous was Mr. Mill's indication of the game of hide-and seek which Hamilton played with his three different and interchangeable meanings of "inconceivability" which lie at the root of his antinomies. For Positivism is here dragged down with Hamilton, inasmuch as it, too, doubles and turns in the use of all these ambiguities, and even adds others in such terms as "unthinkable," "unverifiable" and "pseud-ideas" Accordingly we find a flat repudiation of Mr. Mill at this point. Prof. John Fiske, who is professedly little more than an echo of Mr. Spencer, in his "Cosmic Philosophy" admits that Mill "made sad havoc" with Hamilton's theory of causation and it's "theological illustrations," but hastens to point out the "confusion" of Mr. Mill's argument when he attacks conceivability as a criterion of belief. It is indeed hard. It was not an enemy that reproached

Positivism, then it could have borne it; but it was the man in so many things its guide, with whom it had often taken sweet counsel together. But it speaks little for the humility of a system, that it will listen to no rebuke in its headlong assault on accepted principle even though that rebuke come from the hands of a friend.

A theory of evolution was at the basis of original Positivism, and naturally enough the various shades of the development hypothesis have been warmly welcomed by later Positivism, and given a prominent part in all its successive elaborations. We would not be thought to share in the panic which evolution has stirred in certain quarters, but simply wish to point out, as a final test of the professed humility of Positivism, the bearing of the theory as adduced by Positivists to give countenance to their speculative views. They represent, no doubt with great truth, the stream of human knowledge as rising in feeble rills and pushing on its course slowly and with almost imperceptible increase in volume. Painful experience alone can instruct it to give over dashing itself on the granite rocks of fields of speculation to which the human mind can never gain legitimate access, and contentedly sweep on in the sandy soil of practicable investigations. Thus the wisdom of one age becomes the folly of the next, and the dreams of one century the realization of another. Thus, too, it often happens that some thinker of prophetic insight anticipates by generations the progress of thought, and finding his contemporaries a race of gainsayers and doubters, composes himself in the confidence that a time will come ripe for the reception of his discoveries. It is just this rôle of a system born out of due time that Positivism most delights to play. It confesses to a temporary feeling of disappointment at the coldness of its reception. It marvels for a time that the fetters of traditional belief are voluntarily retained in preference to its own broad freedom. But its first indignation subsides as soon as its ardor cools into philosophic calm. It acknowledges then its delusion in looking for a phenomenon unparalleled in the history of thought—the instantaneous acceptance of a new creed. It even overflows in kindly charity for the misguided souls who still fight under the old banners. Let them not be too hastily and harshly condemned. Their beliefs, crude though they seem to our keener perception, are doubtless best fitted to their minds and their age. We can afford to wait in our advanced and isolated position till the progress of events brings the world up to us. This is all very beautiful, but unfortunately is at radical variance with the very nature of that evolution from which Positivism would draw all its life. And that in two points of view. The one thing which evolution insists on as at once the basis and mode of its working is a tendency to change which is infinitesimally gradual. Two products strikingly different are almost certainly of no immediate connection. Apply this principle to Positivism. It does not come to us as a system slightly differentiated from its predecessors. Its attempts to establish genetic relationships with past systems are disingenuous, partial and most inadequate. Its very essence is flat opposition to foregoing philosophies. Like a *sans culotte* of the Revolution, it rushes with pike and torch to level the fairest monuments of antiquity in order to usher in the era which shall be absolutely new. It claims that in itself does wisdom make a first appearance; that in it the stream of knowledge runs clear for the first time—and that at one plunge. Tried by the laws to which it makes constant appeal, it may therefore be summoned to show cause why it should not be condemned as an illegitimate development, an abnormal growth, a monstrosity. Meanwhile its humble waiting for the "logic of events" to argue its case, becomes resolved into the presumption of a three-legged nondescript who thinks the race will yet come around to his style of construction. But in another aspect the self-complacency of Positivism becomes yet more deliciously absurd. It is accustomed to preach evolution as a gospel of hope since it implies such a glorious prospect for the world. It gives free rein to fancy in picturing the immense strides yet to be made. Seeing little if any promise of decay in the physical forces which are its

all in all, it argues an indefinite continuance of our earth and an indefinite expansion of the powers of man. Yet in all this change and progress it postulates one thing as fixed and unimprovable—itself. Positivism is the final philosophy. Not only was wisdom born with it; wisdom will die with it. Evolution itself bows in admiration, and rather than supersede so splendid a system violates its own laws and carries the precious consummation of all truth in changeless triumph down the flood of years. Positivism is accustomed to sneer at other beliefs as antiquated. "The creationist hypothesis" comes in for a share of its derision as an "old" theory. Did it never dream of a time to come, after the heaped-up eons yet in the future, when the separation in time of "old" creationism from new Positivism will no longer be perceptible, and both blending in an indistinguishable past will both sink under the contempt which, it would have us believe, is sure to befall all things "old?"

Not to keep up the pretence longer, we find in Positivism more than

"A grain of glory mixed with humbleness."

Its humility is arrogance, its modesty pride. As a relief from its exhortations to half-knowledge turn to this saying of the man who has been happily dubbed the John the Baptist of the non-Jewish world: "Some things I have said of which I am not altogether confident. But that we shall be better and braver and less helpless if we think that we ought to enquire, than we should have been if we indulged in the idle fancy that there was no knowing and no use in searching after what we do not know;—that is a theme upon which I am ready to fight in word and deed to the utmost of my power." (Jowett's Plato, vol. I, p. 289.)

Rollo Ogden.

THE MORMONS.

II.

The Mormons, it seems to me, have no religion. They, however, have a creed and believe in it. They have a system of theology, too, but such a conglomerate affair is it that it defies description. It is worthy of mention only as a curiosity.

It teaches primarily that there are many gods and that eminent saints become gods in heaven. They rise one above another in power and glory to infinity. Joseph Smith is now the god of this generation. Above him is Jesus of Nazareth, whose superior god is Adam. Above Adam is Jehovah and above Jehovah is Elohim. These all have many wives and they all rule over their descendants, who are constantly increasing in number and dominion. The glory of a saint when he becomes a god depends in some degree upon the number of wives and children which he has. Hence it is that polygamy is taught and enforced as a duty. Wives are sealed to saints here on earth to increase their dominion in heaven. The gods are in the form of men and are the fathers of the souls of men in this world. The ten commandments are the rule of life, together with a revelation given to Joseph Smith in 1833. This revelation is called "A Word of Wisdom," and is regarded simply as counsel not as law. According to the Mormon creed infant sprinkling is condemned. At eight years of age children are immersed. Baptism for the dead is practiced, a living person being baptized for one or more dead persons. Some of the great men of the nation and of the world are by proxy members of the church of Latter Day Saints, as Washington, Franklin, etc. There have been many dispensations of religious truth, but the greatest of all is that made through the prophet Joseph. This dispensation will culminate in the settlement of the saints in Jackson County, Missouri, whence they were expelled. Here will all the saints be gathered in due time and all others will be cut off. All preaching, so far as doctrine is concerned, is ring-

ing a change on these points. The people know their articles of faith by heart and are not allowed to forget them. Neither can a Gentile though a fool fail to learn what the saints believe. It is an eclectic theology that they hold, made up of contributions from every creed. It is a compound of Christianity, Philosophy and Mythology in about equal parts. The form of church government is that of the Methodist church, although the leaders were originally Congregationalist in the matter of church order and Baptist by profession.

This conglomerate theology is diametrically opposed to the doctrines of the Bible, (1) in being purely materialistic, (2) in teaching the eternity of matter, (3) in declaring the pre-existence and transmission of souls, (4) in preaching a plurality of gods, and (5) in advocating the doctrine of a plurality of wives or celestial marriage.

To enlarge on these points a little:

1. The Mormons hold that there is no spirit distinct from matter. Spirit is simply matter refined. God is a perfected man and every man is a god in embryo.

2. There never was a creation, except as appropriation and combination constitute a creation. New worlds are constantly being formed from "matter unformed and void," to use the prophets words. These worlds are stocked with spirits unembodied. Saints of this last dispensation rule over these spirits and become gods.

3. Countless spirits are born in all these worlds and are awaiting physical processes by which they may enter earthly tabernacles and begin their probationary state. These spirits have organs of thought, speech, hearing, etc., but they must be subject to the moral law of earth that regeneration may go on. Hence they seek for tabernacles. It is woman's highest glory to furnish these tabernacles, and her glory is in proportion to the number she furnishes. Man may preach and thus attain the highest order of saintship, but only one avenue is available for woman. She must introduce these spiritual bodies to earth. So only can she attain exaltation.

4. There are a vast number of gods in the world over kingdoms, nations, families etc., but only one God regnant in each world. Worlds are given in due time to the saints. Each saint must build up his own kingdom, *i. e.* populate it. Elohim is the greatest god known to man. He dwells in the planet Kolob in the center of our system, which revolves "once in a thousand years," which are with the Lord as one day. There were six of our days in the first "creation" or "appropriation of matter void," and six of the Lord's days in the great preparatory course of this world, each one a thousand years. There were two days to each dispensation; two to the Mosaic, two to the Patriarchal, Christianity had its two days of trial, and after the death of St. John began the great apostasy. Now have continued eighteen hundred years of darkness, when no true priesthood has been on earth. The various sects have each a part of the truth, but the light has dawned. The Lord's day approaches. Great wars will soon destroy nearly all the Gentiles—the survivors will serve the saints. Men will, indeed, be scarce, so scarce that seven women will lay hold on one man. The Indians, descendants of the Jews, will be converted and become "a delightsome people." The ten lost tribes will be found. They will gather at Jerusalem about 1890. The new Jerusalem will be in Missouri; there is the paradise promised to the saints.

The Mormons say, "We believe all that any Christians do and a great deal that they do not." The doctrines which they derive nominally from the Bible are "faith, repentance, baptism, laying on of hands for the remission of sin, and the gift of the Holy Ghost." These are all explained in the "Book of Doctrines and Covenants," a book made, as the title page informs us, of revelations "selected" from those of the prophet and from various doctrinal lectures. There is nothing peculiar mentioned about faith or repentance. On baptism they lay great stress. It is a "saving ordinance." They baptize again and again, always by immersion after every case of backsliding and sometimes for "general coldness" in the church. A few years ago when the crops were destroyed every member of the church was rebaptized. Brigham Young tells in a ser-

mon of an old backslider who was baptized twelve times and cut off thirteen times for lying. Brigham himself was at one time a hard drinker and was often baptized. A certain man in the flock given to profane jesting is said to have suggested "leaving the president to soak over night."

Their ideas about the Holy Spirit are most widely at variance with those of the Christian sects. They say the Holy Spirit was unknown from the last apostle to the calling of Joseph Smith. The six hundred and sixty six sects have claimed to have the spirit's presence, but only this one is certain of its possession and has the witness of the Holy Spirit. And yet no church has developed so many sects in so short a time as this one of the Latter Day Saints. They hold that all gifts, miracles of healing, gift of tongues etc. come with this of the Holy Spirit.

There are three heavens, celestial, terrestrial and telestial symbolized by the sun, moon and stars. The last two are for those who have neither obeyed nor disobeyed the gospel. All go to one or other of these heavens except the disobedient and apostates. What becomes of them is not revealed to mortals. They believe that there is no hell, however. Woman alone could never progress to the highest place. "As Eve led Adam out of Eden Adam must lead her back." If she willfully remain single she is useless in the economy of nature and so is condemned. Those who live up to their privileges become as gods; others only become angels or servants of these.

From this imperfect sketch any one can learn how blasphemous and disgusting is the "system of theology" of the Latter Day Saints. They degrade the human conception of deity and make God "altogether like one of themselves." Heathen philosophers came nearer to the truth than they come, and these heathens were much nearer the kingdom of God than these so called saints of this nineteenth century both in belief and in life.

POLYGAMY.

The most prominent feature of the Mormon faith in most minds is polygamy. We have seen how it grows naturally out of the other articles of their creed. No modern writer of good standing has advocated polygamy. But in 1781 a Rev. Mr. Madan published a tract in London, arguing that the injunction of Paul as to bishops to have but one wife implies that other men might have any number of wives. Mormon teachers say it means "one wife at least." Curiously enough polygamy is denounced in the Book of Mormon! But Joseph had a revelation in 1843 in which he was urged to proclaim the doctrine. Jonah-like he delayed and shrunk from it. Still it is a matter of fact that he had been practicing polygamy since 1838, i.e. for five years, privately. His wife left him on account of this. It appears that to pacify his wife Joseph asked the Lord how he justified Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David and Solomon in their polygamy and this "revelation" was in answer to the inquiry. It instructed Emma to receive all who had been given to Joseph already, and Emma received them. In this revelation punishment was threatened against all wives who denied their husbands other wives. The hardest job that the elders have had is to reconcile this revelation with direct denunciation of the Book of Mormon.

The first attempts to urge polygamy almost broke up the church. It was as hard to take as a boys first cigar. The prophet saw that even his people were not advanced enough to bear the doctrine. So he never urged it publicly and the high officials and missionaries publicly denied even in 1845 the rumor of such a belief or practice, saying that it was "contrary to the creed of the Church." And still these officials as well as the prophet then practiced polygamy.

The present president of the church, John Taylor, who was with the prophet Smith in jail and was wounded by the mob, recently referred to the early days of polygamy in a speech before a relief society in Kaysville, Utah. We quote his words from the *Women's Exponent* of which Mrs. Emma B. Wells, who lately made a plea in Washington against enforcement of the law of 1862, is editor. The speech is interesting in more than one particular. He said:

"It was the time when men were commanded to take more wives. It made us all pull pretty long faces sometimes; it was not so easy as one might

think. When it was revealed to us it looked like the last end of Mormonism. For a man to ask another woman to marry him required more self-confidence than we had. I will not confess the sins of others but I will tell you some of my own. I was riding out one day by the old grave yard where I met Joseph. Said he to me, 'Elder Taylor, stop, look at me.' Speaking of the revelation lately given on *celestial marriage*, he said, 'These things must be entered into or the keys will be turned and the church of God go on no further.'

There was nothing previous to that revelation by which men and women could be joined together for eternity. We had a good religion to live by, but it would not do to die by. We were not prepared to inherit a celestial glory without doing the works of Abraham, for the man is not perfect without the woman, nor the woman without the man. No matter what I wished, there was no other expedient that would answer but to obey the commandment from God. I have talked about it since that time to senators, congressmen, lords, nobles and congregations in the prominent cities of the earth, but have found no one who could say anything *reasonable* or *scriptural* against it. The United States Government has not succeeded in overthrowing it. God has sustained us, and we have come off victorious. Many intelligent men look upon the marital relationship as a problem which the Mormons will solve, hoping they will solve it successfully, because the intelligent men I speak of know the nation is going to the bad. But to return to my subject about Emma Smith. Emma Smith at first professed having faith in the revelation on celestial marriage, but afterwards forsook it, using her influence to pervert the minds of the sisters, and set them against it. She tried it with my wife. The sisters in these days are like some of the wives of the patriarchs of old. There was some trouble in their families we are told in the Bible. The good sisters in Nauvoo said 'they believed the revelation, but——but what? But as the Savior said, 'if it is possible let this cup pass, but Thy will be done, not mine.'

My wife told me many things Emma Smith had told her. When I met Joseph I said, 'Brother Joseph, do you know that sister Emma has been talking thus and so to my wife, and telling her such and such things, and said that you have denied the revelation yourself?' Said Joseph, 'Brother Taylor, sister Emma would dethrone Jehovah himself, if she could, for the accomplishment of her purposes.' "

In fact polygamy caused Joseph's death. He and Rigdon privately, in 1843–44, persuaded several women to believe this new doctrine of spiritual wives, and failed in their attempt at persuading others. Some insulted women, sixteen in number, told of the attempt on them. A rebellion against Joseph followed. The Expositor newspaper was published by two outraged husbands charging Joseph with crime. Then Joseph's friends destroyed the office and property of the paper. Smith, as was stated in our former paper, was sent to jail to await trial for this act of violence, and then the mob put an end to his life.

After Smith's death the policy of concealment continued. As late as 1850 Mormon preachers in England denied wholly the charge that the saints believed in polygamy. John Taylor says that then he did not know that any revelation had been made on the subject. Brigham Young, soon after he was chosen president, married two new wives. Oscar Young, the son of Harriet Cook, is the first child born in polygamy after its avowal. In 1852 the doctrine was proclaimed and enforced as a duty. For four years marrying seems to have been the principal pastime of the latter day saints. Since 1856 the number of marriages it is said has considerably diminished and is decreasing yearly. Thus there are three periods of history as touching this doctrine of polygamy: (1) the monogamic from 1831 to 1843; (2) the transition period 1843 to 1852; (3) the polygamic from 1852.

Comparing the records of Mormondom in 1852–1856 with present records one can easily see that polygamy in Utah is on the decline. That it will die as a doctrine and as a practice is certain I believe and for these reasons, viz.:

1. It is wrong, a crime against nature. There is, even among the polygamous wives themselves, a practical confession that it is worse than a delusion. At first it was gross deception. One of its victims who is a sixth wife of one of the highest officers talked freely with me on the subject. She became a "spiritual" wife only to find that she was also a physical wife. But once in she remains, and is now an advocate of polygamy partly as a religious duty but mainly I judge on grounds of philanthropy.

2. It works badly. It creates much unhappiness. On trial many abandon it and send away their surplus of wives, viz.: Mayor Little; Geo. Q. Cannon, M. C. Some of these wives have wills of their own and make their lords feel their power.

3. The young people are ashamed of it. Extra effort now has to be made to encourage it. I notice that Mrs. Well's paper scarcely ever has a word in its advocacy,

though sometimes I see in it a show of defence against attack.

4. Intelligence works powerfully against it. Knowledge drives away superstition and kills religious fanatacism. Signs of unbelief in its divine origin are numerous even among the most devoted saints. Even Mrs. Wells says, "I shall allow my daughters to do as they choose about plural marriage." But if she believes really that if her daughters can attain salvation and exaltation only in proportion to the number of tabernacles they furnish for spirits waiting for bodies, why is she so indulgent or rather so indifferent? Many of the once faithful are deserting the ranks of polygamy. They seem to feel as the discharged engineer did who said, "it is time to leave that road, anyhow, for the sake of my life. There is nothing left of the road but two streaks of rust and the right of wya." The infamous institution is contrary to the great irresistible current of the age. The schools of Utah, to say nothing of the churches of Christ which are alive and active, and nothing of a vigorous Gentile journal which has a wider circuculation in the territory than all the Mormon papers together and is taken largely by Mormons themselves,—the schools alone, I believe, will cause the death of polygamy in less than a generation.

Some recent utterances of Congressman Cannon are in point here. He denies that large numbers of marriages have in the last few years been contracted in the endowment house in Salt Lake City, and says that this institution was closed in 1876 and reopened only in November 1877, since which time only monogamic marriages have been solemnized, none others being permitted.[1]

5. Another thing which points to the extinction of polygamy at no distant day is the schism within the Mormon Church. Many of the faithful, so called, deny the doctrine totally.

They say that Joseph denounced it and so does the book revealed to him. True, the book does denounce it, and so did Joseph once, but Joseph practiced it beyond controversy. Yet Joseph, Jr., a son of the prophet, preaches even in Salt Lake City that polygamy is wrong. He has a following not small and these heretics will grow in number and influence. There is already little unity among the Mormon people excepting in matters of faith. A division on these can scarcely fail to be a serious affair to the Church. The fact is, moreover, that many of the foreign born saints were deceived by the missionaries and are in no mood to become conciliated. To show how little strength there is in the church even now, it may be stated on authority that there are six separate sects existing, and in the short history of less than fifty years there have been twenty-five sects. Seventy per cent. of the membership have at different times apostatized during that period. The additions to the saints are now almost wholly foreigners. Nothing is more apparent than that the work of disintegration is rapidly going on.

6. The United States laws will be enforced by and by. In 1862 Congress passed a law against polygamy in any Territory. It is practically a dead letter now in Utah but it will not always be so. The recent decision of a test case in the Supreme Court is a sign which polygamists must heed.

7. But also by and by the women of Mormondom will learn their rights as human beings and "knowing dare maintain" them. They have their freedom in their own hands. Kossuth said once, "A nation given freedom and power to keep it, ought to suffer if it will not use that power." I have little sympathy with the cry "Pity the Women of Utah," except that I do

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1 On being asked, "What has been the effect of contract with the Gentiles? Has it been productive of much apostacy?" he is reported as saying:

"Yes, sir; and, viewing from a natural, a non-Mormon stand-point, the influences now surrounding the church must ultimately destroy it. With a free hostile press constantly attacking the church, with the railroads, the telegraphs, the various proselyting efforts of all the different denominations, through their free schools and other agencies, working against it, nothing but the interposition of divine power can prevent the downfall of the system. This will, as anyone can see, be the natural result, but as a Mormon, firmly believing in the faith, I have no doubt of divine succor, and, in common with my fellow religionists, I look for the promised protection from above."

pity their ignorance. They can give these male saints whose mission, it is proclaimed, is "to build up their kingdoms," more than they can attend to if they so elect. But there is at present only a little hope that they will so elect. One may say of them what the huntsman said when reproved for cruelty in fox hunting: "I like it and my horses and my hounds like it, and hang me if I don't believe the fox likes it too." But, as a matter of fact, they do not like it any more than the fox likes the chase, though they dare not say so. They are slaves to superstition and blind devotees to duty. They will make no affidavit against a man; they dare not; but by and by they will dare and do it too. They may even follow the example of Clytemnestra, wife, although a very bad wife, of Agamemnon, "King of men," who was a royal Mormon and undertook to "build up his kingdom" from material supplied by a royal prisoner and concubine, Cassandra. She put an end to the career both of the concubine and of the king. A women's "vigilance committee" of the old San Francisco type could soon clear out Salt Lake City. The business of "building up a kingdom" in such an event would soon be put out by contract to any bidder by these American Turks. John Taylor or some one would suddenly receive a revelation that Joseph had been deceived.

After all, it may be said that the great trouble with these Mormons is that they as a people are haters of and traitors to the United States Government. The Church is everything with them, the State nothing. The leaders are masters to be obeyed and they are avowed and declared enemies of the government. The people are, moreover, almost all of them foreigners and can never become to any great degree Americanized. They know just *nothing* of our genius as Republicans. Before polygamy was preached by the leaders the Mormons were the torment of the state. In Ohio, in Missouri, in Illinois, the same story was repeated. Loyal citizens were disgusted with their loud-mouthed treason, just as now on almost every Sunday visitors are made indignant by their traitorous declaration. In the Courts, even, citizens of the United States can get no justice because of the Church influence against them.

Why does not Congress do something? Echo answers, why? Congress has done something, perhaps too much, that is of the wrong kind. Said Judge McKean to me, "If a parcel of school boys could n't legislate more wisely on this question than our Congressmen have, they ought to be sent back to the primary school." The fact is that the committee system kills off discussion in Congress. The subject can not get a hearing before the House of Representatives. But by and by it will be heard and treason in Utah, as in some other parts, will have to hide its head for shelter.

Mormonism, if alive two generations hence, will be so unlike its present self that it will not know itself. Let Congress punish the "kingdom builders," the men. They are the sinners, far more so than the women. If the latter are fools the former are knaves. Folly is not a punishable offence under the statute but treason is, or ought to be made so. Think of the doctrine of blood atonement as proclaimed and urged by Brigham Young. It makes suicide a commendable act and commands murder sometimes as a duty. These Mormons are every way anti-American.

Now that slavery is dead the other twin-relic of barbarism must soon follow it to the grave. It may not be right to punish presently those whom an indifferent government has allowed to sin with impunity. The innocent ought not to be made to suffer with the guilty. Persecution is both wrong in itself and inexpedient as a means to the end desired. Mormon history shows the truth of this latter assertion. The old saying that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church" has had another proof in the history of this people. Joseph Smith living would probably have lost his hold upon the people by his own folly. The prophet killed became a martyr and was canonized a saint.

But it is high time to work towards the resumption of single marriage in Utah. Let Congress enforce rigidly the law of 1862, say after the next Fourth of July. Let by-

gones be bygones, but also let Mormons know what is to come and that they must take what is appointed unto men in the United States who will have more than one wife at a time. It is high time that the United States recognize its duty, and show its determination to allow no institution to exist in its Territories which is an offense to all good citizens and which no one of the States in the Confederation will allow to exist within its borders.

Thomas L. Rogers.

WOMEN'S EXPERIMENTS IN ECONOMY.

Having become interested in Miss Help's Working Woman's Bureau I occasionally visited the establishment to watch its progress, and on a pleasant autumn morning about a year after my first acquaintance with the place, I called on Miss Jane for a nurse maid and a cook for friends of mine. The cook was brought from the Bureau kitchen and sent to engage the proposed situation.

"If you could wait an hour or two," said Miss Help, "a good nurse-maid will be in; her mistress is leaving town and Emily will come here this morning. I can heartily recommend her."

"Are supply and demand still equal, Miss Help?" I asked.

"Yes indeed, person and vacancy always meet; the pegs and the holes fit, in spite of Sidney Smith."

"It is your good fortune in this regard which entrenches you in the pleasing theory that there are *not* too many people in the world. Now as I came through squalid and crowded streets this morning, I felt convinced there *were* too many."

"There are always too many of thieves, idlers and drunkards. They are the squalid and crowded ones; the workers give themselves room. There are too many of these people because of their morals and not because of their numbers. There is always room for decent people. If parents would bring up their children to give honest work for honest wages they would always get the wages. There is too much crowding of both poor and well-to-do into the cities; if the population would spread themselves, getting more elbow room and breathing space, they would find earth wide enough and rich enough to give house-room and bread to all her children. But even here in the city, I hold that the decent poor, the honest, who desire to live cleanly and bring up their children honestly, can do it. I have watched the experiment tried successfully in the worst possible circumstances."

"Pray detail it to me, for I am burdened with this problem 'what shall the people eat, what shall they drink, and wherewithal shall they be clothed?'"

"Yes," said Miss Help with a grim smile, "you are like some other folks, minding your Father's business instead of your own. Those are problems which He teaches all to unravel for themselves, if they look to Him for wisdom and valiantly set to work. You could not have taught the woman whom I have in my mind to support her family on a minimum income, but God gave her wisdom equal to her need. This woman was a widow with three children; she earned twenty-five cents a day on slop sewing and she supported her family on that decently, bringing them up in the fear of God and the knowledge of the alphabet, having which they have all things."

"Six cents and a fraction a day for each one's living! You must go into particulars. I believe without understanding."

"Her husband had been a sailor on one of the little coast vessels. There was a storm; a man was swept overboard. A month after a fellow sailor came and told her that her husband was dead. It was one of those pitiful things which are always happening and send through all society that undertone of sorrow of which we are all

conscious, often without knowing whence or why it comes; it is the present pain making its moan wherever there are men, so that the earth like the sea cannot be quiet. Well, this Mary Thomas was left with her three children, boy eight, girl six, girl two; she had one room in the outskirts of the town and a little cellar back of it where there was a window and no outer door. While the sailor survived she did slop sewing, and the two had managed to live with their little ones and to own a bed and a trundle bed, a good stove, a washtub, board and boiler, and a lamp, things better than their neighbors. Mary was not a very strong woman and she had four to support on twenty-five cents a day, and by self-denial and arithmetic she did it. Her rent was fifty cents a week, and there was fuel to buy and oil and food. This is the way she did it; she appropriated seven cents each day for rent, six for fuel, two for oil, and ten for food. Now the oil never cost quite the daily two cents for Sundays and in summer she used none, so out of the oil money came the lacking cent for rent and whatever else was saved out of it went for wick, a chimney, or something of that kind. She arranged with a coal merchant to bring him thirty-six cents each Saturday evening: her coal was safe in her cellar, the men mixed it with coke for her, and in summer she used so little that her money accumulated in his hands and he put fuel in her cellar for it when fuel was cheapest, and so her winter supply was sufficient as she doled it out. As she had a fire and conveniences for washing and ironing, a poor neighbor did her washing and Mary's together in Mary's cellar every week and ironed for both; a tub of suds was left, and at night Mary scoured her room and cleaned her windows and furniture. Her place was always clean, so were her children; consequently they were healthy. Early every morning she sent out the boy and girl with a bag and a basket to pick up bits of wood, paper and pasteboard for kindling. In summer sometimes the supply was good enough to boil the water and so save coal. The little children returned early from their expedition; the boy washed and combed and hurried to a grocer's, a baker's, and a butcher's in the vicinity, to see if there were any errands or any sidewalk cleaning for him. Regularly he went each morning, and if there was work he got for it his breakfast or a penny or a stale loaf. The food thus given him for his work was the sole Sabbath supply, for on Sunday Mary was earning nothing. Saturday mornings the boy cleaned steps or areas for a couple of houses in an adjacent street, getting for his work soap-fat of which his prudent mother made her soap, and in quantity sufficient to enable her to trade some to the grocer's wife for the lye she used. On Saturdays, also, both the boy and girl extended their fuel hunt and offered their services at more stores and stalls for errands, and the pennies or worn clothing earned in this way supplied the family wardrobe, though it cost the mother many a late evening's work in patching and turning to make it do.

Every day the boy and girl went to the public school and encouraged by their mother worked hard, as those who knew schooling was a boon and meant something to them. On Sabbaths, clean, if shabby and thinly clad, they all four took the most obscure seat in a mission church. They never begged nor obtruded their troubles on people, and I doubt if they were known or ever got any help beyond perhaps a trifle now and then from the school teacher."

"Still I cannot comprehend how ten cents a day fed four, even with an occasional meal to the boy and a stale loaf."

"Nor did I until I got Mary's bill of fare and ferreted out her method of making two ends meet. She always traded at the same shops, decent shops where she was known, and carrying some basin or pitcher of her own for her small purchases she saved the shop keepers paper and string, and so they did not begrudge serving her in littles. She asked the butcher to save her bones and meat trimmings which she could buy by the two or three cents worth, more to flavor her food than to be food. As she regularly bought at the same place, she often received little gifts or accommodations which eked out her store."

Miss Help searched in her desk, drew out

a slip of paper and read this poor woman's method of feeding four people for ten cents a day.

"Monday: one-half pound barley, three cents; half a pound corn meal, two cents; half pound dried beans, three cents; scrap meat two cents. The corn meal made into mush was their breakfast; the beans and half the scrap meat to flavor them made dinner; half the barley boiled with a little scrap meat made a supper. You see here were three very wholesome, nourishing, digestible dishes, capable of going a long way in supporting existence. Tuesday: salt pork, three cents; molasses, three cents; salt, two cents; half a pound of corn meal, two cents. The barley left from the day before was with molasses their breakfast; a few of the beans had also been retained and boiled with the pork and some meal was a dinner, and corn meal and a little molasses made their supper. The salt would suffice them for a week, and the molasses was not all used that day. Wednesday: three cents for potatoes unless potatoes were dear, and if so she bought instead the eheapest vegetables to be had; two cents for bones or scraps to boil with the vegetables; half a pound of split peas and two cents for corn meal. Thursday: three cents for pork, three cents for beans, three cents for barley and one cent for pepper. Friday: four cents for corn meal, three cents for molasses, three cents for peas. Saturday: three cents for beans, four cents for butcher's scraps and three cents for potatoes, cabbage, or some other vegetable. Sunday had to take its chance on a loaf earned by the boy at the baker's or a little food saved out of the week or some gift to the boy for running the grocer's errands. If by any chance Mary saved a cent out of her day's food, it with every cent earned by the children went into a little box as a saving for clothes or the inevitable shoes for winter. Their living seemed a daily miracle; it was the miracle of perseverance, sound judgment and careful calculation. Mary took all the sleep which she could, sparing herself sewing at night, and so saved fuel and lights and her own eyes. Her food was regularly taken, cooked as well as possible, and always of a kind to bring the best returns in health and strength. They worked in this way for five years, the boy earning more money as he needed more clothes; then at thirteen he got a situation with the coal man. In two years more the girl got a place with the baker's wife, for all the neighborhood had learned to respect this family in their struggle against beggary. For two years before she went out the girl had helped her mother in sewing and so secured her clothing; the youngest girl had fallen heir to the kindling gathering, area cleaning and errands. When her sister was elevated to a servant's position this child helped her mother with the sewing; she is now twelve, and the whole family are thriving in every way."

"That is a remarkable story," I said, as Miss Help, who had broken her narration to attend to various pieces of business, resumed her place by me.

"It was the best that Mary Thomas could do, with her small children, small strength and no knowledge of rural life; the city was the place for her to make a stand. Harriet Gleason, a washerwoman, with a feeble husband and six children, however, did something far better."

"I shall never be contented until I hear the history of Harriet Gleason."

"Harriet lived near here up two pair of stairs. She took in laundry work; her husband helped her and worked a little for a cobbler but he was very sickly. The six children, four boys and two girls, had no where to play but the alley; two of them were weakly like the father, and four were sturdy, active, noisy, and forever in mischief. Harriet's heart began to fail her; she said the feeble children would die or go to the hospital for want of fresh air and out of door work; and the sturdy ones, begirt with temptations and bad examples and finding little to do, would become vicious and fall into the hands of justice. It looked so indeed. Harriet lay awake nights thinking of her children, and I lay awake thinking of them too, and Sunday afternoon she came here and talked to me of her troubles. I said to her one day late in August that I wished she and her family were in the country, and I described waste places which

I had seen where a family might dig a living out of the soil, and little cabins which stout hands could make habitable, and where farmers would no doubt give the cabin and garden room to a man for help in farm work even when they could not hire a regular hand. Out of these words of mine, which were indeed not so much as hints, Harriet evolved a plan. About the first of September her husband, with a bundle of clean shirts slung over his back and a stout cane in his hand, set off on a tramp down the bay among the farmers; he was feeble looking but clean and frank of face, and he could mend shoes. Harriet confided to her children as a good secret, that if they eschewed all evil ways and helped her earn money for a move that winter, in the spring they would go and be farmers, keep a pig and chickens, and raise cabbages and beets. The glory of the vision cheered the feeble ones and inspired the active. The two strongest juveniles took their father's place in helping their mother work, and all earned and saved what they could.

In the spring Ben Gleason returned. He had worked his way during the winter, offering labor to farmers or in shoe-shops for his mere board. He had made friends and found a home. A farmer had offered him an old log house, which for five years had stood deserted; it had an open fire-place and an outside brick oven. The owner promised to furnish the lumber needed if Ben and his boys would make the repairs, the privilege of gathering fuel in the wood and on the adjacent bay shore was granted, and an acre of land—in desperately poor condition—was to be Ben's for farming. The farmer would plow the land, and Ben for these favors given was to work in seed-time, harvest and husking. Harriet if found capable would be likely to get washing and coarse sewing; Ben expected work at cobbling in the winter; there was a district school near for the children, and the eldest boy was likely to have a place part of the year. It was the first of March when Ben came home triumphant. Harriet packed her household goods and they were sent on a coasting schooner to the village nearest the new home; I gave Harriet money to buy a young pig, each child purchase money for a chicken, and bestowed on Ben some garden seeds and a hoe. Some neighbors gave him a spade. This was the family outfit as they set off to make their way in the world. I heard from them, a little scrawl from Harriet, the next November. She said they had prospered better than they expected; the children were in school, their cabin was weather-proof, they had raised pork and vegetables to keep them through the winter, and health and morals were alike improving. The following May I was surprised by a nicely penned letter from the eldest girl; she gave still more cheerful accounts. Her father had been offered ten dollars a month in addition to the house, fuel and lot; her oldest brother had a place and her mother plenty of work; they were getting clothes and better furniture, and were improving their little house. Since then—and that is three years and more ago—I have not heard from them, but I have no doubt that the whole family are rescued from disease and vice and will become reputable citizens."

And now as Miss Help was talking to me, there fell to our fortune such a coincidence as occurred when Gehazi talked with the king of Israel: "And it came to pass as he was telling the king how he had restored a dead body to life, that behold the woman whose son Elisha had restored to life cried to the king for her house and for her land; and Gehazi said, 'My lord, oh king! this is the woman, and this her son whom Elisha restored to life,'"—for while we were yet talking Cora announced "some one to see Miss Help," and a robust, rosy women in a decent black gown, plaid shawl and neat bonnet, entered with extended hands.

"Why Harriet Gleason!" cried Miss Help, "I am truly glad to see you; I was just telling my friend here of your experiment in home building.

"A very successful experiment it was, Miss Help," replied Mrs. Gleason, "and I have brought you some of the results, if you will have them unloaded so that I can dismiss the barrow."

We looked from the window and beheld a boy with a large barrow laden with potatoes, turnips, cabbages, pumpkins, squashes, tomatoes, a basket of eggs and a pair of fine, dressed fowls; as large a load as the barrow could hold. These were soon carried into the Bureau store-room and again we sat down, this time with Harriet Gleason.

"Well?" said Miss Help.

"Very well indeed," said Harriet, "we have prospered quite uncommon. We are all hearty and the children are as well-behaved as one could wish. Mary has a place at a farm house and Tom is 'prenticed to a printer and Nicholas gets his clothes from our farmer for doing chores, and Ben and I have as much work as we can do. We have two acres of land to work now, and we raised a pig and forty chickens, and ten dozen eggs to sell, besides all we used ourselves. We sold vegetables, too, and we have made our house as nice as can be; we put up a shed-kitchen and bought a cook stove, and we papered our best room and made a carpet for it. I wish you could see us, Miss Help; we look so nice it would do your heart good. So when our crops were all in, one of the neighbors was coming up with produce on a flat boat which a schooner was to tow, and he let us have a part of his boat and I put on these things of our raising for you, and a few things to sell in the city to buy the children some little matters for winter; and I thought after four years and better of work, I'd take a holiday and come up here to present my duty to you, for we owe all our start to you, Miss Help, and so do plenty of other poor folk which you befriended."

"I wish no better news," said Miss Help, "than to hear that the aid results as well as it has in your case. Now perhaps you can tell me of a place for a nice young woman who has nearly broken herself down by standing in a store and lifting heavy goods."

"An old lady near me asked me to bring her a reliable young woman for light work," responded Harriet, "and if you can recommend her I will take her down with me on the flat boat."

While the woman in question was being called in Emily arrived. I engaged her for my friend and sent her to take her place. The dinner-bell rang, and Miss Jane asked me to stay. After dinner Mrs. Gleason went out to see her old neighbors and attend to her business, and Miss Help and I resumed our conversation. Said she:

"You see how it is—there is work for workers. While there are too many people in the city there are not too many in the land at large. They *must* spread into the rural districts; here they hang together like iron filings on a magnet, six deep or more; *there* the earth makes room for her sons, and God's blessing multiplies the loaves and the fishes."

"These two experiments in economy which you have detailed to me this morning," I said, "are very interesting, but you observe they are entirely poor women's experiments; sometimes the poor woman is better off in ways and means of helping herself in a crisis than her richer sister. The richer woman finds herself embarrassed by hard times; if she can tide over the extremity all things will go on as before, but what can she do? She is encumbered by a thousand things which she is loth to sacrifice, and possibly her family demand that her her experiments in economy shall be strictly *sub rosa*. Do you know how some lady valiantly faced and conquered hard times?"

"I know exactly such a case," said the inexhaustible Miss Help, "and it will be no breach of confidence to detail it to you, reserving names. The lady I have in mind brought sweetness out of death, or advantage out of hard times."

"You will lay me under perpetual obligations to you by telling the tale," I declared eagerly, for his highness the Sultan of the Indies was never fonder of stories than I am.

"The lady to whom I refer," said Miss Help, "is one for whom I worked in my seamstress days, and she has always been my friend and very confidential to me. Her husband is a professor in a college, and they had two daughters fourteen and sixteen years of age. Their house rent was three hundred and fifty a year as they were not in the city, the tuition of the daughters cost them six hundred, they had handsome

furniture, a horse and carriage and a few thousands in bank. The professor's salary paid their expenses. My friend was an amateur in art, and had occasionally as an amusement illustrated books for her friends. In one month the failure of a bank carried off their capital, and the professor injured his eyes in his laboratory so that he was forbidden to work for a year and ordered a sea voyage. Meanwhile their funds were gone, and they had absolutely nothing but their furniture, horse, carriage, and three hundred dollars. The college was glad to keep the professorship for its owner but too poor to continue his salary and pay for his substitute. What should they do?"

"Well," I said, "give up the house, take the girls out of school, sell furniture, horse and carriage—and—and I cannot see what else."

"The furniture and conveyance would not bring at a sale one half their worth if they were sacrificed, then if in a year the Professor resumed his position they would need such things again, and would be obliged to go in debt to procure them. Meanwhile the money produced by the sale would not carry them through the year."

"I cannot solve the problem. What did she do?"

"First she *lent* the horse and carriage to a friend who would keep them for their use. Next, she gave up the house, dismissed the two servants, and as she came to me to get places for them she told me what she meant to do. A furniture dealer would store her goods for a year at the price of a carved wardrobe of hers. As a sea voyage was out of their power the physician had said that perhaps quite as much benefit could be obtained by living on the sea shore, and they had secured a furnished cottage on the coast at a low price, as the owner was going to Europe for a year and wished to have the place in good hands. She said to me, 'You see in the first place we are saved all outlay for winter clothing; the refitting of what we have will be enough as we are going where no one is living. I shall keep no servants and here will be an advantage; my daughters have developed no taste for housework and with two good servants always on hand there was nothing at home for them to do. I shall now teach them all kinds of domestic work, and we shall do everything for ourselves except the washing. The girls shall learn to cook, bake, sew, cut, make over, iron, sweep, in fact to take care of themselves and of a house. Meanwhile their father and myself will conduct their education.'

"'But my dear lady,' I said, 'tell me can you do this? Do you know how to irou a shirt, or make a loaf of bread?'

"'Theoretically I do, practically I do not, but I am making diligent observations now in my kitchen, and I shall set myself to doing both *well* and teaching my girls to do them well.'

"'But,' I said again, 'the present home broken up, the move made, the trifle of rent paid, you will have scarcely two hundred dollars, and you cannot live on that a whole year by any economy—four of you.'

"'No,' she replied quietly, 'we shall live on it just four months; our entire expenses shall be brought down to fifty dollars a month. But before that four months has expired I shall have earned more money. I have drawn and painted for pleasure, now I shall do it for pay, and I am going to get employment in designing, painting tablets and drawing on engraver's blocks. I shall take what is offered, poor pay or good, and the various littles will make the mickle on which we shall live. No one but yourself, Miss Help, knows of my plan or of our extremity. I hope to weather this year and return to our former position better than now; if there is any good to be gotten out of this adversity I mean to have it.'"

"Well," I said, as Miss Help paused, "that was grand talk and good planning, but how did it end?"

"This was in July. I found places for the discharged servants, and for fourteen months heard nothing more from their mistress. Then one day, early in September, she came into my Bureau, asking me to find two servants for her. She looked as fresh and smiling and well dressed as ever; evidently the financial storm had been safely weathered, and if repairs had been needed they had been made, and the family craft

was rounding into port with flying colors. I turned the office over to a young nursery governess who was here just then, and I invited my friend to my room, anxious to hear of the progress and conclusion of her experiment.

"Said she: 'According to Shakespeare, 'All's well that ends well,' and our experiment has ended well. My husband is fully recovered and will resume his duties this opening term. We found our former home vacant and have re-rented it; our furniture stands undamaged in its place, the horse and carriage are in the barn, and if you remember when we broke up our home we had two hundred and fifty dollars on hand, and we have just that much now that we are settled again.'"

"'And how have the daughters fared?' I asked.

"'They have never been so happy, never progressed so well in their studies, never exhibited so much sound common sense. They have become capital little housekeepers; they can make a room tidy, get a nice meal, and iron a shirt or a gown. If ever they get homes of their own they will not enter them in a state of ignorance, ready to be the prey of every encroaching kitchen divinity who chooses to erect a shrine to herself under their roof. They have much improved in physical vigor, and this severance from their school companions seems to have been favorable to a development of good taste and sound thinking. Formerly Clara had a foolish scorn of self-supporting women; it has done her immense good to see her mother proudly enter those notable ranks, and to live on the money which my hands have earned. She developed a great taste in aiding me in my work, and together we got up a toy book for children which brought us a very fair price. Another thing is that the girls have learned how to turn their wardrobes to the best account, and make the most of old clothes before purchasing new ones. In fact we are now settled just as we were before our disasters, and I cannot see but that we are quite as well off.'

"'Except for the bank stock which you lost,'" I added.

"'I will not even except that,' she replied. 'That gave me a certain yearly interest and was liable at any time to loss or change. I have discovered in my art a charming resource, which brings me just as much money as that interest and is not so subject to change. Again, in this year of rigid economies I have learned how to keep house nicely for a much smaller sum than formerly. This new knowledge of economy I consider as just so much cash in hand; it is what we save and not what we earn that enriches us. Hereafter my girls will never be so expensive in dress or taste as they might have been without this trial; they know now what money means and that a parental pocket is not an inexhaustible well of gold. This improvement in them represents just so many more dollars of principal. I have also more confidence for the future, less anxiety for my children than I had before. Then they were untried, like unfledged birds likely to be victims to a storm; now they know how to meet adversity; hard times will not throw them off their balance. Paul had learned a pleasant thing when he knew how to abound; he had learned a very safe thing when he knew how to suffer need. So I balance my books, and set over against the thousands swept away by a bank failure the ability to earn the equivalent of their interest, the ability to save in my household, the more thrifty habits of my children, the greater independence of their minds, and their capacity for self-help and for self-support, and I find that we are all gainers and not losers. Moreover we are vastly richer in power to sympathize. And added to all this there is the grand satisfaction of having minded our own business and kept our affairs to ourselves. To you I have told the whole story, as suited to your work and opening to you a new experience out of which you can advise other people; but to other acquaintances what is the history of this year? Simply that we stored our furniture and took a vacation on the southern coast, and returned with invigorated health. This would not be any particular satisfaction to some people but it is to us. People of but moderate or little culture make known all their affairs; like eastern

mourners they go out into the streets to wail and weep, and rejoice in having all their neighbors inquiring and consoling, but as brain training increases reticence increases. We thank God that the heart knoweth its own bitterness and that a stranger does not intermeddle with its joys. As men grow wise so that other men take refuge in their counsel they become also chary of detailing their own affairs; their souls are like deep seas into which the rivers of other lives run.' "

When Miss Help had thus concluded the narration of her friends domestic financiering experiment, I said to her, "You have opened to me wonderful possibilities which lie before sagacity and calm courage; but would such a venture succeed as well in all instances?"

"It would succeed as well, but out of diverse elements; given the resolute good judgment and you have always success rising out of ruin. Mind, it is not a success built up like Nebuchednezzar's city without God, or like Nimrod's tower in defiance of God, but like Nehemiah's wall in dependence upon God. The reason that there are so many failures is, that instead of proceeding as this women whom I have just described to you most women take the course of Mrs. Pinchfall.

"Miss Help," I said with some indignation, "I meant to go home long ago, but you have lured me on to stay by always suggesting one story before you leave off the other—having in that the Princess Schenerezade for your example. Expound to me I beg of you the ways of Mrs. Pinchfall, and mention no one beyond her, or like the dame who bought the pig I won't get home to-night."

"Mrs. Pinchfall," said Miss Jane, "is a literary lady on a small scale. I have known a good many literary ladies who were women of fine business. judgment. Possibly Mrs. Pinchfall has weakened her mind writing flash stories. Her husband was teller in a New York bank and they owned a house; they had one daughter. Mrs. Pinchfall having vague ideas of domestic management they fell into debt, and about the time that their house was sold for the benefit of their creditors Mr. P. lost his place, and a few boxes of household goods and a few hundred dollars represented their sole capital. Mr. P. left New York, went to Boston and got a book-keeper's place at eighty dollars a month. Mrs. P. *said* that every girl should be a practical housekeeper, should know how to make and mend the family clothing, and should be besides thoroughly well educated. She had opportunity for putting her theories into effect by taking a small cottage and living on their income. But Mrs. Pinchfall had yet further remarks to make; now had come the time when she should make a shining success. She would write a novel which should net her ten thousand dollars, this would create a demand for more novels, and her pen traveling over foolscap would coin money; her daughter should then be sent to Germany to be educated. She found a publisher who said he would gladly publish a novel *which he liked very much*, and when hers was written he would look at her manuscript. Like the maid in the fable Mrs. P. calculated on the unproduced. She took two of the best rooms at a first rate boarding-house kept by a too credulous spinster. She announced herself as the authoress of a famous forthcoming book. All Mr. P.'s salary was needed for the dress and little luxuries of his family. Mrs. P. gave entertainments and suppers in her room and ran up a large debt to a confectioner; she beguiled a mantua maker into an account of one hundred dollars; she set up a physician, and his bill ran up to two hundred dollars. She sat up entertaining company and talking about her book until past midnight, she laid in bed late in the mornings and rising at eleven took a cup of green tea of the strongest quality, and thus refreshed, sat down to write in dressing sacque and slippers. The famous book partook of late hours, strong tea and dishabille as its main characteristics; twice the publisher returned the manuscript of the first three chapters, vowing he would look at it no more; the bill at the boarding-house ran up rapidly and the credulous hostess served her bohemians a notice to quit. Away they went; they had nothing worth holding for the debt, but they airily left in

the bureau drawer the bills of confectioner, dressmaker, milliner, druggist, and doctor. Meanwhile Miss Pinchfall, whose mother theorized so loudly about a young lady's education, never made her bed nor sewed on a button nor altered a gown; and though a good high school stood within a square of her door, she never went into it, and being unable to darn her stockings or write a decent letter I am sure I do not know whatever is to become of her. Now that is the way a great many women experiment in economy."

So I bade Miss Help good day and departed, meditating that there are many roads to Rome and that not all roads go toward Rome—also that from long helping many people and becoming the confidante of their needs, their struggles and success, Miss Jane was becoming like a well-bound edition of a great many people's lives.

Julia McNair Wright.

"MAKING OUT."

You need n't cry, Roxie. It seems to you worse than it is. I *am* happy, truly I am. I would n't ask to be happier if it was n't for the thought of *him*. And sometimes I 'm at peace even about him. While there 's one poor heart like mine to follow him with prayers, I can't think the Lord of all grace is going to forget him—can you?

Now you are crying more than before. Do not take it so hard, Roxie. It seems harder to you than to me, because we are so unlike. I 'm used to making out, you know? Do you remember when we were little girls how you used to hate your patchwork. You hated it so fiercely I never quite dare tell you how much I liked it for fear of provoking you. But I liked putting the odds and ends together to see what they would make. Once you came into our house when mother had set me to making myself an apron out of her old calico dress. You said you 'd *never* make an apron for yourself if you could n't have new cloth to make it of. But I did not wish for new cloth at all. I really liked the other best because it *was* old and soft, and I had grown familiar with it seeing it on mother.

And don't you remember when we were apprenticed to Miss Cumnor, the dressmaker, how it was? It was n't long before she 'd trust you with the very best goods that came in, you were so sure and thrifty with them. You liked to cut out of whole cloth, and nobody could do it better than you. You said you could see your way then from the beginning to the end; and you never failed in what you undertook. But she never gave you the old dresses that were to be re-made to rip up and look over, they vexed you so. She brought them all to me. I would rather have them than the whole cloth; I was afraid of the responsibility when I handled it. I liked to take the old things and feel my way to the good that might be got out of them by the good that was left in them. And you and Miss Cumnor said it was witchcraft—the pretty suits I could get out of old goods. I liked to do it, Roxie. It was my genius you know. And it is n't so hard for me to make out now, dear, though you think my life has been so badly cut up.

You never fairly understood the difference between us. How could you? For you always spoke your mind out plain, and I never could tell you much in words, I was so cowardly and so afraid of making you impatient. I wanted to tell you long ago how it was about Robert and me, but I could n't. I knew all the time how disgusted you must be with me, and yet I could n't speak, not even that night when you warned me. But now you have come back and are so kind, and sit there crying for me, I want to tell you how it was.

You know I had scarcely ever spoken to Robert while he was waiting on you, or spoken to you about him. But I noticed

him a great deal. I had a great sympathy with you both in your happiness. Evenings when we came from the shop and he joined you, I used to drop behind and watch you as you walked along. I was proud of you; I thought you were so well-matched, both so tall and handsome and full of life. Robert talked the most, but it was you who led him, and settled plans and opinions between you.

And when the cloud came that I did n't understand at first, and I saw your face getting more stern and moody every day, I was as much pained and troubled, Roxie, as if I had been your mother. I was most sorry for you at first, but little by little, as I gathered the truth I became even more sorry for him. You said you would not marry an unsteady man, even if he *were* Robert. I knew it pained you to push him off, but you were right and firm to do it, and you went your way strong and safe afterward. But he! he had not only lost you, but he was in danger of losing all. I could not help being most sorry for him. I never questioned but that you were right, but I could not get over the pity of it. It seemed such an unspeakable pity that one so bright and handsome and hopeful should be let go into bad ways. My heart ached to think of it.

For all the sorrowful feeling I carried in my heart for him, I never thought it would fall to me to do anything for him. You know he hoped you would relent, and he used to haunt our way with that haggard face he wore in the first days after you parted from him. You would never turn your head to give him one look. You were right, and yet it used to turn me faint almost, with pity and regret to see you pass him so. One night you took to going home through the by-streets so that you need not see him again, and you would not let me go with you.

That night Robert came up and spoke to me. He said he felt I would be sorry for him. His talk was all about you, Roxie. He seemed to find comfort in praising you. He thought there was never such a strong, beautiful woman in the world as you, never another that he could so love and lean upon. At first I felt so strange with him I could only listen to him and answer him a little, enough to show I cared. But when he began to say that you had taken the wrong way with him, that you had taken away the spring of his energy in trying to overcome his fault, that he had nothing now to try for,—nothing to look forward to,—then I found tongue to talk to him. "Why do n't you win her back?" I said. "You *can* do it. It 's only to be manly and upright as you were meant to be. If you would not drink again, Robert, and would keep away from bad companions, she would see the change in you so soon! She 's very clear-sighted, and in her heart I 'm sure she loves you. Why won 't you try to win her back?"

I spoke so fast and earnestly he looked at me in surprise. But I did not care, I was so sorry for him; I went on talking; I said more than I could repeat. All that was in my heart about him came out, and I could not say it without tears. From looking surprised, he began to be moved and sobered. He said he did not know any human being cared as much for his salvation as I seemed to. He said I put new courage into him, and that he meant to try again. When I thought it all over at home that night I wondered that I should have said so much to him. But it made me happy to have done it, and happy to think he would now win you back and that the pain and hardness between you would be ended, and things would be as I thought God meant them to be.

You know that from that time Robert fell into the habit of joining me every night. He did take a real earnest start toward a better life. I could feel sure of it, and presently I wanted you to see it. I asked you one night to go home our way. You refused; and then I told you plainly I wanted you to see Robert,—that I thought he had changed. You looked sharply at me then, and I remember what you said:

"He will never change except as the weathercock does. He 's weak; it 's ingrained." And you said that for yourself you 'd not be such a fool as to see him again.

Presumptuous to judge him so? No,

dear Roxie; that was your light and you saw it clearly. You were not wrong because I was led by a different way. But I could not help seeing that you were losing your tenderness for him, and I was so troubled about it that I begged Robert to write to you or try to see you.

He said he would wait a little longer; he did not believe you could trust him yet.

Every day I grew more uneasy, and urged it again. And at last he said plainly that he had given it up—about you;—that he knew you could never trust him nor have patience with him. I could not deny it any more. When I thought of your face as you last spoke of him I knew it was true. And even while I was sorrowfully thinking about it he began to say other things. He said there was no one in the world from whom he could hope for love and trust and patience, unless it was from me. He asked me if I did not know it. And when I looked into my own heart and thought it all over I did know it. I could no more deny it than I could the other.

You thought me weak and foolish to accept his love, Roxie. You did not know how full of awe and fear my heart was. The more glad I was that I could love him, the less blind I was to all the dangers that hung over us both. I was not so rash as to think that my weak hand alone could avert them. There was only this, Roxie; it was the only human hand that was nerved to try. I knew in my heart that I did right. I knew you had ceased to feel pain in regard to Robert. I knew it was not jealousy that led you to give me that warning when you heard we were engaged. I would live to be a drunkards wife, you said. I knew it might be true, but it did not shake me then; and since it has come true, Roxie, if all were to be done over again I think I could not act differently. I only want you to feel that my marrying him was not—as you thought then—just a blind surrender to what I knew was foolish and wrong.

I was better than you? Oh, no; my way was open when yours was barred; that was all. You needed to marry a strong, perfect man like Adam Mayhew. You could work freely with him. But if I had married such an one, so great and self-sustained, I should not have lived freely. There 's a strange cowardice in me, Roxie. I never dared use my life much except where I felt a very great need for it. Robert needed it.

You may know I was not heedless by this. I told Robert I would not dare enter into married life without claims on a strength greater than ours for help. I asked him if he had not such a faith in the gracious help of the Lord Jesus Christ as he was willing to confess before men. He was true and earnest when he assented to that if ever a man was. We waited to be married till we were admitted to membership in the church, Roxie, you know when the halt and maimed were called into the feast they came just halt and maimed. Some of them might have stumbled and fallen before ever they could be led to their places at the table. They were to be made whole sometime but they were not brought in whole. The Lord of the feast knew when each one's turn would come and how he would do it. But he could not get to each one all at once. He had to bear with them as they were at first. My poor Robert was maimed. He was born weak where some are strong. The Lord knows.

The first time that he fell after our marriage I was as wretched as you could have foretold. But I had been sick and he was out of work. I hastened to get better, and then he got better also. The next year when our baby was coming I knew how it might be again, and how I dreaded it! But I talked with Robert about it beforehand, and we got on so much better than I hoped till that last night.

Poor Robert! If only he had not taken it so hard!—if only he had not gone away! If I could only once have talked it over with him and comforted him!

He did not strike me so hard; it was not the blow that made me fall. I was weak, and staggered. I had the baby in my arms, and could not break my falling. It would not have hurt me if it had not been for the rocker of the chair. I fell upon it. It was that which hurt my back.

I know how it was with him;—it sobered him to see me fall; and in one minute he

was full of remorse. When they told him I was coming to my senses and calling for him he fled away out of the house. It was shame and despair in his heart. He felt as if he had been a curse to me. They said he had deserted me because I was now helpless. That is false, Roxie. Do not believe it.

You do not? That is like you, so generous and just! Let me tell you. I have had money sent me from some unknown person. Miss Cumnor does not encourage me to think it comes from Robert. She thinks it is sent by some charitable person. She hopes he may never come back, and does not want me to think of him. But I *know* he sent the money.

You think so too? O Roxie—then he is doing well somewhere, and thinking of me! If I might only see him. You think I could only be a helpless, discouraging burden to him, now that I may never walk again. And it *is* hard to think if he should come back he would still find me lying here. I wouldn't mind it at all if it were not for his sake. And yet if he would only come back I know I could be something to him still. He would find I could be happy lying here; —and Roxie—oh Roxie!—I never had before—never before, such love and courage and faith in my heart for him as I have now!

You say you think he will come back. I know he will sometime; but it seems hard to wait. When I think of his sorrow and all his temptations, and think I might talk to him and comfort him it seems hard to wait. It is a whole year, Roxie? Think, if you had been separated from your husband a whole year, while you had been ill and both of you had been in sorrow!

You think he will come back soon?

Roxie, you know something about him! He has been to South America on one of your husband's vessels? He has been doing well? It *was* he who sent me the money. Oh, Roxie, tell him I want to see him. Tell him I *must* see him!

Could I bear to see him now? Then he is here! Call him quick, Roxie. That is *his* step I hear! Oh, Robert! Robert!

M. E. Bennett.

THE PRESENT STANDING OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Two notable declarations have recently been made respecting the present standing of political economy, one by Prof. Ingram at Edinburgh in August last, before the Economic Section of the British Association; the other by Prof. Bonamy Price, in his address as President of the Economy and Trade Department of the Social Science Congress at Cheltenham, in the October following.

Prof. Price's address opens with this somewhat startling train of remark. "Political economy at the present hour is undergoing a crisis. Both in the region of thought, amongst its teachers and students, as well as in the great world, in the practical life of mankind, it is passing through a revolution, and no matter more grave for the interests of humanity can easily be conceived. It calls for the closest and most anxious attention from every friend of the happiness of humau beings."

Prof. Price thus proceeds to illustrate the general neglect of political economy in Great Britain:

"When the cholera or the yellow fever visits a country there is a rush for help and advice to its physicians. The ravages of the plague are seen and terrify; recourse is had instantaneously to the men that know.

"In the war of classes political economy is absent. The man who thinks he has suffered wrong and seeks redress from law calls in his lawyer, and submits with entire obedience to his counsels. But who seuds for a professional economist in a strike? Who asks his advice as that of one who is acquainted with the conditions of the problem at issue, and who can point out the way to justice and fair dealing? No unionist

on strike will ask a political economist what the policy of his union ought to be; no farmer will beg him to point out what is the land which pays no rent, that he may be able, by its help, to calculate what rent he ought to pay.

"Thus, in the city or the factory, in the commercial port or the manufacturing town, the remark is never heard, political economy says so and so, and I must act according to its authority. The prosperity and happiness of nations depend on the processes which political economy has for its mission to explain; their fortunes hang on practising good political economy; able and accomplished men have zealously toiled to build up a lofty structure of economical science; and yet, with sorrow be it said, chaos and weakened authority prevail in it to a degree unequaled in any other branch of human knowledge."

Accepting for the moment this strongly-drawn picture of the general neglect and even contempt into which political economy in England has fallen, we can only explain the result upon one of two grounds; either men of affairs and the masses of the people are not interested in the subject matter of political economy, or else they think the professors of political economy have nothing to teach them on the subject.

It need not be said that the first is not the case. The subject matter of political economy—wealth—is of universal concern. The larger part of almost every active life is given up to its production and accumulation; interests which the moral philosopher declares to be of greater consequence to human happiness and to the welfare of the state are postponed, or even sacrificed, to this.

The trouble, then, cannot be on this side.

On the other hand, men of affairs and the masses of the people may reach the conclusion that they have nothing to learn from the political economist on the subject of wealth, either because they think they know all about it themselves, or because they do not believe that the political economist can or will tell them anything which they do not know.

The former belief is not without influence on the estimation in which political economy is held by many, perhaps most, persons. It is difficult to persuade men that the acquisition of wealth is a mystery, or that the laws of its production and distribution require to be investigated by wise men and taught authoritatively to the masses of the people, and to public officers and considerable personages, as to laymen. The more clearly and closely men are concerned with any matter the harder it is to maintain the authority of the learned body which assumes to engross knowledge on the subject.

But while the disposition of men to regard themselves as competent judges on most of the matters which come within the scope of political economy, has to do with the small respect paid to professional investigators in the department of wealth, the principal cause doubtless is found in the manner in which political economy has been taught.

In the first place, while the political economist speaks of wealth as the subject of his inquiry, it is the wealth of nations which he has in view. He does not profess to teach the arts and point out the courses by which a Stewart, an Astor, a Vanderbilt, comes to differ from his neighbors and competitors in business. Now, it is the personal acquisition of wealth in which most people are interested. The political economist insists upon the solidarity of the industrial body. He maintains that the gain of each, however acquired within the field of competition, not only consists with, but necessarily subserves, the good of all; and that the prosperity of the community confers, as a thing of course, a boon upon every member.

But the banker, the manufacturer, the merchant, have their eyes fixed mainly upon gains which are to be eminently particular both in origin and in application. They accept the doctrine of solidarity only partially. They know that the difference between success and failure is not caused, ordinarily, by the observation or neglect of precepts which are to be deduced from the principles discovered by the political economist, but by habits of life, methods of business, arts of management and advertisement, to which native shrewdness and homely wisdom are sufficient guides.

Even financiers and statesmen are, as we know, too much given to seeking local and temporary advantages, which may be gained by mere sharpness and audacity, without much respect to interests such as the study of political economy tends to subserve. The fiscal generally takes precedence of the financial consideration. After me the deluge, becomes the maxim of the average finance minister.

It might seem that we have not any one left who should care for political economy. Yet after all, the exclusions which require to be made, the natural constituency, so to speak, of the political economist is a large one. The men of state, the men of letters, the men of business, who might fairly be expected to pay attention to the subject, are so numerous that we are led to inquire whether it is their fault, or that of the teachers of political economy, that so little interest is manifested in the results of economic study.

Moreover, it is a fact not to be passed lightly over, in this connection, that the working classes also belong, almost in mass, to the natural constituency of the political economist. The banker, the merchant, the manufacturer may rely for his profits on exceptional talents, or on arts and devices which give him an advantage over his fellows; but, generally speaking, the laborer must take the fortune of his class, share and share alike. And it should in justice be said, that the laborer does so cheerfully, generously, even heroically. There is nothing more honorable to human nature than the loyalty of working men to their class and to their trades. If anywhere on earth the principle of solidarity is loyally accepted, it is among the manual-labor classes.

And these classes have always shown an active interest in discussions relating to their own condition. In England (at least among the mechanical population), in France, Germany, and the United States, they have never failed to exhibit a readiness, an eagerness, even, to canvass schemes of social and industrial reform.

Such a disposition affords a golden opportunity to the expounder of economical law. Whatever may be true of men of affairs, men of letters, men of business, working men have never been deficient in their interest in things that make for the welfare of their class.

It is my sincere belief that the comparative failure of political economy, as confessed and lamented by so many to-day in England and America, is due to essentially wrong methods of pursuing economic inquiry which have prevailed in those countries; and that the adoption of these methods is, in turn, due to a false conception of political economy.

Adam Smith began to teach political economy as a professor of Moral Philosophy, and he taught it as a branch of Moral Philosophy. Apparently he had no concern whether political economy was to become a science or not. It was enough for him that the questions he had to discuss were of vast importance to mankind.

His successors have been much more ambitious. The questions, whether political economy is a science, and if so, what sort of a science, whether positive or hypothetical, whether more of a physical or of a moral science; whether, looking at its history as a science, we can affirm that it bears the test of continuity and fecundity; whether it has reached, or ever will reach, the capability of prediction,—these and other like questions were early raised and eagerly discussed in England.

It is not my purpose to go over the ground of the discussion whether political economy is a science. The answer to the question depends, I apprehend, rather more upon the definition we give to the word, science, than upon the particular view we take of political economy. Certainly, if we give no wider extension to that word than Dr. Whewell did when he wrote of "those bodies of knowledge which we call sciences," political economy ranks as a science. It forms a body of knowledge, constantly growing, it is true, from the outside, and undergoing not a little change from time to time within, yet embracing, even now, a vast collection of closely related facts, with the reason of their succession, one to another, more or less clearly seen, and permitting practical rules and precepts of great importance in

regulating human conduct to be deduced with the highest assurance.

Had the question never been raised, whether political economy is a science, I believe that a great deal more progress would have been made in this branch of investigation, and that its hold upon the public mind would be much stronger than to-day. Certainly the enquiry which Adam Smith undertook in his "Wealth of Nations" does not need to have the term science applied to its results to make it respectable in the eyes of the world, or worthy of the abilities of any man, however great.

On the other hand, solicitude as to the standing of political economy as a science, and the desire to conform to the assumed conditions of a true science, have led economists to avoid some of the most fruitful sources of economic discovery, to employ less and less the historic and inductive methods, and to resort more and more to the *a priori* and deductive, and especially to affect a simplicity in classification of which the subject matter is not susceptible.

The subject is too large for exhaustive, or even systematic treatment. I will merely indicate four respects, in which, in my opinion, the prosecution of political economy under the dominating influence of Mr. Ricardo, has been unfortunate.

The first is the arbitrary creation of the Economic Man,[1] to suit the convenience of economical discussion.

"Political Economy," wrote Mr. Mill, in his Essays on Some Unsettled Questions, published in 1844, "is concerned with man solely as a being who desires to possess wealth, and who is capable of judging of the comparative efficacy of means to that end. It makes entire abstraction of every other human passion or motive, except those which may be regarded as perpetually antagonizing principles to the desire of wealth, namely, aversion to labor, and desire of the present enjoyment of costly indulgences. . . . . Political economy considers mankind as occupied solely in acquiring and consuming wealth."

No one could object to a writer, in the investigation of his subject, forming any hypothesis, possible or impossible to realize, and following out the results to their last consequences. If Mr. Mill had merely meant that the political economist should begin by enquiring what such a monstrous race would do under the impulse of the antagonizing forces of greed and indolence, no one could have taken exception.

But Mr. Mill did not mean this. He meant that the political economist should end here; should literally make entire abstraction, once for all, of every other human passion or motive; and at no point in his reasoning should take account of any one of a score of recognizable and appreciable motives and feelings which enter to influence the actions of men in respect to wealth, love of country, love of home, love of friends, mutual sympathy among members of the same class; respect for labor, and interest in the laboring class on the part of the community at large; good will between landlord and tenant, between employer and employed; the power of custom and tradition, the force of inertia, ignorance and superstition.

It is true that, in his own later work, Mr. Mill did not hold rigidly to the proposed exclusion of all other human passions or motives than those he indicated in the treatise from which I have quoted; but it was rather as bearing on the applications of political economy to social philosphy,[2] than as belonging to political economy, pure and simple, that these forces were to be recognized.

Now, I assert that whatever, on any large scale, influences mankind in the acquisition and distribution of wealth is not only a proper but a necessary datum of the political economist; that while he may reason tentatively, and for purposes of illustration, from partial premises, or upon pure assumptions, he is bound to deduce the conclusions which he definitively announces, and which he expects men to accept and act upon, from the

[1] "A vicious abstraction meets us on the very threshold of political economy. The entire body of its doctrines as usually taught, rests on the hypothesis that the sole human passion or motive which has economic effects is the desire of wealth."—PROF. INGRAM.

[2] Indeed, Mr. Mill's great work bore the title: The Principles of Political Economy with some of their applications to Social Philosophy.

consideration of the whole of human nature, as nearly as he can master it.

II. Another point in which the cultivation of political economy by the English writers has been unfortunate, is in the disregard of *status*, and the small respect which has been shown for the industrial and commercial structure.

The strict Ricardian economist not only assumes an unreal man for the purposes of his reasoning, but he refuses to recognize distinctions of class, of occupation, and even of country.

The ownership and use of land, a natural monopoly, excepted, he admits only one distinction in industrial society, viz., that of employer and employed; but the value of this admission is almost wholly neutralized by a palpably false analysis which treats the capitalist as the employer, overlooking the greatest structural fact of modern industrial society, viz., the existence of a distinct class of men of business, who employ labor, not to the degree only in which they are capitalists, not at all because they are capitalists; but because they possess exceptional qualifications for trade and manufacture. In a high degree, therefore, the profits of business (excluding from this term the interest of capital), becomes, as Dr. Whately pointed out, the fruit of a natural monopoly, as truly as the rent of land.

But with the Ricardian economist the only reason for the one man being an employer and the other a wage laborer, is found in the possession or non-possession of capital. Change that condition and there is no reason why the two should not change places.

In the same way the strict Ricardian economist refuses to recognize the limitations of trades and of locality. The fact that men are committed to certain professions and modes of earning a livelihood, from which, it would be at the best difficult, and in the great majority of cases, next to impossible, that they should pass into others; the fact that men are born into communities from which migration is only to be effected with much effort and sacrifice: these great structural facts are deemed not worthy to be taken into account in a treatise on the production and distribution of wealth.

Dr. Whewell justly compared political economy, thus pursued, to a physical geography which should be constructed in recognition of gravitation alone, as operating upon matter, rejecting the power of cohesion in maintaining the original structure of the earth's surface.

Mr. Mill effected one important modification of the Ricardian economy.

He recognized nationality as a structural fact in industry and trade; and based his theory of international values on the assumption that practically no transfer of labor takes place across the boundary lines of States, an assumption which goes altogether too far, but which, in its recognition of the limitations of competition, constituted a great advance in the philosophy of wealth.

Even after Mr. Mill's concessions it still remained true that competition was taken as unimpeded and unintermitted, inside the lines of nationality.

"The assumption commonly made in treatises of political economy," wrote Prof. Cairnes, in 1874, "is that, as between occupations and localities within the same country, the freedom of movement of capital and labor is perfect."

The economist last named, who was throughout his whole career more in sympathy with the contiuental economists than any other equally eminent British writer, made, in the last year of his life, still another modification of the Ricardian economy, in the same direction with that effected by Mr. Mill.

Still holding the movement of capital and labor within each trade, and from one trade to other trades within the same group, to be, for all practical purposes, perfect, Prof. Cairnes ascertained, as he thought, the existence of several great non-competing groups, each composed of a large number of trades and occupations. Inside these groups Prof. Cairnes held the movement of labor to be perfectly free, while between the groups no exchanges take place.

This is the furthest point reached by the orthodox English economists, in recognition

of the limitations of competition.[1] I do not know that Prof. Cairnes' conclusions have been accepted by the profession generally. But, supposing them all to have come to this ground, how slowly, grudgingly, and inadequately have the Ricardian assumptions been modified by this school, to meet the plainest facts of industrial society!

Structure always and everywhere profoundly affects the production and distribution of wealth. Every economical force, from whatever source proceeding, to whatever end tending, is more or less deflected and retarded in its passage through the industrial body, by reason of the organization of that body into communities; into classes within the community; into trades and occupations within the class.

A political economy that disregards structure is of a kind with a physiology that should refuse to start out with the general frame of the human body, should ignore the existence of organs devoted to special functions, and even abandon the distinctions of flesh, blood and bone, insisting on treating man as so many pounds of such and such chemical elements, dissolved in so many buckets of water.

Upon such a solution what will be the effect of a three days' east wind? of a bit of undigested cheese? of a puff of sewer gas? of a perpendicular fall of thirty feet?

An illustration as simple and near at hand, perhaps, as any, of the way in which *status* is ignored by the English economists and their imitators on the continent and in America, is that afforded by the recent measures taken respecting silver as a money metal.

In 1867 a monetary conference was assembled at Paris, comprising the delegates of nineteen nations. The conference had been called to consider the question of international coinage.

To the members of that body it seemed exceedingly desirable that money pieces should be struck of uniform weight and fineness in all countries, which might pass current without reference to the boundaries of states.

It would be well, certainly. While international coinage cannot be claimed to be a matter of great practical importance, especially since the unification of Germany and Italy, it would have not a little sentimental importance, and would be, altogether, a very humane and civilized thing to do.

The conference of 1867 giving itself up to the scheme of international coinage, thought it saw that gold monometallism would be conducive to that result, and accordingly recommended that course for the adoption of all the civilized nations.

I have been looking carefully through the record of this conference, and I do not find that the question, what effects might be produced upon trade, industry and society by the rejection, among the civilized states, of one of the two historical money metals, was at any stage discussed, or was even for a moment raised for discussion.

How, indeed, on Ricardian principles, could the change be of any consequence? If there were less money, its purchasing power would be greater. Everything would adjust itself to the new condition; prices and wages would find their level; the circulation of the remaining body of money would be just as facile and perfect as that of the larger body.

"With a light heart," then, the conference of 1867 voted to throw out of use fifteen or eighteen hundred millions of dollars of money, the accumulations of thousands of years; and economists of the Ricardian school everywhere applauded.

Their principles forbade them to take account of a mere fact of the industrial and commercial situation, such as the existence of a large body of public debts, national and municipal, amounting to perhaps $25,000,000,000, and of private debts probably in larger amount, most of which would be left, by the completion of this great monetary reform, payable in a money of diminishing volume and hence of increasing value.

Sooner, perhaps, than the financial reformers of 1867 imagined, their plan was given effect by the demonetization of silver

[1] Mr. Sidgwick has indeed pointed out, in the Fortnightly Review for February, one instance in which Prof. Fawcett recognizes the difficulty of migration within the kingdom as constituting a reason for differences of wages, in the same occupation, in different localities.

in Germany and the Scandinavian countries in 1873, and the consequent closing of the mints of the Latin states to this metal in 1874.

Silver is no longer money of full power in Europe. Gold monometallism, first established in England in 1816, when, we are told, the correct principles of money were first recognized and put in practice, is triumphant.

But what of those public debts, the annual interest payments on which, due almost wholly in sterling, cannot be reckoned at less than $1,300,000,000?

By the estimates of the London Economist, the value of gold has, in the past ten years, risen sixteen per cent. That sixteen per cent may, in ten years more, be thirty or forty.

But if the enhancement in the purchase power of gold is to go no further, what does the rise already accomplished mean?

It means an increase of one-sixth in the weight of all debts, public or private, which are payable in gold. It means the addition of a burden equivalent to more than two hundred millions of dollars a year to the taxes levied throughout the civilized states to pay interest on public debts. It means a proportionate increase in the weight of all fixed charges and debts, as between individuals. It means that for every day during which a laboring man has to work to pay his share of the nation's debt, or to meet the interest or principal of the mortgage on his house or his farm, his hours of labor shall hereafter be, not twelve, but fourteen.

Behold one of the first fruits of a great monetary reform accomplished in serene and sublime disregard of *status!*

III. A third respect in which the treatment of political economy by its professors in England and the United States, has tended to alienate the public regard and diminish the usefulness of economic inquiry, has been the refusal or neglect to take account of the industrial structure of separate countries; of the laws, institutions and customs which influence the production and distribution of wealth; of the various endowment, mental and physical, of different races and nations.

The contributions of this character made by the economic writers of the continent of Europe, in recent years, have been of immense value and significance.

In this enlargement of the premises of political economy, not only have the British writers generally refused to join, but they have treated with superciliousness, often approaching contempt, those who were engaged in thus widening the basis of the science.

The serenest sense of the sufficiency of the Ricardian method would hardly embolden a critic to deny to the writings of Roscher, Nasse, deLaveleye, Forti, or Cliffe Leslie the title, economical. But the English and American reviews which especially affect to be authorities in this department, have hit upon the happy expedient of applying to political economy, as thus enlarged to meet the facts of society and of nature which bear upon the phenomena of wealth, the epithet, German, with much the same intention, apparently, with which that word is applied to the name of one of the precious metals. "German political economy" might be supposed by one who should catch the accents of the reviews, to bear a relation to the old political economy, the true political economy, the English political economy, similar to that which German silver bears to the product of the Comstock lode.

"It is," says Prof. Ingram, "a characteristic result of the narrowness and spirit of routine which have too much prevailed in the dominant English school of economists, that they are either unacquainted with, or have chosen to ignore this remarkable movement."

The investigators on the continent of Europe who are striving to enlarge the premises of political economy, so that the computed results may be brought somewhat nearer to the observed facts of human society than is possible with the Ricardians, whose economic man is so monstrously unreal as not even to afford a caricature of human nature, and who take industrial society, for the purposes of their reasoning, as without even so much of structural organization as a jelly fish possesses, are work-

ing in the true spirit of Adam Smith. They are doing precisely what that great man, in his day and with his light, sought to do.

It is the duty of the political economist to seek to make his conclusions approach continually nearer and nearer to the facts of society and industry, by including more and more, from time to time, within the premises of his reasoning, all influences, however subordinate, which in any way, or in any degree, enter the field of production and exchange to disturb the operations of the principal causes of which political economy first takes account.

More and more may the economist, if he follows up his work in this spirit, look to see these influences identified and determined, both in their direction and in their degree, through the divergencies disclosed between the results computed by the economic philosopher, and the results observed by the economic statistician.

You will not understand me as favoring any extension of political economy beyond the domain of wealth, or proposing that economical be merged in sociological inquiry. Political economy has to do with no other subject than wealth. If wealth is to be studied at all, it will best be studied by itself. The political economist should allow no ethical or social considerations to influence him in his investigations. The more strictly the several branches of inquiry are kept apart, the better will it be for each and for all.

But while political economy deals with only one of the many interests of society, it is not restricted to any narrow or transient view of its subject. It has the right to take account of every force which enters the field of industry to affect the production or the distribution of wealth.

Especially in the department of Consumption, a department which recent economists have affected altogether to disregard,[1] should the political economist enquire how the disposition and the power to produce wealth in the future—it may be, the distant future—will be affected by the various uses to which wealth may be applied in the present.

To account for the phenomena of wealth, alike as exhibited in the grandeur and power of states, and in their decay and poverty, is the work of the political economist. In order to do this, he must consider the effects of vicious indulgence upon the will and the physical frame; he must inquire of the moral philosopher where lie the springs of industry and frugality; he must pass judgment upon the war system, upon public luxury, upon laws regulating contracts, or controling the enjoyment and transmission of property, upon social institutions which influence the movements of labor and capital.

But please to observe, the test he applies is always the economical, never the ethical, never the political. He does not ask, is this right; does this conduce to virtue or happiness, to public peace or political stability? The questions he asks are, rather, how does this course of action, how does this custom, law, or institution affect the power and disposition of men to labor? how affect the ability of this or that class to secure their own interests in the distribution of wealth between themselves and other classes of producers?

IV. The fourth fault, as I esteem it, in the treatment of political economy, which has seriously impaired the results of economical enquiry, and alienated large numbers of those who form the natural constituency of the political economist, is the attempt to simplify the science by dropping the familiar and useful titles under which the questions relating to wealth were formerly discussed, viz: Production, Distribution, Exchange and Consumption. The tendency of late years among English and American economists has been to abandon these terms, and to sneer at them, where they are still maintained, as old-fashioned and clumsy.

"Nothing," says Edward Burke, "is so great an enemy to accuracy of judgment as a coarse discrimination, a want of such classification and distribution as the subject admits of."

[1] "The consumption, or more correctly the use, of wealth, until lately neglected by economists, and declared by Mill to have no place in their science, must, as Prof. Jevons and others now see, be systematically studied in its relations to production and to the general well being of communities."—PROF. INGRAM.

Certainly, the subject, wealth, admits of being considered, first, with respect to the motives which lead to its production and the conditions under which that production must take place; secondly, with respect to the forces which distribute the product of industry among the several persons and classes of persons who take part in production, including the careful consideration of all circumstances which tend to give one or another person or class of persons an undue advantage in such distribution; thirdly, with respect to the laws which govern the exchange of products in the markets of the world, and the agencies by which exchanges are effected; fourthly, with respect to the influence which the different modes of consumption exert upon the ability and disposition to take part in future production.

If wealth admits of being considered in all these aspects, it seems to me clear that the classification given above will conduce to completeness of view and accuracy of judgment.

Undoubtedly the impatience manifested by many recent writers at the familiar classification which is in question, arises out of their disposition to consider political economy as a science in the strictest and highest sense, in which all the conclusions which may be reached shall flow in an orderly and necessary sequence from a few grand principles clearly established at the outset.

It may fairly be questioned whether political economy has yet reached such a stage of completeness as to admit of this treatment. It may be doubted whether it will ever become a science in this sense.

But whatever the future of political economy, it appears to me that a science in the lofty meaning of these writers can not be constructed without a great deal more of investigation into the motives to production, the forces which effect distribution, the ratios of exchange, and the various influences of different modes of consumption, than has yet taken place. The warning of Bacon against hasty generalization applies nowhere more aptly than to political economy in its present stage of development.

I will offer but one illustration under this head. The political economist finds that the subjects of exchange are two: services and commodities; labor and the products of past labor. He deems it inconsistent with his convenience in reasoning, or with the simplicity of the structure he proposes to erect, to carry forward this distinction. By analysis he discovers that commodities are, after all, nothing but personal services which have taken a material and more or less permanent form. Thereafter he determines to know only services. This conclusion reached, it follows, of course, that the distinction between distribution and exchange falls to the ground. There is no longer any need of the former term in political economy. A long step has been taken in the direction of simplicity.

But I venture to assert that this forced simplicity, effected by compelling into a single form things having much that is not in common; this false peace which disregards irreconcilable differences; this hasty generalization by which services and commodities are made to be one and the same thing in exchange, has had the effect to render political economy signally barren, through the very period when social philosophy has been most prolific; and secondly, and by consequence, to forfeit pretty much all popular respect and sympathy for the science itself, especially on the part of the working classes.

"During the present century," says the Duke of Argyle, in his Reign of Law, "two great discoveries have been made in the science of government; the one is the immense advantage of abolishing restrictions upon Trade; the other is the absolute necessity of imposing restrictions upon Labor." This statement is strictly just. More and more has social philosophy come to recognize the distinction between the exchange of commodities and the contract for services. If political economy denies the validity of that distinction, so much the worse for political economy. The working men of England, France and Germany are not more fully convinced of the validity and vital importance of this distinction, than are the statesmen of those countries.

The progress in the two opposite direc-

tions to which allusion is made by the Duke of Argyle, has indeed been most remarkable. Seventy-five years ago, scarcely a single law existed in any country of Europe for regulating the contract for services in the interest of the laboring classes. At the same time, the contract for commodities was everywhere subject to minute and incessant regulation.

How great the change! Equally against the pressure of enormous vested interests and against the protests of the professional economists, the legislation of almost every enlightened country has progressed by steady steps in the direction of discriminating between commodities and services, allowing continually greater and greater freedom of contract in respect to commodities, and bringing the contracts which involve labor more and more completely under the authority and supervision of the State.

The men of affairs in Europe entertain no doubt that legislation in regulation of the contract for labor is fully justified, no less on economical than on social and political grounds; that the production of wealth has been increased and the distribution of wealth rendered more equal thereby.

The working classes of Europe know perfectly well that the factory and workshop acts have lifted them out of the horrible pit and the miry clay; have increased their wages and made them worthy of better wages.

Can there be wonder that statesmen and the mass of the people entertain slight regard for political economy, whose professors, in the interest of the purity and simplicity of the science, refuse even to entertain consideration of the difference between services and commodities, in exchange; and whose representatives in legislation have opposed almost every limitation upon the contract for labor, as unnecessary and mischievous?

In concluding this long train of remark let me say that political economy is, in my opinion, undergoing no crisis.

A certain school of economists are undergoing a very serious crisis; but the issue is not likely to affect mankind very deeply.

The interests of humanity are in no danger; the friends of the happiness of human beings have no reason to feel special anxiety or distress on that account.

Never was the time when the phenomena of wealth underwent a more searching examination; when abler minds applied themselves to find out the laws which govern in the production and exchange of values; or when richer results were yielded to investigation. The economists of Germany, Italy, Belgium and France, are doing the work which Adam Smith began, in his spirit but with larger opportunities and a wider and ever widening view.

Francis A. Walker.

AN EXCELLENT MATHEMATICIAN, PHILOSOPHER AND DIVINE.

"Does Mr. Newton eat, drink, or sleep like other men? I represent him to myself as a celestial genius, entirely disengaged from matter." *Marquis De l'Hospital to his English visitors.*

"To discourse of God from the appearance of things does certainly belong to Natural Philosophy." *Newton's Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy. Motte's Translation.*

It was in 1642, the year that Galileo died and twelve years after the death of Kepler, that a farmer, then thirty-six years old, and living on an estate worth £30 a year which he had but recently inherited from his father, brought his bride, Hannah Ayscough, to his home, the two story stone dwelling, the manor house of Woolsthorpe, a hamlet of the parish of Colesterworth, Lincolnshire, England. In a few short months the happy bride became a widow and on the 25th of December, old style, between one and two o'clock in the morning, a tiny, feeble infant claimed from her a parent's love and care, so tiny that, as his mother afterwards told him, he might have been put in a quart

mug; so feeble that the two women who were dispatched for tonic medicine feared that he would not be living on their return. On so slender a thread hung the life of one of those men "who have been as levers to uplift the earth and roll it in another direction"—the man who "started science on a career of steady progress."[1]

In his health-giving native air he grew to be a sturdy youngster, equal to his mile trudge to the day school where he learned to read, write and cipher. When he was two years and one month old his mother married the Rev. Benjamin Smith, rector of North Witham, but Isaac remained at Woolsthorpe under the care of his grandmother, Mrs. James Ayscough, who removed to the manor house.

Before her second marriage Mrs. Newton settled upon her son another farm, worth fifty pounds per annum and probably her dowry. When Isaac was twelve years old he went to Grantham to attend the Grammar school and boarded at the house of Mr. Clark, an apothecary. At that time there was more prospect of his making a good mechanic than a great scholar; according to his own account, given later, he was inattentive to his studies and allowed his school-fellows to outstrip him, but one day, when he was the last in the lowest form but one, while on his way to school he was kicked in the stomach by the boy who ranked next above him. The pain was severe, and though the smaller of the two, the future philosopher after school challenged his assailant to fight. Encouraged by the school-master's son the two boys fought in earnest; spirit and agility made up for Isaac's inferior stature, and his opponent soon cried enough. The school-master's son told Isaac that cowards must have their noses rubbed against a wall. This direction being complied with, the vanquished was left to his reflections and the victor began to ask himself, "Why should I allow this boy always to be above me; am I not his superior mentally, and morally, as well as physically? Then followed a prolonged intellectual struggle, in which Isaac. again victor, passed above his old adversary and finally stood at the head of the school.

Meantime, in his play hours he was occupied with tools or in examiuing different mechanical contrivances. He begged a box of Mrs. Clark's brother and made a water clock, which he placed in his bed-room and supplied with water every morning. This clock was often referred to by other members of the house-hold and was not removed till long after the maker went to Cambridge. He watched some workmen who were erecting a windmill near Grantham and made a miniature copy of it, "as clean and curious a piece of mechanism as the original," but with this advantage; when wind was lacking on the top of the house, where the little machiue was often placed, the boy mechaniciau could introduce a "miller" in the shape of a mouse to keep the arms in motion. In this way the "sober, thinking, silent lad" turned from the amusements that attracted his schoolmates and spent his leisure in "knocking and hammering in his lodging room." But Grantham school boys must have been quite different from boys in our day if they were not interested in Isaac's work, in his four-wheeled carriage propelled by the occupants; in the kites which he made of different forms to ascertain the best shape and proportion and the best mode of attaching the string; in his lantern's of "crimpled paper," each holding a candle and which lighted the ingenious boy to school cold, dark mornings, or were fastened to the tail of a kite at night and mistaken by the terrified country people for those omens of evil, comets.

The apparent motious of the sun as means of measuring time attracted the young experimenter's attention, and after observations which were carried on some years he succeeded in adjusting his pegs and lines so that any one could tell the time by "Isaac's Dial," as it was called. Not contented with his dial at Grantham he carved two on his house at Woolsthorpe. The stone on which one was cut was taken down in 1844 and presented to the Royal Society for its museum. In his youth, Newton must have been a marvel of industry; his book-shelves were made by his own hands from deal boxes;

[1]Ecce Homo, p. 191.

his room was decorated with pictures which he had painted and framed himself, and though he afterwards disliked poetry he asserted that he had "excelled particularly in making verses." Surely with studies, mechanics and accomplishments, all told the lad wasted no time.

When he was fourteen years old Isaac left Grantham and went to reside with his mother, his two half sisters and his half-brother at Woolsthorpe, his step-father having died. It was time that he should decide upon his future occupation and his mother tried to fit him for his father's calling, that of a farmer and grazier. Imagine him on Saturday perched on a market cart loaded with grain and other produce, on his way to Grantham. His mother had charged him to sell the load and purchase articles needed in the family, and had sent a faithful servant with the lad to teach the arts of buying and selling, for which the future president of the Royal Society had no fancy. He accompanied the servant as far as the inn where the horses were fed, then went to his former boarding-place, Mr. Clark's, and was busy with a parcel of old books in the attic there till the bargains were made and the servant ready to start for home. When the literary treasures in the attic were exhausted, the youth went with the man of bargains part of the way, and sat under a wayside hedge absorbed in a favorite author till the market cart passed, homeward bound. Nor did he prove himself in other respects an efficient farmer; the cattle put under his care browsed on the growing crops and the sheep took their fill of the tender corn, while their guardian, unmindful of the meek mischief-makers, sat reading under a tree, making models with his pocket-knife or watching his "under-shot wheel whirling the glittering spray from its float boards or arresting the passing traveler by its aqueous pulsations."

His mother, satisfied at last that her eldest son would never manage a farm profitably and convinced that his taste for books was no mere boyish fancy, decided to give him all possible opportunities to cultivate his talents. There is a tradition in Grantham that on the day he finally left school, his venerable teacher, Mr. Stokes, called Isaac up before the pupils and with tears in his eyes spoke of the boy's talents and character and begged his old associates to emulate him.

On the eighth of July, 1661, he was matriculated sizar at Trinity college, Cambridge. Though he was not particularly well fitted, such were his thirst for knowledge and habits of independent study, that he was sometimes in advance of his tutors. Once having been notified that Kepler's Optics would furnish the subject for a series of readings, he procured the book and mastered it before the readings commenced. About the same time he bought at a fair a treatise on astrology, and as he could not understand some of its statements without a knowledge of trigonometry he purchased an English Euclid, but finding some of the problems quite self-evident he threw aside the book, astonished that any one should write demonstrations of things so simple. Afterwards he regretted that he had not been well grounded in the elements of Euclid before undertaking more advance works. Newton's biographers do not trace minutely his college course; he took his bachelor's degree in January, 1665, and in the same year committed to writing his first discovery of fluxions. In the summer of that year he retired to his home on account of the prevalence of the plague which caused the dismissal of the college. It was then, while sitting alone in the Woolsthorpe garden, that the fall of the apple suggested to him the idea of gravity and led to the discovery of the laws on which now rest the leading proofs of modern astronomy. The decayed remains of the tree were taken down in 1820 and the wood preserved.

The plague having disappeared, he returned to Cambridge, was elected "minor fellow" on the first of October, 1667, and had an apartment called the "spiritual chamber" assigned him. In March, 1668, he took his master's degree, and in 1669 was spoken of as a "Fellow of our College and a young man . . . with unparalleled genius who has made great progress in" a certain branch of mathematics. On the 20th of October, 1669, he was appointed Lucasian

professor of mathematics. If we would bring before us Isaac Newton, now fairly started on his scientific career, we may imagine a quiet young man, not above middle height, of "most sedate and humble carriage, never seemingly angry, of profound thought, his countenance mild, pleasant and comely;" who could be drawn from his chambers by none of the recreations in which most young men delight; who seldom went out except to read his lectures; whose time was spent in mathematical calculations and in experiments in optics, chemistry, and alchemy; whom students described as "mighty famous for his learning, a most excellent philosopher and divine;" to whose rooms in college foreigners resorted, anxious to converse with the man of transcendent genius. We may think of this young man as growing gray at thirty, so much absorbed in his studies that he often forgot his meals or sat up all night when his chemical experiments required watching.

When a young man Newton was so unpractical as to trifle with his health; but he learned by experience the folly of trying to cultivate his mind at the expense of his body. The story of the little dog Diamond overturning the candle and setting fire to valuable papers, and that of a large hole in the door for the pet cat and the smaller one afterwards cut for the kitten, are pronounced by the best informed sheer fabrications; for said his relative, Dr. Humphrey Newton, who was five years his assistant at Cambridge, "Sir Isaac never had any communion with dogs and cats."

In 1668 Newton made the first reflecting telescope; the members of the Royal Society heard of it and asked to see it. The instrument was sent them and is still carefully preserved in their library, bearing the inscription, "*The first reflecting telescope, invented by Sir Isaac Newton and made with his own hands.*" In 1672 the Royal Society, desirous of securing to his own country the credit of Newton's discoveries, elected him a fellow.

When Newton was forty-four years old he was brought into direct collision with his sovereign, James II, who seemed bent on his own destruction in his efforts to fasten popery on England. He determined that the universities should be made subservient to this end, and having illegally forced a Roman Catholic dean on Christ Church, Oxford, he sent to Cambridge a mandamus for the admission, as Master of Arts, of an ignorant Benedictine monk, Alban Francies, who was to dispense with the usual oath of allegiance and supremacy. "The academical functionaries, divided between reverence for the king and reverence for the law, were in great distress. Messengers were dispatched in all haste to the Duke of Albermarle, Chancellor of the University. He was requested to represent the matter properly to the king. Meanwhile the register and bedels waited on Francis and informed him that when he would take the oaths according to law he should be instantly admitted. He refused to be sworn, remonstrated with the officers of the University on their disregard of the royal mandate, and finding them resolute, took horse and hastened to relate his grievances at the palace." As every Master of Arts is entitled to vote in the senate of the university, the members justly regarded the admission of Father Francis as the small end of the wedge by which Romish influence was to be driven into the institution. A menacing letter came from London; the senate, still firm in its refusal, returned a respectful answer. The law was clearly in favor of the recusants but it was a question of will, not law, with James.

The university was summoned to appear by vice-chancellor and deputies before the High Commission at Westminster; Newton was chosen one of the deputies by the senate, consisting of all the Doctors and Masters. A meeting of the delegation was held. Previous to its departure, a proposition was made and a paper drawn up for signatures binding the university to grant the degree, provided it should not be considered a precedent. Some of the deputies, dreading no doubt a personal encounter with the incensed king or his immediate agents, were disposed to yield. Newton rose from his chair and taking "two or three turns round the room" said to the "bedel then standing by the fire," "this is giving up the question." "So it is," re-

plied the bedel, "why don't you go and speak to it?" Newton returned to the table, expressed his opinion and proposed that council should be consulted. The paper was submitted to a lawyer, and his opinion coinciding with that of Newton, the other deputies concurred.

On the 21st of April, 1687, the deputation made a formal appearance in the council chamber and was dismissed. On the 7th of May, when they defended their plea, a great concourse filled the chamber. At the head of the board sat George, Lord Jeffries, who has been pronounced, "the worst tool ever used for the destruction of freedom by the house of Stuart." John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, was Lord Chamberlain. He was a man of fashion who, says Macauley, "our generation despises for a poetaster;" a man who, though able and eloquent, was for his moral character "entitled to no respect;" a man who lived and died a skeptic, but who could ridicule Romish superstition or profess adherence to it, as royal favor could be gained by one course or the other. Before such a tribunal appeared the timid vice-chancellor, Dr. John Pechell, and the eight deputies, among them Isaac Newton, then in the full vigor of his genius. "His great work, the Principia, which entitles him to the highest place among geometricians and natural philosophers of all ages and all nations, had been some time printing under the sanction of the Royal Society and was almost ready for publication. He was the steady friend of civil liberty and of the Protestant religion, but his habits by no means fitted him for the conflicts of active life. He therefore stood modestly silent among the delegates, and left to men more versed in practical business the task of pleading the cause of his beloved university." Jeffries brought into play the insolence that had so often caused squalid, forlorn prisoners at the bar of the Old Bailey to shiver before a brutal, merciless judge, and soon reduced the vice chancellor to helpless agitation. When other delegates began to speak they were silenced with, "you are not the vice-chancellor; when you are you may talk. Till then it will become you to hold your peace." So they were ordered out of court. In a short time they were recalled, told that Dr. Pechell was dismissed from his vice-chancellorship and deprived of all his emoluments as Master of a college, "emoluments which were strictly in the nature of a freehold property." "As for you," said Jeffries, to the delegates, "most of you are divines. I will therefore send you home with a text of scripture; 'Go your way and sin no more, lest a worse thing happen unto you!'" The delegates did go their way and reported to their constituents, who elected vice-chancellor John Baldestone, a man of much spirit, who promised, "that while he held the office, neither religion nor the rights of the body should through his means be invaded." Alban Francis went without his degree; but not many months after the memorable hearing, so called, the king sent his officers to Oxford attended by three troops of cavalry with drawn swords, to install over Magdalen College a president obnoxious on account of his sympathy with Rome.

Newton returned to his studies and soon his greatest work, "The Principia," was published, Dr. Edmund Halley having furnished the means. The part which the author had taken in defending the rights of the university was appreciated, and he was chosen to represent the institution in the convention of 1689, called by William of Orange. Though not a talking, he was a working member. Party spirit ran high at Cambridge, friends and opponents of James were there, and disturbances had broken out among the students. In the midst of the excitement, the philosopher, little accustomed to wrangle and tumult, "conducted himself with firmness and moderation, maintaining the principles of civil and religious liberty, exhibiting a capacity for business that could scarcely be expected of one who had mixed so little in society."

When Newton was fifty years old he suffered much from lack of strength and depression of spirits; his application to study had been intense; his services to science were acknowledged in all learned circles but, notwithstanding the efforts of friends, he had reaped little pecuniary advantage. He complained of loss of appetite and sleep and said that he did not possess that "con-

sistency of mind that had hitherto been" his. Though his intellect was still brilliant and his capacity for mental effort far above that of ordinary men, he yielded to low spirits, perhaps when looking forward to old age when he could no longer take an interest in studies that had delighted him and benefitted the world, but failed to provide for his own needs. His income from his professorship was not large and his assistance to needy relatives and others had been prompted by generosity rather than regulated by self-interest. So cramped was he for money in 1673 that he thought of resigning his fellowship with the Royal Society. and in 1675 the council of the society voted to dispense with his quarterly payments, because he was "in such circumstances that he desired to be excused."

Through the influence of his friend, Charles Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Newton was appointed warden of the mint in 1695; the place was worth between six and seven hundred pounds a year, "then a handsome independence." In 1699 he was advanced to the position of master and worker of the mint, with an income of from twelve to fifteen hundred a year. "The mint, like every other public establishment in the kingdom, had become a nest of idlers and jobbers. The important office of warden had become a mere sinecure and had been filled by a succession of fine noblemen, who were well known at the hazard-table of Whitehall, but who never condescended to come near the tower." "The ability, the industry and the strict uprightness of the great philosopher speedily produced a complete revolution."

'The exigences of the people were great, the currency was sadly depreciated by clipping, the new coinage was hoarded in the hope that parliament by bill, (fiat, shall we say?) would make a nine-penny piece a shilling, and the energies of the chancellor and of the master of the mint were taxed to the uttermost. Their predecessor had thought it a great feat to coin silver to the amount of fifteen thousand pounds a week. When Montague talked of thirty thousand the cry was 'impossible.' Nineteen mills were put in motion in the tower; men were trained there and sent to mints which were established at Bristol, York, Exeter, Norwich and Chester.

"The machinery and the workmen were welcomed to the new stations with the ringing of bells and the firing of guns. The weekly issue increased to sixty thousand pounds, to eighty thousand, to a hundred and twenty thousand."

Newton's mathematical education fitted him to understand and oversee the accounts, and by his integrity he gave direction to the conduct of every officer and clerk in the mint. On one occasion he was approached by an agent who offered him a bribe of six thousand pounds, which was refused. "There would be no dishonesty in taking it; you do not understand your own interests," said the go-between.

"I know well enough what my duty is and no bribes shall corrupt me," was the reply.

"But I come from a great duchess—you would not refuse so great a lady; besides she has power to advance the interests of those she chooses to favor," persisted the agent.

"I desire you to tell the lady, that if she were here herself and had made me this offer I would have desired her to go out of my house; and so I desire you or you shall be turned out," Newton answered. Oh! for a score or two of Isaac Newtons in our country now.

Our philosopher was raised above all pecuniary anxiety and honors increased. In 1701 he was again elected to parliament, defeating by a large majority a very popular opponent. On the 30th of November, 1703, he was chosen president of the Royal Society and annually re-elected while he lived. Queen Anne conferred knighthood upon him in 1705.

Newton's leading discoveries were fluxions, the laws of gravity, stated at length in his "Principia," and that light is not homogeneous but composed of differently colored rays of differing refrangibility. Modest in self-estimate, in writing to Hooke of some of his discoveries about light he said, "If I have seen farther it is by standing on the

shoulders of giants." He was slow to publish, fearing that he might be drawn into disputes; he was reluctant "to part with so substantial a blessing as" his quiet. "I see I have made myself a slave to philosophy" he wrote in 1676, "but if I get free of Mr. Linus' business I will resolutely bid adieu to it eternally, excepting what I do for my private satisfaction or leave to come out after me; for I see a man must either resolve to put out nothing new or to become a slave to defend it." Sir David Brewster was of the opinion that Newton brought upon himself the very trouble he wished to escape, since if he had published more promptly his discovery of fluxions he would have clearly established his priority of claim and avoided his bitter controversy with Liebnitz, a controversy which added one more to the many proofs that great men are seldom exempt from the petty failings of humanity.

We have seen Newton the boy, active, original and busy; Newton the student, absorbed, excelling; Newton the investigator, successful and honored; Newton the son, affectionate and attentive; Newton the public officer, energetic and incorruptible; what of Newton the Christian? Brewster, his principal biographer, says he "was a sincere and humble believer in the leading doctrines of our religion, and lived conformably to its precepts. . . He had been a searcher of the Scriptures from his youth, and found it no abrupt transition to pass from the study of the material universe to an investigation of the profoundest truths and the most obscure predictions of Holy Writ." The Scotch mathematician John Craig was a friend of Newton's, and in the year that the philosopher died wrote as follows: "His great application in his inquiries into nature did not make him unmindful of the great Author of nature. They were very little acquainted with him who imagine that he was so intent upon his studies of geometry and philosophy as to neglect that of religion and other things subservient to it. And this I know, that he was much more solicitous in his inquiries into the Christian religion than into philosophy." He "had read the ancient writers and ecclesiastical historians with great exactness, and had drawn up in writing great collections out of both; and to show how earnest he was in religion, he had written a long explication of remarkable parts of the Old and New Testament, while his understanding was in the greatest perfection."

December 30, 1691, "died Robert Boyle, illustrious as one of those who first broke ground as a pioneer in the great field of Natural Philosophy, and also a loyal servant in the household of Christianity. By his last will this great man founded forever a lecture in defense of the Christian faith against infidels, an order of philosophers who by that time mustered in great force up and down Christendom. . . . Such a lecture, therefore, consquently of necessity, such a lecture as Boyle now endeavored to raise up formed a *championship* on behalf of the Christian faith such as crowned heads appoint for the defense of disputed worldly pretensions. The annual endowment was £ 50 for each course of lectures. But the money was nothing; the responsibility the credit, the glory, lay in the weight and solemnity of the service. . . . On the 19th of February, 1692, Bentley was appointed to the office. The series of lectures which he preached in discharge of his duty is deservedly valued to this day. . . The lectures were triumphant."[1] When about to print his last two lectures, the seventh and eighth, Dr. Bentley, then a young man and chaplain to the Bishop of Worcester, having founded some of his arguments on the discoveries stated in Newton's Principia, wrote to the author for advice and assistance. In reply Newton returned the celebrated four Bentley letters which begin with these words; "When I wrote my treatise about our system, I had an eye upon such principles as might work with considering men for the belief of a Deity, and nothing can rejoice me more than to find it useful for that purpose. But if I have done the public any service this way, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought." In the second letter Newton says, "I am compelled to ascribe the frame of this system to an intelligent Agent." In

[1] DeQuincey; Article, Richard Bentley.

the seventh lecture Dr. Bentley acknowledged his obligation to the "most admirable sagacity and industry" of "that very excellent and divine theorist, Mr. Isaac Newton," and closed the course thus; "An eternal usefulness of things, an eternal good sense, cannot possibly be conceived without an eternal wisdom and understanding. But that can be no other than that 'eternal and omnipotent God, *that by wisdom hath founded the earth, and by understanding hath established the heavens*;' to Whom be all honor and glory and praise and adoration, from henceforth and forever more. Amen."

Newton brought to bear on his studies, scientific and religious, all the patience of the plodder, all the independence of the genius. Atheism was to him utterly senseless and unnatural. "Opposite to godliness," he declared, "is atheism in profession and idolatry in practice. . . . Can it be by accident that all birds, beasts, and men have their right side and left alike shaped (except in their bowels), and just two eyes and no more on either side of the face, and just two ears and no more on either side of the head, and a nose with two holes, and either four legs or two wings or two arms on the shoulders, and two legs on the hips and no more? Whence arises this uniformity in all their outward shapes but from the counsel and contrivance of an author? Whence is it that the eyes of all living creatures are transparent from the bottom, and the only transparent member in the body having on the outside a hard transparent skin, and within transparent humors with a crystalline lense, all of them so finely shaped and fitted for vision that no artist can mend them? Did blind chance know that there was light and what was its refraction, and fit the eyes of all creatures, after the most curious manner, to make use of it? These and such like considerations always have, and ever will prevail with mankind, to believe that there is a Being who made all things and has all in His power, and Who therefore is to be feared." This way, so plain that "the wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein," was also the way for this profound thinker. Further on in the paper cited above he wrote, "We are, therefore, to acknowledge one God, eternal, omnipresent, omnipotent, the Creator of all things, most wise, most just, most good, most holy. We must love Him, fear Him, honor Him, trust Him, pray to Him, give Him thanks, praise Him, hallow His name, obey His commandments and set times apart for His service as we are directed in the third and fourth commandments, for 'this is the love of God, that we keep His commandments and His commandments are not grievous.' I John v. 3."

This is Newton's advice to the searcher for the hid treasure: "1st. The study of the scriptures, in humility and singleness of heart. 2d. Prayer to the Father of Lights to enlighten him. 3d. Obedience to what is already revealed to him, remembering that the practice of what we do know is the surest way to more knowledge, our infallible guide having told us, 'If any man will do the will of Him that sent me, (His will) he shall know of the doctrine.' John vii, 17. 4th. We leave him to the advice and assistance of those whom he thinks best able to instruct him; no man or society of men having any authority to impose their opinions or interpretations on any other, the meanest Christian, since in matters of religion every man must know and believe and give account for himself.

Newton was sometimes the confidant of persons in religious perplexity. One whom he had helped wrote while alarmingly ill, that he thanked God that his "soul was extremely quiet," in which Newton had "the chief share" Another wrote; "I have done and will do my best while I live to follow your advice to repent and believe. I pray often as I am able that God would make me sincere and change my heart." This great scholar by precept and example led others to revere the God whom he adored. Voltaire in the first chapter of his Elements of the Philosophy of Newton says, "I remember that in many conferences I had with Dr. Clarke, the philosopher never pronounced the name of God but with a deliberation and reverence very remarkable. I avowed to him the impression it made on me; and he told me it was from Newton that he had insensibly acquired this custom, which ought to be, indeed, that of every one.

. . . All the philosophy of Newton conducts necessarily to the knowledge of a supreme Being, who has created all, arranged all without restraint. If matter gravitates, it has received gravity from God; if the planets turn one way rather than another, it is the hand of the Creator which has directed their course in that way, with perfect liberty."

A clergyman, the son of Newton's roommate at Cambridge, writing under date January, 1728, tells of charitable benefactions that had passed from the hands of Newton through those of his father and through his own, and adds, "We have been the dispensers of many dozens of Bibles sent by him for poor people, and I have many by me, sent by him for the same purpose." A member of his household said, "The book which was commonly lying before him and which he read at last, was a duodecimo Bible." Though an attendant on the worship of the established church, he repeatedly refused to take orders, when it would have been for his advantage to do so; he thought he could do more good as a layman and he could not subscribe to the thirty-nine articles without mental reservation.

Newton never married. When he was at Grantham he became attached to Miss Story, a step-daughter of Mr. Clark with whom he boarded, but it is supposed that lack of fortune prevented their union. The lady was twice married and lived to a good old age, but her quondam lover never lost his esteem for her; when he visited Woolsthorpe he always called upon her, and more than once sent her the pecuniary aid which she needed.

In Newton the imaginative faculty was almost extinguished by greater powers. He retained some taste for pictures, but specimens of the sculptors art he called "stone dolls." After he went to London to reside, he kept a carriage and six servants and gave elegant entertainments. His niece, Miss Barton, a lady of great beauty and talent, presided over his house. Affable in his manners and generous in his charities, he who gave away nothing while he lived did not give at all, he said. Newton was plain in his dress and temperate in his diet. When asked to take snuff or tobacco he refused saying, that he "would make no necessities for himself." He retained his faculties in an unusual degree in his old age, being able to read manuscript without spectacles to the last year of his life. A few weeks before his death he destroyed many manuscripts written with his own hand. As his strength failed his friends found it difficult to induce him to refrain from exertion. In his last illness he experienced violent fits of pain with very brief intervals, and though the drops of sweat ran down his face in the paroxysms, he never uttered a cry or complaint or displayed the least marks of impatience, but during the short intervals of relief would smile and talk with his usual cheerfulness. On Monday the twentieth of March, 1727, he expired without pain, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. On Tuesday the twenty-eighth the body lay in Jerusalem Chamber; from thence it was carried to Westminster Abbey and buried near the entrance of the choir on the left hand, the pall bearers being six noblemen, fellows of the Royal Society. In 1731 his relatives who inherited his personal estate erected a monument commemorative of Newton and his discoveries; it is one of the most prominent objects in the Abbey. On the fourth of July, 1755, a full length statue of the philosopher was placed in the anti-chapel of Trinity College, and at the south end of the college is a stained glass window representing George III. about to bestow a laurel chaplet on Newton, while Minerva stands by. The house where Newton was born is carefully preserved, a poetical inscription has been placed on the outside, and in the room where he first saw the light a marble slab has been put up, bearing the epitaph which Pope intended for the Westminster Abbey monument:

> Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
> God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light.

But Newton's grandest, most enduring memorial was his "Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy," commonly called "The Principia." Lord Brougham declared it to be "the greatest work ever composed by man." Even to understand it is above the average mind, so condensed are its state-

ments, so much did the author presume on the mathematical knowledge of his readers. When the second edition was being prepared for publication by Roger Cotes, Newton added at the close of the last book a scholium from which we extract the following; "This most beautiful system of the sun, planets and comets could only proceed from the counsel and dominion of an intelligent and powerful Being. And if fixed stars are the centers of other like systems, these, being formed by the like wise counsel, must be all subject to the dominion of One. . . . This Being governs all things, not as the soul of the world, but as Lord over all. . . . The supreme God is a Being eternal, infinite, absolutely perfect; but a Being however perfect, without dominion, cannot be said to be Lord God; . . . it is the dominion of a spiritual Being which constitutes a God; . . . and from His true dominion it follows that the true God is a living, intelligent and powerful Being; and from His other perfections that He is supreme, or most perfect. . . . . As a blind man has no idea of colors, so have we no idea of the manner by which the all-wise God perceives and understands all things. . . . We know Him only by His most wise and excellent contrivance of things and final causes; we admire Him for His perfections; but we reverence and adore Him on account of His dominion, for we adore Him as His servants."

"I know not what I may appear to the world," said Sir Isaac Newton, "but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." "We are diffident in the presence of nature. . . . We may nobly feel our own strength in the face of man's work." To his fellow scientists he appeared worthy of their "veneration," (Sir John Herschel) and to tread the paths of knowledge with a "gigantic walk."

Susan D. Nickerson.

MEG.

Margaret Neale, a girl of twenty or thereabouts, sat on a low broad stone near the edge of a cliff that over-hung the sea. Her features were irregular, but she had a certain dark, gipsy-like beauty of her own. Her brown stuff gown clung closely about her; her hat had fallen back and hung carelessly by the strings; a red woolen shawl was wrapped around her shoulders, one end trailing off over the scant, gray herbage. Her hands were clasped about her knees; there was a hard set look about the unsmiling mouth; and the eyes, that were sometimes most tender, had a dangerous light in them as they gazed steadfastly off over the darkening sea to the distant horizon, still red with the reflected glow of the sunset.

At a little distance, but with his back towards her, and his steel-blue eyes just as steadfastly bent in the opposite direction, stood Matthew Erickson, a handsome young fellow enough, in the rough dress of a miner, tall, strong and ruddy, with a full, curling, chestnut beard, and hair of the same rich color. A blue ribbon dangled from his left hand.

There had evidently been a quarrel; and a love quarrel in a straggling mining hamlet on the north-west coast of England, does not differ greatly from one in a scattered fishing hamlet on the eastern coast of Maine. Forms of speech may differ; but love and anger are much the same the wide world over. As for the queer, quaint dialect in which this especial pair of lovers poured forth their mutual grievances, no attempt will be made to reproduce it here. You may be sure they said "yo" for "you," and "towd" for "told," and "canna" for "cannot," and "ta" for "thou." But all

that shall be taken for granted—if not for your ease and comfort, at least for mine!

Tired of the silence at length, the young miner sauntered away with an air of assumed indifference, and picking up a handful of pebbles slowly tossed them, one by one, into the waves below. Margaret's eyes did not waver, but none the less did she follow every motion of his hand. Having watched the fall of his last pebble he came back and stood behind her, winding the ribbon round his finger to its evident detriment.

"So you will not wear it, Meg?" he said at last.

"No, I will not," she answered without turning her head. "Why do you vex me? There's no more to be said about it."

"But why, Meg?" and he laid his hand on her shoulder as with an attempt at conciliation. "Tell me why? Surely you can do no less."

"Because—because—I can't abide blue, Matt Erickson. It's hateful to me."

"But *I* like it, Meg! and if you cared for me you would be glad to wear a blue ribbon to the fair when I ask it."

"Why did you buy it?" she asked shortly; turning towards him by a hair's breadth. "Not to please me, that's sure!"

"Yes; to please you, and to please myself. Jenny wears ribbons as blue as her own eyes, and I am sure you cannot say they are not pretty. You are just stubborn, Meg."

Poor Matt! In his uneducated, masculine blindness he could not see that the delicate color that harmonized so well with his pretty cousin's pink and white cheeks and sunny curls, was utterly unsuited to his brown Meg, who needed rich, dark hues and warm reds to brighten her somewhat swarthy complexion.

And poor Meg! She had an instinctive sense of fitness that taught her this, but she was not wise enough to know how to explain it to her somewhat imperious lover. She could only say she "hated blue!"

Besides, Meg had carried a sore spot in her heart for two months; ever since this same cousin Jenny of Matt's came on a visit to Rysdyk. She was a dimpled, delicate little creature from the south—from near London, in fact—where, as Meg was very certain, everything was nicer and finer than in Lancashire. Jenny's hands were soft and white, and she had pretty gowns as befitted the daughter of a well-to-do farmer who kept men-servants and maid-servants. And she had a pair of real gold ear-rings and a lace scarf! Old Mother Marley said it was real lace, but of that Meg was not quite sure. That was a height of magnificence to which she was not certain even Jenny could attain. And Jenny had sweet little coaxing ways with her; and she was always purring round her cousin Matt, like a kitten; and—and—*she* wore blue ribbons! Meg would none of them.

She sat for a moment as if turned to stone. Then she blazed out,

"'Jenny!' 'Jenny!' I am tired of 'Jenny'! She has turned your head with her flirting ways like a butterfly, and her yellow hair and her finery. Give your blue ribbon to her and take her to the fair—for I'll not wear it!"

"And you'll not go to the fair either?" said Matt, in tones of suppressed passion. "Is that what you mean?"

"I'll not go with you," she answered, growing cool herself as he grew angry. "Yet it's likely enough that I may go. There are plenty of lads who would be glad to take me with no ribbons at all."

With a strong effort the young man put the curb upon his tongue, but his face darkened. "You will go with me or with no one, Meg," he said, "This is all nonsense—and we to be married next Michaelmas! But come," and he put out his hand to raise her from the stone," It grows dark."

Meg, still angry, but willing to be pacified if she must, allowed him to assist her, and stood beside her stalwart lover with burning cheeks and downcast eyes. She rather liked, on the whole, his tacit refusal to defend himself and his masterful way of telling her it was "all nonsense." But just at this moment, as ill luck would have it, a small brown paper parcel dropped from the folds of her shawl Matt stooped to pick it up. It burst open, and a yard or two of scarlet ribbon rippled over his fingers.

Now our poor Meg, not to be outdone by the fair Jenny, had bought this ribbon herself that very evening, meaning to wear it to the fair next week. But it so happened that when Matt went to Mother Marley's shop to buy his own blue love-token, he had found Dan Willis there—the only man in Rysdyk whose rivalship he had ever feared. And Dan was buying a ribbon precisely like this. Mother Marley had wrapped it in this very piece of paper Matt was sure, and he had seen Dan put it in his pocket and walk off with it.

And now, here it was! His gift was spurned then, and his rival's accepted; and all Meg's talk about Jenny was a mere subterfuge—an excuse for a quarrel.

It was easy to see, now, why she had been so irritable of late, and so prone to take offense. But a man could not stand everything, and if Meg preferred Dan Willis to him, why so be it.

Yet if she would not wear his love-token she certainly should not wear Dan's. He hardly meant to do it; he was sorry the next minute. But what he did, as the tide of passion swept him off his feet for an instant, was to wind the two ribbons into a knot and throw them vehemently into the sea.

"There!" he cried, "that 's settled, once for all."

"And something else is settled, too, Matt Erickson," retorted Meg, in a white heat. "There will be no marriage for us next Michaelmas, no marriage then or ever! You would strike me some day, for aught I know, if I should choose to wear a red knot rather thau a blue. I 'll not run the risk. I 'll have nothing more to say to you while the stars shine," and darting round the cliff, she was half way down to the beach before he ever thought of stopping her.

The next day Erickson, magnanimous, great-hearted fellow that he was, after all, having gotten over his pet began to look at their quarrel from Meg's stand-point. It occurred to him that he might have drawn uncalled for inferences. Dan Willis might have a dozen sweet-hearts who all liked red ribbons for aught he knew. And how like a fool he had behaved, losing his temper like a hot-headed boy, and throwing Meg's poor little trinkets over the cliff. No wonder she was afraid to trust him. More than one husband in Rysdyk was in the habit of beating his wife on as slight provocation as the hue of a ribbon; and it was not strange that a high-spirited girl like Meg should decline to run the risk after she had once seen him in a fury.

As for Jenny—she had come in between him and Meg. He could see it now. But she was going home the day after the fair, and he would see Meg that very night and tell her so. For he did not dream that all was indeed over between them. He could hardly wait for the hour to leave the mine.

He changed his soiled clothes, ate his supper hurriedly and was soon on his way to Meg, stopping as he went to buy another ribbon—red, this time, and broader and richer and handsomer than the one he had robbed her of.

Then he went on through the crooked, scattered little village, till he reached the Widow Neale's cottage just on the outskirts.

To his surprise he found the door locked and the shutters closed. As he stood still in his perplexity, a white headed urchin who was turning somersaults near by shouted "Ho you, Matt Erickson! It 's no good to wait there. The widow and Meg have gone away."

"Gone? Where?"

"Don 't know. To France, like enough—or to Ameriky—or to London—or somewheres. They took a big box and a bundle and they don 't know but they 'll stay forever 'n ever. Meg said so;" and making a rotating wheel of himself the lad vanished round the corner.

Just then the door of the nearest cottage opened and a woman's face looked out. It was growing dark.

Is it you, Erickson? There 's no one at home in the house there. But I have something here I was to give you when you came this way."

His face was stern and set and white in the fading light, as he took the little packet from the woman's hand.

"Where have they gone?" was all he said.

"I do n't just know. To visit some of their kinfolk a great way off," the widow said. "Oh! but she 's a close-mouthed one, she is—and Meg 's a bit like her. They 're not gossipy folk. You never get much out of them," she added with an injured air. "Not but I 've found them good neighbors enough; but they 're rather high and mighty for commoners."

As soon as he was out of sight Matthew Erickson opened the packet. He knew what was in it before he untied the knot. A string of curiously carved beads with a strange, foreign, spicy odor, that he had bought of a wandering sailor and fastened round Meg's neck one happy night; and two or three other trifles he had given her. And he found this note, slowly and painfully written, badly spelled perhaps, and not punctuated at all. But what of that? The meaning was plain enough; all too plain Matt thought, as he drew his hand across his eyes as if to clear his vision.

"I gave you back your troth last night. Here are the beads, and the silver piece, and the heron feathers. Now all is over between us." Here she had evidently hesitated a moment, wondering if her words were strong enough. For on the line below she had written, as with an echo from the prayer-book reverberating in her ears,

"Forever and ever, amen. Margaret Neale."

Not Meg, his Meg, his proud, high-spirited sweetheart—but Margaret—Margaret Neale! It set her at such an immeasurable distance from him. "All is over between us." As if she were dead, and buried out of his sight. And he had spoken to James Ray about the snug cottage beyond the bay; and they were to have been married at Michaelmas!

He knew enough of the widow Neale's habits to ask no more questions of the neighbors. As one of them had said, she was close-mouthed. He knew she had a sister living in Scotland for whom Meg was named; but where even he did not know. Scotland was like a distant, foreign land to the people in Rysdyk. But the widow had money enough to go to Scotland or farther if she wished, even on such short notice. She had never worked in the mines, neither had Meg. She had a comfortable annuity, left her by her old mistress; for she had served in a great family before she married John Neale.

Month after month passed. Michaelmas was over, the winter came and went, and Rysdyk knew no more of her or of Meg than when they left. The silence, the void, grew unendurable to Matt. With the early spring he carried into effect what had been the one dream of his life before he learned to love Meg. America was the land of promise for miners as well as others; and had he not a friend who worked in the great iron mines at Ishpeming, on the shores of the wonderful northern lake that was itself almost as large as all England? He had no father or mother, only a half uncle whose house had been the only home he had ever known.

What better could he do than to seek work and forgetfulness together, where there would be nothing to remind him of the past?

So, when one fine morning nearly a year after her sudden flitting, the neighbors awoke to find the door of Widow Neale's cottage ajar and the shutters open, the first bit of news Meg heard was that Matt Erickson had gone to America.

It struck her like a blow. Now indeed he had dropped out of her life, as utterly as months since she had dropped out of his. For she, too, had had time to repent. Almost before the blue hills of Scotland had dawned upon her sight she had repented in dust and ashes. How foolish she had been, like a child who throws away its bread in a pet and goes to bed hungry. Why had she not worn the blue ribbon to please her lover even if she did not like it? As for Jenny—but what nonsense was that! she would have been ashamed of Matt if he had not been kind to her.

To be sure he had been cross and had thrown away her ribbon. But then he was a man—and men were strong and masterful and could not bear contradiction, and she had angered him by her foolish persistence.

Ah! if she could but undo it all and have her tall, brave, handsome lover back again.

She would have turned round and gone back to Rysdyk the very next day if she could have had her way. But a journey was a journey to people of their rank and condition, and her mother, who had taken it to please her and somewhat against her own will, was not to be blown about like a feather by her caprices. She had suspected a love-quarrel was at the bottom of Meg's sudden and impetuous desire to go immediately on a visit to her Aunt Margaret in Kilmarnock. But once being there the old lady was determined to have "the worth of her money" before she went back. She could not afford to go jaunting round the country, she said, as if she were the queen herself with all parliament at her back. When she had had her visit out she would go home, and not before. Meg was a good girl but she was a bit hot-tempered. This lesson would do her good.

But why, do you ask, did not Meg write to her lover, if she felt she had been in the wrong? Ah, why do not wiser ones than she always do the best thing, the right thing? Besides, she was a woman, and a proud one. After having discarded her lover she would not forthwith fall at his feet and ask him to marry her. But, ah! she thought, as the long, slow days wore on, if she were only with him again, if she could but look upon his face once more, he would know all without the telling.

There was another reason. Writing was a hard and unaccustomed task. She could not talk with her pen. Sometime, if the good God would let her see Matt face to face, she might be able to explain. But she could not write.

And now, after all the months of waiting, she was back in Rysdyk, but he—he was in America.

It was as if he had gone out of the world. One day she went to the rectory and asked Miss Agnes to let her look at a map of America. The young lady did so, and showed her England, also, and the wide waste of waters that lay between the two. What a speck England was, to be sure! Then she asked to be shown Lake Superior, and Miss Agnes pointed it out, wonderingly. How far it was! As far from the sea board, almost, as the width of the Atlantic itself.

She turned away with a long, shuddering sigh. Hope was dead within her. Matthew Erickson had gone out of her little world into another of which she knew nothing. He would have been nearer if he had been dead.

Once in a while, as the years went on, at rare intervals news of him came back to Rysdyk. He was well; he had fair wages, though gold was not to be had for the gathering in America any more than in England; he had been promoted and had charge of a gang of men. At length there was a long interval of silence. Then came floating rumors of ill; then after a while a letter in a strange hand-writing, a letter to his uncle, who had died three weeks before it came. There had been a bad accident in the mines—an explosion; and in the effort to save others Matthew Erickson had himself received dangerous injuries. No one thought he could live. But now, after months, he was slowly recovering, if recovery it could be called. For he was blind. The poisonous vapors had destroyed his sight.

It was five years since he went away—five years that had brought many changes to Meg. It was a sobered, thoughtful woman, not a hot-tempered girl, who knelt by the Widow Neale's side a week after the letter came and said:

"Mother, have I been a good, faithful child to you these many years?" Her mother looked at her wonderingly. Two quiet woman living alone, they were not in the habit of being over demonstrative.

"A good child? Why do you ask that, Meg? There 's not a better in all Lancashire!"

"Have I ever vexed you or given you sorrow? Tell me mother."

"No," said the Widow Neale slowly. "Only—it vexes me that you will not marry, An old maid's no good, and you know that two of the best men in Rysdyk worship the very ground you tread on this day. I call no names and I say nothing. A woman must answer for herself. But I wish you were married. Meg. I've saved up a good penny for your dowry; you know that."

"Yes," she said, her lips quivering.

"Whatever was the reason you did not have Matt Erickson?" her mother went on querulously. "You'd have been a proud wife now, and he here, hale and hearty."

With a quick gasp Meg threw up both arms, and then buried her face in her mother's lap, sobbing vehemently while the latter sat aghast, half frightened at the storm she had unwittingly raised. At last she touched her daughter's hair softly.

"Don't, Meg," she said. "I did not mean it."

But Meg only drew the wrinkled hands about her neck and let her tears flow unchecked. At length she looked up.

"It was I who drove him away—Matt Erickson," she said. "We had a little quarrel, just a few idle words about a ribbon, and I told him in my silly anger I would have no more to say to him while the stars shone. And now they do not shine for him for he is blind—blind. O mother, I cannot live, I cannot bear it!"

"Yes you will live, child," the widow answered quickly. "We can bear anything, we women. Your father was brought in to me dead—killed in these mines when you were scarce three years old, my Meg, and I am alive yet."

But this is worse than death," she cried passionately. "Mother, do you hear? He who was my plighted husband is blind, in a far, strange country. I must go and bring him home, home to Rysdyk."

She had risen from her mother's arms, and stood before her in the moonlight, pale, resolute, with her hands clasped rigidly. "Give me my dowry, mother, and let me go," she said. "Do not deny me this thing. I am well and strong and, if I do say it, I am quick-witted. I can make my way. I shall come back safely. Let me go, mother!"

"It is not your place, Meg. Let some one else go."

"Who? Tell me that! Has he father or brother or uncle? Who is there to go?'

"But—its not right maidenly to go off after a lover, Meg. What will the folks say? And—would you marry a blind man?"

"Maidenly? It is maidenly to do right," said Meg sturdily, her brown cheek flushing. "What do I care for the folk? I'm not a young girl to drop my eyes and be shamefaced because folk will *talk*. They always talk. And as for marrying—it is not of marriage I am thinking now; it is of bringing Matt Erickson—he whom I drove away by my ill doings—back safe to his own country—"

She hesitated a moment and then went on: "But I'll not play false with you, mother. He'll not ask me to marry him. But I shall know. If he wants me, after all that's past, he shall have me, and I'll take care of him till I die."

Their talk lasted far into the night. But with it we have no more to do, nor with the details by which a little money was to be made to go a great way. For, after many tears, the widow consented that Meg should take her dowry and spend it as she chose. If they had been more worldly-wise they would have known how to accomplish their purpose through the agency of others. As it was, they saw no other way than for Meg to do herself the thing she wanted done.

Oh, that weary, weary journey! Why was the world so wide, the way so long? Meg kept up a brave heart until the boisterous ocean was crossed, and she had made her way as far as Buffalo, where she had been told to take the steamer for Marquette. It seemed to her that she had traveled the width of the whole wide earth already, since her foot first fell upon the soil of the strange, new world.

"Is this Lake Superior, sir," she asked timidly of a policeman, as she left the cars and saw the waters of Lake Erie stretching away in the distance. "And can you tell me, are we near Ishpeming?"

"Oh, no, my girl, this is Erie. Lake Superior is way up north, hundreds of miles from here. Ishpeming? Never heard of such a place. But here's your steamer if you're going up that way."

Her heart sank like lead. Would she ever, ever reach the end? All day and day after day she sat silently in the bow of the boat, gazing steadily forward. On, on, till Erie was passed,—on through lovely St.

Clair with its softly rounded shores and fairy islands,—then up through Lake Huron, still struggling up, as it were, past towering, frowning heights, past stretches of interminable forest, past rocky headlands, past sandy beaches, through tortuous channels and devious ways, into the wild rapids of the Sault St. Marie. Then at last Superior! grand, weird, majestic in its awful silences, sweeping on between its mighty, far-stretching shores, dark as the ocean, resistless as the grave.

Where was she going? Would she ever find Matt? Sailing on and on—penetrating nature's secret places, where the foot of man had never trodden. So it seemed to her. Could human kind live in these vast, wild wildernesses?

It was like a new birth when after many days the steamer entered the beautiful bay of Marquette, and the fair young city rose before her astonished eyes, its white cliffs gleaming in the sun, its green shores sweeping downward to the water's edge. She was near her goal at last.

For Ishpeming was but twenty miles away up the railroad, and thither she went by the first train. How rough and wild it all was! And how the charred and blackened pine trees towered aloft like grim giants, and pointed their ghastly fingers at her as she swept through their solitudes!

"Can you tell me where to find a man called Matthew Erickson?" she asked of the depot-master, trembling from head to foot.

"Erickson? Erickson? Blown up in the mines a year or so ago was n't he? He stays at Sam Ayres, the Englishman's I believe. Just yer go round that corner, ma'am, then turn to the right and go up the hill—or stay! Let me lock up here and I'll go with you. Ever been in Ishpeming before? No? I thought you looked like a stranger in these parts."

He left her at Sam Ayres' gate, having opened it gallantly when he saw that her cold fingers were unfit to do her bidding. A kindly-faced woman came to the door and bade her welcome.

Meg's story was soon told.

"And you have come alone all this long way to take Erickson home again?" her eyes filling. "God bless you, dear, for I'm sure He sent you. We 've done the best we could for him, but—you are his sister?

"No. I'm a friend—a neighbor. There was no one else," she said simply.

"What's your name? I'll tell him."

"No matter about the name; say a friend from the old country."

The woman came back presently,

"Be careful," she said, "he's weak yet. But I want to tell you something just to keep your heart up, for he looks like a ghost. There was a great doctor from New York up here last week to look at his poor eyes, and he told Sam there was a chance for him yet—just one chance in a hundred."

"Does he know it?" asked Meg, tremulously, her color coming and going. She was but a woman after all. Only blindness would have brought her there.

"No, and you must not tell him. The doctor said so most particular. Will you go up now?"

He had been sitting in the sun by the low window all day, brooding, brooding. They had been very kind to him, these people, but even kindness wears itself out after awhile. What was to become of him? The wages he had laid up were wasting away. The early northern winter would soon set in. He shivered as he thought of the fierce winds, the pitiless, drifting snows. There was nothing a blind man could do here. If he were only at home in Rysdyk! Would Meg be sorry for him, he wondered, if she knew how desolate he was, how lonely in this strange land? If he were at home he could learn to weave baskets like old Timothy. Here he was just a dead weight.

'Some one to see him from the old country?'

He turned his sightless eyes towards the door where Meg was entering noiseless as a spirit, and his face kindled eagerly. Noiselessly she closed the door behind her. He was so changed, so white and worn, that her own heart stopped its pulsations for a moment. She feared any sudden shock might overcome him. She dared not speak lest he should know her voice. Strange that she had not thought of this before!

He put out his hand vaguely, feeling the presence that he could not see.

"You are very welcome," he said. "But I do not know who it is. Who are you?"

He thought it was some kindly Englishman, who having heard of his misfortunes had come to speak a word of cheer and comfort.

She gave him her hand, still silently. A woman's hand! A swift thrill shot through his frame, and his face flushed. Holding herself still with a mighty effort, Meg knelt by his side, laying her head upon his knee.

His hand touched her hair, her forehead, her lips. She gave a low cry, trembling like a leaf.

"Speak to me, quick," he whispered hoarsely.

"Matt!"

"O Meg, Meg, my Meg!"

Julia C. R. Dorr.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

Since the days of Horace, and very likely of Adam also, people have thought it a serious misfortune not to be able to see into the future. Always pressing close up to the thick vail which never lifts nor parts, but only keeps moving as they advance, they would give almost any thing to know just what may be lying on its other side. Supposing they could foresee what the next week or month will produce—how much better, they fancy, might they lay their plans, and calculate their interests, and ensure their success. If they could but possess the prophetic as well as historic sense, they would then be so much more competent to look after their affairs and protect themselves from damage. Is that quite certain? So far from this, it is very certain that this heavy vail is hung in precisely the right place, and that its removal would be a positive evil. As the days average, whether for good or bad, it is quite enough to live one day at a time.

If we could do more than this, we should lose both a pleasurable stimulant to curiosity and a valuable spur to activity. Since our great ancestress made so poor a use of this faculty, many persons seem to think it very wrong to indulge a curious disposition at all. That is a mistake. This part of our nature is indispensable to its efficient working—the Paul Pry variety is only its absurd exaggeration. It excites desire to make acquaintance with new things, to find out more than we already know. It is an inquisitiveness, that is, an inquiring spirit, which asks too many questions sometimes; but if there were no questions, there would be no answers. Interrogation-points have their use, as well as the restful, dignified period—ask Stanley and the heart of Africa. It starts a man on his travels to create new facts, new conditions of humanity, by discovering them. It cannot be content with a dull monotony of experience, but seeks for a like variety in daily life which nature gives us in its changing moods. It is wonderful how little sameness there is in the processes of the material world. If one will take pains to notice it, he will find that hardly two successive hours, much less days, run on in an unvarying course. More or less light is all the while shifting the tone and the shading of the landscape. The clouds are continually altering their endlessly variant contours. So of a stretch of country. In a few miles ride, the road will take you through forests, over cultivated plains, beside running waters, across difficult ridges of hill or mountain. Even the uniformity of the ocean solitude has its changes. All this responds to the cravings of our minds, our tastes. It is a constitutional source of happiness. It stimulates us to find new outlets to the life within us; to conceive some fresh idea; to start some unhackneyed topic; to arouse some new sensation. You are walking or riding on a

road which has lost its attractiveness because you know every foot of it by heart: but here opens a dim, bosky wood-path into the thickets, and you push into its untried recesses with a quickening zest, caring little whether it lead you homeward or not. You are on a voyage of discovery. This is the charm of a new book, and of ten thousand unfamiliar things. Doubtless there is danger in this capacity of excitement. It needs to be managed more cautiously than Pandora's box was handled. But if danger be the question, where shall we go to escape its evil chances?

What, now, would become of all this gratification of aroused and rewarded curiosity, if we knew beforehand what were coming? We have read our book by simply reading its title-page. We have made our journey by merely packing our valise. We anticipate the next hour and the next, not with the exhilaration of a pleased uncertainty, but with the unemotional sobriety of a full vision and its unrolling incidents. This would appear to be a dull way of getting on in the world. At first blush it may seem that the certainty of such foresight would compensate for the deadening of expectation. It might for a brief time. But soon, you would tire of the very knowledge which you had unwisely coveted, and would pray for the curtain to be dropped again, as travelers in polar lands tire of the six months summer sunshine. Milton's charming line—

"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new,"

gets shockingly travestied by our witty paragraphists; but its delicate crystal holds very much of the best wine of life.

This ignorance of the future gives us not a few happy surprises in escaping anticipated troubles. To be sure, we cannot say but to-morrow will fill our individual firmanent with driving storms. The very warmth and glow of to-day may be ominous of a trying change of weather. And this may come to add another to the many tempestuous days of the past. We are almost certain of it, the signs look so unpromising. But these may fail, and instead of a dark morrow, it may be as bright as yesterday. How welcome are such escapes from our fears! And we have many of them, when we emerge from critical occasions so differently from our calculations. We experience an elation, an expansion of feeling, an accession of courage and confidence, which is like a sudden lift from some deep, dismal glen to a commanding hill-top. A doubtful affair has turned out better than we expected. There is a clear profit of joyous sensations from threatened loss. The snare is broken, and we are not caught in it.

As a lesson in the art of comfortable living, it might be well for us to cast up in our memory, how many of these happy disappointments, as they are sometimes, but incorrectly called, we have had. It might disclose a large amount of real enjoyment which could not have been ours, if we had foreknown what the issue would be. The familiar examples of Jacob and of Job are ever memorable, as they are most beautiful illustrations of an evening all the brighter because of a long day of trouble which seemed only the precursor of a yet blacker night. But the sunset was fine, and the moon and the stars clear and gemlike on those eastern heavens. You saw nothing but a premature grave as the issue of a dear friend's fever; but a kind providence spared the sufferer, and your family circle is entire. Your boy, who crossed the continent years ago, to find or make a fortune, was long given over as lost to any further home life under the old roof. But, one day, he came back, a stalwart man, to tell you that he had not forgotten the "days o' auld lang syne." You knew not how deep a joy awaited you—all the more gladsome because so unlooked for. There are thousands of our people now who are getting quite contentedly happy in moderate accommodations, who once fancied that anything short of a palatial mansion must be a positive misery, at least to them. And when hard times sold them out of their elegant house and grounds and equipage under a savings-bank mortgage, they fully believed that the light of joy was for them forever eclipsed. But it is already really beginning to seem rather a nice thing to be rid of the endless care and bother which used to come of looking after so much outdoors and in-doors magnificence. They have got down much

nearer to what common sense recognizes as "solid comfort," than in those palmier years. It was a spill along the road not unlike the typical catastrophe of the deacon's "one hoss shay;" but it spilled them roughly into a better condition both for the soul and body, as they are coming to realize. Recount the most satisfactory hours of enjoyment, and we shall wonder to find so many of them like the clear shining after the rain.

This vailing of the future is a very great blessing, as it hides from us the approach of troubles which we cannot avoid. Ignorance of these is desirable as long as it is possible. One may think that by contemplating the nearer and nearer coming of calamity, the mind and feelings would be strengthened to encounter its inevitable outbursts; that it would be best to know the worst at once, so as to make calculations accordingly. When misfortune actually is upon us, it is best to find out the worst of it as soon as we can. There is a kind of relief when we can measure the whole magnitude of what we must bear. But this is a different thing to the foretelling of adversity which has not yet begun, which may be at a considerable distance, though sure to arrive. If we could foresee some affliction that another month or year will lay on us, the probability is that it would unnerve the spirit, depress its fortitude, lessen its power of resistance, do us greatly more harm than benefit.

The unexpectedness of sorrow is quite as benevolent a dispensation as the suddenness of pleasure. If trouble must alight, then let it come without preliminary notice, as it is very apt to. You incline to demur, and to say that if you had been sure of its infliction you would have been ready to receive it. Would you? Suppose then an intimation or a premonition which you absolutely accredit should announce that, a week from to-day, tidings will arrive of the death of an absent relative whom you devotedly love. For a week there is to be not a doubt of the bereavement. Then this assurance of loss and grief only brings the distress and agony just so much sooner upon you. Its anticipation plunges you into wretchedness, and then the flood of the accomplished sorrow sweeps over you. I fail to see what advantage could be in this elongation of suffering. If, instead of knowing positively that trouble is ahead, one were put under the suspense of a strong probability of its befalling, this would make the case hardly better; for suspense like that is usually thought to be even more annoying than certainty itself.

We look into many delightful homes, and are saddened by the reflection how bitter are the reverses which may fall to their lot. But to-day beams with happiness. This is an actual good, to be enjoyed with thanks to God the giver of all good gifts. Shall the father, the husband be stricken down to-morrow; the wife, the child be snatched from the embrace of love? Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof; the morrow will take thought for the things of itself. This is not the language of reckless indifference to the serious tide of life; it lies at a wide remove from both the ancient and modern pagan epicurianism—

> "Happy the man, and happy he alone,
> He, who can call to-day his own:
> He who, secure within, can say,
> To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day."

It is not this; but a reasonable Christian trust in the care and help of the Disposer of each day's history. God conceals the future in benignant wisdom. Bright hours are for enjoyment without spoiling them with boding fears of their being just at the vanishing point. They may be almost spent. The next turn of the wheel may be far under into blank desolation. But it will not unfit us to endure such a sudden change that we did not look for it; that, up to its very outbreak, we rationally and gratefully were making the most of our blessings. A tree smitten in a moment by the electric bolt, with all its leafy grace upon it, is sad enough to see. But yet more so is it to behold it dying by inches — dead at the top, in the limbs, in the trunk, by a creeping decay — a not very unfair type of people who are always borrowing trouble.

There is valuable discipline to our truest life in this very uncertainty of which so many complain. It gives constant scope to the exercise of prudence, judgment, firmness.

It tasks our best power to meet the conditions of such an existence. It affords full play to personal freedom, while it continually reminds of a Power behind the vail which we are constrained to reverence. I cannot tell what may be the next thing on the programme. The decision of this is in hands concealed from all mortal light. My calculations and endeavors may be reversed, defeated. But I must plan as wisely, and act as vigorously as if every thing turned on my single will. This is a remarkable fact in the human soul — the sense of personal responsibleness in the foreground, conjoined with that shadowy back-ground of the Divine control of us and ours. Just here, upon the border line of these blending agencies, lies the ground of individual human discipline—our every-day working field, with the clear light of heaven gleaming broadly over it, and the shadows also of the great cloud of, God's mystery falling somberly across it. It takes a thorough manliness, which in its true quality is little else than a sincerely Christian spirit, to meet the demands of a probation like this.

The cultivation of a genuine, not a spurious humility, enters largely into the right training of human nature—so many even of the pagan moralists have said. It is not easy to see what should more directly conduce to this than the uncertainty which hangs over every future movement of our lives. We cannot, if we would, get rid of a sense of dependence upon a higher will than ours—this grows directly out of our conscious want of full control over our own destinies. Why not, then, quietly accept the facts, and admit that we are not gods, but only mortals? Within certain limits we have power and administration. Beyond them we are only infants or very young children, trying to find our way through dimly lighted rooms. One unconditioned, unlimited alone is there. Our best honor is ever to walk meekly as in His perpetual presence. "Be clothed with humility," is not only a Christian precept: it is the spontaneous feeling of a human heart everywhere, that has any right knowledge of itself. It does not come from contrasting or comparing one's self with other people. It does not really humble one to look upon a king. It is a very abject sort of lowliness that should cower at his feet. But it is noble and worthy for the soul of any man to bow in profoundest lowliness at the idea of the Infinite; thus ever to await His lifting the curtain of all the to-morrows of all the cycles of an already begun eternity. This kind of humility is always healthful. It brings the exaltation, by a moral necessity, of those who cheerfully accept it. Its valley skirts the foothills of "the delectable mountains." Its signature and its seal is Peace. "Peasant of the lowliest class," or prince, such an one can hardly be other than

> "——a man of cheerful yesterdays,
> And confident to-morrows."

J. T. Tucker.

A CURIOUS PHENOMENON OF THE PLAINS.

I have had to-day an opportunity of noticing one of the most curious sights of this new country. Our landscape has been transformed and glorified by the mirage. As in other dry and flat countries remarkable appearances of this sort are common on these plains, especially in the spring; but in a residence of several months in Colorado I have seen nothing comparable to this last display. To convey an idea of how completely a natural scene may be changed by the refraction of light, I will describe our landscape as it usually appears.

The South Platte River after flowing directly north for fifty miles from Denver describes, in turning eastward, an almost exact arc of a circle ten miles in length, beginning between the villages of Evans and Greeley. Two miles south of the middle of this curve is situated the little cattle ranch

in which I am wintering with two friends from the East. Around us spread the rolling plains covered with alternate patches of cactus and the yellow, curling, buffalo grass and here and there tracts of sage brush. To the eye of a "tenderfoot" (*i. e.* in the dialect of Colorado a new comer) this grass looks as if it would be starvation diet for a goat, it is so low and sparse and seems so seared by drought. On first entering the Plains by the Kansas Pacific road I drew down the wrath of a Coloradian travelling companion by remarking that the grass looked like "poor picking" for the cattle which we were passing. "It is the richest grass in the world," he replied indignantly and with perfect truth. Such is the vegetation that surrounds us and covers all the vast extent of country called the Plains.

Far away to the east we dimly discern a low line of sandy bluffs along the Platte. The plains, of course, are treeless, but along the course of the distant river are seen at some points the tops of the cotton-wood trees that grow thickly in the bottom lands —the most striking feature which the eye meets until it rests on the mountains in the west. The Rocky Mountain range, outlined against the sky in dazzling white and sloping down in delicate shades of blue, is in sight for two hundred miles of its length and redeems our view from all reproach of monotony. Nearest of the high mountains and most conspicuous among them are the two sharp cones of Long's Peak. One hundred and twenty-five miles away in the south-east the range seems to terminate in the low, blue pyramid of Pike's Peak. It is very low and very blue but marvelously clear for so great a distance. Every one has heard of the amazing clearness of Colorado air, and yet it is an astonishment to every new comer. Long's Peak is about sixty miles from us as the crow flies, but when it is viewed in the early morning light it seems impossible to harmonize the testimony of one's eyes with the map, for not only is the outline seen, but every striking ridge and rift on its jagged sides is perfectly clear.

In this neighborhood there is not the loneliness of the remoter plains. The nearest ranch is but two miles away and two other habitations are easily distinguished in the distance.

It is on such a prospect as this that we usually look out from our pleasant but solitary winter home, but now the plain has long been white with snow, for this has been a winter of extraordinary severity in Colorado.

The distant bluffs and cotton-wood clumps, the mountains and the plains, were never more beautiful and clear than in the cold still air at sunrise this morning, when the sun came up attended by clouds enough to make his rising gorgeous. At half-past ten o'clock the necessary but very irksome housework, which devolves upon three bachelors living alone on a ranch, was completed and we started from the house to saddle up and go about the more congenial out-door occupations—one to search for lost cattle, another to hunt one of the herds of antelope which are constantly grazing within sight and from which our larder is kept well stocked. On leaving the house a decided change in temperature was noticed. A glance at my thermometer, which at sunrise had stood at zero, showed a rise of thirty-five degrees. But temperature and every kindred thought was suddenly put out of mind by a loud cry of astonishment from one of my companions—"Look at the mirage!" It is a strange sensation to see a landscape which has become indelibly photographed on the mind from months of familiarity suddenly transfigured before the eyes. It is almost as damaging to one's sense of the fixedness of things as to feel the solid earth quivering beneath the feet. To such an extent was the prospect changed that the low line of sand hills in the east rose almost to the proportions of a mountain chain, and most striking of all was the rise into view of the line of wooded cotton lands along the great curve of the Platte extending for ten miles north, east and west of us. Instead of a few low clumps of distant tree tops, it seemed as though the plain was hedged in on three sides by a great forest. Six miles away in the west we saw the flowering mill at Evans with the white plume of steam from its engine raised into sight as if it stood upon a hill, though it is usually hidden by

an intervening height of the rolling prairie. A great number of ranches scattered over the more thickly settled country to the west were brought before our eyes. The mirage seemed not only to make visible these buildings that stand five or six miles away from us, but also to magnify them and bring them very near. Even the mountain range seemed to gain in height from the mirage. But all the wonder of the strange sight was not apprehended at one glance. While we looked the scene began to change before our eyes. The trees and buildings in the west, which before had seemed to have an unnatural height, began to lose it, but beneath each object appeared its own inverted image as if they were reflected from the surface of a vast and placid lake, except that the inverted images were greatly exaggerated in length. It is this phase of the phenomenon which has given the name and which every summer deceives inexperienced travelers on these vast, dry plains, as in the Arabian deserts, into the belief that they are near large bodies of water at times when they and their horses are parched with thirst. These inverted images were seen in the west: looking towards the north we saw only the dense, continuous hedge of trees apparantly of gigantic size; but as we stood watching them the enormous trees began to assume a variety of distorted shapes. As seen in a field-glass some trunks seemed twisted into spirals; others were bent to a bow-shape, and many assumed all sorts of irregular and indescribable curves. As we watched the strange appearances we could observe at certain points the refracting strata of air drifting with the wind, distorting the objects before which they passed and then leaving them with their natural appearance. The mirage was not a momentary or rapidly passing vision: we watched till we were tired the various phases through which the landscape was passing, and it was more than an hour before things settled down again to their usual appearance.

These sudden changes of scene sometimes occur in such a place and time as to be startling to an old inhabitant of Colorado long accustomed to the mirage. The towns of Evans and Greeley stand four miles apart, but are hidden from each other's view by one of the highest elevations of land in this rolling country. An Evans man tells me that it is not long since the people of that town were summoned from their houses to see the town of Greeley rising over the hill. Greeley is a large, well-built village with broad, straight streets thickly shaded—a pretty oasis in this treeless country. It never was more beautiful than when it was thus held high before the astonished eyes of the people of Evans. Not only the streets, churches and public buildings were visible, but the dwellings and trees could be distinguished.

The great altitude of this region, the extreme dryness of the air and earth and the proximity of the mountain chain, make conditions on which depend the movements of the air and changes of weather quite different from those we find in the East; and the mirage is but one of many strange aërial phenomena that surprise the "tenderfoot" in Colorado.

Alfred Terry Bacon.

THE YEAR.

There is nothing upon the earth by which the year can be measured, for while human events and even the physical changes of the earth may mark eras of time, they fail to measure its flight in duration.

To understand the time of the recurrence of the seasons was an early necessity of the human race, for when man went forth to eat bread in the sweat of his brow, the Tree of Knowledge bore in its forbidden fruit no inspiration when to sow and reap.

To measure time was evidently the first problem the infant raee attempted, and not until it was worn and gray with the weight

of nearly six thousand years was the solution gained, so difficult was the task to grapple with it, and so tardy the perfected result. Man, doubtless at a very early period of his labors, learned that he must seek ultra-mundane objects, something without and beyond the earth, to be his primary aid in this great but most essential work.

The moon, from its prominence among the heavenly bodies and the ease with which it could be observed, was probably the first object to which the primeval explorer turned for aid in his computations. But the phases and phenomena attending this body were as perplexing as wonderful, and soon revealed to man that they had no direct bearing upon summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, and he soon learned that to the genial influence of the sun was due the ripened fruitage of the autumn time; hence to trace the course of that body was the first great lesson to be learned.

The stars soon discovered themselves to be the windows which lighted man while measuring the pathway of the sun. Few and rude were the first astronomical instruments used. A perforated vessel with a receiver beneath, twelve smaller vessels and pure water were the aids to man in making his first observations; and with these the Zodiac was marked out, the sun's apparent course and approximate time noted, and a dial of the solar year, though imperfect, marked out.

How early man followed the chariot of the sun by the pathway of the stars to measure time is unknown with any degree of accuracy. A Zodiac found in the ruins of Estne in Egypt commences in Virgo; thus placing the summer solstice where the autumnal equinox now is, which would carry us back to the threshold of creation, far beyond the historic age into the region of conjecture.

But, as we have said, the dial was very imperfect. The sun pursued its course with unvarying exactness, and man followed on, bearing his year with unequal, false and faltering steps. The Egyptians, Phœnicians and Chaldeans in vain tried to hold the year by stellar computations. To the Egyptian the great event of the year was the overflowing of the Nile, which took place at the time the star Sirius appeared in the East at early dawn, and for a long time this star was the herald of the new year. And still man failed to make the year keep pace with the sun. It slowly but surely swung backward, and as early as 1500 B. C.—about the time of the Exodus—the Egyptian year commenced near the autumnal equinox, or late in September, and one hundred years later, Hermes, an Egyptian astronomer, added five days to the year, which had previously contained but three hundred and sixty days.

After the Exodus of the Hebrews and their establishment as a separate nation, all their religious rites were performed and their festivals held by Divine guidance, and the year was ingenuously regulated by these feasts. Now the Jews were commanded to keep the Feast of the Passover at the commencement of their sacred year, and the Feast of Tabernacles was held at the beginning of their civil year. The first of these great festivals began on the fourteenth of Nisan,—which month corresponded to a part of March and April,—and was at the first full moon after the vernal equinox, the month commencing at the new moon previous, or at the time the new moon appeared, for the Jews referred all the time of the "silent moon," as they termed the period of the moon's disappearance, to the old moon. The Feast of Tabernacles, which was held their civil year, took place in the middle of Tizri,—a portion of September and October, and with these two festivals unalterably fixed the intervening time regulated itself accordingly, and intercalations were resorted to whenever the year fell short of these seasons. The year in the aggregate appears to have been managed by the priests, but without special inspiration or Divine intervention.

The moon appears to have been of but little use in tracing the cycle of the year among the ancient nations. Astrology early attributed to it a baneful influence, and seers and diviners observed its changes more carefully than did the astronomer and the mathematician. Its different phases were the source of unending wonder, which cul-

minated in frantic horror whenever an eclipse occurred, while all accurate observation was impossible owing to the fact that it is invisible a part of its course, and as late as 550 B. C. there was no purely lunar year in use. The Arabs from the time of Mahomet, 632 A. C., and in fact all Moslem nations have used a lunar year.

That the older nations of the earth *did* attain to much accurate astronomical knowledge is very evident from the fragments we glean along the past; but this knowledge was attained by a very few; for the scholars of the early ages guarded their lore with jealous care. In olden Egypt learning assumed the name of mystery; yet the historian vainly gropes in the night of the forgotten past to find the dawn of this nation, and to fix the time when the alphabet of science was first written. The pyramids antedate history, and it is reasonable to suppose that even those structures were used for astronomical purposes as well as mausolea, as they face the cardinal points and the interior passages correspond to certain astronomical lines. It is a fact that from its zodiacal record alone can the chronology of ancient Egypt be even guessed at. It was a grand idea to write the position of the heavenly bodies in ornamental characters upon the imperishable stone as the Egyptian did. How extended was their knowledge and how accurately they marked out the year in those pre-historic times must probably remain unknown. That there was an intercourse between ancient Egypt and Greece mythology clearly reveals. Like the Egyptians the Greeks used a solar year, and their astronomical knowledge was probably gained from Egyptian teachers.

Sacred writings declare that the Hebrew law-giver "was skilled in all the lore of the Egyptians," thus indicating the maximum of human knowledge, and there are indications of astronomical knowledge in the writings of Moses to which the modern scientist has but very imperfectly attained. Thus in the Hebrew as well as the Grecian nation is discernible the outgrowth of Egyptian knowledge. Possibly the researches now going on near the supposed site of ancient Troy may bring some light to bear upon this long buried history.

While the rising of the star Sirius warned the Egyptian husbandman when to plant, it would certainly appear that the year in the aggregate was only approximate, if we observe these nations which so evidently borrowed their astronomy from Egypt. We have observed that the Hebrew year was held in place by its sacred feasts of Divine appointment. In like manner the Greeks bound their year by means of the national or Olympic games, which would have been unnecessary had the solar year been accurately computed. This people were renowned for learning and culture, and they early noted the position and movements of the heavenly bodies, yet with the best endeavor of the Grecian sage the solar year swung backward. After the institution of the sports in honor of Olympian Jove, the Greek year was lengthened to four revolutions of the sun,—termed an Olympiad,—and was inaugurated by these national games, commencing at the first full moon after the summer solstice, and cycles and intercalations were thrown in to keep pace with the intervening solar years. Contemporaneous nations which have left a history resorted to like expedients, and if they observed lunar years had also intercalations to make up their defects, and whatever the year might be in the single it was always solar in its collective form.

With the ancient Romans the civil day began and ended at midnight as with us now, but its division by hours differed materially. The common Roman year, dating from the founding of the city, 753 B. C., contained three hundred and fifty-five days and commenced with March. Three hundred years later January was named the first month of the year. But in a year of three hundred and fifty-five days each month was continually going the round of the seasons, and was no index of summer or winter, seed-time or harvest, and at length when seer and sage had for a long time pondered over the problem, at the end of every second February they intercalated the month Mercedonious to keep the year in place. This month consisted alternately

of twenty-two and twenty-three days, the February of that year ending at the time of the Terminalia,—the closing festival of the year to the god of bounds, signifying the end,—and the five days remaining were also added, making a total of twenty-seven and eight days for the intercalary month. But this method was defective, and all attempted improvements were rendered of very little practical use by the perversion of the priests, to whom the computations were committed, and who did not scruple to consult their own interests in the management of the year, and when Julius Cæsar in the century before Christ undertook the revision of the Calendar, January had receded nearly to the autumnal equinox. In order to bring it back to its proper place he made a year of four hundred and forty-five days, in which besides Mercedonious in its usual place he inserted two extra intercalary months between November and December. This was 46 B. C., and was called the "Year of Confusion." Cæsar then entirely abolished the mouth Mercedonious of the alternate years, distributing the ten surplus days among the other months, and to make the six hours still wanting to complete his year every fourth year an extra day was inserted, immediately following the Terminalia.

This great work was in reality performed by Sosigenes, an Egyptian astronomer, whom historians rather paradoxically call the "inventor of the Julian year." But the Julian year contained an excess of eleven minutes over the solar year, which in the course of centuries threw matters into confusion again, particularly in the later days of Christianity, when a multiplicity of church festivals were to be observed and many of them depended on Easter. These festal days were so interwoven into the lives and habits of the people, and so many of their daily avocations dated from them, that the time thus gained deranged their calculations concerning the season. Again legislation was brought to bear on the subject, and the council at Nice, A. D. 325, decreed that Easter should be observed on the first Sunday after the first full moon following the vernal equinox. But this was only a correction and not a renovation, and in the course of time there was again a variation between the civil and astronomical year and the necessity of another revision of the calendar. The vernal equinox had again receded to the twelfth of March, and Easter and its attendant days were in confusion. For two centuries the problem of the year occupied the attention of the learned men in Christendom without any change being effected.

In 1572 Hugh Buoncompagno ascended the papal chair as Pope Gregory Thirteenth. He was a man of rare learning and culture, and was at that time past his three-score and ten. More of a student than an ecclesiastic, he was devoted to the cause of education and of science, and to the disgust of the Church turned his attention to the revision of the disordered calendar, and in ten years completed a perfected work. From the year 1582 he threw out ten days, calling the fifth of October the fifteenth, and then established the rule now in use to guard against errors in the future. By the Gregorian Calendar the loss of time since the creation would be less than two days. England was slow to accept the revision on account of the hostility of that country to popery, and not until 1751 was it established as the law of that land, and even then many people adhered to the "Old Style," O. S.

The week of seven days was not known among the Romans until after the establishment of Christianity, although every eighth day the countryman came to the city to transact business and to take a part in public affairs, and all new laws were posted up three of these market days consecutively, for the space of seventeen days, that all might read them, and no law could be acted upon until it had been posted. The modern practice of publishing legal notices three times was derived from ancient customs. The week is of Scriptural origin and has been supported through all time by Divine command, and one day of the seven has been devoted to worship and rest. Yet the days of our Christian week perpetuate the memory of the heathen deities of our Norse ancestors, which fact is accounted

for by the manner of the conversion to Christianity of the Northmen, which being "*en masse*" and without the vitalizing power of regeneration received the engraftings of heathen names and myths, and at this remote age causing them to exist as household words in every home in Christendom.

To Roman deities and rites are due the names of the months—March, April, May and June to the gods; July and August to the rulers of the Augustan age,—Julius Cæsar, to whom divine honors were accorded during the consulship of Lepidus and Plaurus, and Augustus. The four following months were numerically designated, and remind us of the time when December was the tenth month, January an ancient king and deity. February denoted purification. During this month the Romans were purified, a feast was held in memory of the dead, and the Terminalia closed the year.

How anomalous the date of to-day, Thursday, March 28 A. D. 1878. Thor, the giant deity of the Vikings, Mars, the old Roman god of war and carnage, and Our Lord, the Prince of Peace and Savior of mankind, in whose hand in the fullness of time the years will all be gathered, are here recorded. The days and months may vanish unnoted,—the years are the only real landmarks of time, and their only imperishable chronicle is A. D., "In the year of our Lord."

Annie E. Cole.

A NIGHT ON THE "BITTER LAKE."

Sunset on the Suez Canal. Two interminable banks of grayish-yellow sand, growing gradually higher as they trend southward; a little ribbon of light green water barely visible between them; a huge steam-dredger in the background, with a clamorous garrison of blue-shirted men and red-capped boys who rush shouting to the side to stare at our steamer as she comes gliding by; behind us the houses and docks of Ismailia, the Khedive's new capital, fading into one shapeless mass of gray, amid which a darker spot represents the mouth of the "Sweet-water Canal;" and all around, the dreary waste of the great Arabian desert, looking vaster and drearier than ever beneath the fast-falling shadows of night.

At first sight it is certainly difficult to realize that this tiny streak of water, less than twenty-seven feet deep and barely seventy in breadth, can really be one of the great commercial highways of the world. Like the Russian military road across the Caucasus, or the little thread of railway which spans the boundless desolation of the steppes between the Volga and the Don, it is so utterly dwarfed by the vastness of its surroundings that one half forgets the magnitude of the results achieved, or the long and terrible struggle against heat, sickness, drifting sand, insufficient supplies, and constant hindrances of every kind, which human skill and human perseverance have conducted to this glorious completion. The men of old time when they attempted the same task, certainly found it no child's play. "In the reign of Necho," says Herodotus, note-book in hand as usual, "one hundred and twenty thousand Egyptians perished in digging this canal." What a history of oppression and wrong, of grinding misery and wholesale destruction, do those few words convey!

"Stand by your anchor! Let go!"

The captain's hoarse shout, and the rattle of the chain as our anchor splashes into the water, scatter my visions at once, and I look up to perceive that our surroundings have undergone a sudden and marvelous change. From the narrow, monotonous avenue of the canal we have glided into a wide expanse of smooth, dark water, which seems almost boundless in the shadowy twilight. To the south and west long waves of purple hill roll up against the last gleam of light that

lingers in the darkening sky. In front the posts set to mark the channel start out gauntly like skeleton sentinels; and amid the deepening gloom twinkles a solitary point of fire—the light-house that guards the passage. This is the famous "Bitter Lake," one of the countless lagoons that occupy a full third of the space traversed by the canal.

"Are you going to stop here, captain?"

"Don't see what else we can do," growls the skipper, "if them fellers make us go half speed through the canawl, so as it comes on dark afore we can git through. If we was to go it full steam we'd run the whole eighty-three miles 'tween sunrise and dark easy; but it 's no fault of *mine* anyhow!"

But no halt can be matter of regret on this historic ground, where the very earth seems to be still shaken by the tramp of ancient empires, and the very air to be filled with memories of the past. Few spots upon the face of the earth have a stranger mingling of the familiar and the remote, of names which were the household words of our earliest childhood with others which are known only to the driest lore of the antiquarian. Hebrew shepherd and Assyrian conqueror, Persian and Greek, Saracen and Crusader, Frenchman and Anglo-Saxon—all have been here in turn.

As the full moon breaks forth in its cloudless glory, the shadowy armies seem to rise around us once more—Moses and the thousands of Israel, setting forth upon that wonderful march of which God Himself was the pioneer—Assyrian Ninus in his carved chariot, with the "captains of the host and mighty men of valor" around him in all the pomp and splendor of war—the turbaned warriors of Cambyses with their light lances and huge wicker shields, sweeping onward to that fierce short fever of conquest beyond which lay an unknown grave in the depths of the hungry desert—the soldier zealots of Arabia, following black-browed Amrou to the sack of Alexandria—mail-clad horsemen with the Red Cross on their breasts, straining their eyes to catch the first gleam of Saladin's spears along the sky—and finally, the war-worn grenadiers of Republican France, gathered around the dark, stern face and eagle eye of the "General Bonaparte" who was one day to be the Emperor Napoleon.

As I step forward on to the forecastle, I find, as if to leave no element of romance wanting to this wonderful panorama, a group of Arab pilgrims gathered around a gray-haired *kessehgou*, story-teller, who is recounting in his quaint Oriental style the weird old legend of the lost Paradise of Irem, which contains a moral that the western as well as the eastern world may profitably lay to heart:

"Long ago, my brothers, when the nations of the earth were yet idolaters, and before our holy Prophet, may his name be exalted! had arisen to teach all men that there is but one God, there reigned in the land of Aud a great king whose name was Shedaud the Proud. Among all the sons of men there was none goodlier than he for it was ever the custom of the children of Aud to choose the strongest and stateliest man among them for their king. And truly he was mighty among men. Whoso named him laid his hand on his mouth; and when men spoke of anything beautiful they said, 'It is like the cities of Aud and Thamoud.' And his name went forth to the ends of the earth, till all men wondered at him and said, 'Who is like unto the great king of the children of Aud?' And so he prospered in whatsoever he did; for the blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon him.

"But in the pride of his prosperity, the heart of this son of Eblis (Satan) was lifted up unto his own destruction. For he said within himself, 'There is none like me upon earth—why should I not be equal to Him in heaven? *His* Paradise is hidden from the eyes of men; but I will make a paradise unto which men shall come from all kingdoms of the earth, that the name of Shedaud the King may endure forever!'

"So he sent forth into all lands for skillful workmen and men learned in enchantments—the magicians of the East, and the cunning men of Frangistan (Europe), and the black sorcerers from the land of Ethiopia and the wise men of Kitai (China).

And chiefest of all was Senmaur the Egyptian, unto whom Eblis had given power and cunning above all the children of men, that he might work the accursed will of his master and fill up the measure of the sins of the race of Aud. And he did so.

"For he built a wall of metal, whose circuit a swift dromedary would take three days to compass—such a wall as Secunder Rumi (Alexander the Great) built aloug the border of Khorassan, to keep back Gog and Magog with their giant host. And around this rampart he planted trees and bushes and all manner of thorny plants, so thick that an elephant could not have broken them down or a serpent wiggled through them.

"Then, within that double barrier—a space in which El Khuds (Jerusalem) itself and Mecca, the mother of cities, would have seemed but as wells in the desert—he made gardens, whose flowers were as the flowers of the Paradise reserved for true believers, and whose fruits would revive with the mere scent of them one over whom Azrael, the Angel of Death, had spread his wings. And he made stately palaces of marble with roofs of pure gold; and cool baths overshadowed by spreading palm-trees; and sparkling fountains which never grew dry; and trees whose fruits were gold and silver aud precious stones, such as those which the magician Tubal-Cain made for the giants of the elder world before the will of Allah buried them deep in the earth; and forests through which the most skillful hunter of the tribes of Aud might have roamed for a hundred years without exhausting the game that filled them. And in the midst of all he built a noble city, such as the children of Nemroud (Nimrod) reared in the beginning of time; and above it rose a tower, whose summit looked up into heaven and met the sunrise while the lower world lay yet in darkness.

"And when all was finished, Shedaud went forth to see his Paradise iu all his might and majesty, with his queen by his side and his princes and wise men and warriors around him, thousands upon thousands, like the locusts that descend upon the corn when the harvest is full. But lo! as he reached the gate the sun hid his face, and all was dim and gray as when the air is heavy with the coming storm; and over the whole sky lowered a deep, black cloud, like the outspreading of mighty wings; and in the midst was *a face* of steru and solemn beauty, with eyes like the stars that look through the storm of the desert. And a voice came forth like the blast of the night-wiud through some ancient city; and it said:

"'I am Azrael, the Angel of Death; and as thou hast exalted thyself agaiust God so shalt thou be brought down to the dust, even thou and all thy people, like the beasts that perish!'

"And as he spake, beneath his icy breath the King and all his host shrank and withered, and fell as falls a caravan when the simoou of the desert passes over it. Of all that great army none escaped save the King's bow-bearer, who went back to tell men how Allah had punished the presumption of the evil-doer.

"Now it befell that long after this, in the days when the Caliph Moaviah sat in the seat of the Prophet, a wayfarer, who had gone astray in the desert in the darkness of night, found himself suddenly in the midst of a vast city, beside which even Mecca and Medina the Noble would have seemed but as an Arab camp. The walls were mighty as those which the Genii reared at the command of Suleimaun Ben Daoud (Solomon the son of David) and glittering with precious stones; and there were fountains in marble basins, and palaces beyond all the palaces of Hindoostan, and gardens surpassing those of Haroun the Just, and long rows of colored lamps lighting up every court and colonnade.

"But everywhere reigned a dreary and awful silence, as the silence of the grave. In all the mighty length of that wondrous city no human foot stirred, no bird fluttered, no insect crept—not a single creature drew the breath of life. And for hours the affrighted man wandered amid this wilderness of accursed beauty, till in his agony he cried for help to God; and straightway there appeared before him a gate higher than the minarets of Damascus, and he hastened through it rejoicing. But when he turned

about, lo! the city, with all its splendor, was gone as if it had never been.

"Then he went and told his tale to the Caliph, and showed in proof of it the jewels which he had broken from the wall. And the Caliph sent men to seek the city, and they sought forty days but found it not; neither hath it ever been seen again since that day. For it was the will of Allah that the Paradise which man's pride had reared, should be hidden forever from the eyes of man; and who can resist Allah? Brothers, the story is ended."[1]

David Ker.

A "NEIGHBORLY INTEREST."

On the principle, probably, that there must always be a good aspect to even a bad thing, some one has attempted to justify a love of gossip by calling it a "neighborly interest" in the welfare of those around us. Very likely the person who invented the phrase was not the originator of the notion, and certainly he is far from being the only one who uses it as a curtain behind which all manner of Paul Prying may be considered justifiable.

To find an illustration of the true meaning which should be attached to the term, "a neighborly interest," we have to look no farther than to the history of the poor fellow who traveling to Jericho, and falling among thieves, was left stripped, torn and helpless by the wayside. We all know that the only neighbor he found or who found him in his distress was the Good Samaritan, who bound his wounds and cared for him, and put him in a fair way to get upon his legs again.

The Priest and the Levite of the story have long been classed together as two alike cold-blooded and unneighborly wretches, fully deserving the nearly nineteen centuries of obloquy which have risen above their stolid shoulders. But in thus considering the Priest and the Levite as equally guilty, a great injustice has been done to the Priest who, if he passed by on the other side, at least did so like a gentlemen, without staring at or commenting upon the forlorn condition of the hapless wretch who had fallen among thieves. The Levite on the contrary, no less selfish than the Priest, but endowed with a large amount of idle curiosity, comes swinging along the rocky Jericho road, flourishing his staff with empty emphasis, planting his sandaled feet with the firmness of self-complacency, looking this way and that, smiling to himself to see that old Simon's vineyard is less promising than his own, and that young Judah's olive trees are not quite so thrifty as they might be. But even with these pleasant subjects to reflect upon the road becomes monotonous; he meets with no traveler; he has seen nothing which will furnish him with material to make a story wherewith he may entertain his boon companions, at whatever may have been the ancient Jewish substitute for coffee-house, bar-room or village store, and the Levitical mind is getting a little bored with this tiresome state of thinge.

At last the flutter of something that might be the wing of a wounded bird or of a cluster of fallen leaves held captive where it fell, yet which hardly looks like either, attracts his restless eye; and when the fluttering object seems to take the color of torn garments our Levite feels like a new creature, as with busy curiosity he hastily picks his way up to it.

"He-l-l-oh-h!" he delightedly exclaims to himself; of course it is understood that we are quite literal in our translation. "Here's been a pretty to do! Man wounded; almost dead; left here by the wayside; robbed, most likely. What a fool to carry money about with him when he could n't take care of himself! Let me see," turning the moaning, unconscious wretch slightly with untender foot, "He's wounded in,—yes, actually in two, four, five, yes, five different

[1] This tradition is to be met with, in a more or less perfect form, in every part of the East.

places. He must have had a tough bout of it, I declare! Has rather a villainous countenance now I come to look at it; should n't be in the least surprised if he was the thief defeated in his attempt to rob some innocent traveler. Wonder if there are any more of them around? Guess I 'd better be jogging along. Cluck! I shall have something to tell to Nicodemus *now*." And with a brisker step and a look of having gained a prize, Mr. Levite jauntily swings himself off again, stopping every passer-by to tell his tale of how a miscreant of a robber had been worsted in a fight, and left to die as he richly deserved by the Jericho roadside. Ten to one he will himself have become the victorious hero of the encounter by the time he reaches his destination, and tells the now well-commented story to gaping Nicodemus.

The question of what is a genuine "neighborly interest" might seem to have been permanently settled long ago, did we not constantly find the Levite claiming a share of the Good Samaritan's rightful laurels. If the Levite did not bind up the poor traveler's wounds, at least he counted them; if he did not help him to rise, it cannot be denied that he saw that the poor creature was helpless; if he did not remove the sufferer to a place of safety, and nurse and care for him there, he certainly knew how much such care was needed.

But does all this justify the Levite? Have we, any of us, the right to look into, or upon, the wounds or afflictions of our fellow beings unless we do so with the earnest desire of extending material aid, or the sometimes equally grateful need of heartfelt sympathy?

When we hear that so and so has lost heavily by bad investments, have we—not being creditors, and so being without the excuse of a personal interest—any right to search records, inquire of bank officials, and patch fragmentary bits of information together, to find out just what those investments were, and why and when and for what amount they were made, and what is the exact loss?

If the "wild boy," the "heaviness of his mother," has mysteriously disappeared, and his shame-stricken family have carefully tried to shield his still beloved name by paying his just debts and keeping silent about his delinquencies, is it a friendly interest that prompts the Levite to unearth the sickening details, and rub gleeful hands and shake a solemn head over the treasure-trove?

A citizen has gained for himself a well-deserved prominence as a man of integrity, kindness and intellectual power; but his early history is unknown. He has his own reasons—sorrowful enough they may be—for keeping this to himself. It concerns no one else he thinks, and he is right; no publicity will undo the past and he wrongs no one by his silence. Is it, then, the Good Samaritan who, stumbling by chance upon the clue to this hidden past, follows it up and ferrets it out and rushes on eager feet to tell to gaping, idle listeners all that he knows, suspects or imagines concerning a matter with which neither he nor they have any rightful interest, and which if it were his own he would most carefully bury and jealously guard? Or is not this the part of the Levite, and will not he who is really neighbor reprove by stern words, or sterner silence, the jackal-like appetite of the Levite and his hearers?

The Priest of the parable is not a lovable character, but he does not add to the afflictions of the already afflicted by heartless curiosity and vulgar comment; he does not insult the helpless before passing by on the other side, and he will always command, if not the love of others, yet the respect which is due to those who, if they do not succor the afflicted, at least meddle not with their affairs. His is not the kindness of intention and therefore he may deserve no credit for it, but in the very many instances where words, however kindly meant, are like sharp arrows piercing anew the already wounded, the haughty, indifferent silence of the Priest is as beneficent as the oil and wine of the Samaritan. We cannot all of us in the nature of things be at all times actually Good Samaritans; but if we take a genuine "neighborly interest" in those around us, our wisest and kindest course is often that of the Priest, who, *without looking*, "passed by on the other side."

Helen E. Smith.

THE STILL HOUR.

O HOPE of the world that risest again
New-born from the clod,
O life that brightens on meadow and fen
With the breath of God,
O daffodils brave whose banners fly
At the snow's retreat,
O sweet warm winds of the South that sigh
O'er the springing wheat,
O birds that tell in the branches bare
Of the summer days,—
Read me your lesson; teach me your prayer;
Fill my soul with your praise.

THE great truths of the Gospel require for their apprehension some moral discernment. How can a thoroughly selfish man understand the truth of Christ's divinity? Divinity to him means force or quantity rather than quality of being. How much would you know about the Apollo Belvidere if one should simply tell you that it consisted of so many cubic inches of white marble, and weighed so many pounds? What idea of its beauty would those words convey to you? Some such quantitative notion of Christ's divinity a selfish man may get, and it is the only idea of him that we find in the writings of many theologians. Such a notion may well be disputed about, but it is of no practical value. To apprehend the beauty of Christ's character, in which his divinity chiefly resides, one needs much schooling in the services of obedience and love. And the more men know of this the less they will be inclined to dispute about it.

"A READER of SUNDAY AFTERNOON," referring to certain counsels of resignation and trust, asks these questions: "What if pondering over life's dreadful problems has shaken and shipwrecked trust in God, hardened the heart, and shut out every view but that of a supreme stern Ruler and Governor of the Universe? What if prayer for temporal and spiritual good, the deep heart-cries and anguish of the soul, fall back unheeded on one's own head?" The mental suffering out of which such questions spring awakens the sincerest sympathy. The answers that can be given to them in this place must be altogether inadequate, but one is inclined, first, to ask this troubled soul, Do you then believe that this is the worst possible universe? If that is your trouble read history. For history makes nothing plainer than that the Power that is shaping the destinies of the human race is a righteous and benevolent Power. Even Strauss says that "order and law, reason and goodness" are the soul of the universe. Much suffering exists, the reason of which we cannot see, but a large view of human history shows us that an "increasing purpose" of benevolence is running through the centuries. If there is a God, then, he is neither cruel nor simply "stern;" he is good. And if there is a God and he is good the evidences of his goodness must be visible, not only in the large view of history, but in the events that are happening all about us, in the circumstances of our own lives. Would it not be well, then, to cease "pondering life's dreadful problems," and to think more of life's cheerful and blessed issues? There is sorrow and darkness and mystery enough to see, no doubt; but there is much that is the reverse of all this to see, if we will only look for it. And, however it may be concerning prayer for "temporal good," it cannot be that sincere prayer for "spiritual good," for patience under trouble, for power to do right, ever does "fall back unheeded on one's own head." The soul that asks with sincerity for help of this kind, and that wills at the same time to do the thing that it asks for help to do, never asks in vain. And the soul that finds such help as this has a hold upon God that no trouble can shake.

"I BESEECH you brethren by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies, *a living sacrifice*, holy, acceptable unto God," writes Paul to the Christians at Rome. Do not give God decrepitude and feebleness and gray hairs; give him the freshness of youth and the vigor of maturity. "The Lord of Life," says an ancient Hindoo writing, "should not be worshiped with faded flowers. Those that grow in thine own garden are far better than any other."

CHRIST is our example; but he who supposes that Christ's work consists simply in furnishing us an example has a very inadequate idea of what man needs and of what Christ is. It is true that we have some power of copying, by observation and volition, the conduct of those that are better than we are; but it is also true that the lives which are mainly the result of imitation are defective and unlovely lives. "That peculiar character," says Dr. Mozley, "which we admire in another, would become quite a different one in ourselves could we achieve

the most successful imitation. The copy could never have the spirit of the original, because it would want the natural root upon which the original grew. We ought to grow out of our own roots; our own inherent propriety of constitution is the best nucleus for our own formation." This, then, is what we need—the healing, the quickening, the replenishing of our spiritual life. It is not a model to grow by; it is "more life and fuller that we want." That is what Christ came to bring: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." By faith in him we are made partakers of his nature, and thus the very elements of virtue in us are reinforced. The tulip bulb does not need a full grown tulip to look at that it may learn how to blossom; it needs to feel at its own heart the warmth of the sun and the moisture of the soil. Not Christ before you as an example, but "Christ *in* you," communicating to you the vitalizing energy of his own eternal life, is the power of God unto salvation.

"THE Lord is thy keeper," but not thy jailer. His keeping is not confinement, it is protection. When you commit your ways to him, he does not abridge your liberty; he only defends you against the evil.

Do not be so eager to disclaim personal merit that you shall fall into the tone of abjectness and self-contempt. Doubtless it is only by God's grace that you stand, yet doubtless it is you who stand by God's grace. Does God who gives this grace despise you? What right then have you to despise yourself? Since you are precious in his sight, you ought to be honorable in your own. Between self-righteousness and abjectness there is a wide interval, and it is not necessary in departing from the one vice to fall into the other. "As for me," says David, "I will walk *in mine integrity*."

THE one word of current speech which every minister ought to ponder in the first "still hour" that he can get, is that noble *Concio ad Clerum* of Phillips Brooks's in the *Princeton Review*. The topic is "The Pulpit and Popular Skepticism," a phrase that has a polemic sound, but like everything that Mr. Brooks writes its value is in its spiritual power, in its deep sense of the eternal verities of righteousness. If the solemn truths to which this utterance points should not be heeded it will not be because they are not needed. For it is the failure to perceive them that is robbing Christianity of its influence to-day, and turning hundreds of earnest young men away from the calling of the ministry. There are scores of quotable sentences here that ought to stick in the memory: "No man can do anything with the skepticism of this time who thinks that it consists in the disbelief of certain doctrines which need to be re-proved, who does not see that its heart and essence is in the conflict of life with faith, in which the victory can be secured to faith only by clothing and filling her with new and more personal vitality." "Popular skepticism being what it is, the main method of meeting it must be not an argument but a man." "There must be no lines of orthodoxy inside the lines of truth." "After all the preaching of rewards and punishments through all these centuries, the truth remains that no man in any century ever yet healthily and helpfully desired heaven who did not first desire holiness, and no man ever yet healthily and hopefully feared hell who did not first fear sin." "If atheism is dislodged out of the minds of men in this and the next generation it will be because they come to see that man rejecting God becomes inhuman." "The best method of dealing in the pulpit with popular skepticism is really this: make known and real to men by every means you can command the personal Christ, not doctrine about Him but Him; strike at the tyranny of the physical life by the power of his spiritual presence. Let faith mean trusting Him and trying to obey Him. Call any man a Christian who is following Him. Denounce no error as fatal which does not separate a soul from Him. Offer Him to the world as He offered and is forever offering Himself."

REMEMBER that peace is not passivity. It never comes to the man who sits down and waits for it. It is not the antithesis of action but the fruit of action. "Great peace have they that love Thy law," — who love it well enough to obey it.

OUR Fast-day services may have important political uses, but it is a question whether they bring to individual worshipers much spiritual benefit. Those who participate in the Fast-day prayer-meetings generally confess and deplore other people's sins and not their own. This is an easy thing to do, but it is not always improving. It is liable to produce Pharisaism rather than humility. To engage in *social* humiliation and fasting is, indeed, a somewhat delicate and difficult business. Thanksgiving is, by its nature, a social act; but the humiliation and contrition which have any *spiritual* value are by their nature so utterly personal that it is not easy to engage in them publicly. "When thou fastest enter into thy closet." That is the fittest place for the specific acts to which the Fast-day summons us. At the same time, the devotion of one day in the year to a serious consideration of our social and political obligations may be a useful observance.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CHRISTIANIZING THE CHURCHES.

MANY of our churches are full of missionary zeal. The gospel which has been committed to them they are eager to impart to those who have not received it. The evangelization of every kingdom and nation under the whole heaven, and of all the institutions of society — governments, constitutions, schools, — is the task which they have set themselves, and for the achievement of which they are working with boundless energy. This is just as it should be. Christianity is a missionary religion; its first word is "Go;" it always calls men forth from themselves and sets them at work in behalf of others. A Christianity which feels no impulse of this sort is altogether spurious.

Nevertheless the missionaries must "begin at Jerusalem." The genuine ones always do. And the churches that are so eager to export the gospel to distant places, must take care that they keep a good supply of it on hand for home consumption. "Physician, heal thyself," is a proverb that is beginning to be quoted to them with some sharpness, and they must heed it. It is of the utmost consequence that the churches which are so full of zeal for the Christianization of all that is outside of them should take good care to Christianize themselves.

It is not so clear as it ought to be that all the churches of the land are Christian churches. There are large numbers of them whose orthodoxy can be guaranteed, whose order is perfect after its pattern, whose governmental machinery always moves smoothly, whose sacraments obey the reddest of rubrics and the strai(gh)test of canons, but whose Christianity is by no means above suspicion.

The church that excludes from its own fellowship those whom in the judgment of charity it must acknowledge to be true disciples of Jesus Christ is not a Christian church. Any church which by the methods of its administration puts intellectual opinions or ritual observances above the facts of character and discipleship is not a Christian church. There may be Christians in it, but the organization itself is not of Christ and needs to be Christianized.

The church whose works prove that it is more zealous to propagate its own denominational peculiarities than to secure the advancement of pure and undefiled religion in the community where it stands does not deserve to bear the name of Christ.

The church that is full of zeal in the making of new converts and careless of the character of its membership, that gathers every year to its communion a multitude to wrangle and backbite and cheat and lie, is not a Christian church. It was not the Christians of whom it was said: "Ye compass land and sea to make one proselyte, and when he is made ye make him tenfold more the child of hell than yourselves." The church whose operations indicate that it thinks more of quantity than of quality in its evangelizing work is none of Christ's.

Even those churches that may be fairly said to belong to Christ show in many of their doings a deplorable lack of respect for the fundamental principles of his religion. The social relation of many of them can hardly be called Christian. The pride and exclusiveness, the lack of friendly sympathy, the division of the body into distinct classes of rich and poor, cultivated and illiterate, between whom no real bond of brotherhood exists — all this is in direct disobedience to the organic law of the Christian church. And not only by these unseemly gradations of rank and caste, but also by the spirit that is manifested in the relations of Christians when they are brought together in the churches, is this law set at naught. There are a great many petty quarrels about small matters, and the inconsistency and shamefulness of this state of things does not seem to be recognized by many church members. Each man wants his own way, and is ready to fight if he cannot have it. In many churches there are chronic dissensions. Are these Christian churches? Look at that wrangling and raging church court now in session in Brooklyn! Is there anything in that city that more needs Christianizing than that Presbytery?

The financial methods by which these churches are often managed find no authorization in the New Testament. The principle of competition upon which the commercial operations of society rest, and which is also brought in to regulate the financial affairs of most of our churches, is not a Christian principle. And it can hardly be said that Christian principle has much to do with the secular side of our church organizations. So long as the man who has the most money gets the best

seat in church, so long as the whole business of distributing sittings proceeds upon a selfish basis, and the aim of each is to get for himself the best accommodations that the place affords at the lowest possible price rather than to seek the comfort and pleasure of the rest, so long as many practices of questionable honesty are resorted to for the replenishment of the treasury of the church, there will be room for a question whether these churches belong to Christ. Indeed there is nothing that stands more in need of Christianizing than the secular affairs of a good many of our churches.

It must also be said that there are certain portions of the Sunday services that can scarcely be called Christian, or even religious, in any sense. To assert that the music which is commonly heard in our churches is worship, or answers any of the purposes of worship, would be hazardous. It is sometimes good art, and sometimes it is not; but it is generally a performance; it is rarely an act of worship. And it is a serious question whether the interests of pure religion throughout the land would not be promoted by abolishing music from all our churches. If it is not to be abolished, the sooner it is Christianized the better.

We have not exhausted this topic but we have said enough to show that some thorough and radical work is yet to be done in most of our churches before they will deserve the name that they bear. We do not urge that they abate any of their efforts for the proclamation of the Gospel to those that have not heard it; this they ought to continue to do, but the other they must not leave undone. And when the churches get themselves fairly Christianized they will not have much difficulty in Christianizing the world outside of them.

SOME ABUSES OF JOURNALISM.

THE newspaper press is rapidly rising in its own estimation. Whether or not it is appreciating, in the intransitive American acceptation of that word, it may safely be said in the English sense that it appreciates itself. A consciousness of its own influence and importance pervades most of its issues; other agencies for promoting intelligence and virtue may deem themselves lucky if they get its endorsement or its patronage. There is some reason, no doubt, why a spirit of self-assertion which borders on bumptiousness should have taken possession of the great majority of these able editors and brisk reporters; the newspaper press has really come to be a great power in American life; it is doing a large business in the education of the people, and it already boasts of several very neat strokes of reformatory work. And there can be no doubt that on the whole it is growing not only in self-respect but in respectability. There is less of servility, of unscrupulousness, of blind partisanship in the newspapers of to-day than in those of twenty-five years ago.

Nevertheless, there is still room for improvement in journalism. And there are certain abuses which still infest a good share of our weekly and daily newspapers, abuses whose persistent life is a matter not merely of regret but of wonder. It is not always easy to understand how it is that the cultivated and upright gentlemen who manage many of our newspapers can bring themselves to do certain things that we find them doing every day. It is probably an instance of the subordination of conscience to the traditions of a bad system—a phenomenon that we often witness in other places besides newspaper offices—in places where professions of conscientiousness are made that we do not expect to hear in newspaper offices.

The abuses to which we refer arise from a perverse misunderstanding of the true province of journalism. "The newspaper," every enterprising journalist will tell you, "must print all the news. It must give you a complete picture of the life of the day, with such comments or moralizings as may suggest themselves. The comments and moralizings are however a secondary consideration; the great business of the newspaper is to print all the news."

Here we take issue with the enterprising journalist. We insist that no newspaper has any business to print all the news, if by this is meant all the transactions and sayings, good, bad and indifferent, that are brought forth in any given community. Thousands of things are done and said that are not worth printing; thousands of things that it is a sin and a shame to print. Even the enterprising journalist himself recognizes this fact. There are matters which he deems unworthy of record; he does draw a line; the only trouble with him is that he draws it a great deal too low down. He excludes some things from his paper, but he lets in a great many things that no sound rule of social morality would justify him in making public.

Lately we have had a disgusting trial in Washington; the private relations of a base old man and a vile woman have been exposed to public view by one of the most indecent of criminal lawyers, and the newspapers, all over the country, have been printing this delectable stuff for the instruction of their readers. What interest is subserved by defiling white paper with nastiness like this? There is absolutely no justification for it; it is an offense against common decency; it is a disgrace to journalism that it trades in wares of this description and makes money by hawking filth and corruption.

Not only do our newspapers offend by the publication of the vile details of great crimes, but

also by picking up and spreading abroad little scandals, little unpleasantnesses in society, little bits of gossip that no sensible or honorable person wishes to know or would suffer himself to repeat. Much of the space of many weekly papers and of not a few dailies is devoted to matters of this description. The tittle-tattle of the neighborhood that is not only silly but poisonous in the extreme is gathered and served up in as appetizing a manner as possible for the entertainment of the whole community. If a woman behaves indiscreetly, the fact, more or less embellished and sufficiently disguised to whet the appetites of the gossips, is likely to appear in print the next day. If a man commits an error of which he is pretty sure to be ashamed, and concerning which he would be glad of the indulgent silence of his neighbors, there is no mercy for him; he will have a chance to read the record, a good deal magnified, in the local column. Domestic infelicities with which the public has no business at all afford material for spicy items; business complications are worse complicated by unauthorized reports concerning them; little troubles in the churches which those who have the care of their interests are doing their best to compose are fanned into grave dissensions by references to them in the newspapers. Sometimes, when the details of these small scandals are not given, there are little hints and innuendoes that serve to put all the prurient and meddlesome noses in the community on the scent for indecency or mischief. "A certain unmarried professional man is said to be more intimate than is proper with a certain married woman" in a locality that is named. "The skeleton in a certain house in Ward Blank is likely to get an airing pretty soon." "There is a prospect of a row about the music in one of our churches,"—and so on. What excuse or justification can there be for the publication of such items as these? Who is profited by reading them? What interest of intelligence, of morality, of decency is promoted by spreading abroad these miserable details of gossip? The only reason for printing them is that many people like to read them; they make a sale for the papers. But the taste that craves them is a vicious and degraded taste, and the business of gratifying and stimulating such a taste is a bad business.

What is thought of the woman who goes from house to house in her neighborhood rehearsing bits of intelligence like these? What is said of the man who devotes his leisure to the circulation of the current rumors? If it is disreputable for a man to go about ringing his neighbors' door-bells and reciting to them such scandals by word of mouth it is more disreputable for him to print them in a widely-circulated newspaper. The story that a gentleman would not stoop to tell in good society, no gentleman ought to print in his paper. Meddling and mischief-making is just as reprehensible in a reporter as in any other man. The fact that such stuff makes his paper sell is a poor justification. And until the managers of newspapers learn to discriminate with a little more care between the news which the public has a right to hear and the news which is simply noisome or injurious scandal, the business of journalism will suffer a serious loss of respect and of influence.

STRATEGY IN DEBATE.

"The Monday Lectureship" announces itself as devoted to "the new, the true, and the strategic" in scientific and religious discussions. That which is true is always worthy of our devotion, and also that which is new, just so far as it is true; but there may be room for questioning whether "the strategic" is not sometimes mismanaged or overdone.

The old question whether it is lawful to deceive an enemy is all the while coming up for discussion among amateur casuists, and the decision generally goes to the affirmative. Starting from this assumption it is easy to justify methods of debate that are not altogether honest. What is controversy, it may be argued, but a species of warfare? and why should not every controversialist conceal, so far as possible, all his own weak points, and assail, whenever he can, those of his adversary. Here is a line of defense to be held against the attack of the enemy. Is it not important that every point in the line should be held? Will not any concession weaken our position and put us at a strategic disadvantage?

So long as religious discussion is regarded simply as controversy, such a mode of reasoning appears to have some force. If what is going on is nothing but warfare between Religion and Science, or between Orthodoxy and Liberalism, and if the disputants have entered the lists on either side to do battle for the flag, and by some means or other to gain a victory over the foe, then a knowledge of strategy is an important qualification.

But is it necessary to take this view of the business of religious discussion? Must we regard all those who disagree with us as our foes, and must we in all our conferences with them constantly deal with them as though they were bent on mischief, and were not entitled to know the truth? Must the believer in evolution carefully conceal all the weak points in his theory and the believer in revelation all the difficulties of his belief? Must the Orthodox always be looking out for exposed positions in the Liberal lines, and the Liberals in the lines of the Orthodox? Such does not seem to be a necessary condition of religious discussion. It is surely possible for these various classes of persons to regard each other

not as foes but as friends; as inquirers who are prosecuting in different fields and by different methods the search for truth; as students, who, so far as they have gone, have reached different conclusions, but all of whom are ready to compare views, to receive any new theory as soon as it is verified, to abandon any old belief as soon as it is shown to be unfounded. Among persons who are governed by a spirit like this all talk of "strategy" is offensive and insulting. Have we any right to be governed in our discussion of religious truth by any other spirit than this? This is "the scientific spirit," it is the spirit of true religion, it is the spirit by which Liberalism professes to be actuated, and if it is not the spirit of Orthodoxy it surely ought to be.

We are not, however, sanguine enough to expect to see this method of candor and sweet reasonableness speedily or generally adopted in the field of religious controversy. There is likely to be a good deal more fighting, with words as well as with carnal weapons, before the millenium. The people who care more for truth than they do for victory are rare in all circles, religious or scientific, Orthodox or Liberal. The war will go on, and strategy of some kind will be resorted to, on both sides of all questions. We wish, therefore, simply to call the attention of all these militant debaters to the need of cultivating a little wiser strategy than that to which some of them are addicted. It is not good strategy to attack a position that is impregnable, even though it may menace your own. It is not good strategy to defend a position from which you are sure to be ignominiously driven, when you can abandon it before the attack and withdraw to safer ground.

For the want of an understanding of these elementary principles of warfare, the defenders of the faith have incurred many losses, and met with some overwhelming defeats. Many of them are tempted to attack every new position taken by science without any reference to its strength. The Copernican theory, the discoveries of geology, the nebular hypothesis and many other scientific doctrines have been assailed as the outworks of Atheism; and it has been strenously asserted that a failure to overthrow them would result in universal infidelity. Some of them, at any rate, have withstood all these assaults, and it has been proved that they embody the truth of God and that the men who made war upon them were fighting against God. This kind of warfare is still resorted to by some over-zealous Christians. They ought to have learned by a bitter experience a better strategy. If they will insist on regarding science as a foe, let them remember that she is a foe that they have some reason for respecting, and let them beware how they lead their battalions to the assault of impregnable positions.

They ought to remember, too, that they have been obliged in the course of human events to retire from a good many positions which were once regarded as the strongholds of truth. It is at any rate possible that there are some positions which they are now trying to hold, from which they will be dislodged. A clearer knowledge of what the Bible is and what it teaches, and what is the real nature of God's Kingdom in the world, may make it necessary to relinquish some of the theories that good men are now holding. The facts of the Gospel will stand of course; but theories of the Gospel have always been changing. And the point is that when a theory is shown to be plainly untenable, it is not good generalship to try to defend it. That would seem to be tolerably clear. And if all the Christian scholars in our theological seminaries and in our pulpits should to-day abandon and renounce all the theories that they know to be untenable, there would be something of a stir all along the line. What is more to the purpose the position of the whole force would be very greatly strengthened. Is it not lawful to call attention to this aspect of the case? If intellectual honesty be not regarded, are not the dictates of common prudence worth considering? Those who persist in turning religious inquiry into controversy are surely bound to protect from overthrow and capture the forces that they lead by observing in all their warfare the plainest rules of strategy.

THE CURRENT CRAZES.

Just now we are harvesting an unusual crop of popular excitements. The pedestrian frenzy and the "Pinafore" mania are raging simultaneously; a good share of the world has gone after one or the other of them.

Such excitements are constantly recurring. Sometimes they take the form of popular amusements, sometimes of athletic sports, sometimes of financial speculations, sometimes of political campaigns, sometimes of extravagant religious manifestations. Now it is a craze like that of the Dutch Tulipomania or the South Sea bubble; now it is a furor like that of the velocipedes a few years ago; now it is a frenzy like that of the Irish revival.

Of our current crazes it is not necessary to say much. The walking business is, on the whole, a mischievous and degrading business. All the gain of physical vigor and endurance that will come to the people at large on account of it will be more than balanced by the debauchery and gambling that are its constant accompaniments. It is not at all clear, as has been suggested, that there is at the present time any need of stimulating the passion for muscular development. And when a walking match degenerates into such a sordid and disgusting scramble as that at Gil-

more's Garden, the interests of physical culture are scarcely visible upon the scene. When men are ready merely for the sake of money to inflict serious if not permanent physical injury upon themselves, and when spectators frantically applaud their brutal sacrifice, it cannot be said that the public health is being promoted.

The same thing, in a still more objectionable form, is witnessed in the female walking matches with which coarse men are now diverting themselves in many places. It is not likely that many respectable women will be encouraged to physical culture by the spectacle which these people are making of themselves; and the moral benefits reaped from it by society will be even less important than the physical benefits. On the whole the pedestrian furor must be pronounced the reverse of elevating in its general effect. It is one of those reactions towards barbarism which must be expected to occur periodically in the best regulated civilizations.

As for the "Pinafore" mania, that at least is a harmless form of insanity. The fun of the little farce is innocent enough, and the music is pleasing: for simple relaxation it serves very well. It is matter of congratulation that a diversion so unexceptionable should have become the rage. Yet one who has but little knowledge of the current amusements might safely conjecture that quite a number of recreations just as harmless as this and far more meritorious in every way must have been unsuccessfully offered to our public within the last two years. The popularity of this one is a phenomenon of which no rational account can be given. Reason has nothing at all to do with it; it is merely a freak of the populace.

Social phenomena of this character are not altogether reassuring to the philosophic advocate of popular power in church or state. The fact is made too plain by them that the public is not uniformly discriminating in its tastes or wise in its choices; that everybody, in short, may be about as big a fool as anybody. One cannot feel quite certain that the people will not with great unanimity do some very foolish and mischievous things.

There are, however, some good grounds for faith and courage. The fact that the public does go crazy now and then need not lead anybody to despair of the Republic. Kings go crazy, too, sometimes; the monarchs as well as the multitudes have their manias; and quite as much peril comes to liberty from the one source as from the other.

Moreover these popular manias are much less frequent and dangerous now than once they were. There is an increasing number of men in every community who are not carried away by the popular enthusiasm and who are always ready to challenge the multitude even when it resolves itself into a mob. The challenge is not always heeded, but it is sometimes; and when it is not, the critic does not fail to prod the public, reflecting upon its folly after the fury is past, with his remorseless "I told you so!" When any point of principle is involved, the protest of the sober few against the craze of the many generally contrives to make itself heard. The financial madness of the last autumn was pretty effectually checked by the sharp and resolute treatment of it by men of intelligence.

The larger the number of intelligent, thoughtful and independent men in the community, and the higher the average intelligence, the less is the danger of mischief from such popular crazes. The only safeguard against them is in the education of the people.

LITERATURE.

Mr. Charles Beecher's book[1] on Spiritualism, with its reassertion of the doctrines of preexistence, has a suggestive lesson for heresy hunters. Not long ago Mr. Beecher was made to feel the fires of as hot persecution as this nineteenth century can kindle in New England, but here he is again, unconsumed and unsilenced.

Unlike every other work on Spiritualism with which we are acquainted, this one aims not to commend Spiritualism to unbelievers, but to commend the Bible to Spiritualists. It tells them that they cannot afford to go without it; that it is not only a store-house of spiritualistic facts, but that Spiritualism needs it for the completion of its system. In the contact that Mr. Beecher thus urges with great originality and ingenious research, little harm can come to the Bible and much good may come to the Spiritualists. Like many other false systems and theologies, its power for evil would be lessened if it were tied, however illogically, to the Bible. The danger from Spiritualism consists chiefly in the ungirtness it induces in all thought and conduct; the evil it has wrought in this direction is immense. The vastness of its single thought throws all the

1 Spiritual Manifestations. By Charles Beecher. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

machinery of belief and life out of gear. If Mr. Beecher can establish a binding union between the Bible and Spiritualism, he will do a good thing for the latter; it will at least have a chart and compass as it sails on its wild course. But we have little hope that this can be accomplished, since it can be done only by a false and fading habit of interpretation. As we turn his pages and perceive how he reads meanings into the sacred text, we feel with renewed force the necessity of accepting Matthew Arnold's idea that the Bible is to be read simply as literature, in a straightforward, natural way, as Plato and Shakspeare are read. The fullest inspiration may be granted, but it is inspired *literature*. It is not literature and *something besides*, with double meanings and sub-meanings, and meanings evolved by the application of a later hypothesis—a skeleton of words to be clothed by the ingenuity of aftercomers, but a book that says in a natural way what it means and means no more than it says. Mr. Beecher puts meanings into it; in a former work he inserts pre-existence; in this he does the same, adding Spiritualism. So long as the Bible is regarded as a mysterious and purely miraculous book, such use will be made of it; and only when regarded as literature will it avoid lending itself to the vagaries that continually seek cover under its free and broad phraseology. This use or abuse of the Bible is strikingly illustrated in the motto of the book, taken from Romans viii: 19, where the use of the English word *manifestation* — the stock phrase of Spiritualism — is supposed to have significance. Does Mr. Beecher pun or does he mean to intimate that the manifestation of the sons of God is to be found in the manifestations of Spiritualism? If the latter, the weekly reports in the *Banner of Light* do not go far towards justifying his exegesis.

Some parts of the book need to be read in the light of Dr. Clark's recent work entitled "Visions," when they subside into purely normal experiences. Mr. Beecher unwisely runs a logical tilt with it, but does not come out well. Indeed his selections of phenomena, though well authenticated, are not such as to strengthen the hypothesis of spiritual agency. The account of the disturbances in the Phelps house is only calculated to provoke the thought that there was no thorough investigation of them; while the planchette reports from Charlotte Bronte and the Duchess of Sutherland are exactly such as might be expected from the recent phenomena of mind-reading; there is very little of Charlotte Bronte in them, but a great deal of what is best known about her.

There is much however in the book that we like. It is as a whole vastly interesting. No one can read Chapter XII without a conscious enlarging of one's mental horizon. It is absolutely free from that strenuous insistence so apt to characterize theological writing. A rare gentleness of spirit, and a piety seraphic in its intensity, invest every page. It is a book pervaded through and through by profound conviction, and evidently was written because it had to be. We have in it the best contact with Spiritualism we have yet seen. Its reverence, its tenderness, its attempts at a philosophic basis, and the reality of its faith, make one for the time tolerant of a system fraught for the most part with weakness and credulity and laxness verging on immorality. Were it clad only in this guise one might be tempted by the very stress of human love as it yearns after the dead, to hope that at last the veil was lifting. But the divine saying, "By their fruits shall ye know them," forbids the hope. Spiritualism has not yet justified its existence.

Any one who wishes to know the secret of the spell that draws together and holds from year to year in our noisiest and busiest western city its largest congregation of worshipers, should buy and read this little volume[1] of Professor Swing's discourses. And when the book has been carefully read the reader will find himself hesitating over the problem that it was to solve. Not that he will have any difficulty in discovering the merit of the book. He will find here themes that belong to universal humanity expounded with a mellow and gentle philosophy, and idealized in touches of genuine poetry; but he will not find any of the broad and striking effects which are generally looked for in popular oratory. These discourses have a decided literary flavor; they do not seem to have been composed for rhetorical purposes; they are as far from being sensational as are the sermons of Frederick Robertson. The fact that such a preacher should have such an audience is a fact to be pondered by all young ministers.

No doubt the beauty that abounds in these discourses gives them one element of their power. This beauty is not laid on, it is painted in. It is part of the texture of the discourse. The mind that is speaking is one to which poetic forms and phrases are the natural utterance. But it is not chiefly the beauty of his words that gives this preacher the mastery of his hearers; it is his evident sincerity. He does not preach so many truths as some other ministers do, but what he does preach he believes.

The "Motives of Life" discussed in this short series are Intellectual Progress, Home, A Good Name, The Pursuit of Happiness, Benevolence and Religion. So wisely and impressively are these great topics treated that the young men who listened to these words as they were spoken must

1 Motives of Life. By David Swing. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

have found inspiration in them. Scarcely less helpful will they prove to any who may read them.

To one short passage from the first of these discourses we desire to call the attention of all Christian teachers as containing a truth that they are bound to heed. The gravity, the momentousness of these words no man can overstate, and the people who stand in the high places of the church to-day will incur a fearful responsibility if they do not cease to take council of cowardice and speak out the truth upon these matters which they very well know:

"If the church-going multitude will not read and will not place in the hands of their young men the best conclusions of the greatest Christian scholars as to the foundations of our faith, and the essential Christian creed, they need not wonder if an eloquent public orator shall come along, and with his "Mistakes of Moses" make infidels of thousands who only a few years ago were full of the common Christian belief."

Several of Mr. Gladstone's contributions to various reviews and magazines have been brought together in two handy volumes,[1] which might have given us greater pleasure if the proof-reading had been more carefully done. The punctuation is wild and the spelling is not always above suspicion. The first of these volumes is devoted to essays upon "The Throne, the Prince Consort, the Cabinet and the Constitution." The essay lately printed in the *North American Review*, and entitled "Kin Beyond Sea," concludes this volume. One can gain from it much valuable information concerning the English Court and the English Government. The second volume is devoted to biographical and literary essays, among which those devoted to Blanco White, Tennyson, Macaulay, and Norman McLeod are especially readable. Mr. Gladstone's style is somewhat ponderous for an essayist, and one is a little distrustful, now and then, of the judgment of so pronounced a partisan; but it is his honest purpose always to be fair, and he holds no opinions for which he cannot give many and strong reasons. The breadth and refinement of his scholarship must fill every reader with admiration, and suggest the application to him of Artemus Ward's left-handed witticism about General Washington, that it is his forte not to be resembled by any of our public men at the present day to any alarming extent.

It has been a puzzling question what the star of empire would do when it reached the Pacific coast and could go no further westward without traveling in the East. This question Mr. Clark has solved for us. It has turned back in its path, and henceforth the course of empire is to be Eastward. Germany has succeeded the Western Powers in the leadership of Europe; Russia is looming up as a mighty political force in the future, and the peoples of European Turkey and Greece that have so long been enslaved and degraded are rising into independent and vigorous national life. The historical sketches which he has given us in this comely volume[1] help greatly toward an understanding of the Eastern Question, and will throw light not only upon the history that has already been recorded but upon that which is likely to be written in the newspapers within the next fifty years. The three parts of this volume treat respectively of the Byzantine Empire, the Modern Greeks and the Albanians, and the Turkish Slavonians the Wallachians and the Gypsies. Mr. Clark has expended upon the work a great deal of well-directed industry; his reading has been wide and judicious, his perception of the historical forces is clear and his style is perspicuous.

The admirable "Epochs of Ancient History" series is continued by a volume upon "The Age of the Antonines."[2] The period is one of the greatest interest, and some of the best characters of history appear in it. The Emperors Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the two Antonines are discussed with discriminating fidelity, the largest space being given, as is just, to Marcus Aurelius; the relations of the Christians to the Empire is considered; the governmental methods and policies are sketched, and the currents of literature and learning are traced. Mr. Capes is a historian of intelligence and fairness, and this book is one of the best of a valuable series.

Mr. Hamerton is a much less devout worshiper than Mr. Ruskin, and a much more trustworthy critic; and the estimate of Turner[3] that he has given us will help to save that great genius from the disparagement which Mr. Ruskin's extravagant praise would have been likely to beget. Mr. Hamerton finds Turner to be "one of the most poetical, the most learned, and the least material" of artists; but he finds in him also limitations and faults. One curious defect either of his organization or of his training, was exhibited in his literary efforts. Turner thought himself a poet as well as a painter, and the specimens of his verse that he has left us are simply astonishing. In grammar and spelling they almost rival the productions of the

1 Gleanings of Past Years,—1843–1878. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. Two Volumes. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

1 The Races of European Turkey: Their History Condition and Prospects. By Edson S. Clark. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

2 The Roman Empire of the Second Century, or the Age of the Antonines. By W. W. Capes, M. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

3 The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R. A. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Sweet Singer of Michigan; in their ideas they do not however resemble hers because it can hardly be said of them that they "are more truth than poetry." Of none of Turner's work indeed can this be said. "He is always and above all things the *artist*," says Mr. Hamerton. "With all his study of objects and effects, he was never a naturalist. The real motive of every one of his compositions is to realize some purely artistic conception, not to copy what he saw; consequently he lived in a state of mental activity and feeling which cannot be in the least understood until we know what the artistic intelligence is, and what are its necessities, its purposes, and its aspirations." This seems to mean that art is not for common folk; that none but the initiated can know anything about it. And this furnishes the reason, no doubt, why common folk often fail to be pleased or impressed with Mr. Turner's pictures. They have never been instructed in the professional secrets; they do not know how certain effects are produced, and therefore they are not capable of admiring them. This is undoubtedly true, so far as Turner is concerned; but the kind of art which cannot be appreciated without a professional training in its technique is not, after all, the highest kind of art. The greatest painter, like the greatest poet, will escape from professionalisms and conventionalities and express himself in a language that will be perfectly intelligible to the common people.

Mr. Howells' last novel[1] is his best. He would be an unreasonable and crusty customer indeed who should ask for anything more delightful than this story. In its realistic representation of New England character and its reproduction of the New England dialect, in its exquisite delineation of two typical Bostonians, in the sprightliness of its dialogue, in the delicacy of its humor, in the simple effectiveness of its plot, in the wholesomeness of its morality, and above all in the intelligent and hearty respect with which America and the Americans are treated in it, "The Lady of the Aroostook" is worthy of the highest praise. Mr. Howells is a cultivated and traveled American; he knows a great deal more about the true inwardness of European social life than many of those Americans know who have written books about it; he has also the advantage of some of them in knowing his own countrymen and countrywomen; and it has fallen to him to institute what seems to be a fair comparison between American and European manners in which the superiority of the former does not very clearly appear. It is made evident that delicacy of feeling and dignity and scrupulous honor and the most genuine modesty are at least sometimes developed under the forms of our American social life, and that certain qualities quite opposite to these are quite frequently developed in that social life whose forms some Americans are desirous of reproducing in this country. And if we must admit that it was "a genuine bit of American civilization" that brought the passengers of the Aroostook together in a relation so apparently awkward and questionable, it was also "a genuine bit of American civilization" that they behaved as they did; that the young men conducted themselves with such delicate courtesy and such scrupulous honor, and that the young woman bore herself with such stainless modesty. We beg the European critics of our free social customs to read these words of Lydia Blood, the only lady on board the Aroostook, to her aunt in Venice:

"From the time the ship sailed till I reached this wicked place, there wasn't a word said nor a look looked to make me think I wasn't just as right and safe there as if I had been in my own room at home. They were never anything but kind and good to me. They never let me think that they could be my enemies, or that I must suspect them, and be on my watch against them. They were Americans!"

No American will have any difficulty in believing that the words of Miss Lydia Blood are strictly true, and that they describe a state of things which is by no means exceptional, but which is the normal result in the best society of American social customs. And we must be allowed to think that such a result is far better than anything that can be hoped for under the system of suspicion and surveillance by which European society is regulated. The American plan has its defects and its dangers no doubt, but it does develop a purity and a strength of character, both in men and in women, which the European plan does not seem to produce. This is the fact that Mr. Howells suggests; and we trust that it will be duly weighed by all those Europeans who are in the habit of decorating America with their contempt, and not less by those Americans who like Dunham are fond of viewing their native world from a foreign standpoint.

The satire is but slight, and the wit is but thin in the versified essay entitled "At the Back of the Moon."[1] The effectiveness of the performance largely consists in spelling proper names backward, as "Notsob" for Boston, and "Wen Kroy" for New York. The versification is clumsy and the criticism is done with a blunt tool.

1 The Lady of the Aroostook. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

1 At the Back of the Moon, or Observations of Lunar Phases. By A. Lunar Wray. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

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AT HOME FROM CHURCH.

The lilacs lift in generous bloom
  Their plumes of dear old-fashioned flowers;
Their fragrance fills the still old house
  Where left alone I count the hours.

High in the apple-trees the bees
  Are humming, busy in the sun,—
An idle robin cries for rain
  But once or twice and then is done.

The Sunday-morning quiet holds
  In heavy slumber all the street,
While from the church, just out of sight
  Behind the elms, comes slow and sweet

The organ's drone, the voices faint
  That sing the quaint long-meter hymn—
I somehow feel as if shut out
  From some mysterious temple, dim

And beautiful with blue and red
  And golden lights from windows high,
Where angels in the shadows stand
  And earth seems very near the sky.

The day-dream fades—and so I try
  Again to catch the tune that brings
No thought of temple nor of priest,
  But only of a voice that sings.

Sarah O. Jewett.

HOW CIVILIZATION FAVORS OUR BIRDS.

To say that the settlement of North America by white men has produced a marked effect upon the animal life of the continent, and upon the birds as a part of the fauna, may seem too much of a truism to be worth discussion. Yet the degree to which this

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effect has been felt, and the various ways in which man's influence has been exerted upon animals, might still be objects of interesting inquiry. I confine myself alone to the effects produced by the white man, because the Indian seems to have caused hardly an appreciable change either for good or for evil in the comparative plenitude or in the habits of the creatures dwelling about him. He himself was really as wild and indigenous as they, hunting, like the carnivores, purely for food, and, like the osprey, fishing only when his wants were urgent. His mind was too grim to entertain the idea of pursuing animals for sport; and his civilization too limited to cause much disturbance of natural conditions.

During the last two and a half centuries white men have spread everywhere, and their machinery has replaced the original simplicity of nature over almost the whole continent. Thousands of square miles of forest have been cleared off, marshes have been drained, rivers obstructed and tormented with mill-wheels, and cities have sprung up as swiftly as the second-growth of scrub-pines follows the leveling of an oak wood.

The inevitable result would seem to have been that all animals, birds included, would have been so harassed by their changed surroundings and the persecutions of human foes that they would have rapidly disappeared. With the vast majority of the quadrupeds this has been actually the case. "Wild beasts" no longer haunt our forests to the terror of the traveler, nor can the hunter now find the game which only a few decades ago was abundant almost in his door-yard. It has resulted very much the same with the wild-fowl and the game birds, which have deserted their ancient nesting-places within our borders for the safer Arctic heaths, or, old and young, have been all but exterminated by the gun and snare.

Nevertheless there is a large series of the smaller birds of our wood-lands and prairies, which, as I hope to show, have been decidedly benefited by the advent of white men here. I know of but one sort of quadruped, the field mice, of which this can also be said.

It is commonly observed that almost no small birds are seen in the depths of a forest, but that they become abundant as one approaches the neighborhood of settlements. Travelers through Siberia know that they are coming near a village when they begin to hear the voices of birds, which are totally absent from the intervening solitudes. Every ornithologist has proved these facts in his own experience, and explorers who go to uninhabited and primeval regions have learned not to expect there the chorus that greets their ears from the great army of songsters in populous countries.

The song birds, the small denizens of our summer groves, pastures and meadows, seem, then, to recognize the presence of man's civilization as a blessing, and have taken advantage of it both from love of human society and for more solid and prosaic reasons. The settlement of a country implies the felling of forests, the letting in upon the ground of light and warmth, the propagation of seed-bearing cereals, weeds and grasses enormously in excess of a natural state of things, the destruction of noxious quadrupeds and reptiles, and the introduction of horses and cattle. Each of these alterations of nature (except in some cases —the woodpeckers for instance—the first-mentioned) is a direct benefit to the little birds. It is not difficult to demonstrate this.

Birds naturally choose sunny spots in which to build their nests, such as some little glade or the bank of a stream: when roads were cut through the sombre woods, and fields leveled in them, the places suitable for nesting were of course greatly added to, and a better chance thus afforded for successfully hatching and rearing their broods of young. One of the largest families of our birds, that of the sparrows, finches and buntings, subsists almost exclusively on seeds of weeds and grasses; and the members of a large proportion of other families depend somewhat for their daily supply on this sort of food. Under the universal shade of the trees weeds can grow only sparingly, and on the prairies the crop is often killed by drought or burned in the autumn; but the cultivation of immense fields of grain and hay, and the making of

broad pastures and half-worn roads, which are almost immediately filled with weeds, has furnished the birds with an inexhaustible and unfailing harvest.

Birds suffer much harm from several quadrupeds, foxes, weasels, skunks, rats, etc., which catch them on their roosts, suck their eggs and kill their fledglings. Snakes also are fond of them and destroy many nests every season, in early summer subsisting almost alone upon eggs. All of these animals, particularly the foxes, skunks and serpents, are greatly reduced in numbers by the settlement of a region, although it must be confessed that their absence is somewhat compensated by the introduction of the domestic cats, which go foraging through the woods to the grief of all its feathered inhabitants. No longer in fear of their natural enemies, and learning that there is little reason to be apprehensive of harm from mankind, the small birds forsake their silent, shy manners, come out of the thickets where they have been hiding, and let their voices be heard in ringing tones, easily interpreted as notes of rejoicing at deliverance from fear, and thanksgiving for liberty to sing as loud as pleases them.

All small birds are more or less completely insectivorous, even the cone-billed seed-eaters having to feed their young with larvæ at first, and naturally congregate where this food is most abundantly supplied There would seem to be enough anywhere, but the plowing and manuring of the soil facilitates the growth and increase of such insects as go through their metamorphoses in the ground; and the culture of orchards furnishes an excellent resort for many boring and fruit-loving moths, beetles and the like, which find the best possible circumstances for their multiplication in the diseased trunks and juicy fruit of the apple, plum, cherry and peach. Here is another storehouse of bird's food, and no part of the farm has so many winged citizens.

The presence of horses, cattle and sheep, and the excellent opportunities offered to the flies and other insect tribes for the safe rearing of their eggs in the dung-hills and heaps of wet straw always lying about barns, attract a great colony of those minute bugs upon which the fly-catching birds principally maintain themselves. The cattle-yard, therefore, forms a sort of game-preserve for such birds, and many species flock thither. Swallows are almost never found far from barns, the cow-bunting receives its name from its habit of constantly associating with cattle, and the king-bird finds the stable yard his most profitable hunting-ground. Near the habitations of men, small birds also enjoy protection from hawks and owls, which hesitate to venture away from the woods, and whose numbers are reduced, unwisely perhaps, by incessant persecution.

The logic of the case is simple: birds will assemble chiefly where food for themselves and their young is in greatest abundance, and will thrive best where they are least exposed to enemies. These two prime conditions of prosperity, with many favorable concomitants, man's arts supply to the insessorial birds, which, on the other hand, suffer little direct injury from his contact. Yet some species seem little affected by the settlement of the country either in numbers or habits, while others increase rapidly on the first settlement of a region and then decrease again. Of this class are the prairie-hen and mallard. "They find abundance of food in the corn and wheat fields; while the population is sparse and larger game so abundant they are hunted very little, but as the population increases they are gradually thinned out and become in some cases exterminated. Other birds, as the quail, are wholly unknown beyond the frontier; and only appear after the country has been settled a short time. Still others, woodland species, appear in regions where they were never known before as groves of trees are planted, and thick woods spring up on the prairies as soon as the ravages of the fires are checked."

Striking examples of how birds have accepted this tacit invitation to make men their confidants occur in the history of the swallows and swifts. Our purple martins spread themselves in Summer all over North America, but are becoming rare in New England, whence they seem to have been driven by the white-bellied swallows which have gradually grown more numerous, and

which, preceding the martins in the spring, "preëmpt" all the nesting-boxes. Their natural resting-places were hollow trees and cavities in rocks, but now, throughout the whole breadth of the land, it is rare to find martins resorting to such quarters except in the most remote parts of the Rocky Mountains. They have everywhere abandoned the woods and come into villages, towns and even cities, choosing to nest in communities about the eaves of houses and barns and in sheltered portions of piazzas, or to take possession of garden bird-boxes "where their social, familiar and confiding dispositions have rendered them general favorites."

A very similar case is presented by the history of the chimney-swift, which finds a chimney a far more desirable residence than a hollow tree in the woods.

Other species of swallows afford still more striking examples of a change in life caused by association with man. Perhaps the most curious is the case of the eave swallow (*Petrochelidon lunifrous*). It remained undiscovered until 1820, when it was met with by Thomas Say, naturalist to Major Long's expedition to the Rocky Mountains. In 1825 it appeared at Fort Chippewa and built its nest under the eaves. Even earlier it had been seen on the Ohio river, at Whitehall, N. Y., and very soon after was found breeding in the Green Mountains, in Maine, in New Brunswick and on Anticosti Island, among the high limestone cliffs of that precipitous coast. It occurs also westward to the Pacific coast. It is hardly to be supposed that these swallows were indigenous to some restricted locality in the West whence they suddenly made such a startling exodus, but rather that they had always existed in isolated spots suited to them all over the country, but so far apart and so uncommon that they were overlooked. The experience of the barn swallow has been very much the same; and the Rocky Mountain swallow, which breeds in far-separated colonies throughout the mountainous West, is fast following its example in scraping acquaintance with man. The Old World swallows and swifts have passed through a precisely similar civilizing process, only there the change of life has proceeded more slowly and the new habits are more firmly fixed, for our birds in frequent individual instances still return to their wild manner of nesting.

The natural breeding place of all the three species I have mentioned is in caves and crevices of rocks—the irregularities and hollows of limestone cliffs affording them the best chances. "Swallows' Cave" at Nahant is remembered as one of their hospices. I have seen all three breeding together among the ragged ledges of Middle Park, Colorado; but considerable differences were noticeable between the houses of these uncivilized builders and those of their educated brethren at the East, who now would find it rather hard, I fancy, to "rough it" as did their ancestors.

Under the shelter of warm barns and with such an abundance of food at hand that they have had plenty of leisure "between meals" to cultivate their tastes and give scope to their ingenuity, our barn and eave swallows have shown a wondrous improvement in architecture. The nests of the barn swallows which I saw in the little niches of the sulphur-rock at Hot Springs, in Colorado, consisted only of a loose bed of straw and feathers, for the hollow floors of the niches formed cavity and barrier for the safety of the eggs. Some nests resting on more exposed ledges had a rude foundation and rim of mud, but did not compare with the elaborate half-bowls lined with straw and feathers which the same species plaster so firmly against the rafters of our barns, or the large nest that is balanced on the beam, with edges built up so high that the callow young cannot tumble out or hardly climb out until they are quite ready to fly. Nevertheless the general character of the nest is the same; the eastern swallows have only made use of the superior advantages the barn and farmyard afford to perfect their idea. In the case of the barn swallow its civilization results practically in an addition to its work, since its nest is larger and more carefully made. On the other hand, its neighbor, the eave swallow, has saved labor by the change from wild life.

This latter species is sometimes called the republican swallow, because at the breeding season it gathers in extensive colonies, where

its homes are crowded together as closely as the cells in a honey-comb, one wall often serving for two or more contiguous structures. Their nests are gourd-shaped or like a chemist's retort, and are fastened by the bulb to the face of the cliff, generally where it overhangs, with the curving necks opening outward and affording an entrance just large enough to admit the owner. This "retort" is constructed of pellets of mud well-compacted in the little mason's beak, and made adhesive by mixture with the glue-like saliva with which all swallows are provided. In this snug receptacle the pretty eggs are laid upon a bed of soft straw and feathers. Such was the elaborate structure deemed necessary by the swallows so long as they nested in exposed places where they had to guard against the weather and crafty enemies. "But since these birds have placed themselves under the protection of man they have found that there is no longer any need of all this superfluous architecture, and the shape of their nest has been gradually simplified and improved. In 1857, on one of the islands in the Bay of Fundy, the writer [Dr. T. M. Brewer] met with a large colony whose nests on the side of the barn were placed between two projecting boards put up for them by the friendly proprietor. The very first year they occupied these convenient quarters every one of these sensible swallows built nests open at the top, discarding the old patriarchal domes and narrow entrances of their forefathers."

This is not an isolated case, but rather has come to be the rule wherever there was a roof over them, so far as my own observation goes.

The purple martin and white-bellied swallow both accept of houses ready-made, saving themselves all trouble except to furnish them; and even the burrowing bank and rough-winged swallows are learning that it is cheaper to build in a snug cranny in an old wall than laboriously to dig a deep crypt in a sand-bank wherein to lay their pearly eggs.

Man's industries have supplied the birds with some new and exceedingly useful building materials, such as furnishing those weavers, the orioles and vireos, with strings and yarn for the warp of their fabrications, and the yellow bird with cotton and wool to make her already downy bed still softer. Instances of abnormally late and early breeding of birds are very common in England, and are more and more frequently recorded on this side the Atlantic. This is not to be wondered at, since our operations insure to the birds a continued plenty of suitable food and thus enable them to rear their young at seasons when in a wild state it would not be possible for them to do so. The English sparrows breeding in our city parks furnish a case in point.

That civilization has to some extent governed the migrations and geographical distribution of many species of birds not directly warred upon by men for game, amusement or because they are obnoxious to his crops, could easily be shown did my space allow me to bring forward illustrations. The mocking and Bewick's wrens, the rose-breasted grossbeak, chestnut-sided warbler and other species have spread northward and become more abundant since the time of Wilson and Audubon; the bobolink has kept pace with the widening cultivation of rice and grain fields, the red-headed woodpecker has retreated from New England, the raven has gradually retired before the wood-cutter until it has almost ceased to exist, while the crow has year by year extended its range without seeming to diminish its forces in the older districts.

Although none have abandoned their old way of life so completely as the swallows, many other birds have profited by the constructions and friendship of the human race. The blue-bird and wren, chickadees and nut-hatches, dig holes in the fence-posts conveniently rotting for their use, and even such wild fellows as the great-crested king-bird and Bewick's wren occasionally attach themselves to mankind and hatch their young under his roof for greater security. Even the whip-poor-will and night-hawk, asleep all day in the swamp, are glad to come to the farmer's house in the evening. In not a few instances, here and abroad, our superstitions bring profit to the birds. An honest old Pennsylvania Dutchman, around whose barn clouds of swallows hovered, told

Wilson that he must on no account shoot any of them, for if one was killed his cows would give bloody milk, and that so long as the swallows inhabited his barns the buildings were in no danger of being struck by lightning. Wilson did not argue the question. The arrival of the fish-hawk on the New Jersey coast at the vernal equinox notes the beginning of the fishing season. Its coming is therefore greeted with satisfaction, and it is esteemed so "lucky" to have an osprey nest upon one's farm that proprietors cherish its huge house in the lone tree-top with uncommon care.

The result of all this is that the aggregate army of singing birds east of the Mississippi has been very considerably enlarged during the last two centuries, and is still on the increase. This can only be owing to the fact that by cutting down the forests, etc., man has tempered the rigor of the winter, has multiplied the sources of their food, has appended many additional places suitable for rearing their young, and has enabled them to bring more fledglings to maturity by reducing the ranks of their enemies. This has not only augmented their numbers and modified very appreciably their habits of nesting and migration, their physical natures and mental characteristics, but probably has even changed their voices. There is little doubt in my mind that in making their lives less laborious, apprehensive and solitary, man has left the birds time and opportunity for far more singing than their hard-worked, scantily fed and timorous ancestors ever enjoyed; a privilege a bird is not slow to make use of.

But on the other hand it seems equally certain that the music of our more domestic birds, though greater in volume, is not so sweet in tone as that of their wilder brethren. Our street sparrows are naturally, I suppose, rather harsh-voiced, but whatever they might have been a thousand years ago they could hardly be otherwise now, when the rattle-te-bang of the city pavements has been their only teacher for many centuries. The mocking-bird has learned to imitate the creak of the farmer's wheelbarrow—no dulcet sound—and the scream of the farmer's boy. Many of the sounds constantly uttered by men and evoked by their work are anything but melodious, and young birds born and bred in their midst must surely turn out less sweet and accomplished singers than if reared among the gentle whisperings of leafy woods, and learning music only from the golden-mouthed minstrels of the sylvan choir.

Ernest Ingersoll.

FOUR ELEMENTS OF A GREAT ART.

There is no higher art than the art of teaching religion; and certainly none is more difficult of acquirement or successful practice. Teaching in general is no insignificant use of the human faculties. The very word gives us a hint of the importance of the reality for which the word stands. According to some philologists the root of the Greek verb to teach is closely allied with the roots of the other two verbs which signify to speak and to point out. If this be so, language suggests what a criticism of experience confirms,—that authority and evidence, the twin sources of all human knowledge and belief, find their efficiency in practical life largely through this divine art of teaching.

Now the end of all rightly aimed teaching is to produce symmetry of manhood. The loftiest and most perfectly balanced development and action of all the powers of man, in all their relations within the individual man, and in the relations of man with other beings—even so comprehensive as this is the final purpose of the most intelligent teaching. The aim of teaching lies in the pupil, in the whole nature of the pupil. The success of teaching is not to be judged by the number of titbits of knowledges that the teacher can manage, as host, to

scrape together from the various cupboards of human research, and lay before his day-boarders, but by the appetite, muscularity and working force developed in those who are fed.

It is plain that in this great final purpose of all teaching, the symmetry of manhood, the teaching of morals and religion must have a prominent part; and not only a prominent but also a quite thoroughly pervasive part. For I hold that none of the faculties of a human being can be properly trained without taking his whole humanity into the account. Not even the action of the senses is purely physical or separate from the moral and religious nature. The human eye under the dissecting knife is very like the eye of an ox; but when in use its seeing is human vision, seeing, that is, as a *man* sees. The moral and religious nature must be trained in the act of vision as well as in the saying of prayers. To see aright and give a true and accurate report of what is seen fosters morality; to see in slovenly fashion becomes a vice; and habitually to make an inaccurate report of the testimony of sight tends to make one untrustworthy or perhaps an irreclaimable liar.

But vastly important and pervasive in influence as the art of teaching morals and religion is, it is the most neglected of arts. With the average Christian man considerably more time and thought are given to the arts of driving a fast horse, pleasing a customer or dressing well; with the average Christian woman to the arts of adorning the hair, trimming a bonnet or setting an attractive table, than to this art of transmitting and infusing into others religious truth. Nor is the study of the true and efficient methods of the highest instruction insisted upon to any considerable extent even in the case of those who are invited to practice such instruction. For some years past the teachers of so-called secular truth have been much more than formerly trained and rigorously inspected in the practice of their art. But we are just beginning sleepily and sluggishly to ask the question, whether the art of teaching morals and religion in the Sabbath School be not worthy of training, and whether it do not demand more careful inspection. But as yet so few are they who can impart or will receive instruction in this art, that the practice is still very crude, though perhaps than formerly less self-confident. I know that every member of our churches is fully competent to an entirely self-satisfactory opinion on the abstrusest theological questions. For it cannot be that we have during two hundred and fifty years required such an opinion of every man in order that he might become a member, and all to so little purpose. But I suppose no one will claim that a self-satisfied opinion of one's ability to practice the art of religious teaching, should now be made a condition of membership in the corps of Sabbath-school teachers.

Indeed, the inquiry how best to transfuse from your soul to other souls the truths of morals and religion, opens before us the depths of a sweet and tender yet awful mystery. Not all preachers by any means have sent their plummet down toward the bottom of this mystery; not all have even suspected that there is any such mystery to be fathomed. I am not thinking now of the arts and artificialities by which the speaker, standing behind the pulpit, may keep those in the pews agape, or draw crowds to see him display his arts, or drive the crowds away by the offensiveness of dryness or other ugliness in manners and speech. But how shall you, having the truth in you, so forge and force it that it shall enter, all glowing itself and fusing all it meets, into the brother-man who sits yonder? I doubt whether there is a would-be preacher in Christendom whose opinion is worth observing, who will not tell you that he has inquired and observed, wondered, studied and prayed, yea groaned and wept before this sweet but awful mystery. "Who hath believed our report?" has been the piercing cry of the speaker of divine truth these hundreds of years. And shall school-girls confidently walk where prophets have gone on their knees?

And now having so highly exalted my theme, how shall I myself aspire to teach the art of teaching in its highest and most difficult exercise; the teaching of mor-

als and religion? Let it be avowed at once; such knowledge is too high for me. Are there not a goodly number of self-erected models in this art? Have we not model schools and model teachers and model classes and model exercises; and in general an amount of imitative instruction and a number of imitators and an abundance of material for imitation which knows no limit, until appetite for the whole thing comes near turning to disgust and nausea? Let us be very humble together, indulgent reader, and confess at once; you and I know very little of the deep mystery and the lofty art by which truth passes from a living reality in one soul to become a living reality in another, without diminishing its power in the former location.

But may we not inquire, what elements are indispensable in all teaching of morals and religion worthy to be called high art? Of such elements we will consider only four. In each one we shall find an appeal made to certain facts of experience, to certain corresponding truths of religious philosophy, and finally to our endeavor that by practice the truths may be made to modify the present facts.

And as it seems to me, the first element in the art of teaching morals and religion is what I will call,—Naturalness of Transition. What is meant by this shall be made speedily to appear. The facts of common experience to which this phrase corresponds make evident the need of a transition in most efforts at teaching the loftiest and choicest truth. The transition must be from the lower and more ordinary fact and knowledges with which the average mind is familiar and in which it is interested, to the higher and more ideal truths which are strange and uninteresting in themselves to the average mind. To teach morals and religion successfully one must turn the tide of mental and emotional life into new channels. In these new channels it does not run smoothly, in part because they are new. How to pass from facts and truths interesting and known to the hearer, but not needed by him, to those other facts and truths which he needs to know but does not desire to be taught, and how to carry the hearer with you in the passage, becomes, then, a question of supreme importance with every teacher. This is not merely the consideration whether we can swim the Hellespont or not, but whether we can swim it and carry some one on our back. Of course every teacher will have some listeners who will make the passage with delighted self-propulsion beside him. The average hearer must, however, be carried, or he will never cross at all.

It requires no wide experience for the teacher to discover that what men like to hear and talk about is not precisely what they need to know. This is emphatically true of those minds with which the Sabbath-school teacher has to deal; it also is true of a very large class whom the preachers ought to reach but do not. Questions of morals and religion, if not enforced upon the mind by outside effort, will very little disturb the ordinary mental current. The average boy or girl does not come to school to be taught; I doubt whether the average man who is an habitual church-goer desires much to be instructed. He comes to be interested. What, however, is to interest him but the very thing he is occupied with every day to the exclusion of the other thing which he ought to be taught? He is interested in houses and lands, in merchandise and trading, in securing a living and acquiring a competency. But these are not the things, *in themselves*, which the teacher of morals and religion is set to teach. Or he is interested in history, literature, art or the current political and social questions. But neither are these, in themselves, the religious teacher's theme. His theme is *in* all these; his method should know how to use them all. Still a great transition must after all be made. It must be made so easily and yet so forcefully that the man, with his interested mind, shall be carried over in the company of his teacher or even wholly by him. The transition is from horses to holiness, from pork to piety, from house-cleanings of this life to cleanings of inner furniture, from bread that moulds to incorruptible bread from heaven, from shoes for dainty ladies' feet to the feet that are shod with the preparedness of the gospel of peace.

In the case of children the childish mind must be carried over from dolls to duty, from the stain on the dress to the stain on the soul, from the sweetness of the mother's lips to the sweetness of an approving conscience, the kiss of God upon the human soul.

Now for the success of this transition naturalness is especially desirable, is even indispensable. Awkwardness is mortal in this branch of teaching. But naturalness is by no means the same as facility in making pretty or impressive figures of speech. It requires rather a certain rarest quality and deepmost culture of soul. It requires kinship with the truth. The truth which he would teach must have become, so to speak, natural to the teacher's own soul, in order that he may pass naturally to it by the channel of his choice. He must wear this truth as a sort of inner clothing of his own thought. Near Rome or farther away, all roads led to the Eternal City. The truth is as the Eternal City for the whole domain of the skillful teacher's being. The chemist will find a way leading from every occurrence to his main truths; everything is chemical to his thinking, analyzable because chemical, and intensely interesting on that account. And to pass to his favorite theme is for the devoted chemist the easiest and most natural thing in the world, no matter before what phenomenon you station him. To be sure if he is to teach chemistry he must take care not to make of himself a chemical bore. And so must the teacher of morals and religion be sensitive to discern the limits of time and place for introducing his theme. But it is certain that in no time nor place will he introduce it to much effect if he possess not also the art of pedagogic alchemy. Everything must appear capable of turning into the pure gold of Christian truth in the hands of the Christian teacher.

And fortunately there is a great truth of religious philosophy which comes to the help of anyone who aspires to this naturalness of transition. That truth is this: all facts and verities are cognate; real and vital analogies are everywhere. The things that men are interested in are connected by many strong and hidden ties with the things they ought to know but do not desire to be taught. Dolls have for children to do with duty, and holiness is to be written on the bells of the horses. No fact or truth called secular is so low that God cannot reach it; no choicest truth of God is so high that it cannot become incarnate in the lowest orders of our experience. Earth and heaven are not millions of miles apart; they are mechanically mixed, yes, even vitally united. That celestial sphere which lies around us in our infancy enswathes us all our lives through. We have only to pierce it with a thoughtful remark to let the vision of others well into its depths. That great instructor of all souls, the divine Spirit, knows this truth perfectly. He leads men not only as the old man by the sea led Justin Martyr, from Plato to Christ, but from all manner of trivialities to all heights of eternal verity. The wail of the catgut of Robert Falconer's violin awoke a wailing in poor Dooble Sanny's heart over his past sins; and its entrancing chords stirred the desire to play such music with other musicians in the celestial orchestra. A recent novel makes the soul of its heroine melt before an "ecce homo" picture of Christ, just as did in real life the heart of the founder of the Moravian Brethren. But I have also read how in real life this great teacher, the Holy Ghost, imparted heavenly truth to the soul of a convict, through the recognition with his eyes of the fact, that the floor of the chapel he entered in the land of his banishment was covered with the same pattern of matting which he remembered upon the floor of the village church in his boyhood home. How few of us know how to turn from the notes of the fiddle to enforce moral harmony, or from the pattern of a carpet to the great model of the religious life.

Yet it is just the ability to make such transition, not merely with the appearance but rather with the reality of ease and appropriateness, which has especially characterized the great teachers of moral and religious truth. With them the eye is keen and quick to detect these available analogies, so much and so intimately do they dwell with the truth that everything whispers or figures it forth to them. "Sermons in stones" not only do they find, but truths

worthy of imparting without sermonizing in everything. They seize upon the concrete matters in which the minds they would reach are interested; they handle them, and lo! without spasm in the speaker or fright and disgust in the hearer, a marvelous ideal, hitherto concealed, comes forth to view. The hearer says, "Surely God is in this place and I knew it not." And indeed is He not in and through all things? What, then, is the teacher's work but to hold the eye and interest of the learner, while he strips off the shell and uncovers the inner divine life?

In the Socrates of Plato we note the wonderful power which this dear Greek had attained, among other rare qualities, in naturalness of transition. From a question concerning the beard of Alcibiades he found an easy and natural passage to a discussion of divine philosophy. To inquire one's health, to remark upon the weather, to ask a report from a recent feast—anything could become an entering wedge for the truth Socrates would teach. All roads led to Rome with him; and by any one of them, by whichever you liked or happened at the time to be walking in, he led you with him to the Eternal City.

But why speak of Socrates when a far greater than Socrates is here? Most men about Jesus had little primary interest in the truths he desired to impart. In *them* they were little enough interested. They *were*, however, interested in the sowing of the seed and in its fate, and of these things Jesus spoke to them. They were interested in weddings and funerals, in stewardship and other hired service, in questions of tribute and even of Rabbinical tradition; the great Teacher mounted his truths upon the vehicles of these things and so bore them into their thoughts. He asked water of a woman and gave her to drink of living water. He fed the hungry with bread and commended to them the bread from heaven. He directed the disciples where to catch fish and said moreover, "I will make you fishers of men."

The need of this naturalness is found in the facts of our experience as teachers. The promise of supply is given in a great truth of religious philosophy; while the actual manifestation of the supply is seen in the practice of all high art in teaching. Cultivate, then, naturalness in transition as a prime requirement for the successful teaching of morals and religion. The desire to attain this element of the great art should stimulate the study of analogies. Success in teaching religion largely depends upon the appearance of ease, sincerity and naturalness in teaching. But this kind of ease is born of painstaking; this kind of naturalness is rarest art. Religion will, however, not seem to be so far off, so foreign from the affairs of commonest, intensest, daily interest, when more of this art in teaching it is attained. The teacher of religion should put forth his blossoms momently, as, to modify a simile from Coleridge, the orange tree does its own.

Closely allied to this element of the great art of successful teaching in morals and religion is another, — Skill in Adaptation. The fact of experience which makes this element necessary is the fact that different minds are reached by different approaches of truth. Anything so patent and so often discouraging as this truth to the aspiring teacher scarcely needs or permits illustrations. The many men of earth have many minds, and each mind has its own tentacular and absorbing points for grasping and appropriating truth. Plants generally require soil and water; yet are we instructed to prepare a rich soil for geraniums and a light one for japonicas, that the calla lily cannot have too much water but that the cactus should receive none from September until February. There are lichens for the stone and for the tree; and in the same sea the green mosses are nearer the surface and the brown mosses belong to the depths. But humanity lays emphasis on individuality. A truth or a form of presenting the truth which will captivate one mind will weary or disgust another. The heart of Kant and of Fichte responded to the sublimity of moral law; but the heart of the poor woman who stood on the outskirts of the great crowd surrounding Whitfield as he spoke, was melted as she saw the, 'holy wag" of the evangelist's head. Every human mind has its

own secret intricacies, but it is the business of the teacher to find the way for some truth through those windings. He must, if need be, send some truth which can go on its hands and knees, can even lie flat and drag itself along to the place where power is hiding.

How immensely and, as we say, even hopelessly difficult it is to find the special truths or forms of presentation appropriate to many minds, every one who has made any study in the art of teaching duly knows. The human clock-work is manifestly out of order; you are summoned as a repairer of clocks and solicited to make it go. But you are obliged to stand outside of a clock which you cannot well take in pieces. What, then, can you do but run hooks in through the key-holes in the hopes of hitting the right point for relief! Independent of instinct, culture and guidance from the divine Spirit, the teacher can form no rules for adapting truth to men. This is the emphatic and distressful fault, the hopeless, remediless disease of much so-called religious teaching, that it has no adaptation to the individuality of those taught. The case is bad enough indeed in our public schools. Tom and Dick are simply members of the school; but what is the school for if not to reach Tom and Dick? Nor is the case much better in our schools of religious teaching. Yet each soul in them, in the audience and in the Sabbath-school class is one and alone; as such, if at all, the truth must find it. It is, so far as the teacher is concerned, only chance if any of *his* truth find it, unless he has skill in adaptation of truths to individual souls. Every soul is an unrecognized Cremona, and the master's part is to discover the possibilities of sweet harmonies which lie therein, to take the bow of truth and bid them awake. How difficult and masterful an art is this!

Yet is there a truth of religious philosophy which makes possible the practice of this art. There are as many truths and forms of presenting truths as there are minds. We forget too often that what appears to us vital parts of the organism of truth appears to others only the clouts in which the organism was once clothed. It is the business of thoughtful minds to come to an understanding upon this matter. It is preeminently the business of the teacher of religion, as rapidly and thoroughly as possible to come to an understanding with those whom he would teach. In a certain measure he must say to every one, show me the clothing in which you will recognize the truth and *so* will I clothe it and bring it before you. In figure of speech or statistics, in anecdote or abstract statement, in my way or your way of clothing it, the truth 's the truth for a' that. Many as are the minds of men, the forms which Christian truth has taken and can still assume are no fewer. It may be well for you, as its teacher, to have formulated it in what you suppose faultless and irreproachable fashion; but thus formulated do not expect it will find many minds. Your best way of stating it is by no means another man's best. You are to try to find his best way and know it as thoroughly as your own.

It is largely the practice of the art of teaching morals and religion in this tentative, facile manner which distinguishes its highest form. The acquisition of skill in teaching requires the two-fold study of the individual mind to be reached and of the forms of presenting truth to discover which form is best suited to this particular mind. It requires also the willingness, if need be, to experiment until the right form is reached. The expert before a combination bank-lock when the combination is unknown to him, is in a position similar to that in which are placed even the most skillful teachers by their endeavor to reach certain minds. The marvelous and divine skill with which Jesus adapted the truth to the minds which he desired to reach, are our highest example of this element of a great art As a teacher he was *the* truth because he knew what was in man and also what manifold forms of unfolding belong to every truth. Properly speaking, creeds belong rather to the pantheistic side of religion; they represent the general truth but not *my* truth, not the truth as it has "found" me. They are not adapted to teaching the individual unless you will let him hold them for "substance of doctrine;" that is, individualize them by an intermixture of his own personality.

Otherwise they appear to boast a triumph of another man's form of clothing truth over the truth which is in me.

> "The moving finger writes; and having writ,
> Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
> Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

But the parables of Jesus are the height of fine art in teaching religion, in part because they are so facile and adjustable to every peculiarity of the individual mind. They forever provoke the imitation of all who would follow the master in teaching religion with skill of adaptation.

As the third element of this great art we will notice—Power to stimulate Inquiry. The fact of experience which makes evident the need of this power in the art of teaching religion, is the fact that men, unstimulated, will not diligently and candidly inquire into the truths of religion. There are some indeed who like Nee-Sima will instinctively follow the truth even when they must track it across an ocean. But the investigation, the following of the tracks, of religious verity, is not work to which most minds are prone. What truth they acquire must be brought very near to them. Even then are they like hibernating bears. The majority are not asking, what is truth, even with the sneer of Pilate; but rather what is, or is to be, the current opinion. And for all men it is inevitable and plainly wisest and best, that they should take most of their facts, opinions and beliefs at second-hand and without inquiry. We cannot always be inquiring as to everything. The generations past and other men of the present generation must do most of our investigation for us. But the rousing of the spirit of inquiry, that it may at least go out in some directions, is the special work of every teacher of morals and religion. Let him who doubts this consider how Jesus taught. He taught dogmatically, to be sure; but he also mightily stimulated the questioning faculties of those who heard him. He had the divine method of enigma. He half-concealed and half-revealed truth, as God does in nature. By his method he woke the mind to ask questions, which should be earnest, burning questions into the very marrow and heart of truth. These are, however, the very kind of questions which the average man will not ask concerning moral and religious truth. We have quite enough of captious, gossiping inquiry. This is inquiry as to what said so and so, and what believes my brother, and what will it do for me to believe, and believing what shall I thrive best. It is the work of the teacher of religion to stimulate an honest, earnest questioning of evidence of God's witness, to find out truth. How difficult a task, however, is this.

Yet is there a truth of religious philosophy which comes to the aspiring teacher of religion even here. Men are questioning animals. The first thing with the child is to inquire. And why in religion should the human mind not be led to inquire, and be led also in inquiry? And by some form of questioning almost every man can have a hook thrust into his heart which shall draw him toward God. It is always a responsible act to answer a question. It is a noble act to stir into existence a good question. It is the noblest of all by the answer of a question to lead the soul toward and into the truth of God. Every teacher, then, ought to learn the art of the true Socratic method. Oftentimes to call for an answer to a question of one's own, is to startle the soul from its sleep in the thicket and send it off upon the track of search for food to satisfy its deathless hunger. The second stage of the passage from ignorance to knowledge, according to the great Greek, was reached when the soul knew that it did not know.

Now every human soul has its questions; some things it is curious to know. A large part of its great business in life is to ask questions. The art of teaching consists in starting the right questions and urging them along the right track of inquiry toward their goal in finding the truth. The power to stimulate and then to direct inquiry is no small part of the genuine didactic art.

The fourth and last element in the art of religious teachings which I now enumerate, is the Power to produce Conviction. The road of inquiry should lead to the rest of conviction. For if search for truth is, as Lessing held, the gift of God's right hand, truth is not the gift of His left hand; it is rather the gift of God's self. It is indeed a

frequent experience that inquiry into any particular matter of morals and religion does not end in convictions of truth as to the special matter into which we inquire. But all inquiry should end in some conviction. We may inquire into the order of the divine decrees, and come to the conviction that we are ignorant and He unfathomable; we may ask after the retribution which awaits the heathen, and come to the conviction that pharisaical Christians are in danger of hearing the reprobating word of Christ. Some settling of the soul down upon the bases of verity should come, however, from every agitation which it endures through inquiry into religious truth.

The fact of experience which makes evident the need of power in the teacher to produce conviction is this fact, that men generally have few well-founded and potent religious convictions. There is both light and warmth in religious conviction, as I wish to use the word. There are only a few questions upon which we can properly have convictions; upon these few convictions are indispensable to religious life. But how sadly many, both within and without the church, are lacking in this particular—who is ignorant? The push and pith of energy which come from these vital seizures of truth coiled up within the soul are needed by all; in only a few are they found commensurate with the demands made upon them.

But it is a truth fundamental in religious philosophy that certain truths, and those the richest, deepest, highest, best, are truths preeminently of conviction. It is another cognate truth that the human soul desires the founding of itself upon such verities of conviction. It becomes, then, a call for rare art in the teacher of religion, when he considers how he shall help found another soul upon such a basis of clear and strong belief as this. And scarcely anything else is, therefore, so damaging to the teacher as to be without convictions at all; unless it be, perhaps, having and trying to teach too many ill-constructed and unauthorized convictions. Upon some few great verities the teacher of religion must have the firmest and intensest convictions; upon most matters he is only entitled to an opinion. His opinions he may try to propagate within those whom he teaches, according to the evidence he has upon them, and the amount of benefit which they seem likely to bring to others. His convictions he must by all means try to carry over into the souls that wait upon his teaching.

Speaking reverently, we may say that the great religious teachers, Christ included, have given the world very little information; their power has been the power to produce convictions. And when the religious belief of men has degenerated into a cold make-believe, when inquiry has grown lackadasical, when scepticism makes condescending concessions to Christianity in the shape of may-bes and might-bes, and creeds are likely to take the place of convictions, a mighty call arises to the teacher of religion to use his influence most earnestly in two directions, sometimes deemed even contradictory. He must, on the one hand, speak against the propagation of mere opinions as though they were entitled to be called convictions. But he must, on the other hand, hold aloft above his mere opinions, and so as plainly to be distinguished from them, the illumining, burning convictions with which it is his effort to light and fuse the hearts of those whom his words reach. It is to the teaching of these only that the dogmatic method very fitly applies. The great fault with much teaching of religion has been that the force of the teacher has been spent in dogmatic assertion of mere opinion; while the very few convictions which any teacher can fairly teach with authority have been treated as of comparatively little account. In our Sabbath-schools we have just now much apparatus for conveying information and inculcating opinion. Of the information we fear the wit would justly say, "It is better not to know so much than to know so much that is n't so." Of the opinion every thoughtful hearer would observe,

> "Myself when young did eagerly frequent
> Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
> About it and about; but evermore
> Came out by the same door wherein I went."

But the transfusion of well-founded convictions is the teacher's highest art; it is also the pupil's greatest reward, for it saves his soul.

George T. Ladd.

WAS HE A TRAITOR?

It was one day in March, 1861, a warm, bright afternoon, that John Winthrop sat by his open window in Charleston. In the casement blew the fragrant breeze, rustling the papers which he held in his hand and reminding him perhaps of the message which the papers brought. Possibly the message was not a pleasant one. A look which might be either annoyance or pain had come over his face, which did not lessen as he turned his gaze from the street and raised the papers for a second reading. They were letters, the first a dainty, perfumed note bearing only two lines. John had several others from the same source carefully locked up in his desk. Those had been invitations, thanks for some little favor, responses perhaps to some letters of his own. This, however, was of a different character. "If you want to leave Charleston," so it read, "you must do it within twelve hours." There was no signature, but John did not need that to identify the firm, angular writing as Nathalie Kershaw's. He hesitated as to whether he should put it in the desk along with the others; but after a moment's thought tore it up and made of the bits a small bonfire on the hearth. "If it fell into the old gentleman's hands," he meditated, "she 'd never hear the last of it." And with this sacrifice he turned to the second letter.

Of the two this was much the longer, and came from the North. Part of it ran as follows:

"Your father is very anxious lest you should not get away from the South before the trouble breaks out. It would kill him if you should in any way, however innocently, be mixed up in it. Don't fail to leave before it is too late. Never mind about money or business; only come home."

Then came some family details and at the end his mother's name. John tossed it upon the table, and getting up leaned his head against the window-sash and gazed absently down the street. Of the atmosphere, surcharged with political excitement, he felt at that moment not a breath. In his mind was an absorbing struggle between a sense of duty on the one hand drawing him home and of inclination on the other impelling him to stay.

Why should he not go?

All his early associations were in the North. He had come down from New England to engage in business only a year before, and while he had been cordially received, more cordially than Yankees usually were about that time, he was still a stranger and an alien. His father in the little Massachusetts town where they lived had been one of the early free-soilers and his brothers were all of them ardent abolitionists. He himself had cast his first vote the fall before for Lincoln and Hamlin. Slavery he had been taught to abominate; the doctrine of State's rights he despised. The South, especially in its present inflamed state, could not but be uncongenial to him. What was it then that made him reluctant to leave it?

Perhaps Miss Nathalie Kershaw might have answered that question; or at least surmised an answer. "Poor fellow," she had said to herself with a little blush, as she sealed and sent the note, "he 'll hate awfully to go; but it will be far better for him. If he stays down here he 'll surely get mixed up in it; and as for me—"

Miss Kershaw did n't finish the observation. Whatever might be her sentiments in the premises, she was not ready as yet to disclose them, even to herself. But the blush deepened a little in her cheek, and more than a half wish crept into her heart that John Winthrop might after all refuse to profit by her suggestion.

In all the South at that time there was no warmer partisan of the Confederacy than Miss Kershaw. Education, associations, family influence, all inclined her even more strongly towards the cause of the South than John Winthrop from like circumstances was influenced in the direction of the North. Her father, Col. Peyton Kershaw, was in the confidence of the secessionist leaders and commander of the then newly organized Palmetto Guards. Her brothers — there were three of them, Randolph, Calhoun and Effingham—were themselves in

the Guards and eager for any step which should plunge them into open hostilities. Upon John Winthrop they looked with a disfavor which would long before have expressed itself in open hostility, but for the family understanding that Nathalie was never to be interfered with. If she chose to flirt with a Yankee it was unfortunate and perhaps inexplicable, but it could n't be helped, and perhaps after all it would teach the Yankee a lesson. That Nathalie had any serious intentions never entered their imagination; even though their compatriots in the Guards, unsuccessful suitors, some of them, of Nathalie, declared that Miss Kershaw was "gone on the Yankee," and hotly desired to know what devotion to South Carolina was worth if a fellow from Massachusetts was to be allowed to cut them all out.

As for Nathalie, it puzzled the girl herself to know what she thought. What business indeed had she to think of him at all? He was a Northerner and she a South Carolinian. Between the two a great gulf was fixed. And yet it was with some eagerness that she watched and waited through what remained of the afternoon after sending her note, for the visit which she felt tolerably sure John would pay, whether he accepted her suggestion and went, or whether—

John's ring interrupted her train of thought. With a hot flush she rose to receive him as he entered the room.

"You have come to say good-bye?" she asked, holding out her hand.

He looked her steadily in the face, holding the hand meanwhile.

"Do you want me to go?" he asked.

"If you don't go to-night," she said softly, "you can't go at all."

"Why need I go at all, Miss Kershaw?"

Her heart gave a quick throb, though she met his glance bravely enough.

"Do you know what it means to stay, Mr. Winthrop?"

"I have been calculating it, Miss Kershaw."

"But, Mr. Winthrop, it means to give up your country, your home, your friends, and throw in your lot with us."

"Will you let me throw in my lot with *you*, Miss Kershaw?" emphasizing the pronoun.

For an instant her heart stood still. That which she had hardly ventured to apprehend had come with a precipitancy which she could not foresee and could not find words to meet. Her face turned scarlet, and drawing away her hand she put it up to shield the brilliant spectacle.

"If you will but be my wife, Miss Kershaw," he hurriedly went on, "I can consent to give up everything else in the world, and I will never leave Charleston. Why should these miserable political quarrels separate us?"

But Nathalie put out her hand protestingly.

"Nothing can separate me from the love of South Carolina," she declared, "and you are her enemy."

"I am not her enemy," he exclaimed. "For love of you I am her friend—so far, that is, as one can be the friend of an abstraction."

She looked at him doubtfully. For the time he had ceased to be John Winthrop the man and was John Winthrop the Yankee. And was not his remark a possible reflection upon her country?

"The man that loves me must be even willing to fight for my state," she said.

John laughed.

"There will be no war," he declared. "These troubles will all be over in three months."

She shook her head sadly. The Yankee faded away and the man came back.

"Oh, Mr. Winthrop!" she cried, reaching out her hands, "It 's all more serious than you think. It will be like that time in the Bible when a man's foes shall be those of his own household. Can you take up arms against your own brothers, Mr. Winthrop? Can you sacrifice all you 've held dear in the world? Because it will come to that. I know better than you what our people mean to do."

But he only laughed again. He had taken her hands in his and she did not draw them away.

"You 've worried your little head over these matters," he said tenderly, "till you 've

magnified them a hundred times greater than they really are. Why, six months hence the whole Confederacy will be knocking at the door of the White House asking to come in."

Her eyes flashed.

"They won't wait to knock," she declared; "they 'll march in at the front door while your rail-splitter president and his men are running out at the back. Mr. Winthrop!"—for an instant he was the Yankee again—"when I think of you as one of them I almost hate you!"

He smiled a little painfully it seemed.

"And when do you not, Nathalie?"

She waited a moment, looking dreamily away from him, seemingly unmindful of his question.

"And when do you not?" he repeated with great gentleness.

"Oh! why do you ask me?" she cried appealingly. "It will be better for both of us if you go away."

But he was not to be put aside.

"Won't you answer me?" he asked. "When you think of me apart from my birthplace, do you hate me then, Nathalie?"

With a quick movement she drew her hand away from his hold and clasped them before her face.

"Oh, I ought to!" she cried, "I ought! I 've tried hard. But I don't—and I can't!"

He moved a step forward in his eager haste, but she put out her hand as if to hold him back.

"No," she exclaimed excitedly, "not yet. I must know, Mr. Winthrop—when the trouble comes which side shall you be on?"

His face paled a little, but his voice did not falter.

"I 'll enlist under your flag, Nathalie, if you 'll only let me."

Two bright spots burned on her cheeks and her eyes shone with a strange fire.

"If you ever desert it," she cried, "don't come back to me. Oh—forgive me, Mr. Winthrop," as a spasm of pain went over his face, "but next to God I love my country, and then—"

"And then?" he repeated, his face lighting up as rapidly as it had clouded.

"And then," so softly that he could scarcely hear it, "you."

Well, after such a confession as this it may be imagined that the matter was settled. As for Colonel Kershaw and the brothers they had little to say. Indignant the father certainly was, and his sons' feelings can hardly be described by so inexpressive a term. But all her life Miss Nathalie had been in the habit of having her own way, and not her father's protests nor her brother's wrath nor her friends' ill-concealed amazement could deter her from it in the present instance.

"Mr. Winthrop has thrown in his lot with us, papa," she would say. "Wait till the time comes and he won't do us any discredit."

Into the northern home the announcement brought equal consternation. The letter which conveyed it was not a long one. Perhaps it was not an agreeable letter for John to write. It only told them that affairs were so very unsettled that he could not leave his business; that while there was a good deal of talk about war he did not believe it would really come; indeed he looked for a peaceful solution of the whole affair within six months. And in a closing line it added that he was engaged to be married to Miss Nathalie Kershaw, daughter of Colonel Peyton Kershaw of Charleston.

Upon this they looked at one another in grim and astonished silence; until the old father, reaching up for the family Bible and opening it at the fourteenth chapter of Judges read,

> "And Samson went down to Timnath and saw a woman in Timnath of the daughters of the Philistines."

They were reticent, self-contained people, and this was their only comment. A more startling blow, however, than this was still to fall upon them.

In justice to John Winthrop it should be said that his disbelief in the probability of war was genuine. Naturally sanguine and looking at matters through the rose-colored glasses of a successful love affair, it was not surprising that he did not forecast more accurately the signs of the times. Then, too, the fact of his not sharing the confidence of

the people around him kept him from knowing the exact status of things, and left him less able to judge of the probabilities than people at the North. At all events, to no one in America was the first shot upon Sumter more of a shock and a surprise than to him. For the first time it brought him face to face with the possibilities of his position as Miss Kershaw had pictured them only a little time before. Then when he did not recognize them he had an opportunity to withdraw; now—this was his conclusion—love and honor alike held him where he was and bound him to the obligations he had voluntarily assumed.

Ten days after that shot was fired another letter came to the Massachusetts home. If the shot itself had been projected into the quiet household I cannot imagine a more shocked and demoralized circle. . The first letter had been startling; this, to those upright, stern-minded people, their patriotic impulses now on fire, was fairly revolting. It was shorter even than the other. If between the lines there was a volume of unexpressed shame, contrition, grief, they in their honest mortification and just wrath did not perceive it. Here is what they read:

"*Dear Father and Mother:*

"My prophecies as it seems were all wrong and war has come. As no arguments of mine could commend to your judgment the step which under the circumstances I am constrained to take I shall not offer any. And as excuses would not palliate my offense, I shall leave them too unsaid. I have this day connected myself with the 55th South Carolina Volunteers (Palmetto Guards) of which my prospective father-in-law is Colonel. If we are to see active service I can only pray that a kind Providence may keep me out of the way of those who were once my friends and relatives in the North.

"JOHN TEMPLETON WINTHROP."

Their son forgetful of the faith in which he had been trained, a traitor to his country, to his conscience and his God! The idea was too horrible. For the moment they could not take it in. As before, they sat looking at one another, angry and grief-stricken, with that intensity of emotion which only silence is adequate to express.

At length the old father took down again the Bible, opening it this time at the family record. There were the names: James, Jacob, Emily, Charles, Rebecca, John; a fair, unblemished list until now. It was the youngest, the baby, who had brought this humiliation upon the rest. Almost twenty-two years before his name had been written: "John Templeton Winthrop born August 15, 1839." The old man shook his head sternly. "Better have died then," he muttered, and laid the open book upon the table. Then rising slowly and painfully he went over to the mantel.

Without speaking the others watched his movements. There were the pen and ink, a goose-quill which John's own knife had sharpened. The old man brought both back to the table and sitting down again dipped the pen into the ink.

"Father!" called his wife distressfully, half rising from her seat.

But he did not hear; or if he heard he was not to be moved. Across the last name, that of his absent and apostate son, he drew a wide black line. In the margin he wrote the word TRAITOR. And then when the ink had dried—the interval of waiting was like a funeral while the services are not yet begun—he turned over the pages as he had done before, and solemnly read, as if justifying his deed,

"And the Lord said unto Moses, whosoever hath sinned against me him will I blot out of my book."

It was not without doubts of John's sincerity and hardly with any expectation of his doing active service that the Kershaws consented to receive him as a companion in arms. That they did receive him was due mainly to Nathalie's persuasions; and these in turn were chiefly prompted by a concern for John's personal safety. She was anxious, of course, that he should commit himself to the Confederacy for the sake of the cause, but she was even more anxious that he should do it for his own sake.

With John, however, this motive availed little. A care for his own safety was the last consideration that would have linked him to a cause which he abhorred. And when Nathalie ventured to suggest a day or two after the first fire upon Sumter, when the excitement was at its hottest and every Yankee was a proscribed person, that he should join the Guards for self-pro-

tection, he answered more sternly than ever she had heard him speak,

"If I am driven into the Confederacy, Nathalie, it will be for love's sake, not because of fear."

I think that then, seeing how much it cost him and having given herself to him, she would with her woman's generosity have freed him from his pledge but for her apprehensions of what might befall him if he remained a civilian. To join the army seemed to be his only chance of safety; a chance however of which he would not avail himself unless compelled by his promise. And so for his own sake, though it wrung her heart to exact it of him, she held him to his word.

As for their marriage, there was no thought of that until the troubles should be over. With respect to this the Colonel had put his foot down and Nathalie acquiesced. "I am to win my spurs first I suppose," John had said half bitterly one day; and Nathalie, who bore tenderly with his occasional petulance on account of the self-reproach which she herself felt, answered, "then it won't be long to wait, John."

Notwithstanding the Kershaws' apprehensions to the contrary he proved a valuable addition to the Guards. His tact, coolness and executive talent stood him in good stead and it was not long before the "Yankee," as he was designated, being the only one in the regiment, had measurably overcome the suspicion and distrust with which he was at first regarded. By a curious irony of fate, and perhaps with some malice aforethought on the part of his commanding officer, he was promoted to be color sergeant; and when on its way to the front the regiment stopped before Colonel Kershaw's door to receive from Miss Kershaw a stand of colors, it was John Winthrop who stepped out from the ranks to take them from Nathalie's hand. Nobody I think had prepared her—it was only that morning indeed that John had got his promotion—for she turned white when she saw him, as though she would faint, and leaned for support on the friendly staff. It was only for an instant though. Her face flushed more rapidly than it had paled. Drawing herself up to her full height, she raised the standard and shook out its silken folds.

"It's the flag of my country!" she exclaimed with almost fiery eagerness, "if you ever desert it,"—repeating perhaps unconsciously, the language she had once before used—"don't come back to me;" and then, throwing herself and the flag together into John's arms, she sobbed out a passionate farewell.

The music struck up; with one parting embrace John gave Nathalie into the hands of the old nurse, and fell back himself into the ranks; the flag caught by the wind streamed out over his head, its crimson bars awakening the cheers of the spectators and the answering shouts of his comrades. Only in John's heart was there no response. Involuntarily his thoughts went back to the man whom they compelled to carry the cross of Christ out of Jerusalem, and he wondered bitterly if the accursed tree weighed more heavily on Simon the Cyrenian than the hated flag on him.

Over the next year of John Winthrop's life I must briefly pass. At Manassas, the first engagement in which he took part, the standard of the Palmetto Guards waved in the thickest of the fight. No one after that day ventured to doubt John's fidelity to the cause he had espoused. They would have commissioned him a captain or even a colonel if he would have taken it, but he expressed himself contented with his position, which while it was one of responsibility did not require him to lift up his hand against his own people. And so through all the engagements of that first year and into the Peninsular campaign which opened with 1862, he bore with unshrinking fortitude the symbol of his shame. How much of a humiliation it was to him not even Nathalie ever knew. His letters to her were bright and tender, sketching the picturesque scenes of camp life without alluding to their privations, and describing the thrilling transactions in which he took part with an avoidance of their more terrible aspects. The year had passed by without his seeing her. He would not ask for a furlough lest they might think that having put his hand to

the plough he was looking backward, and would not take one when it was offered him for the same reason. "If you will consent to your daughter's marriage," he had told Colonel Kershaw one day, "I will go home for that purpose, but not before." To this proposition the colonel at first objected, but finally after some correspondence it was arranged that the event should come off early in the fall, and that the colonel and Winthrop should then go back to Charleston together on a two weeks' leave.

Towards the end of June, however, the campaign before Richmond developed fierce intensity. The battles of Mechanicsville, Beaver Dam, Ellison's Mills and Frazier's Farm followed one another in almost daily succession. "We have had a terrible fight," John wrote to Nathalie on the night after the last of these conflicts. "God knows how many of us will live through to-morrow." This was the thirtieth of June. The morrow which John apprehended was to witness the fatal battle of Malvern Hill.

The eminence which gave its name to this bloodiest of conflicts was held by the Federal troops. Half a mile or more away was a line of woods sheltering the Confederates. Between the two was a long rise, then a level plateau, then the Yankee breastworks. Over this place unprotected by a single tree, exposed to the enemy's fire from the moment they left the woods, a Confederate detachment was ordered to advance, the Palmetto Guards being in the forefront.

The result was inevitable. A murderous fire from the hidden guns mowed down the attacking force like corn stalks before a storm. Before they had gone half the distance they had lost half their men. The thinned ranks wavered; the colonel looking behind found that no support was coming from the rear and reluctantly gave the order to turn back. At the moment they turned a volley cut down a dozen men. The colonel, who remained until the men should have passed by, saw with horror the flag that through all the charge had so proudly waved above their heads plunge forward and then fall, covered by Winthrop's body and still held tightly in his grasp.

"Tell her," the color-bearer gasped as the colonel leaned over him, "that I didn't desert it—"

His voice died away, there was a little shiver and he lay still. There was no time to be lost. Already the soldiers in their panic stricken flight had left the two behind and a detachment was coming down the hill in pursuit. If the colonel should undertake to carry the body he would be captured himself. He tried to extricate the flag but the body lay upon it and the staff was too firmly held in the cold hand.

"Poor fellow," he said compassionately, giving up the attempt, "it's his by right anyhow. He was brave enough, if he was a Yankee," and taking off his hat he passed reverently by the motionless figure and followed his command into their retreat.

Five minutes later the Federal troops coming down the hill stopped by the flag.

"There's glory enough in this I guess," said one of the officers to the other.

The one addressed was leaning over the color bearer.

"The man is n't dead," he said looking up.

Just then a third joined the group and glanced at the upturned face.

"Quite a study is n't it?" he said indifferently. Then suddenly with a second look, he dropped by the gray-clad form, bent over it silently, and with a tone of horror in his voice cried out, "The man 's my brother!"

No, he was not dead, though for weeks after that he hung between life and death, first in the neighboring camp and then in the hospital at army head-quarters. But for his brother's recognition he could hardly have lived. It was that that secured him in the first instance transportation from the battle-field and afterward care and attention from his captors. Hundreds less fortunate had been left on that hillside to die. His mother, too, was telegraphed for, and when he came to himself the first object he saw was her pale face and black draped figure bending over his bed. For a moment he was terribly bewildered. It seemed as though his youth had come back to him and he was lying in the little room in the old farm-house, until he recollected with a pang of remorse how he had forfeited all right to these associations.

It was a day or two after that he touched his mother's black dress and looked inquiringly into her face.

"Your father?" she said gravely; "he died just a year ago."

John did not dare to ask what it was that killed him. The disregarded warning of his mother's letter came back to his mind; and turning away his face he went through such an agony of self-reproach as threw him back into the fever, and for another week seriously imperiled his life.

When at length he was pronounced out of danger and seemingly in a fair way to recover—it was quite two months after his capture—he began to fret about his position.

"I'm a prisoner, I suppose?" he said one day, interrogatively.

"Certainly," answered his mother.

"And—" hesitatingly, "is there any probability of my exchange?"

Mrs. Winthrop looked him calmly in the face.

"I have already seen the Secretary of War," she said, "and arranged about your release. All you will have to do will be to take the oath."

John looked up nervously. He was still feeble and his tones were impatient and querulous.

"But that means not going back again," he said.

Mrs. Winthrop nodded. "Of course," she said, "if the Government gives you your freedom it has a right to ask that."

"I'd rather not have it," he murmured, "on such terms."

His mother looked at him severely.

"You don't suppose," she said, "now that I've got you I'm going to let you turn rebel again. If your patriotism is all gone, there ought to be some gratitude to me and some respect for your father's memory."

He closed his eyes as if unwilling to hear more and she left him. How much of a struggle was going on in his mind she could hardly know. It was the alternative that he thought he had settled a year before come up again under conditions that made it a hundred times more difficult. On the one hand he could hear Nathalie saying, "If you ever desert the flag don't come back to me;" on the other his father's grave called out for expiation.

He was yet far from a decision, when his mother coming in with the officer compelled him to it. For the time I suppose remorse was stronger than love. Or it may be that in his weak and feeble state he was dominated by his mother's stronger will. At any rate he took the oath, conscious as he did it that he was trying to repair one act of treason by committing another, and that by the act he was alienating himself from Nathalie beyond any hope of reconciliation. As he wrote his name slowly and painfully in the designated place, his glance fell on the date of the paper. It was the third of September; by an odd, and as it seemed to him fatal coincidence, the very day that had been appointed for his marriage.

After that fifteen years passed away. The war with all its shifting scenes went by, peace came once more, men's passions quieted down and people took up again the pursuits and pastimes of their former life. Not much of the time did John Winthrop spend in his old home. The blot on the family record was a silent and bitter reproach. His first sight of it shocked him as he had never been shocked before. By and by it came to have a sort of fascination to him, so that he often took down the book and turned over its pages to where the ugly black word stared him in the face. His mother would have torn the paper out, but he would not permit it. "Let it stay," he said bitterly. "My father's grandchildren may read it in a clearer light." But he wrote beneath these words:

"Entered the 55th South Carolina Volunteers April 18, 1861; taken prisoner by the U. S. Government at Malvern Hill July 1, 1862; released on taking the oath of allegiance September 3, 1862."

In other respects, too, home was not the pleasantest place for him. The neighbors he fancied looked on him with suspicion and his brothers and sisters, though they were kind in their treatment, yet withheld from him the entire confidence they gave to one another. Concerning that one year of his life he never spoke, and they, however anxious they may have been, never ques

tioned him. His life so far, he told himself, had been a failure. He would begin it over again in a new sphere. So he came to New York and went into business.

In five years he had made a fortune. He put his money into governments, locked them up in the safe deposits vaults, and went to Europe just at the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war. His military warrant which he did not hesitate to use gave him a footing in the German army and enabled him to follow the fortunes of the victorious troops through their several engagements into Paris.

Here and elsewhere on the Continent he spent some time, running over occasionally to England and journeying as far east as Egypt and the Holy Land. While he was abroad his mother died. Between him and the old place there was now no link of association. With his brothers and sisters he had almost no correspondence. Though knowing many people he lived a life alone.

Tired of Europe he came back to America and traveled at the West three years, from 1874 to 1877. During the time since the war he had never gone farther south than Philadelphia. Of the Kershaws he had heard not a word. They might be dead for all he knew. At any rate he had forfeited his claim to inquire. He had no right even to feel an interest. And yet he had never seen anyone who could displace Nathalie Kershaw in his memory.

That winter of 1877 his physician ordered him South. There was not much the matter with him, but the doctor talked up Aiken and St. Augustine, and there came a longing on him which he had oftentimes before repressed to revisit some of the old scenes. So he spent February in Florida, March at Savannah and Aiken, and towards the end of April found himself on his way home in Charleston. He had not meant to go there he told himself. And yet, to tell the truth, the visit had floated in front of him all winter; and now that he was there he became all at once eager to learn about his friends. But what might not have happened in fifteen years? He stopped in front of a store where they would be sure to know, but he dared not ask. No, he would go to the cemetery—the Kershaw plot was familar to him—and read the story on their tombs.

With nervous haste he turned toward the cemetery. The fresh Spring air, the songs of birds, the brightness of the flowers he only noticed as they carried back his memory over the long years. It was the twenty-sixth of April, the very day on which sixteen years before he had marched out of Charleston. People were walking to-day, he noticed, in the same direction with himself, laden with baskets of flowers; and the spectacle emphasized in his mind the contrast between the two eras. As he entered the cemetery he saw others strewing the mounds with blossoms, and then he remembered that this was the Decoration Day of the South. He had seen the same thing done a month later in the North, but here and now it struck him with a new and tender meaning. At length he reached the Kershaw plot. From afar off he saw that it had a story to tell.

Fifteen years ago it was empty; now a monument stood in the center with one—two—three—four—five mounds at its base. Leaning on the railing he read the names.

PEYTON KERSHAW
Colonel of the 55th S. C. Volunteers,
Born Jan. 24, 1806;
Fell at Fredericksburg Dec. 13, 1862.

That was the father.

FRANCES EFFINGHAM KERSHAW
Born Aug. 15, 1809; Died October 4, 1876.

That was the mother. Next came the sons:

EFFINGHAM KERSHAW
Born Feb. 17, 1836;
Fell at Chancellorsville May 2, 1863;

RANDOLPH KERSHAW
Born May 28, 1830;
Fell at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

J. C. CALHOUN KERSHAW
Born November 8, 1833;
Died September 6, 1874.

Father, mother and three boys, three of them killed in the war! Besides Nathalie that was all the family. John drew a breath of relief. At any rate she was not here. But wait; here was another name occupying one side of the stone. What was that?

He read it in a sort of daze; read it over again; then, beginning to take in its signifi-

cance, raised his hat in reverent gratitude while he read it for the third time:

In memory of
John Templeton Winthrop.
Fell at the Battle of Malvern Hill July 1, 1862,
Æt. 22.
"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

"I don't deserve it," he exclaimed, "but it 's a sort of vindication. Thank God that she has n't thought of me all these years as unfaithful!"

As he leaned against the railing he obstructed the gate, and was not aware of the fact nor of any one's approach until he heard a voice saying,

"Will you be so kind as to let me pass?"

Whose was the voice? He turned around like a flash! The speaker was a lady dressed in black and heavily veiled. The features he could not see, but the voice he would swear to among a thousand. "I beg pardon," he said mechanically, and stood aside.

The lady on her part had hesitated, struck perhaps by some familiarity in his look or tone. Seemingly unable though to place it, she entered the plot and began to hang the wreaths and dispose the flowers which a servant had carried, John watching her meanwhile. On the side where his own name was cut she seemed to linger longest, and hung there, too, he noticed, the choicest of her supply. It was ill-mannered in him he knew to watch, but if his life had depended on it he could not take himself away. Once or twice she stopped in her work and looked towards him as though on the point of coming out.

At length, the task being finished, she came. Her veil was now thrown back, disclosing the face of Nathalie Kershaw, no longer the eighteen-year-old girl, but a woman matured in trial and schooled in suffering, with the soul light streaming through her eyes. Her beauty was altered, not diminished, by time.

"Excuse me," she said in the soft low voice he remembered so well, "but have you any particular interest in this plot?"

Was he then so changed? He had fancied it, but had hardly been willing to admit it even to himself. Had his voice changed too? He would at least make the experiment.

"I beg your pardon," he said gravely, "for seeming to intrude, but I have that interest in the plot which a man may have who sees his own name—"

He got no further. With his first word her look of quiet courtesy had changed to one of perplexity and concern; as he went on it became eager expectancy; before he reached this break she had put out her hands and was saying,

"I know! I know! you are John Winthrop—come back to forgive me."

He raised his hand as if to hold her off.

"I am John Winthrop," he said, "but not John Winthrop who died for your cause, not he whom you have been enshrining for fifteen years as a martyr. I am John Winthrop the traitor, doubly so; first to the North, then to the South. It is for you to forgive me, Miss—shall I call you Miss Kershaw? In the face of these changes I know not what may have happened."

"I am still Miss Kershaw," she said, "but not the silly girl who exacted a pledge she had no right to ask. Fifteen years' suffering has taught me that much."

"But I was a traitor," he insisted.

"Hush!" she said deprecatingly. "That is all gone by. We have each learned something perhaps."

"And am I forgiven?" he asked.

A wistful smile came over her face.

"It is only now that I can forgive myself," she said. *Eliot McCormick.*

DECORATION DAY, 1879.

The golden sunlight falls across the far off southern plains,
Rich with the tender verdure born from heaven's bounteous rains;
And violets and daisies bloom above each silent grave,
Where, free from battle's fierce alarms, slumber our comrades brave.

The swift years circle on their course; it seems but yesterday
Since Charleston's frowning cannon sang their challenge to the fray;
And sweeping north and east and west the direful tidings flew,
And the stern answer of the land to louder echoes grew.

The freemen of New England rose and seized their waiting arms;
The western farmer turned away and left the prairie's charms;
From Maine to California awoke the people's might,
To fight and die, if it must be, for country and for right.

Through quiet valleys sounded clear the war-drum's rolling beat,
And soon was heard, in prompt reply, the tramp of many feet:
And breaking rudely from the clasp of peace and love and home
Brave souls rushed on where battle's surge was crowned with crimson foam.

Along the rivers running deep amid the southern pines,
The rifles crash, the bugles call, the bayonet grimly shines;
Contending armies melt away by James' sunlit stream;
Death rules where bearded grainfields beside Antietam gleam.

Where the Atlantic rollers sweep Carolina's sandy shore,
From many a frigate's oaken sides the great guns fiercely roar;
And down the hollows of the deep to dim-lit coral caves,
Death's endless slumber on their eyes, sink ocean's fallen braves.

We know that sorrow grew apace through all the lengthened days,
And desolate for clinging hearts were the familiar ways:
The cheers that made the welkin ring o'er fields with carnage red
Had for refrain love's heart-broke moan above the sleeping dead.

Ah, proudly beat the pulse when came the news of victories won:
How swelled each soul in sympathy for brave deeds nobly done:
And even when defeat would come, and foemen win the day,
We knew our boys had fought their best to conquer in the fray.

Now silent are the forests old amid whose cool retreats
Great armies met, and from the shore have passed the hostile fleets.
We hear no more the trumpet's bray or bugle's stirring call,
And full of dents, in quiet sheathed, the swords hang on the wall.

We keep the names that fame has crowned; the heroes slumbering lie
In green-clad mounds all grandly arched by purple depths of sky;
No matter where their graves may be, unmarked or graced with stone,
The liberty for which they died the whole wide land doth own.

Strew flowers on their graves to-day; when comes the winter snow
The sweet remembrance of the deed within each heart will glow,
And when we, too, are laid at rest beneath the bending grass
Some other hands will leave their gifts as by our homes they pass.

Strew flowers upon their graves, and still remember grasses grow
Alike upon the resting place of fallen friend and foe.
Why should we keep the bitterness of years so full of pain,
When God's fair blooms have hid from sight the red blood of the slain?

O'er frowning ramparts, where once shone the sentry's gleaming steel,
In swift and widely circling flight the purple swallows wheel;
Beside the Rappahannock's tide the robins wake their song,
And where the flashing sabre's clashed brown-coated sparrows throng.

The wealth of beauty that falls out from God's o'er-flowing hand
Clothes with a fragant garment the fields by death made grand.
In the deep silence of the earth war's relics slowly rust;
And tattered flags hang motionless, and dim with peaceful dust.

The past is past; the wild flowers bloom where charging squadrons met;
And though we keep war's memories green, why not the cause forget?
And have, while battle-stains fade out 'neath heaven's pitying tears,
One land, one flag, one brotherhood through all the coming years?

Thomas S. Collier.

THE CONFLICTS OF LABOR AND CAPITAL IN ENGLAND:

TRADES-UNIONS, THEIR ORIGIN, DEVELOPMENT AND ACTION.[1]

The time is past when Trades-unions were nothing more than secret societies of the worst kind, whose members preyed upon manufacturers and broke down trades. These societies have acquired both legal existence and civil personality; their habitual proceedings if not always the most prudent, economically speaking, have at least ceased to be violent, and choose regular paths instead of inspiring terror and being a perpetual menace to persons and property.

But this happy change has not brought every one into sympathy with Trades-unions. On the other side of the British Channel these unions have many enemies; some hostile to their very principle, and others altogether distrustful of certain of their acts. They contend first of all that their least inconvenience is that they are useless so far as regards their principal object, the increase of wages, since when labor is abundant, in the case where two workmen strive to procure the same piece of work, there is no society in the world, no power on earth, which can increase wages permanently or hinder their reduction; whilst, reversing the situation, there is no manufacturer able to prevent the increase of these wages, an inevitable increase were there no Trades-unions at all. It follows, they add, that under unfavorable circumstances—and it is precisely under such circumstances that their action seems to be needed—unionists cannot accomplish their ends except by resorting to means equally oppressive, unjust and violent. They see themselves obliged to prevent supernumerary workmen from coming into competition with laborers who are at work; to hinder those who are out of work from offering their labor at a reduced rate and filling the places in the shops of those who exact higher wages. In short, they say, strikes have never been remunerative. Even when workmen have succeeded, as occasionally, in extorting from the manufacturer the five or ten per cent. increase of wages demanded, the loss of pay which they had to submit to during the strike, added to the contributions which they were compelled to make to the treasury of the unions, more than counterbalanced this transient advantage, to say nothing of the effect which follows this compulsion, directly or indirectly, in the increased price of the articles produced, so that as a consumer the successful striker loses, and that too beyond what he has gained as a laborer.

[1] From the *Journal des Economistes:* Paris.

In this way Mr. Greg gives expression to his views, a writer who as a moral philosopher, a publicist and a political economist has made for himself a noble place in the literary movement of his country; who evidently acts in good faith, who expresses no fear and believes what he writes, but whose mind remains closed against new methods and takes no pride even in that aristocratic Liberalism represented by Fox in the last century, and personified in our day by Russell, Palmerston, Brougham and Macauley.[1] Mr. David Cunningham does not fully endorse this *ex cathedra* condemnation of unions. He is fully of the opinion that any strike is very objectionable, economically speaking, and he regards resort to it as always prejudicial to the very interests which it claims to benefit. He declares that the increase of wages or their reduction should be left to the direction of natural law, which, he says, is not less powerful or less dominant in human society than in the physical world; and he can conceive of no greater error than the idea which has insinuated itself into the minds of so many workingmen, that the capitalist and the manufacturer pursue, necessarily, aims antagonistic to their own prosperity. Mr. Cunningham, however, reserves a place for the workmen's societies in the industrial organism of contemporaneous society. He credits them with receiving the savings of the laboring classes, investing them and using them for the relief of sick society members; for the erection of healthful dwellings, for the advancement of the business interests of the corporation, either with the employers directly or through the agency of committees of arbitration; for the development, in short, of the political action of workingmen and their social character.[2]

In this last statement Mr. Cunningham easily brings himself into harmony with the author of a book recently published, who draws a picture of all such associations considered under the four-fold aspect of their history, the principles which guide them, the objects which they propose to accomplish, and the influence which pertains to them.[1] Mr. Howell says: Trades-unions have hitherto stood out in opposition to the greedy calculations of certain employers, defended their own interests, and by the aid of their immense resources have waged with advantage the great battle of industrial life. We have seen them also develop within their own ranks habits of self-government and of discipline, which are preparatory to the future organization of the co-operative system and assure its ultimate success. But with increased strength their task also becomes greater and their sphere of action is enlarged. Unionists should henceforth throw their weight into the political balance, make for themselves a place in local councils, and send proxies to Parliament to support their particular claims.

Whatever one may think of this programme, and whether he be classed among the partisans of unionism or its detractors, there is one fact which we are obliged to admit; that is, that it exerts a great social and political influence which is strengthening and extending every day, and that the laboring classes of Great Britain regard it as the chief guarantee of their liberty; as a sort of palladium of their business interests. It is therefore important to understand it well, and not to decide upon its merits according to the degree of repugnance or of sympathy which it may inspire *a priori*, as often happens in England as well as elsewhere, but on accurate information as to its organization, its functions, its aims and its modes of action.

I.

Historically, it seems legitimate to connect the Trades-unions of the present day with the guilds or corporations which were so numerous in the middle ages, but whose origin seems to have been much earlier than that time, and to be traceable to the organization of the primitive tribes and village communities, based at once on the relationship

[1] See his book, entitled: *The Mistaken Aims and Attainable Ideals of the Artisan Class:* London, 1875.

[2] See *Conditions of Social Being, or inquiry into the material and moral position of the populations of Europe and America.* London, 1878.

[1] *The Conflicts of Labor and Capital*, etc., being a history and review of the trades-unions of Great Britain, etc. London, 1878.

of its members and the undivided proprietorship of the land which they occupied.[1]

Such were the religious orders and the mercantile, maritime and municipal organizations which were formed by artisans exercising the same calling. The Craft Guilds, so called by the English, appeared in England towards the middle of the twelfth century, in imitation probably of what had already been established in Flanders, Brabant and the Rhenish provinces. As in these countries the weavers were the first who formed societies of this kind, so also in London these associations were inaugurated by the weavers, and their example was soon followed by the weavers of Nottingham, York, Huntingdon, Lincoln and Winchester. These societies received charters from Henry I. and Henry II., in return for which they bound themselves to pay a certain sum annually to the crown. This they did the more willingly because the protection of the crown was necessary to them in the conflict which they soon had to sustain with the burgesses of the towns, who with deep displeasure saw these men withdrawing from their authority and establishing themselves in independent corporations. But this support was obtained only at a good price, for the Norman kings seem to have seen in these conflicts little more than a way of coining money; and sometimes they confirmed the corporations in their privileges, sometimes stripped them of them, according as their offers of money exceeded or fell below those of the burgesses. Finally, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a little earlier in one place and a little later in another, victory declared itself for the artisan's guilds, and they had already become so popular in the time of Edward III. that this monarch became a member of one of them, an example which has since found imitators among his successors and the nobility of the realm.

These societies were not originally exclusive corporations; any one promising to accept their burdens and to submit to their rules was admitted as a member, and it was only later that they assumed an exclusive character, limiting the number of their members and refusing to all unincorporated artisans the free exercise of their trade. In this they had before them two important objects, the high perfection of the articles offered to the public and the moral and material well-being of their members. To accomplish this last object they raised certain sums of money by exacting an entrance fee from each new member, by fines imposed on the refractory, and by assessments which gradually became regular but which originally were required only to satisfy some necessity—as the death of one of their members, his sickness, his poverty, general emigration, etc. It grew to be a custom, and that at an early day, to admit as members only such young people as had served a long apprenticeship, and this apprenticeship was longer in England than on the Continent, since it continued seven years; while in France it did not exceed five or six years, and in Germany extended to only two or three.

The governing laws of the Craft Guilds were neither less minute nor less strict than those of our own corporations and were inspired by the same oppressive spirit. The purchaser might doubtless be benefited by that care which regulated the good quality of the tools or of the merchandise produced; but the inflexible uniformity of the processes of finishing these articles by no means favored industrial advancement; and the prohibition to work beyond certain hours did not profit the most laborious or the most necessitous workmen. It was forbidden to a master to engage in his service an apprentice who had not served his full apprenticeship with his first master, and the number of workmen he might employ was limited. It is probable also that the wages of these laborers were fixed by the wardens to whom were referred all of the disputes between its members, and it is certain that the laws of some of the guilds fixed the price of merchandise and required the local authorities to see that this price was not exceeded.

This precedent was not lost. After the famous black plague of 1347, which is said to have carried off one-fourth of the population of Europe, Edward III. issued a decree binding on every healthy person, man or

[1] Sir Henry Sumner Maine: *Lectures on the Early History of Institutions*, VIII.

woman, under sixty years of age, "who was neither a merchant, artisan, gentleman nor cultivator on his own account," to till the ground if required to do so, and not only forbidding him to exact therefor higher wages than formerly, but punishing with a fine the employer who through kindness of heart should offer it to him. But Edward III. could not stop there, and two years later he established the wages of laborers, carters and certain artisans, while at the same time he compelled shoemakers, tailors, farriers and saddlers to follow their respective trades under severely fixed conditions. Richard II. in his turn required the justices of the peace to establish "between Easter and Michaelmas-day" the rate of prices for day-laborers. He decreed that no laborer or servant should leave the "Hundred" where he lived without having a pass showing where he was going and when he was to return; and that every child employed up to twelve years of age in field work should spend his whole life in agricultural pursuits. Next, Henry IV. decreed that no person living in the country should, under penalty of a year's imprisonment, apprentice his son or daughter in a city or market town, unless he was the owner of landed property or had an income of twenty shillings a year.

This right, as unique as illusory, of fixing the rate of wages without reference to the natural laws which governed them, which English royalty arrogated to itself, was claimed by Elizabeth also in her celebrated Apprentice Act, dated in the the fifth year of her reign. After having fixed seven years as the length of an apprenticeship, it directed that twelve hours should be a day's work in summer, and in winter it should be from day-break to night; and it gave authority to justices of the peace or to city magistrates to determine the rate of wages for those trades enumerated in the statute. Early in the eighteenth century this law began to fall into disuse, and it was in vain that the Act of 1756 sought to restore it to its former force. Moreover, the time for a complete revolution in the industrial system of Great Britain was at hand. Mechanical agents were about to be substituted for human muscle in manufactories; division of labor was to be adopted on the largest scale; capital was to flow in upon industries, and great manufacturing establishments were to take the place of the little domestic work-shops which did not generally employ more than half a score of workmen or apprentices, who were usually hired by the year, boarded and lodged, and with whom the wife of the employer worked, as also his children.

The statute of Elizabeth was repealed in 1814, at the urgent request of the manufacturers, as Mr. Howell says, and in spite of the remonstrances of the workingmen who opposed its abrogation to the number of three hundred thousand men, while the petition of the employers received not more than two thousand signatures. He adds that this was the signal for a general disorganization of all the old trades, and that the introduction of apprentices on half-pay quickly reduced the laborers and their families to great distress. This assertion is one that should be accepted with some reserve—*cum grano salis*—and it is well to remember that it emanates from a man who, though seeming to be acting in good faith, is himself a unionist if we mistake not, and unable to divest himself wholly of the prejudices surrounding his position or to overcome his strong antipathy to political economists and political economy. Still it is certain that the factory system did not begin in a manner favorable to the operatives themselves. In the great industry of weaving, for example, the use of Arkwright's perfected machines had enriched manufacturers; and the public, who paid a less price for cotton cloths, applauded consequently this revolution. But the wages of the operatives remained stationary; they lived in badly ventilated shops, and were, with their wives and children, forced to day's works whose length depended simply on the will of their employer. Rigorous laws inflicted upon them arbitrary penalties; and the truck-shop system compelled them to buy from their master everything which was necessary for their subsistence.

An enactment dating back to the time of Edward VI., and confirmed by numerous statutes in the time of the Georges, left them powerless in presence of these abuses;

and while the manufacturers could at their pleasure act in concert and have a good understanding with each other, every coalition of the operatives under one form or another fell under the blow of a rigorous penalty. It is seldom that vicious legislation attains its end; and when thousands and thousands of men cannot express their grief openly, they become exasperated, form secret cabals and privately meditate vengeance. It was thus in 1813 at Nottingham that the laborers formed themselves into armed bands and became the terror of the country, attacking, pillaging and burning the factories. Eighteen of them were hanged at York in 1813, and the penalty of death was declared against any one destroying a machine. But even these severe measures did not prevent similar disorders from re-appearing, in 1819 and in 1823, in other parts of the United Kingdom, particularly in Paisley and in Glasgow.

From 1805 to 1824 numerous conflicts took place between the operatives and manufacturers. From these there resulted to the former numerous convictions,and three weavers of Knakesborough were subjected to an imprisonment of three months because one of them had been discovered carrying a letter in which the operatives of that town called upon their comrades in York to aid them. These conflicts, however, had not taken place without attracting the notice of some members of Parliament who were familiar with the principles of political economy, and among these Joseph Hume,who secured the appointment of a committee to examine into the laws concerning laborers and artisans. The report of this committee brought to light the complete inefficacy of existing laws to prevent coalitions and strikes among laborers for the purpose of securing higher wages, regulating the hours of labor or imposing on manufacturers certain restrictions relative to apprentices; and showed flagrant injustice in the application of this law; coalitions of the masters always going unpunished, while those of the workingmen were sure of the severest repression. This powerlessness of the law on one side and its partiality on the other, says this report, had engendered reciprocal irritation and distrust; had communicated a character of violence to these coalitions, and had rendered them exceedingly dangerous to the public peace. The conclusion reached was that these laws should be repealed as soon as possible, and this Parliament had the wisdom to effect by its acts of 1824 and 1825.

Nevertheless, if the law of 1824 rendered the establishment of unions legal, it in no respect conferred on them civil personality, and left their property without protection. This was the cause of a new struggle which has continued not less than forty-seven years, and which has never ceased to be fruitful in agitating scenes. In a subsequent law, however, a provision was introduced which permitted unions to be registered as the mutual aid societies were, with the single reservation that their statutes should contain nothing of an illegal nature; and strengthened by the opinion of the eminent lawyers, Sir A. Cockburn, since Chief-Justice, and Baron Rolfe, who became Lord-Chancellor under the name of Lord Cranworth, the unionists did not dream that strikes could bring them under this conditional clause. A judgment of the Queen's Bench came to remind them of the Judaic spirit of English jurisprudence, and to draw them forth from their false sense of security. The leaders in the tailors' strike were declared to be guilty of conspiracy—that is to say, of one of those acts which the law declares to be a crime, as being susceptible of obstructing commerce—because they had permitted the establishment of posts of sentinels, whose duty it was to notify the workmen that such or such a house was under an interdict. This was in 1867; and it was only four years later that unions became at length recognized as having a civil existence. It may even be added that their complete emancipation dates only from the Union Act of 1876 and the labor laws due to the initiative of Mr. Cross, Minister of the Interior, which have effectually banished from English law certain characteristic differences between the legal situation of the employer and the workman.

A law of 1867 had already prescribed that the employer should no longer be believed

on his mere word as a matter of course in preference to the workman, as the old Master and Servant Act ordained; repealing also the penalty of preliminary imprisonment in case a workman quarreled with his master and quitted his shop abruptly. But it left this penalty in force in case the workman did not pay the fine which he had brought on himself by this act; but this also disappeared under the Employers and Workmen Act of April 10, 1875. Even the penalty of a fine has been abolished, thus taking away from the act of a broken contract its character as being a crime, and transferring it to the purely civil causes which call for damages only. But the law of June 30, 1876, An Act to amend the Trades-union Act of 1871, was especially favorable to the unions. It is lawful for them henceforth to place their personal property or real estate in the hands of trustees; and Article 16 and last of this law is a precious triumph for these associations. Indeed it gives the character of a society of this kind to any combination, whether temporary or permanent, "constituted with a view either to regulate the relations between workmen and employers, or between workmen themselves, or between employer and employer, or to impose restrictive conditions on commerce and industry, that this combination might exist and should not be considered as illegal in case the principal act (that of 1871) had not been exceeded, in so far as obstructing commerce by any of their aims."

II.

From 1834 to 1842, but especially since the last epoch, Trades-unions multiplied throughout the United Kingdom; and now they cover all England, are numerous in Scotland, and their branches extend even to Ireland. Of their numerical importance and pecuniary resources the following figures may give an idea:

Sixteen unions—mechanics, iron founders, coppersmiths, builders of iron ships, builders of steam-engines, workers in iron, united carpenters, general union of carpenters, masons, Scotch society of masons, bricklayers of London, the same of Manchester, plasterers, tailors, shoemakers, typographical society of printers, iron-moulders—number 208,313 members, divided into 2,723 branches, with an annual income of 377,772 pounds sterling ($1,888,860).

The National association of miners has a membership of 90,000, with an annual income of 6,757 pounds sterling ($33,785). The union of workers in copper, whose several branches have recently been consolidated, has more than 20,000 members, with funds amounting to more than 30,000 pounds ($150,000). The coach-makers' union has 8000 members; workers in brass, 5,500; cotton-spinners, 15,444: weavers by machinery, 16,600; cabinet-makers, 4,500; dyers, 2,300; men employed on railroads, 13,400. Ship-carpenters have formed Trades-unions on the borders of the Thames, the Mersey the Weare, the Tees, the Clyde, and in all the principal ports of the United Kingdom.

The agricultural classes held aloof from this movement for a long time; but in 1872 they threw themselves into it with an ardor and impetuosity which seemed to prove their strong desire to make up for lost time. At this moment the agricultural laborers union extends throughout the whole kingdom. It is divided into three great societies, which are themselves subdivided into 1,171 branches, with a grand total membership of 78,300, having an annual income of 28,055 pounds ($140,275). Each of these has newspapers which circulate widely in the rural districts, and discuss not only questions concerning wages and hours of work but also political subjects, such as giving to workingmen the right of suffrage, distribution of seats in Parliament, legal charities, and even the relation between Church and State.

Each union is under the direction of a committee, which in the largest societies is called the central or executive committee or council, and is elected in a general convention, for one year in the central unions and for three months in the others. Its general administration is ordinarily divided among four persons; a president, a vice-president, a treasurer and a secretary, who are always subject to the control of a board of directors, but who receive their orders from the unionists themselves, and

who cannot be turned out of office except in case of misdemeanor or some other grave fault. The funds are entrusted to special officers called trustees who are responsible for their good management. It cannot be said that the places filled by these several officers are sinecures. Their duties are not light and their emoluments are meager. In the most important unions the annual salary of the secretary-general does not exceed $1200, and in some instances is not more than half that amount. The president receives a shilling (English) for each night meeting, or a fixed salary of $200 a year; and the treasurer sometimes a shilling, sometimes $100, under similar conditions. Reference is had here to the richest societies—such as aspire to a general organization. In the local unions the maximum salaries paid to their secretaries does not exceed $100; and this is the highest sum paid to their presidents or treasurers, and more frequently it is not reached for the latter officers.

The common fund of a union is the result of assessments, which vary from twenty cents a week in the poorest societies to thirty in the richest, but which generally are the same, whatever be the rate, for all unionists indiscriminately. The chief expenses chargeable to this common fund are cases of sickness, funeral expenses, indemnity for the loss of a limb or for any other accident which incapacitates from labor, retiring pensions, payments in case of accidental stoppage of work, and during strikes. These grants necessarily vary according to the circumstances of the societies which distribute them; but the following figures, which denote the maximum and the minimum sum, will give a sufficiently accurate idea on this point: cases of sickness, $3.00 and $1.50 a week; funeral expenses, $3.00 and $1.75 for the husband; $2.50 and $1.00 for the wife; loss of a limb, $750 and $250; retiring pensions, $1.75 and 50 cents a week; accidental stoppage of work, $2.25 and $2.00 a week; pay during a strike, $3.75 and $2.50 a week. Many societies add to these sums a grant, generally $30 in cases of emigration or loss of tools; and one can get an idea of the sacrifices which the total amount of these charges represents by the following figures:

1. Mechanics' Union, since 1851,	$3,297,580
2. Union of iron-founders, since 1848,	1,826,580
3. Union of copper-smiths, since 1867,	305,000
4. Union of carpenters, since 1860,	271,600

A total of $5,700,760 for four societies only.

It has often been suggested that all of the Trades-unions of the three realms should be united in one vast confederacy; but whenever this idea has been advanced it has excited a vague fear in the public mind, and if attempted it would meet with various difficulties over which it has not hitherto been able to triumph. This idea was advanced for the first time in 1846, and gave rise to the National Association of organized Trades, which had an existence till 1861, having for its principal aim the establishment of courts of conciliation and bureaus of arbitration for all conflicts between labor and capital. Then followed the establishment at Sheffield in 1865 of the United Kingdom Alliance of organized Trades; but this new association had a brief existence, not only for want of subsidies, but also because of the feeling of mingled terror and dread which then filled the town in consequence of the mysterious and repeated crimes of which it had become the theater.[1] A third effort, made in 1867 by the Association of London workmen, was no more successful, and the project, discussed for three consecutive years in the annual congress of the Trades-unions without reaching a conclusion, seems now to be abandoned.

Their first congress was held at Manchester in 1868, and nine others have taken place from year to year, at Birmingham, London, Nottingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Liverpool, Glasgow, Newcastle-on-Tyne and Leicester. At these all of the economical and political subjects in which the unions

[1] These crimes were committed by a band of unionists under the direction of the too notorious Broadhead. The series of their misdeeds dates back to 1854, and Broadhead paid from twenty to a hundred dollars, according to circumstances, for an assassination, either attempted or perpetrated. This sum was taken from the funds of the society of which he was treasurer, and the commission of inquiry, held at Sheffield in 1867, discovered that a thousand dollars thus disbursed appeared on the books, credited under different names, or in blank.

take particular interest have been discussed, often with animation and sometimes with passion—such as the reform and codification of the criminal laws, the labor of women and children in factories, the reduction in the number of hours constituting a day's work, the protection of the rights and life even of seamen, the extension of the right of suffrage and the admission of peasants to this right, primary instruction, the poor-laws, etc.—and at the close of each session a permanent committee has been appointed called the parliamentary committee, because its express mission is to watch over legislative proceedings in so far as they affect the interests of the members of the unions, and to take the initiative in measures which may induce Parliament to reform bad laws or to replace them by new ones. This committee consists of eleven persons, and in the interval between one session and another it acts as a permanent commission, towards which the wishes of the unionists with their demands and projects converge.

All of the unions in the United Kingdom possess the right of being represented by delegates in the annual meetings; and those who made use of this right at the Congress at Leicester, it appears, did not number less than 450,000 associate members. Among this number there were several societies of women, especially those of the book-binders, upholsterers, laundresses, and shirt-makers; and their delegates, Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Brown, furnished the sufficiently piquant spectacle of two women growing indignant over the "blows struck at the freedom of their sex" which the new Factory and Work-shop Act sanctioned, and maintaining that it was "no harder for them to weave than it was to face the fires of their furnaces;" whilst one man, Mr. Broadhurst, secretary of the congress, congratulated the Legislature on having at last emancipated women from much work which was entirely unsuitable for them, and in which they came in competition with their husbands, their brothers and their sons, and having restored them to their natural occupations —that is, the education of their children and the care of their households. These temporary congresses are the only general bond which the unions have with one another; but the different societies in the same town or in the same district are accustomed to appoint what they call a trade's council, which binds them together and permits them, in case of necessity, to undertake a common work. The societies associated in this council send to it a certain number of delegates, and they in their turn nominate a special committee which constitutes the executive power of the general assembly. This comprised in 1876–77, 50,000 persons in Glasgow, 11,000 in London, 10,000 in Edinburgh and Manchester, with 6,000 at Newcastle, 5,000 at Nottingham, 4,300 at Liverpool, and 4,000 at Birmingham, Oldham Sheffield and Dundee.

With a membership of at least 1,250,000, having control of annual revenues which cannot fall much short of $10,000,000, with a reserved fund of almost equal importance, since for sixteen of them alone it amounts to about $3,015,500; powerfully organized as they are, especially in the great cities—London, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, Dundee and Nottingham—the Trades-unions evidently present a formidable array of converging and well-disciplined forces, invested with great power and susceptible of wielding large influence at the ballot box, so that in case of need the unions would not make a vain appeal to the moral adhesion of those workingmen who were not members of these societies, even for financial co-operation. Mr. Howell has taken great pains to prove this, and as he does not conceal the fact that this machinery may, at its pleasure, work much good or ill, the important qestion now is to learn what the character of unionism has hitherto been, in what direction its principal efforts have been exerted, what causes it has supported, and what principles it wishes to see triumph.

III.

The history of the last twenty years has shown them to us as taking sides with the North against the South, at the time of the war of secession in America, through a feel-

ing rather professional than political, and because the question in agitation on the other side of the Atlantic was one particularly dear to the English heart—the cause of free labor—and it was also through analogous considerations that the unionists took part in the agitation which ended in the law of electoral reform of 1867. If they attached importance to the extension of the right of suffrage, it was especially in the hope that a new electoral body might show itself more favorable to the repeal of those legislative trammels which restrained the development of their societies, and left their fortunes at the mercy of a dishonest management. There is doubtless something approaching more nearly to policy in the support which the industrial unions give to the agricultural unions by demanding at this time the electoral franchise for peasants; but even in this case the determining reason is the hope that the social influence of the laboring classes will increase with their political importance. The unionists, too, in favoring to the best of their ability the initiative taken by Mr. Plimsoll as regards seamen, remember especially the numerous dangers which certain industries on land offer, dangers which in their view legislative intervention should in large measure diminish, if not wholly remove.

This much in regard to the general action of unionism, or its philosophic action, if we may so call it. To learn what its material and particular action is we must look especially to strikes. We learn with much satisfaction that at the congress at Leicester two of their leading men, Mr. Broadhurst and Mr. Merrick, who presided, declared themselves as on principle opposed to strikes, preferring by far the system of arbitration to so violent a measure. The author of the "Conflicts of Labor and Capital" also admits that strikes are very difficult instruments to manage, and he does not close his eyes to the ruin and suffering which they leave behind them; but he does not see how "in the present state of the relations between capital and labor it will be possible to avoid them." This is an opinion for which he alone is responsible; nor need it cause any surprise as regards him or any one else who is persuaded that labor is not merchandise, and that, outside of the question of supply and demand, its price recognizes, occasionally at least, particular regulators. With this order of ideas, the strike fills a natural place; it counteracts the fluctuations of supply and demand, curbs the rapacity of manufacturers, thwarts their fraudulent maneuvers, and hinders their dishonest coalitions from succeeding.

It is true that the cost of a strike is enormous; enormous both for the manufacturers and for the operatives. The expenses of the recent strike of which the shops on the Clyde were the theater were estimated by the newspapers at about 150,000 pounds ($750,000), for sums expended by the unions for the maintenance of the strikers, and for that of the carpenters who were discharged as a retaliatory measure by the ship-builders; and at 312,000 pounds ($1,560,000) as lost wages. It is said also that $400,000 were sacrificed by the workmen, and that $1,500,000 were lost by the manufacturers, at the time of the Manchester strike. These figures are more or less exact; but it is not without surprise that in this connection we find on the lips of a grave publicist the singular remark that "if the manufacturers of Manchester were able to expend $1,500,000 in resisting the claims of their workmen, no room was left for them to plead their inability to meet the additions to wages which were demanded." What would Mr. Howell say if this argument were turned against the 75,000 or 80,000 weavers and spinners of Lancashire who went on strike scarcely three months ago, in order to resist a reduction of their wages, if the opponents of these unions should say to them in their turn that, being able to find money to lie idle on, they *ipso facto* relinquished the right to maintain that it was impossible for them to submit to a decrease of their weekly wages?

However, if there are barren sacrifices there are fruitful ones as well, and persuaded as he is, "that the numerous strikes which have succeeded in England since the beginning of the century have paid the workmen well for all the trouble, all the expense and all the suffering thus brought

upon them during this period for the sake of the unions," the historian and apologist of these associations is not wrong, in this view, in treating the money side of the subject with some scorn. Holding such an opinion, we ought even to thank him for advising the English workingmen to be moderate in their demands; a recommendation, it is true, whose merit he modifies singularly enough by what immediately follows, to wit: "that before taking action they should choose their time well, and understand the circumstances!" Mr. Howell guarantees that if they adhere closely to this line of procedure through alternations of successes and reverses, of wise calculations and miscalculations, they will reach the goal of their ambition and of their dearest hopes,—the promised land of "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work."

This little closing phrase would betray sufficiently the feeling of its author in regard to the systematic reduction of the ordinary work-day to ten hours, even if he had not been careful to express it in the most decided manner. He holds this system to be quite as advantageous for the manufacturer as for the workmen themselves; and we can easily believe that a second reduction of two hours would not occasion him the least grief; while to protract the day's work beyond ten hours, at least if that should become a regular thing, would seem to him little less than a politico-economical and social monstrosity. Mr. Howell is much less explicit as regards work by the job or piece, which two or three years ago excited so much feeling among the workmen at Erith. Here his embarrassment is visible. He is afraid either to condemn or to excuse it too much. He hesitates, gropes about, and finally stops at this not very compromising declaration, "that if the operative who works by the day is apt to waste his time, he who works by the piece is not less apt to botch and spoil his work." He denies, besides, that piece-work is, as is generally believed, unanimously opposed by unionists, and assures us that it is the rule in many industries, and that the workmen in these industries would certainly not look with favor upon any other system substituted in its place.

The strike is an engine of war which extreme necessity, inexorable necessity, alone can justify. The stocking-weavers of Nottingham and Leicester have the credit of being the first to renounce this method and to adopt a system of conciliation first, and later one of arbitration obligatory on the litigant parties, and the happiest change has resulted therefrom in the relations of two classes accustomed to live hitherto in a state of reciprocal and permanent hostility. "It was war, and became peace; confidence took the place of distrust, and good-will of animosity," as Mr. Henry Crompton says in his "Industrial Conciliation" (pp. 47, 48,) and those very men whom the manufacturers feared most, those men who seemed to be completely under the yoke of business prejudices when they had once sat in the bureau of arbitration or in the courts of conciliation, became all at once reasonable, resisting more strongly than the manufacturers themselves any unlawful exactions made by their brother workmen.[1] It is all the more to be deplored that these manufacturers too often set a bad example, as they did at the strike previous to the last in Lancashire, and again quite recently in refusing arbitration and in irritating passions so easily inflamed, at the risk of driving the workmen to the greatest violence. They thus disowned the noble mission assigned to English capitalists by the writer just cited, that of solving the industrial problem of the world "by divesting themselves of the prejudices of another age, and seeking that economical and social reorganization towards which modern people are advancing."

But it is not the masters alone who have committed this wrong; the workmen also have not been without fault in that they have adopted extreme measures at the very outset. Mr. Howell makes this confession frankly and deplores this attitude as at once absurd and childish. He seems to be a resolute advocate of preliminary means of conciliation, although we think he exaggerates the difficulties of this method, and that in pursuance of the very erroneous idea,

[1] These are the words of Mr. Mundella, member of Parliament, and a large manufacturer also, who had the honor of inaugurating this system in 1860.

firmly fixed in his mind, however, that labor is not an article of merchandise like other things. This error leads him to formulate propositions such as this: that prices should be established after wages so that wages should not depend on or be influenced by the fluctuations of the market; and he does not perceive that if it were possible to operate thus, and in this way increase wages, the laborer would lose, as a consumer, what he had apparently gained as a workman. Moreover, he does not perceive that, at least under a *régime* of industrial liberty and free competition, it does not depend on the producer to fix the price of his goods according to his own fancy, and that the price is imposed upon him by the relation of supply to demand and of demand to supply, the great regulator of the market both for products and also for labor.

IV.

In 1872 Mr. Greg wrote: "We have always advocated the trial and extension of those co-operative societies which have often been recommended under one form or another, and which have sometimes been successful. That they should succeed when undertaken in good faith is not only a practicable matter, but also useful, and susceptible of effecting good in many ways. The working-classes thus become experienced in business. They learn to understand its difficulties and disappointments—those changing conditions so inseparable from it. Their minds are disabused of their notions in regard to the exaggerated profit and monopoly which they willingly attach to the words capital and capitalist. These societies teach them to be provident and cautious; and if for the moment they do not increase their gains essentially, they nevertheless accomplish their object peacefully and gradually, so that the money which they yield at the end of the year, as interest on the society's capital and as profits, has a better chance than any other to be reserved and accumulated."

We are fully in sympathy with this view of the subject, and as a matter of principle we have no objection to offer, absolutely none, to the co-operative system. Dissatisfied with the ordinary arrangement—that is the separation of the capitalist from the workman—a certain number of men make arrangements to unite these two functions; they bring together their own savings and become their own masters; they form among themselves a society as capitalists, whose object is to procure work for themselves as workmen, and thus to unite in a single body, but in a two-fold quality, the profits of capital and the gains of labor. As capitalists they assuredly have the right thus to use their stock of money instead of depositing it in a savings bank, or giving it over to a mutual aid society; and as workmen they have as good a right to work on their own account as to hire themselves out to contractors. But this measure is evidently not an industrial panacea, and the co-operative society has not performed the miracle of suppressing infamous capital, as socialistic jargon calls it. It is only another method of associating together for manual labor, and it is an illusion on the part of the co-operators to believe that it is possible for them to appropriate all the profit of the capitalist, even all the net profit of the enterprise; for it is absolutely necessary for them to pay a salary to the director whom they place over them, as also to his foremen; in other words, the agents who represent the ordinary capitalist and his associates. But all this, end and means, is perfectly legitimate and very honorable, and no one has a right to complain because the workmen try this plan; capitalists, perhaps, less than others, since they find their account, as an eminent man has said, in having the workmen learn "that in using their savings in this way they run the risk of loss with the chances of profit."

The trial of this system has had its ups and downs, its great successes and its great checks. The sudden abandonment of the experiment which was made since 1865, in the United Collieries of Whitwood and Methley, belonging to Messrs. Briggs, was a blow all the more heavy because among its supporters there were some who did not regard it as susceptible of succeeding unless all classes united in it, masters and capitalists, as well as artisans and laborers. Another grave disappointment was caused by

the failure of the co-operative society of the "works" at Ouseburn and the society of metal-workers at Newcastle-on-Tyne, notwithstanding they were under the direction of very capable and competent men—Dr. Rutherford, Mr. Barlow, and Mr. Burt, member of Parliament. It is true that at Ouseburn, as also at Newcastle, it was not considered as wholly a losing game, and that to offset it we should look at the well-known success of a dozen similar establishments. The co-operative cotton mills of Lancashire, particularly, have met with great success up to this very time; as also the cotton-workers' society of Oldham, in spite of the strikes and lock-outs of which this town has many times been the theater.

On the 1st of January, 1876, there were in England 926 registered co-operative societies; 237 in Scotland, and five only in Ireland; the English societies numbering 420,000 members with a capital stock or fund amounting to $26,100,000; the Scotch with 59,000 members and a capital of $2,108,000. In the course of this same year the number of English societies was increased by 64 new ones, of which fourteen only were producing societies, the others being distributive. We see that the number of the latter is largely in preponderance, and it would be no exaggeration to claim four-fifths of the total of co-operative societies as distributive societies. They come into collision with far fewer difficulties than other societies, and when they avoid that rock on which so many have been wrecked—furnishing goods on credit—they are almost certain of success. The oldest and most famous of these is the Pioneers of Rochdale which, established in 1843 by some flannel-weavers of this little town who furnished altogether only the very modest sum of $140, owned twenty years later a capital of $215,000, and did an annual business of $750,000. The distributive society of Gloucester, established in 1860, did not set out in a fashion any more brilliant. At the beginning it had only 20 members, with a capital stock of about $100; but in 1877 the number of its members had increased to 2,019, and its capital amounted to more than $95,200, without including their three warehouses, valued at $55,400. Their semi-annual transactions require $133,800, and in the space of sixteen years have amounted to $2,208,000. We ought also to refer to the distributive society of the civil employés of London, the civil service supply association, which has 4,488 regular members, with 14,980 customers admitted through favor, whose annual purchase of merchandise calls for $2,217,500, while their sales yield $2,405,200.

There is a very close connection between Trades-unions and co-operative societies, and it may be said in a general way that their respective features become confounded with each other. Mr. Greg sees in this circumstance very serious danger to the future of the co-operative system, and it must be admitted that others who do not sympathize with him in his great abhorrence of unionism think with him on this particular point. It is scarcely necessary to add that the central co-operative board shares these apprehensions so little that the greater part of its last annual report, as read before the co-operative congress held at Manchester on the 21st to 24th of April, 1878, was devoted to the explanation of a plan conceived by Mr. Vansittart Neale for the consolidation of unions and co-operative societies. The great difficulty in this arises from the fact that the funds of the unions have, in virtue of their statutes and even of their aims, a narrow destination or purpose, which forbids their being appropriated, at least on a large scale, to the productive operations of the co-operative societies. But Mr. Neale does not see in this any obstacle in the way of the unions using their combined action to induce those of their members who as yet form no part of the distribution societies to establish societies of this kind, which would bring them, as large experience shows, a profit of ten per cent. on their expenditures, besides a dividend of five per cent. on all capital employed in the enterprise. The unions could safely and under the form of a loan make advances of money to these societies. This money could be paid back quarterly in proportion to the amount of stock taken, and it would thus give to infant societies the

great advantage of beginning with a good supply of merchandise.

The plan of Mr. Neale would be to combine in one confederate union all of the distributive societies springing from this initiatory step, as well as any others which expressed a desire to unite with them, and thus to establish a capital which would favor the development of co-operative producing societies. It is worthy of notice that for a long time societies organized on the basis of the Pioneers of Rochdale have met with rapid prosperity, and have found themselves at the head of a large accumulation of capital. But they have not hitherto been looked upon with special preference, and little attention has been paid to the possibility of using them as security for the capital engaged in these productive societies. If they were placed, as a guarantee, at the disposal of societies which were forming, they would not have to wait for the afflux of the slowly collected savings of the laboring classes. They could boldly appeal to the increasing wealth of other classes, which would be sure to find a solid pledge in the responsibility of the guaranteeing societies.

Mr. Vansittart Neale estimates that a hundred of these societies whose annual business averaged $25,000, associating together for the purpose of devoting a half only of their income as security for funds used in co-operative producing enterprises, would thereby realize what would be equal to five per cent. on $25,000,000, which they would thus vouch for. His calculation, whatever may be its basis, certainly rests on a manifest confusion between the sum total of a society's trade, which cannot be used as security in another enterprise equally uncertain, and the net profits, which it has a right to distribute as dividends or to reserve for other uses. Under these conditions it may appear surprising that it has received the full approval of the central bureau of the co-operative societies, which has decided to transmit Mr. Neale's plan to the secretary-general of the parliamentary committee of the unions.

A measure less open to discussion which the bureau proposes to adopt very soon, is the severance of banking operations from the general work of the wholesale societies. This is as much for the benefit of these societies as for that of the co-operative movement itself. To those who look with disfavor on this movement and predict for it a fatal result, the English co-operators might reply as did the ancient philosopher in whose presence motion was denied, and who simply began to walk. They also move on, and in the main make good progress. But it would not be well for them to indulge themselves often, as certain productive societies of Oldham have done, in rash speculations bordering on gambling, which at Leicester the Bishop of Manchester severely condemned. *Per contra*, this prelate, who has an eminently frank and liberal spirit—a thing as rare, it would seem, among the Anglican high-clergy as among our own—*apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto*,—this prelate has expressed much gratification in view of the great prosperity which he had found attending the co-operative farms of Assington, declaring that he looked with pleasure upon the establishment of a body of rural co-operators. In his opinion this was a happy circumstance in itself, and very important as an element of social stability. He thinks the English laborer very far from being such a brute as he is represented to be by too many of his fellow-countrymen. For his part, the Bishop of Manchester never perceived that he was wanting either in intelligence or in any of those qualities which contribute to make a man; if he spoke little, he generally spoke to the point, and was by no means deficient in thought; and if the time to make an active citizen of him by conferring on him the right of suffrage did not appear to have come yet, it was because hitherto he had given but little attention to politics, and in this direction he was still to be educated.

V.

But for a different audience Dr. Frazer had prepared lively surprises. After having spoken thus of co-operative societies, was he not disposed to complain—he, a bishop and spiritual lord — because the Marquis of Ripon, in harmony too with common opinion, had recently spoken of the working-

men's unions as instruments of strife, and means of hostile encounters? There was some truth in this assertion, doubtless, and those societies certainly were combative; but they also had their pacific side, and it was in this direction that they gave promise of being useful in the future. There was much talk about the inexhaustible resources of the country, and the expression seemed just if these resources were destined to be developed freely in the midst of harmony and peace; but it would cease to be so if some day a war of conflicting interests should be kindled—a war between one class and another. How many evils have those terrible strikes which have followed each other during the last twenty years left behind them in their train! How much suffering and misery might have been avoided with a spirit somewhat more conciliatory on both sides; with claims less bitter and less exclusive both on the side of the capitalist and of the laborer; with that spirit of joint responsibility which prevailed in the co-operative societies, which was their very soul and constituted their strength!

It would seem that these very wise councils have some chance of being heeded, and that, under the influence of unionism, the feelings of the working class towards manufacturers have become rather softened than embittered. Words of hatred and of violence have not been the only ones uttered in their annual congress: the temperate language of some of their popular orators has even obtained praise from the *Times*,—a journal certainly much more conservative than radical,—and it should be borne in mind that two years ago the president of the Amalgamated Association of Miners—one branch alone of which, the union of southern Staffordshire, has a membership of 105,000—advised that in case of dispute they should always have recourse in the first place to conciliatory measures. Some months previous to this, the secretary of the large and flourishing union of carpenters and joiners had stigmatized as "false tactics" and as a "proceeding injurious to the general interests" the tempting position which led workmen to be very exacting when business is prosperous and labor in great demand, without putting themselves in the place of the manufacturers when, on the contrary, industry languishes and labor is largely in supply beyond the demand. Doubtless unionists have not under all circumstances shown themselves as possessed of much wisdom. There was reason for regarding as impudent and oppressive their attitude in respect to piece-work during the strike of the metal-workers of Erith; and it might be thought that a glimmering of those ideas which had triumphed in the halls of the Luxembourg in 1848 had crossed the Channel and struck a blow at the native good sense of English workingmen. But would it not be childish to look for perpetual wisdom in unionism, a wisdom for each day and every moment, which is not the lot of man; and to suppose that human passions are not as strong in associations as in individuals, nay, even stronger?

In short, if we do not share Mr. Howell's enthusiam it is impossible for us to feel towards Trades-unions the repugnance and uneasiness of Mr. Greg and many others. In themselves these associations have nothing contrary to the fundamental principle of modern industry, that is to say, freedom of labor, and they have this advantage, that their existence and their functions teach that, outside of Utopian combinations or violent processes, there is no regulator for labor except the inflexible law of supply and demand. Brought face to face with the reality, or better with the necessity of things, English workingmen have learned, though they have not always given their assent to it, that even when combined in societies it does not belong to them to increase their wages when there is a good supply of work, any more than it is in the power of the employers to reduce them when hands are scarce and barely suffice for imperative production.

The friends and the enemies of unions agree in the fact that they are descended from the working corporations of ancient times. The former find in this circumstance, as Mr. Howell says, their *raison d'être*; while the latter object to this and show them to be the simple continuation of

institutions which are wholly superannuated and henceforth entirely useless. But these views are unsatisfactory to Mr. Howell, particularly the last; and if he has no doubt as to the relation which he himself has endeavored to establish; if he looks upon the Trades-unions of to-day as the successors of the old Craft-guilds, they are, he hastens to add, successors sprung from entirely new economic and social conditions, whose existence would not be justified if it could not plead more powerful reasons for existing than an ancient lineage. This leads to a separation from those awakened dreamers who, in the nineteenth century, in face of the brilliant successes of the freedom and division of labor, extol the barbarous organization of the middle ages, with its apprentices whom the widow or the heirs of a master could hire out, engage, or even sell to others in the same trade; its journeymen who could have no direct business with the public, nor "run" a shop on their own account; its master-monopolists who were themselves very often divided into little branches of the same trade, so that shoemakers who worked on new leather were quite distinct from cobblers or workers on old leather, who were restricted to mending boots and shoes and to using old leather; —as sword-cutlers who made the sword-blades could make neither the trimmings for the sword-belt, nor the ring for the scabbard. But on this point unionists themselves do not entirely agree with their obliging advocate, whose views are both sensible and liberal, since he admits that the rules of some of the unions have contained, or do contain, provisions hostile to freedom of labor, and entreats them to annul them as soon as possible; not only because they are offensive in their nature, but also because they act injuriously on the workmen themselves, since all of the new applications of science and of art to industry must add in the end to the productive power of the English nation, and increase the sum of the work placed at the disposal of its artisans.

But if much is to be produced, much work must be done; and while many of the manufacturers on the other side of the British Channel are asking themselves if the English laborer works enough, the unionists are striving to secure a new decrease in the hours of daily labor. But the author of the "Conflicts of Labor and Capital" treats lightly the fears which foreign competition occasions; and when he glances at the value of the exports of the United Kingdom from the year 1700 to the year 1877—$28, 485,000 in the former and $1,333,655,000 in the latter —he feels altogether re-assured, taking into consideration, especially, the crisis of the five last years. But this feeling of quiet satisfaction is not universal, as is shown by an article published some months ago in the *Statist*, which the *Journal* of the statistical society republished in a recent issue. Its author is dismayed in view of the fact that the ten countries which have been Great Britain's best customers—to wit, British India, Germany, the United States, France, Holland, China, Canada, the West Indies, Turkey and Russia,—purchased of her in 1876 not more than $600,000,000 worth of her various products, while they furnished her with food and other articles of produce amounting to $620,000,000 in value. He compares the great difference in the total value of England's importations of provisions, etc., in 1857 and in 1877—$320,000,000 and $900,000,000 respectively—and finds the situation one of extreme gravity.

For the development of her industries England should not henceforth dream of using the weapon of the protective system which she has broken in her own hands. Thus the writer in the *Statist*, to meet the danger which he exposes, speaks only of efforts to reduce more and more the cost of the production of English articles, and to open new markets for their products. If he does not yield to an imaginary fear,—and this is not the time to examine that point,—he must be greatly dismayed to see the programme which so many unionists seem to have drawn up for themselves—to work less than the laborers on the Continent, and to be paid higher wages—for, as Mr. Howell himself admits, English workmanship in the various branches of production has deteriorated. *Ad. F. de Fontpertuis.*

LETTERS FROM CAPE COD.

COQUOIT, January 3, 18—.

Dear Tom:

Would you believe that a man could be utterly and honestly weary of the world and himself at twenty-eight? No, you brave old fellow, you, with your whole-hearted faith in humanity, your theories for patching up the shattered old hulk of society, could never understand the state of mind which may cause a fellow with moderate talents and education like myself to fold his hands idly and drift along with the tide, wherever it may choose to carry him. You have known some of my dreams and enthusiasms, but their results were always so small that you are quite justified in considering me "an idler," as you said last night.

Tom, if you knew the restless, fermenting inner life that has been mine ever since I can remember, you would pity me for having found no settled faith, no sure path to tread before now. But first, before I go on with this self-dissection, let me tell you of my whereabouts, for I know you are wondering what guiding spirit, whether evil or good, brought me to this out-of-the-way place. The explanation may be put down in one sentence—I wanted to get away from myself. Now don't perpetrate a bull and say I have brought myself with me. What I mean is that I am so tired of old associations and habits that I wanted to leave them for a while, and see if I could begin life, or rather a new phase of life, on a different basis. I am tired of continually fighting and questioning myself as to whether there really is anything to be striven for or not, and in absolute solitude I want to come to an understanding with this same refractory self which shall teach it to lie quiet under a crust of indifference at least, if all higher serenity prove unattainable.

The decision of the matter was this: yesterday morning Gardner dropped in for a minute on the way down to his studio. He was shiveringly congratulating himself on having got back to town, as he had been for a week at some small place on the Cape for scenic effects. You know what a sensitively nervous and impressionable creature he is? Well, as one might imagine, he painted almost Stygian horrors from the uninteresting features of his stopping-place. I said that the very name Cape *Cod* always smacked to me of nor' westers, a fishy smell in the bleak wind, and that I should expect every third person to button-hole me *à la* Ancient Mariner, and insist on telling me a tale of the sea. But the little fellow who had gone down to sketch from nature only shivered as he started to go, and said, "It's a land of sand and scrub-oaks. If you ever want to turn hermit, go there." How the good old lady Nature must have laughed indulgently when Gardner went down there to take her picture! She knew he no more deserves the name of artist when he dares not look on her bleakness and shadows. As I said, that decided me. I thought, now here is an isolated corner of the United States within traveling distance. I will pack up my few indispensables and go. So Tom, when you come into my room to-night for the accustomed chat and cigar, you will find solitude, not a spark among the ashes on the hearth, and if you care to explore a vacant place or two among the books. I have taken Shakespeare simply because he has n't the poor taste to obtrude any moralizing of his own, he does n't attempt to unriddle the riddle or straighten out the tangled threads of existence. That and two or three German books will suffice me. In fact, I aimed at starting out equipped as I should wish to be for a desert island. You know how cold it was in the afternoon? Well, imagine my long bleak ride between bare, brown fields in the face of a wind that rattled everything movable about the train, and crept in through every crack. The passengers dropped off one by one as we passed station after station, and the cars were uncoupled until there were but two left, rattling forlornly along. For you see our destination was the last station on the road, and I hugged myself mentally at such evident progress toward the end of the

world, and physically because I was shivering. My fellow-travelers gathered about the stove in the corner and talked of town affairs, the hot baked beans that awaited them for supper, but I only drew the collar of my ulster up higher, retreated into my shell and thought: "Good people, I 'm only a spectator in life, no longer an actor. I 've withdrawn from the boards. You amuse me with your innocent prattle, but I cannot give up my solitude and become one of you, even so much as by hugging the same dirty little stove." However, I paid for my luxury, as it seems people invariably must, for when we finally swung slowly into our station as if by force of inertia I was benumbed with cold. Now comes the piquant part of my narrative. You, prosaic fellow, would have preferred seating yourself in a luxurious carriage to be driven to a palace hotel with all modern conveniences; I, feeling just emancipated from civilization, gloried in finding there was no equipage to be had for love or money. I was forced to inquire my way to a respectable boarding-house, and when the two boys who offered to direct me proposed going across lots I was convinced that my Mecca was found. We stumbled through several fields, over rocks and walls, stumbled up to a house only to be distinguished in the blackness by the flaming eyes of windows, and knocked for admittance. I wish I could describe to you the genuine landlady who appeared, and smilingly answered my demands for supper, and a room for any number of weeks I might choose to occupy it. She is short, with a rosy, baked-apple face, a look of shrewdness and business talent in the eyes and about the prim mouth, and her dress seems to constitute a sort of mail composed of a good many pieces.

For instance, there are many superfluous articles, such as aprons, small shawls and knit jackets—but as I 'm not very familiar with the technicalities of feminine attire I won't go on, especially as you might not be able to appreciate if I did. But I must cut my gossiping vein short, and only say that after a hot supper here I am in my cozy room with a crackling fire, while the very house is shaken by the wind and at intervals a fog-horn sounds dolefully across the water.

And now with fire and light, time and the mood for it "quite unlimited," as Mr. Tetterby would say, I am going to treat you to a sort of self-analysis, partly to justify myself as I have not yet done under your attacks, but chiefly to indulge my present mood of complaint and dissatisfaction to the utmost. You say I am young, talented, and accountable to the suffering race, if not to the power that made me, for sitting down in idleness and not devoting myself to the world's good.

To take the first of your arguments: I am not young for I have grown old too fast. Do you know, Tom, the most beautiful idea in the world to me is that of glorious youth, conquering the dragon in its path, the disdaining foot spurning everything vile and unworthy? Life was to me years ago a brilliant vista opening into untrodden fields of wonder. If I caught a backward glimpse through the dim scenes of history of the slain and disappointed, it could not shake my faith in all daring ideals.

To live was glorious; to die was to meet a hero's fate. I had unbounded faith in my own powers and the wonders that must befall me. But any one with moderate ambition and talents may hope for a brilliant destiny till the time comes for him to decide on the path he is to illumine. I made my little verses and found them—rhymes. Prose was too manly an art for me then. Music—you know my success there, but you never guessed the failure. Do you think I could bear to become merely a passable performer, while tones and harmonies haunted me that I could never put into form, or rather into sound? It has been my curse that I have not been content with imitation even of the highest. I aspired to become a creator. Nature gave me the irrepressible impulse which inspires the poet, prophet and artist to speak, to tell his version of the everlasting story of the universe in his own way, but she gave only the desire without the power of satisfying it. When you talk of my talents I grant that I might do some work which would be above mediocrity, but neither aptitude nor skill constitute the di-

vine strength of genius, compelling one to labor whether he will or no. Suppose I succeeded in attaining an assured, perhaps conspicuous position, what better end should I serve by figuring as Professor Grant, author of "Treatise on Popular Education" and "Improvement of the Masses," than as Maxwell Grant, plain citizen? You see I cannot put all my energies into the first work that comes to hand without the question confronting me at every step, "To what end?" I know what you would say,—that when the ideal in art is too high to be striven for, choose a more common path and minister to lower needs. I know, theoretically, that this is the thing to do, but art is not to be given up without a struggle; a struggle none the less bitter from the fact that one may feel himself worthy of loving it inasmuch as he could see his unworthiness of interpreting it. An unknown something is lacking from his nature; the parts are harmonious but there is one thing needed to make up the perfect whole—the keystone of the arch. As for more common prosaic work, I am still enough of the idealist to demand an enthusiasm, a grand motive power instead of the mere desire of being busy. I have, perhaps, given myself too much to speculations and abstractions to understand and sympathize heartily with the real needs of individual life. If I had had less money, I might, in the struggle for a foothold in the world, have spent the strength which has so far gone to theorize about life in active living itself. So here I am, a failure in every sense of the word, judging from what I had intended my achievements to be and what they really are. And even now a dying hope sometimes lifts its feeble head—the hope of a battle for some lasting good, of a victory or welcome death.

What will the struggle be? or do the gods despise my services too much to let me earn my knightly spurs?

Good night; the fire burns low and all the house is quiet. I shall not be stirred from the depths again very soon as I have been to-night, so my next letter shall be of the people I find here, if they prove worthy your interest. Yours,

MAX.

January 11.

Dear Tom:

I have struck a vein of human nature here! The people, most of them ordinary in the last degree, interest me intensely. Now in my place you would be bored to death; humanity has no charms for you unless accompanied by a cancer or broken leg. That's how you lose, my boy, in being devoted to a profession; you have n't the grand impartiality of a looker-on like me. Let me tell you the story of the last week, though you will find it a story without beginning, incident or end, it is such a quiet and commonplace chronicle. In the first place, it seems that the natives here can't quite grasp the idea of an "uncommercial traveler," and have been cautiously making investigations as to my purpose in leaving the city to spend a month or two here in the dead of winter. At first it was taken for granted that I was an artist, owing to Gardner's having preceded me, and Mrs. Pickering, the landlady, would casually remark on the good view to be obtained from certain places, but my stony indifference to everything of the kind soon killed that suspicion. Then, with an insane idea that I might be traveling for my health, she one day asked me after an embarrassed pause if city life agreed with me, and on my coolly answering that it did she said "Oh," and lapsed into a moody silence. As to the boarders, for this is a model boarding house, they remind me of "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," or any other assembly of public officers. There is the telegraph operator, a young exquisite with about half an inch of forehead shaded by a fringe of yellow hair parted in the middle. The only noticeable thing about him is the fragrance of combined hair oil and cologne which precedes his coming and lingers after he goes. There is the store-keeper, who is a blustering, retired whaler; the milliner, a tall and stately young lady with an abundance of red locks and much blue drapery; but these are all ordinary types, as you see, and you must approve my sagacity in saving the rarest specimen for the last—the school-teacher. She is a small and at first glance a very ordinary body, but look at her more closely

and you will see she has a forehead whose like is not found among female nonentities, and though so quiet generally, there is sometimes a sudden haughtiness of manner, a spirited poise of the head, as if she chose to repel intruders. Add a colorless face, wavy, dark hair wound in heavy braids round and round the small head, and eyes veiled by dark lashes. I have a theory that the eyes themselves are of that rare gray that deepens into black under excitement and in warmer moods melts into blue, but it is only a theory, for as yet I have never seen them distinctly.

My first attempt at conversation with this Miss Priscilla Burns met with such a decided rebuff that it was some days before I dared again perpetrate such a piece of audacity. It was one night after tea, and I had lingered a few minutes in the common sitting-room before taking my final departure upstairs. The only light in the room was from the glow of the coal fire, and in the half twilight I could see the small figure of Miss Burns at the window. I was in an idle, careless mood, and it occurred to me that a little conversation with her might be amusing, and also that it would be but civil since we were the only occupants of the room. Accordingly I opened my lips and spake, and if I had searched my brain for hours no more inane remark could have been the result.

"Are you fond of teaching?"

A swift turn of the head toward me; "No sir, I hate it," and she was looking out of the window again.

"How many scholars have you," again my stupidity prompted me to say.

"Thirty-one."

"Quite a small number for such a town, is it not?"

"An average number."

Now I leave it to you, Tom, if I deserved such coolness. A thousand miles or so beyond nowhere two human beings might surely be civil to one another. And, mind you, the freezing effect was n't at all in the words, but the tone in which they were spoken. You would have thought there had been a deadly feud between our great grandfathers which we were bound to perpetuate. I have kept at a most respectful distance since.

January 12.

An event of interest; nay, even of excitement! Last night the kind fates decreed that my stove should smoke, so I was forced to betake myself and the volume of Goethe I had been reading down to the sitting-room. After tea I went for a short walk, and coming back I found that Miss Burns had taken up the book and was so absorbed in it that she did not at first notice my entrance. Of course when she did she immediately closed the book, and equally of course I made a dozen or so polite disclaimers as to wanting it, and then to sound my lady's capacity I said,

"You read German?"

"Only a word here and there," she answered. "I cannot get far without the aid of a dictionary."

I asked what she liked, and then, having mentioned something with which she was not familiar, began to read extracts here and there from Goethe. Though she can be an iceberg, there is, as I thought, smouldering fire enough in her nature. Her cheeks flushed into one deep crimson stain, her eyes shone black beneath the lashes so seldom lifted, and I could see that the very spirit of the poetry moved her. When the words were not familiar the harmony of tone and time suggested their meaning. Miss Pickering came in and sat in surprised admiration, evidently divided between awe of such attainments as would enable us to read in an unknown tongue, and astonishment to think we had sat at her table for weeks without giving a sign of our marvelous powers in every-day intercourse. So we spent two delightful hours until the other boarders began to drop in. Her enthusiasm was contagious, and though she said but little it was only, perhaps, through distrust of her own powers and opinions and not from lack of ability. You must be surprised to hear me go on at such length about a person I have only known two weeks, but here is real material. I mean to study her and sometime put her into a little story to beguile an idle hour. And now of my unworthy self, of whom you ask with such an

undeserved interest. You say you cannot understand such a frame of mind as I am in; you wish I would take life healthfully and naturally. Dear boy, it is the old Faust problem. I have not, to be sure, sounded the depths and measured the heights of all knowledge and delight, but I have gone far enough to see that desires and demands on life are boundless, and that they will not be satisfied. As I have told you so often, I have aspired to some work, some creation which I might call good. Do you see what I mean? A radical satisfaction in life. But believe me, I am not going on in this self-tormenting way. I shall, I must, come to some stand-point soon from which I can see a distinct path. Good-night, dear fellow.

MAX.

Dear Tom:

I am drifting with the tide, and as long as it is n't one with a powerful swell and roar it casts me gently into shallow inlets and bays, all of which is metaphorical for the fact that I have fallen in with this quiet kind of life as if I never meant to leave it, and do whatever circumstances place in my way for interest or amusement. For instance, to-night when I found all the family gone to prayer-meeting I turned my own steps thither. It was in the school-house, a bare, bleak building with hacked desks and inky floor, not a pleasant spot to be seen in it. Here it is, thought I, that Priscilla Burns spends her days, and as if the thought had power to call her before me I glanced up and saw her sitting opposite. She looked pale and tired, her head resting wearily against the wall, the eyes half closed. There was something so girlish and delicate about her face, shaded by its waves of dark hair, that I sat admiring and pitying her as one would pity a child.

But one can scarcely gaze at a person for full five minutes without some magnetism in the glance taking effect, and the lids of Priscilla's eyes slowly lifted in obedience to mine. She blushed, turned aside her head with an air of annoyance and began to listen intently to Deacon King telling his experience. I turned away my eyes discreetly also, and tried in vain to fix a thought on the Deacon's metaphysical struggles. One hour and a half went by and the interest in the meeting was unabated. I mentally calculated that three-fourths of the people had told their experiences and it now remained for the rest to go through the same programme. How long would it take? Tired nature recoiled from the solution of the problem. At this point, when I was gazing fixedly before me, and the red roses on a hat in front were multiplying themselves into whole conservatories full before my drowsy eyes, I became aware of Priscilla Burns coming hastily toward the door, evidently faint and sick from the hot, heavy air. I opened the door for her, and then, like a bird that sees liberty through an unaccustomed crevice in his cage, I could not resist stepping out into the free moonlight. Priscilla (how she would dispose of me with one glance if she knew I took such a liberty with her name!) was sitting on the steps, a tinge of color already in her cheeks.

"Why did you come?" she said; "I only needed to get into the fresh air."

Then as I had no answer to make she went on a little pettishly:

"It serves me right for coming, for I had a headache at starting, and know by experience how hot and stuffy that room can be if it is n't ventilated."

"Are you better now?" I asked as she rose.

"Yes, thank you, I 'm going home," and then as I started to accompany her, "don't let me take you from the meeting."

This was irresistible. I had been laughing internally all the while at her brusque treatment of me, but this last magnanimous resolution not to deprive me of the pleasure of stifling struck us both as being a little too much, and we laughed together. Then, as there seemed to be no reason why we should not have a good time amicably, I took advantage of the slight thaw induced by the laugh to offer my arm, which she accepted, and we were marching calmly away before she had time to recover her dignity. The spirit of audacity possessed me, and I said:

"Why do you treat me as if I were a mortal enemy, Miss Burns? Is it the subtle aroma of the profession which, not content

with keeping the school children in awe, must envelop me also?"

"If you do not continue to remind me that I am a school-teacher perhaps I can so far forget the fact as to be natural. You must remember that your first attempt at conversatiou with me was an inquiry as to my daily business."

"It was stupid," I acknowledged, "but it seems rather the expected thing that a person should be most interested in his own especial profession, whatever it may be. Now think what an elevating conversation we might have had. Our thoughts would have been gradually led up to theories of education, then Plato and Socrates might have been suggested, and no one can say where on the high grouuds of philosophy we should have ended."

"Perhaps so," she answered, "but any one who has a practical knowledge of education is quite willing to let a theoretical one alone."

Then when I, who had never thought of the subject except as a very abstraction in its highest bearings on the race, somewhat blunderingly expressed my surprise that she should talk in such a heterodox fashiou, she went on:

"I can't imagine many things worse than to be placed over a herd of undisciplined creatures, irrational because of ignorance, and fight day after day against their wills. One should be mentally and morally a perfect rhinoceros, for a person with any sensibility cannot fail to suffer acutely in such a situation."

Our talk went on into deeper and graver subjects. We had met when we were in no light mood and hampered by no polite society restrictions, so that we could start from the stand-point of common humanity instead of any purely personal ground.

The night was perfect. We walked along the beach where the ripples of the sound came softly washing up, and the moon, at its full, sent a broad track of light far over the water. We spoke of German poetry and then of Faust, and, Tom, this small school-teacher has given me a new idea, almost a revelation. You know we have spoken of the Faust problem often, and in the same spirit in which I have talked of it with you I told her what a hopelessly sad idea it was to me; that of a soul with mad, audacious demands for knowledge, love and beauty, condemned to be kept inside the limits imposed on us in all directions by our mortality; forced to feel the mocking emptiness of every earthly pleasure, and that the most delirious joys are but as one cooling drop to a raging thirst. "I think Faust might have fouud everything in giving up all," she said, "I don't mean in the orthodox acceptation of the words, but if he could have renounced all mere selfish expectations and passively delivered himself iuto the hands of law and necessity, unthinkiug of the end of his own path, he might have found the only true good." I asked her what she considered life at its fullest and best to be, and the substance of her faith seems to be Islam —a submission to existing laws and circumstances. "I believe the only happiness comes there," she said, "in yielding implicitly to the unknown power that rules us. Then if every longing is not satisfied, rest content it is not because the fullness does not exist, or because our needs are overlooked." It is the glimmering of an idea to me, and I follow it out tremblingly.

To blindly give up all, what I wish or feel I need, for commonplace days or anything that may come; to be empty or filled as is best according to a higher judgment than mine,—is that the serene acceptance of life for which I have been longing?

I have not your strictly Christian faith. I know my freely spoken doubts must often have seemed to you like blasphemy, but if I can believe that in aud beyond the most insignificant life there lies a verity and dignity that makes it worth the living, I can fight my battle triumphantly.

A note only to Tom to-night, and a page or two to any familiar spirit who may be in my company at present. For what I am about to write is too sacred, too much myself, to be given to the eyes of my friend even, so that when it is written I shall drop it on those hot coals and let it blaze and burn to ashes. I am happy; so happy that there is an intensity like pain in the feeling, as if a touch, a breath might send me from such an

extreme down into misery. How unconsciously I came to this lonesome place, never guessing that here I was to find everything my own life and nature longed for in Priscilla Burns! I cannot tell when I first realized that she formed a part of my daily thought and living, but from my first glance at her she never seemed like any one else. I can call up distinct pictures of her which have photographed themselves forever on my memory; once sitting by the fire embroidering purple and gold pansies on some dark, sombre woolen stuff, a soft flush on her cheek, the soft white hand flitting back and forth with the needle—a picture for a man to frame on his own hearthstone; Penelope at her loom could no more clearly have typified the perfect union of lowly domestic cares and graces; then again, as she comes in from school white and tired, every spark of animation gone from her face.

With a seemingly haughty indifference, which really covers shyness when approached on ordinary topics, she glows and forgets herself in speaking of higher things. I have at last persuaded her to read German before me, and though her shyness would hardly allow her to do it, she was only impelled, I am sure, by a stoical anxiety to be criticised for her own good. Her accent is poor, as it may well be, she having been for the most part her own teacher, but her enthusiasm and true appreciation of every beauty are enough to inspire any one.

I have given up the solitary evenings in my own room that were at first so delightful. Priscilla, who does not have the luxury of a fire upstairs, takes her place every night in the sitting-room, and with only good Mrs. Pickering for audience, who is half the time asleep, we talk till the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker come in from their respective haunts at nine o'clock.

She is kind and friendly to me simply because she is so unconscious. With no society here, no friends who care for the things she is fitted to appreciate, I believe she is somewhat grateful for the pleasant hours we have spent together; they have made a variety in her monotonous life. Is that all? It must not, shall not be all. Every grain of will, every impulse within me are bent on this one point, to make her love me. When with her I am calm and composed as she herself. I dare not lose one degree of control for fear of frightening by the intensity of my passion. Enough of rhapsody! I must do as I have begun to do towards Tom, avoid mentioning her name, for it leads me further than I care to go. Poor Tom! he writes to ask why my letters are so short and business-like and why I never speak of the school-teacher who occupied four pages a while ago. I shall not tell him now. If I am to be happy he will know it then, if I am not—but I cannot provide for that alternative. For the first time in my life I am living altogether in the present, with no thought of a past that was like a dream compared with this substance of reality.

One week! which has been long enough to carry me through sufficient gradations and revulsions of feeling to furnish a metaphysician with material for years of speculation. But the metaphysical aspect is of no importance to me; I can only think of my real, human happiness. There had been a change to my watchful eyes in Priscilla, a shyness in her manner towards me, an avoidance of my society. It cut me to the heart for I was too stupid to dream it might be anything but dislike. One night I met her on the shore when she was returning from a call on some sick scholar or indignant parent, and stung to the quick by her cool "good evening" and evident desire to leave me, I broke bluntly, even rudely into the truth. She was startled, almost frightened I believe. To my accusation that she had wholly ignored me she had not a word to say, and then—but even if I could recall what I said next I would not write it. I only care to remember that she yielded to my impetuosity and owned that she loved me. After that no demur nor objection to our love could or can ever move me. For she has objections, serious ones, she says, which she names with a gravity only equaled by the ease and gayety with which I overthrow them all. "In the first place," said Priscilla, "I am not your equal in some points. Perhaps I personally may be, but our positions in society are so different.

You are rich I know, and though you are free from any assumption of superiority one could tell from your manner that you are accustomed to what is most refined and luxurious in life; used to eating with a silver spoon, in fact. Your wife must be a woman fitted to shine in society, and I could never, never fill the place you offer me." At the grave dropping of her tone here I am so jubilant, so arrogant in my new happiness that I laugh scornfully at her weak little arguments, and sweep them down with one assertion; "I love you." It includes everything else I might say. It tells her what she is to me in comparison with all the rest of the world. That was but three days ago, and I have made so many opportunities for seeing her, have so used my right of possession in demanding from her every spare minute she has, that it seems as if we had belonged to one another for ages, or rather as if the years when we did not know one another had sunk back where they deserve to be, in the past. If happiness makes time fly it certainly also makes some moments seem infinite. She has told me the story of her life, a life so hard, so full of prosaic work for daily bread and devoid of pleasures, that I almost feel condemned for having lived at my ease while she has been walking such thorny paths. Her father and mother died when she was a child; then she was taken by an aunt who was kind as far as she knew how to be, but unconsciously cruel to the sensitive child. Cruel because she starved her of what her ambition and talents demanded, books, leisure for study and a little aid in the path she knew herself fitted by nature to tread. "She really liked me, I think," said Priscilla, "but on a farm you know there is not much ready money, even for those who are entitled to it. It was natural they should feel I was in the way, and that they should fully appreciate their own charity in doing so much for me. So partly from a desire for independence, and partly because I wanted a different life, I succeeded in teaching a term or two of a district school, then went to a private school where I took a few classes in return for tuition in several branches, then more district school, and here I am, as you see." And here I am determined she shall not be long. She has no other claims to consider, no friends who have a right to dictate or even advise her, and why should we wait before beginning our new life together?

February 21.

Dear Tom:

Sweep up the hearth and draw out the battered old arm-chairs in which we have held so many councils, for to-morrow night I shall be home and in your room as soon as you have shaken from your mind the remembrance of the day's dissections or amputations. And have your pipe well filled, too, for I have somewhat to say which will demand a hazy atmosphere, and the meditative, confidential mood which is only induced by smoke. I'll prepare you now by saying that no cure could be more effective for a diseased mind than the one wrought at Cape Cod on mine. But why should n't I tell you at once, and it may be somewhat easier on paper than confronting your honest phiz, that I am going to be married, and very soon too? There, it is out! I leave all explanations, all particulars, even to her name, until to-morrow night, and shall be mightily disappointed if you do not die of curiosity in the mean time. And now all joking aside, for I am afraid that in the shamefaced manner of men when we meet we shall as usual conceal our serious mood under a light one, let me say that the mere fact of the life and personality of this woman coming in contact with mine has changed the current of my thought completely, and I hope forever. There is no more doubt left me of the solemnity, the supreme importance of every-day life, because I have found an interest in the human I never had before. The divine and ideal are not lessened in importance to me, but I cannot believe it is right for man to look altogether away from the poor little planet where he is born. It is not only his privilege to attempt daring flights into the unknown, but to make harmonious the workings of common existence. When I say this revolution has been wrought in me by her, I mean rather that it has taken place from the mere fact of my loving her. Love has created me

a home, has given me my own little foothold on the earth which makes me think more kindly of the whole globe. As to whether these new ideas will change my external life I cannot say; my past failures, at least, can be more easily borne since the relative importance of all work is becoming more clear to me. So that now, if I must submit to living a quiet life which shall offer no grand result to the world, I can accept it without the feeling that because I have failed in what I have aspired to every thing else must necessarily be of no value. Who can draw the line between singing the mighty song of even a greater than Homer, and guiding the tiniest wheels of the universe even though they run noiselessly and out of sight? I am not learning to underrate great deeds, but only beginning to realize that the earth belongs to me as much as to the most richly endowed among men. I claim my birthright of love and beauty and even sorrow, my privilege of forming a part of humanity. But through all changes, and in all new relations of my life, I am, remember, always yours, MAX.

L. K. Black.

OLD CATHOLICISM FROM ITS OWN POINT OF VIEW.

To form any safe judgment of the actual, much more of the probable future success of any important "movement" or proposed reform, whether it be in the realm of politics, of science or of religion, it is absolutely necessary to be first possessed of its own point of view. Failure clearly to appreciate the principles or purpose of any such movement must wholly vitiate all conclusions concerning its success or non-success. If Luther's work, for instance, be regarded as an attempt to inaugurate or provoke reform *in* the Western or Romanized Catholic Churches of his own day, it was but very moderately successful; but if we look upon him as the leader of a great revolt *from* that ecclesiastical system, its results made his work an epoch in ecclesiastical history. So, also, when we bear in mind that the purpose which John Wesley set before himself was not to evoke the spiritual energies of a new religious organization, but the revival of ecclesiastical faithfulness and spiritual earnestness in his own church, we may, indeed, measure the *results* of his preaching and of his organizing genius by the present extent and power of the great Methodist denomination; but we must measure the *success* of his own and of his brother's Wesleyanism by the great spiritual change which they were, in God's providence, so largely instrumental in bringing about in the Church of England.

And so, too, before we hasten to pronounce upon the success or failure of Old Catholicism, we must be very sure that we correctly and fairly estimate its essential principles and its own purpose.

In forming an estimate of the soundness of those principles or of the practical wisdom of that purpose, we may fairly judge from our own several points of view; and the Romanist would condemn as sacrilege and madness a policy which the Protestant would enthusiastically applaud; but success or failure is only to be predicated of this, as of any effort, according as it is able or unable to advance toward the ends which it proposes to itself.

Now, nothing is more certain than that the Old Catholic leaders have not wished or proposed to themselves to found a *new* church The very name, Old Catholic, should remind us of this. Old Catholicism is not, then, and never has been Protestantism in any but the simplest etymological sense of the word. It was indeed, a solemn protest before God and the Church, first against the Vatican Council and the enforced dogma of Papal Infallibility; and then, as a logical consequnce, against such other so-called dogmas as should, on mature

examinatiou, be found to be similar additions to or corruptions of the primitive Catholic faith of the Church of Christ. But it was not, and was not designed to be Protestant in any sense that implied a willing separation from the communion and fellowship of their own ancient church. So far as actual separation resulted from the stand which they took, so far it was a departure from that original purpose; a necessary, an inevitable departure, if we please, but nevertheless a departure.

Instead, however, of carefully endeavoring to ascertain the true character of this movement from the declarations and the course of the Old Catholic leaders themselves, we, English and Americau lookers-on, have for the most part ever insisted upon assigning to them that purpose which *we think should be theirs*, although one very foreign to their own declared principles; and having thus assumed that they are the would-be founders of a new Church, the would-be leaders of a new revolt from the communion of the Catholic Church—having once assumed this, we are betrayed into regarding their work as a failure, because we have thus far looked in vain for results *of this kind*, to a degree which in our judgment could be called success.

This organizatiou of the Old Catholics, for worship or for other ecclesiastical purposes, apart from their Roman Catholic brethren which we are thus misled into taking for the one measure of success or failure, should then be regarded as only one of the phenomena by which, under certain conditions, that movement is forced to express itself and to seek the opportunities of growth and influence.

If, then, we must judge so soon of the probable future effect which this movement will produce upon the Church in which it has arisen and *within which the scope of its proposed action primarily lies*, we should do this, not by counting the number or considering the proportions of the separate congregations of Old Catholics; still less by dwelling upon the isolated facts of the success or failure of the attempt to organize itself distinctively in any given place, or, indeed, in any one nation; but rather by a careful study of contemporaneous ecclesiastical history and by a conscientious estimate of the influence which these men and their principles have already exerted, are now exerting and are likely yet to exert, both directly and indirectly, over the ecclesiastical thought and religious tendencies of the age in which, and especially of the peoples among which they live and speak and write and act.

This is not an easy thing to do; certainly not for such as do not and cannot share the standpoint of those of whose work they thus attempt to judge.

Many and many of the noblest men God ever sent into this world to do some part of His work here have gone down to their graves, as many another will yet go, regarded by others, and, indeed, thinking themselves failures, who have nevertheless made their mark beneficently and ineffaceably upon their age. Many a holy purpose may thus also be supposed to have been cast into the ground to die, even while it is slowly taking deepest roots. Are these Old Catholic leaders perhaps of the number of such men? is this movement one which is now thus misjudged?

But to consider this movement briefly and a little more nationally.

There have been Frenchmen who have adopted, in one form or another, Old Catholic principles; notably, of course, the Père Hyacinthe, the Abbé Michaud and others of lesser mark; but a French Old Catholic movement, properly speaking, there has been none as yet. The French government has, heretofore, repressed the least attempt either to teach its principles publicly or to make any organic experiment to act upon them. Now, iudeed, this repression is at an end, the Père Hyacinthe is free to preach; but what may be the result it is too soon to say. It is not a question only of the value of Old Catholic principles, nor of the power of the preachers' eloquence; but also of the condition to which Romanism has brought the thiuking classes of France.

In French speaking Switzerland, especially in Geneva, the movement has not, indeed, been repressed, but what is perhaps worse, the Government has sought to make use of Old Catholicism for an angry political

purpose. A creed-less erastianism welcomed the Père Hyacinthe as the supposed champion of the practical infidelity with which Romanism had filled the Roman Catholic classes, and sought to wage political war ou Romau intrigue by bringing into factitious existeuce a quasi Old Catholic Church, which was to have no definite creed save that of antagonism to the Papacy. The political overthrow of such a political *coup d'etat* in itself has proved nothing concerning the real subject of our inquiry.

There is, indeed, room to gather from such experiences as these the conclusion that among French Catholics, whether in France or Switzerland, more thoroughly than elsewhere Romanism may have so destroyed spiritual faith in all revealed truth, that there is left among them but little of that religious principle to which Old Catholicism can effectively address itself.

In the German speaking cantons of Switzerland, however, Old Catholicism has appealed most successfully to a sense of the corrupting social influence and of the political purposes of Rome; and here it is taking deep root and exerting a steadily increasing influence. A great deal of that infidelity which Romanism has everywhere developed is no doubt found here also among better stuff; and from this cause the movement was, in its constituent period, here also in great peril of being carried head-long by the ignorant enthusiasm of lay leaders into mere negations and rationalism. But with the election and consecration of Bishop Herzog that danger was safely passed; and now, not only is this distinctive Old Catholic Church growing steadily in numbers and in clearness and strength of principle, but what is quite as important, its presence is leavening that very Swiss Roman Catholicism from which it has separated itself.

Old Catholicism in Germany has been far more a learned and theological movement, and it has organized itself and taken each successive step in the direction of its separate ecclesiastical life, as is well known, against the conscientious resistance of some of its greatest leaders and notably against that of Dr. Döllinger himself, who has only yielded painfully, step by step, to the convictions of others as to the necessities of the position in which their cause in placed. The German Old Catholic Church is slowly growing; but even were this not the case it would be a matter of minor consequence. Its great value, its most important function is to be a witness to great truths which Rome has sought to strike from the history of the Catholic Church; and the little group who might be counted on the fingers of two hands, Döllinger, Reinkens, Michelis, Reusch, Friedrich, Huber and others, even were they standing all alone, would be a power before which *Roman* Catholicism in Germany would be forced, in despite of itself, to reconsider its relations to revealed truth and to the ecclesiastical principles of Christian history. And were these all to die and leave no successors, they have already done a work and spoken words and set in motion trains of thought which forever forbid it to be said that Old Catholicism in Germany had been a failure.

As to Italy, there Old Catholicism has been most misunderstood, because there it has never taken separate or distinctive organic form at all. Its one great purpose there, the internal reformation of Latin Christendom at its heart; the purification of the fountain itself from which so much corruption has poured and is still pouring in such a flood; the modification, nay even the elimination of the Papacy itself from the Catholic Church;—this is far too grand a conception to be readily apppreciated; and the far-sighted patience which fully comprehends that this is the gradual work of an age, not that of a year or two, is too profoundly wise for the distant and impatient dreamers of a Protestantized Italy. Italy is now two-thirds infidel *in* the Roman Catholic Church; she may be made more thoroughly infidel *out* of that Church; but she can only be truly brought to spiritual Christianity by that ancient Catholic Church of hers; de-Romanized, Italianized and become truly Catholic.

In Italy Old Catholicism finds itself where the Pope can not be simply ignored as can be done in Germany or France or Switzerland, or in England in the 16th century.

The Papal question cannot there be solved by a solemn declaration that "the Bishop of Rome hath no rightful jurisdiction in these realms;" and the success of Old Catholicism in Italy is, therefore, not to be measured by the number or by the absence of separatist congregations, but by the slow and silent pressure of new, or rather of its *old* principles, upon the very life itself of the Church; by such an election, for instance, as that of Leo XIII to succeed Pius IX;—by such a document as the late Encyclical of the present Pope.

Let us reverently wait and watch; and let us leave it for our children or for our children's children to decide how far the Old Catholic movement of our day succeeded or failed to accomplish that whereunto it was called into being and power in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church.

Wm. Chauncy Langdon.

REPUBLIC AND CHURCH IN FRANCE.

For the third time the capacity of the French people for self-government is on trial. But this test, which requires time for its proof, and has only begun, is being made under far different circumstances from those which have preceded it. It may be justly said that the French people have never before had a *fair* trial of their ability to found a government at once orderly and free. They have never before grown as they are now growing, by gradual approaches, into that condition of republican liberty, the presence or absence of the ability to adhere to and maintain which betrays whether a nation is fit for that condition or not. The first Republic was but the result of the revolt of a politically ignorant people, crazed by oppression and misery, against the wretched government which they rightly regarded as a principal cause of their ills. The leadership of the revolution was seized in turn by men who, whatever their motives, knew little of the true idea of republican liberty, and less of the art of governing. France became a prey to the fierce conflict of factions, the more dangerous and destructive because these factions each grounded its action upon sincerely adopted theories, which were generally wanting in any precedent or test of practical political experience. The revolution was the lurid carnival of liberty-lovers gone mad. Of toleration of opinion, of the necessity of the submission of the minority to the majority, of *constitutional* methods of agitation and achievement, of the right, in a republic, of the whole people to be consulted, Robespierre and the rest had apparently neither thought nor conception. The inestimable value of the revolution to the French lay in the discovery of the grand idea, much prostituted and only half carried out, that an ancient, corrupt, and cruelly despotic *régime* might be overthrown, and that liberty and equality might reign in its stead. It is easily said, and it is true, that in 1789 the French were not at all fit for self-government. Thanks to the Bourbon despotism, they were absolutely ignorant of the very elements in the science of government. The people had been kept as securely aloof from participation in public affairs as is the heir of the Grand Turk; who is a virtual prisoner in his palace until his turn to reign comes. What the revolution did was at last to free France from this bondage; and to plant the idea that liberty and equality might be in the future. Materially, too, it freed the land and made a nation of small independent proprietors.

There was, unquestionably, a growth in the political education of the French between the Directory and the Revolution of 1848. The idea of political liberty was impressed in the public mind and it grew. On the return of the Bourbons, they were forced to grant a charter of public rights; and had they adhered to it Henry V. might at this moment have been King of France. It is

worthy of note that both the overturning of 1830 and that of 1848 were *defensive*, and by no means capricious or even fanatical revolts. Had Charles X. not violated the charter, by violating the liberty of the press; had Louis Philippe granted the extension of the electorate of which France had become worthy, and without which the people were ruled by a small electoral oligarchy, these revolts would probably not have occurred. In each case it was the aggression of kings upon popular rights, rights recognized and once conceded, that produced the convulsion; and in each case the royal aggression was of a nature so serious, the rights threatened were so vital, that a revolution was justifiable.

No one will question that the Republic of 1848 was a great improvement upon that of 1793. The later revolution was not a long, dreary frenzy of years; it was a sudden, brief, terrible outbreak. It had been prepared by statesmen as well as by iconoclasts. The organizers of the banquets were, some of them, at least, men of political rank and experience; and the banquets were really the summons to a revolt against a *régime* that refused electorial reform. The "terror" of the second revolution lasted three days, not three years. Moreover, the head of it was seized by men who were rather visionaries than fanatics. Lamartine was a hundred times better than Robespierre; Ledru Rollin, than Danton; and Louis Blanc, than Marat. The Republic was evolved from the brief and bloody chaos; but it was a Republic too inexperienced, too feeble, too impracticable to last. Its chiefs were men of visionary ideas, inexperienced in statecraft. There was still that feverish groping after an ideal state which had proved fatal to the first Republic. Moreover, the people of France were not yet prepared, educated, persecuted up to the plane of self-government. One does not fail to remark that both of these revolutions and Republics were mainly the work of a fired populace of the great towns. The country was dominated by Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Lisle. Where were the provinces? These were Republics in which the country at large submitted to the cities and accepted a government from them. It is pretty certain that France was never fully, frankly and willingly republican at either period; and this is a most important fact to be remembered in considering the establishment and estimating the stability of the Republic of to-day. We observe how easy it really was for a strong man to upset the first Republic; how more than acquiescent the nation at large was even to the violent replacing of the second Republic by the second Empire.

The beginnings, growth, and final settlement of the present Republic afford a very marked contrast with the former abortive attempts to found a popular government. It is true that it was ushered in, in one sense, by a popular uprising. On the day after Sedan the people of Paris rose, and invaded the Chambers as they had done in 1848. But they rose against a government that was already virtually extinct. The surrender and capture of Napoleon III. was really the doom of the Empire: at that moment it remained for France to replace it. This revolution of September 4th was absolutely peaceful and bloodless. Not a single Imperialist lost his life. The Republic was proclaimed in an imperial chamber with scarcely a dissenting voice. The Imperial Senate vanished without a sign. But this new Republic was, for the moment, but a temporary expedient. It was agreed to by intense monarchists in that time of anarchy when France was without rulers, and when upon her soil swarmed a victorious and advancing enemy. The first government—the "Government of the National Defence"—composed mainly, it is true, of Republicans, had no time to think of establishing a polity; its whole energies were absorbed in the great and terrible duty which its name suggests.

I cannot follow the history of those dreary months of 1870 and 1871 in detail; it must suffice to point out that when France, driven to conclude a humiliating peace, was called upon to choose a National Assembly competent to make it, she chose a body which was not republican, but monarchical. Here, at the very beginning of those political events which have resulted in the present *régime*, we note a great fact, which shows how much wiser the Republicans of 1871 had become,

than had been those of 1793 and 1848. There was a struggle between the different members of the Government of the National Defence as to who should be eligible to seats in the new National Assembly. Gambetta, Crémieux and the radical members wished to exclude all Bonapartist officials. Jules Favre, Jules Simon, Arago and the more moderate members desired to admit all deputies chosen by the people, whatever their past and their political complexion. The latter party obtained the victory; the first step of the Republicans, therefore, was to maintain the great, hitherto unpracticed principle of political toleration.

The Assembly, it has been said, was monarchical; yet the outcome of the Assembly is the Republic. For though the majority were monarchists they were not united. They were divided into three factions—the Legitimists, the Orleanists, and the Bonapartists. They all hated the Republic, yet they could not always agree among themselves, and the Republic thrived upon their dissensions. When the Assembly, moreover, chose Adolphe Thiers, an old monarchist, a minister of Louis Philippe, the panegyrist of the first Napoleon, "Chief of the Executive Power," afterwards changing his title to "President of the Republic," it placed at the head of affairs not only the greatest and most patriotic of living French statesmen, but the only man, probably, who could and would establish the Republic on a firm and conservative basis. To Thiers, indeed, the Republic owes its existence. He had not long been in power—and his power was real, his influence was boundless; for years he dominated an Assembly which was hostile to him, but which knew that as long as the German indemnity was not paid, it could not do without him—before he became convinced that the Republic was the only possible government for France. From the moment of this most important conversion the founding of the Republic began; Thiers brought other eminent converts with him. Such men as Dufaure, Remusat, Leon Say, Casimir Perier, statesmen and scholars, men of large political experience, men who detested visionary schemes, who knew the methods by which liberty and order might be combined, joined the Republican ranks and labored with Thiers for the attainment of the great end he now proposed to himself.

Here we see a vast difference between this and preceding Republics; it lies in the character of its founders. Thiers figured instead of Robespierre, instead of Lamartine. Dufaure and Remusat stood instead of Barrere and Ledru Rollin. In place of fanatics, demagogues, blood-thirsty tribunes, men risen from the mob to rule by terror, or students emerged from their closets to air beautiful theories, here were veteran statesmen, men of affairs, who had negotiated treaties, who had framed laws and codes, who had led ministries in monarchies, who had guided parties in constitutional combat, and had learned in severe schools of statecraft the difficult and delicate art of government. Under the wise lead of these men the Republican minority of all shades in the Assembly learned to be patient, to wait, to submit to defeat, to be moderate in triumph. In this minority were fierce radicals as well as conservatives; believers in revolution, in socialism, in every sort of visionary scheme. But these gradually learned to subdue themselves. It became the earnest, sober, united purpose of the Republicans, to establish the Republic; and although the radicals now and then became restive under Thiers's slow progress, his conciliatory advances to conservatives and even monarchists, his refusal to accept dictation at their hands, the history of the Republicans in the National Assembly is a record of surprising and efficacious self-restraint self-imposed to attain a great purpose.

It was well, indeed, for the Republic, that the Assembly was hostile to it, and that the approach to it was against many formidable obstacles and by difficult and harassed steps. The Republicans thus were taught the virtue of moderation; they learned the necessity of tolerance; they became educated in true Republican principles. They came to value statesmanship experience; they saw the difficulties and perils of the art of governing; they became accomplished in dealing with their adversaries by orderly and constitutional methods.

All this time, too, the country was being

slowly, gradually, but pretty thoroughly educated into Republicanism. Under the wise and patriotic rule of Thiers, France for the first time saw clearly that Republicanism did not necessarily mean bloody revolution and the terror, the abolition of all that was good in the past, the enthronement in power of fanatics and visionaries, the enactment as law of ideal theories, and the principle of destruction carried into the state, the family, and the church. The French people now began to comprehend that the Republic was quite compatible with order, justice, toleration, a strong police, respect for individual rights, a solidly established government, a nation well regulated at home and respected and deferred to abroad. They saw that under a Republican President an enormous indemnity could be paid years before it was due, the army could be so effectively reorganized as to once more arouse the fears of victorious Germany, and the administration could proceed in lines as methodical and effective as ever under a monarchy or empire. Thus France, from being terrified by the barbarous excesses of the Commune at the idea of a republic, gradually became converted, thanks to Thiers and his colleagues, and thanks to the self-discipline of the Republicans in the Assembly, to Republicanism.

But Thiers, having secured the payment of the indemnity, was forced by the monarchical majority in 1873 to resign. Now they thought they could do without him.

The Republicans in the assembly and in the country were now called upon to submit to a more severe test than ever before of their self-control. The government passed into the hands of the foes of the Republic. Marshal McMahon, the Duke de Broglie, Fourtou, the men now in power, plotted to restore a monarchy; yet there were many indications that the country was Republican, and becoming more so every week. The Republicans had to sit still and see the opinion of the nation contemptuously defied, and a scheme to restore the Bourbon claimant to the throne brought to actual maturity. Had it not been for the obstinacy with which Chambord clung to the symbol of the white flag the scheme would have succeeded. After its failure the men in power still conspired, always to avert the definite establishment of the Republic; and even after a monarchial Assembly, through the dissensions of its factions, was actually driven to make a Republican constitution; after general elections had been held, and a Republican Chamber of Deputies had been chosen, in spite of a degree of official pressure never anywhere exceeded these men continued to plot. The Chamber was dissolved, the official pressure doubled; yet again the country returned a Republican house. Through all these obstacles and disasters, these plots and schemes and almost treasons, the whole body of Republicans remained resolutely calm and self-contained. They struggled on by orderly and lawful methods; never once was there an appeal to popular passion; never once an attempt at armed revolt. They trusted and obeyed wise leaders like Thiers and Gambetta, who appealed to them, not in vain, patiently to bide their time; and thus by showing the country that Republicanism was *not* disorder or communism or revolution, it was gradually and completely won over.

It is by observing these facts that we reach the conclusion that the third Republic, at last triumphant and probably secure, with a Republican President and Cabinet, and both Houses in harmony with them, contains within itself far greater elements of stability than its predecessors. France has ceased to see in the Republican principle the threat of anarchy, the experiment of visionary schemes; it at this moment presents itself as a government of peace and order, of well-tempered liberty, of security for property and for society, as well as a government capable of maintaining the prosperity of the nation at home and its credit abroad.

There can be no more interesting question in considering this young and conservative Republic than that which relates to its attitude toward the national church. It is perfectly true that what may be called the traditionary and historic Republicanism of France has been looked upon as bitterly hostile to the State hierarchy. The memory is very vivid of the fierce war made by the

men of the first Republic, not only upon bishops and priests, but upon the very edifices and monuments of the religion of the people. Religion, indeed, was abolished by decree; the Goddess of Reason was proclaimed in the Pantheon; the churches were used as trysting places of revolution, as insurgent head-quarters; priests were guillotined and drowned by the score in the rushing Loire. The teachings of those whom the ruling fanatics recognized as their prophets and teachers, of Voltaire and Diderot, of D'Alembert and Rousseau, led them to regard all religion with disdain. Atheism was almost as marked a feature of the creed of the revolutionists as it is now of the German Socialist, the French Communist, and the Russian Nihilist. The war against Christian belief was directed no less against Protestantism than Catholicism; we hear less of its attacks upon the French Lutherans and Calvinists, because these were few in number and the Protestant Church in France appealed rather to the contempt (on account of its *weakness*) than to the indignation of the iconoclasts. It was the great, wealthy, palpable oligarchy of the State Church, the ally of kingcraft, the receiver of riches wrung from the masses, that aroused the hatred of the extreme leaders. They forgot, indeed, or little heeded the fact that not seldom the church had been democratic; that there had been times when the church had stood between the people and their oppressors. The long line of Cardinal statesmen—Richelieu, Mazarin, Dubois, Fleury—had served, perhaps, to knit the interests of the church close to those of the crown; but the church had, at other periods, resisted royal prerogative as strenuously as the people might have done had they had its power and opportunity. But the war of the first Republic on the church was, undoubtedly, to the bitter end. The only wonder is, that amid that whirlwind of desperate and often unreasoning desire for liberty the church was not long paralyzed in France. That it was not, its speedy revival under the harassing protection of the first Napoleon shows. Within half a century after the enthronement of the disreputable Goddess of Reason, the Church of France was more wealthy and more powerful than ever. Its vast properties, which seemed to have been irrecoverably lost, were regained. Once more stately and solemn masses were sung in the noble Madeleine, and royal processions made progresses to ancient Notre Dame. Once more the schools teemed with cossacked preceptors, and in the monastries and nunneries the devoted souls, given to the service of God, to painful penance, and disdain of the world, went their round of religious tasks.

The revolution and Republic of 1848 came, and found the Jesuits and other Catholic communities thus once more established in France, and the church restored to the plenitude of its influence; and it is a noteworthy fact, that not only did that Republic not attempt the suppression of religion, but it actually favored the Church in certain respects beyond the two intervening monarchies themselves. A law of Charles X. forbade the Jesuits the right to reside in France. The second Republic restored this right. After the first furore of 1848, there was a manifest inclination on the part of the Church to accommodate itself to the Republic. Archbishop Sebur, indeed, was shot before a barricade while abroad on a message of mercy; but ere long you might have seen robed priests blessing the Tree of Liberty, ardent and eloquent Catholics like Lammenais and Montalembert urging the *entente cordiale* between Church and State, and the utmost freedom of religious teaching and action. Nay, it was the second Republic which restored the exiled Pius IX. to the Pontifical throne, and kept him there by the protection of French bayonets. Of course the Church did not like the Republic; its traditions and hopes have always been monarchical: But it has been for centuries the peculiar characteristic of the French Church to acquiesce in the inevitable; and the Church, between 1848 and 1851, found itself really little worse off than in the reigns of Charles and Louis Philippe. It was still supported by the State; its liberty of worship and instruction were amply guaranteed; its edifices remained in its possession; its communities and congregations were at least tolerated.

We cannot but regard it as a remarkable and significant fact, that amid the fiercest ravings of the godless commune in 1871, horribly reproductive of the chaos and frenzy of the Terror, the monuments of the Church remained inviolated. The mild and patriarchal Archbishop of Paris and the venerable curè of the Madeleine were assassinated by a few of the more barbarous spirits at the very crisis of the Commune's disaster. There was a "battue" of priests at one of the religious establishments. The insurrection seemed to rage against the clergy with all the bloody ferocity of the time of the first revolution. Yet while the Tuileries and the Hotel de Ville were demolished by these political maniacs, while the Column Vendome fell headlong from its base, while the government officers were consigned to the ravages of fire, no one of the great historic edifices of the Church was touched. Stately Notre Dame, the beautiful Parthenon-like Madeleine, the antique St. Germain l'Auxerois, the high-domed Pantheon, stood intact throughout the storm.

What are and will be the relations between the third Republic and the Church? We have seen that the third Republic is a government of statesmen. It may be added that it is, to a very large degree, a government of believers in the Christian faith. France and the world has found out that Republicanism is very far from being synonymous with atheism. M. Jules Simon, in his admirable history of the "Government of Thiers," insists upon it and proves his proposition, that the Republicanism of France has nothing in common with the atheistic iconoclasm which has hitherto been supposed to be a feature of that political creed. The present Prime Minister, M. Waddington, is an earnest Protestant; in the cabinet sit with him several ardent Republicans who are equally ardent Catholics. While we hear of a large party in England who are zealously laboring for the disestablishment of the Church from the State, no such issue has as yet been prominently brought forward in France.

The French Republic to-day makes an annual grant of $8,000,000 for the support of the State Church, and another annual grant of $2,000,000 for the maintenance and repair of its edifices. While thus sustaining the religious establishment to which at least 25,000,000 Frenchmen and Frenchwomen belong, the Republic allows $300,000 a year to the Protestant clergy, whose cures include about 600,000 souls. It gives $40,000 a year to the Jews for the support of their synagogues; and thus maintains from the national treasury the great burden of sustaining religious worship in France. We also see a Protestant Prime Minister nominating to vacant Catholic bishoprics; and a Republic on diplomatically friendly terms with the Vatican.

There is one direction, however, in which the Republic manifests symptoms of interfering with the vast religious influences wielded by the Church and its various communities in France. This is in the matter of education. The instruction of the youth of the country is, to a very large extent, in the hands of the clergy; and among them, the educational domain of the Jesuits is especially conspicuous. It is singular that the present flourishing condition of Jesuit *lycèes* in France is due to a law passed in 1850 by the second Republic. Before that date, they had not been allowed to have seminaries in France. That law ordained the principle of liberty of instruction. It provided that any person or persons might open schools and teach, "if they possessed moral character and certain literary qualifications." The Jesuits at once took the benefit of this law; and under its protection they now have twenty-seven colleges in France with eight hundred and fifty Jesuit teachers. But these colleges are neither subsidized nor even recognized by the State. The same is the case with the colleges managed by twenty-six other Catholic "communities," of which there are sixty-one, with more than a thousand teachers.

At these institutions a blow has already been aimed by the present Republican Cabinet in the education bill proposed by M. Jules Ferry, Minister of Public Instruction. According to this measure they are to be suppressed, on the ground that they are taught by orders "essentially foreign, by the character of their doctrines, nature,

and aims." Behind this is the Republican fear of the political influence of the Jesuits and other teachers upon the minds of the youth. It is evidently apprehended that the coming generation will be taught distrust and hostility to the new order of things; and for this reason the government suggests the limitation upon freedom of instruction to which reference has been made. But there is reason to think that this fear is not a well-grounded one. It is true that the Jesuits work for the universal dominion of Rome; but they do so under all governments, and have shown themselves as ready to ally themselves with republics as with monarchies. Indeed, they founded Republics in South America, and have been so elastic as in China to permit their converts the worship of ancestors as well as that of God. That there should be any restriction on the liberty of teaching in the new Republic is to be regretted. It is well to remember that young and semi-Republican Italy was reared by priests; the early education of young Italy has not prevented her from suppressing monasteries and reducing the political priesthood to a nullity. Nay, in France itself, where were the very men educated who have created and who now control the Republic but in schools taught by Jesuits and priests? Is it not seen that the enormous majority of the voters of France are at once Catholic and Republican? Is it not a fact that the most Catholic districts in France choose Republican senators and deputies?

The education bill is a violation of that tolerance which is worthy of an enlightened Republic. It is doubtful whether it will ever become a law, even by the vote of a Republican Parliament; and if it should, we may look to such a growth at once of Republican ideas in the masses and of the principle of toleration in Republican circles, as will either bring about its repeal or turn it into a dead letter. The great and crying need of France is for education of some sort. She is behind her neighbors of equal international rank in this respect. More than thirty per cent of the population over six years of age can neither read nor write, and over eighty per cent of the children under six. There are three and a half millions who can read but are unable to write. Better far that even the Jesuits should educate than that such dense ignorance should exist. History shows that the schools of one generation by no means manufacture the politics of the next.

In referring to the circumstance that in a Republic which has existed for six or seven years no formidable movement has yet been made towards a separation of Church from State, I meant to emphasize the fact that the old bitter hatred of religion had not revived under the new order of things. No "vested rights," even of a church which has more than once used its clerical power to attempt the defeat of the Republic, have been invaded. This Republic means the security of the rights of all. The Girondists, not the Jacobins, are uppermost, and have won the substantial victory. It is a government of law and order. But it is by no means unlikely—indeed, it is very likely—that sooner or later, should the Republic survive the assaults of its foes from without, and the imprudence of its friends from within, the government will proceed, moderately and with consideration, to the very difficult task of ridding itself of its ecclesiastical functions and burdens. It must become evident to thinking French Republicans that to support churches is outside of the limits of the sphere of a free polity. "A free Church in a free State," that statesmanlike aspiration of Cavour, must appear the proper relation of the two organisms. The work of disestablishment will be one bristling with obstacles. It must be accomplished by the consent and aid of a still strongly Catholic people. It must be attended with harassing perplexities as to the division of funds. In such a government the church will scarcely be stripped of its revenues; and what the substitute will be for the present State grants, by which the prelacy and priesthood are now sustained, can only be a matter of conjecture. These remarks apply no less to the Protestant than to the Catholic Church, for in so far as the Protestant pastors are supported and the Protestant edifices are maintained by the public money, and so long as the min-

ister of public worship has jurisdiction over the Protestant consistories, that church is an established one as well as the Catholic. No doubt the final solution of this problem will be that the churches will be thrown upon the support of their members; but ere this can be in an old country like France, with ecclesiastical institutions so deeply imbedded in the political soil that the cyclone of 1793 failed to uproot them, the process of transition must be a long one, and the transition must be by very gradual steps.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that while with little doubt the Church of France under the Republic is likely to lose much of its political power, and while the people are likely to be freed from its too absorbing control in secular affairs, there will be no war *á outrance* against religion as such, or against absolute freedom of thought and worship. The time even of such militant prelates as the late Bishop Dupanloup, is, perhaps, gone by, nor need we doubt that the Church will accept the inevitable; and when it finds the Republic too strong to be fought, will accommodate itself, as the Church has elsewhere, to the form of government which is proved to be that of the people; thus prolonging its spiritual authority as that of Rome has probably been prolonged by the disappearance of the temporal power.

George M. Towle.

AN EXPERIMENT AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"We 're going home, we 're going home,
We 're going home to-morrow!"

Now these words, sung intermittently, and each note as if pumped out by an exceedingly active little high-pressure steam-engine, meant work, and hard work too. Down the dark and creaking stairs, and through all the smells and sounds of the tall tenement-house, their ring seemed to call one on, and the crippled boy at the door of the back room on the third floor beat time with his crutch as he stood, and forgot to scowl as I passed. Up one more flight and in at the open door, and this is what I saw: a room, like all the rooms in these great houses, with low ceiling, dirty walls, rough floor, opening at the back into a dark bedroom; if of the better class, into two or three, but all depending for sunshine and air upon the two windows in the front. In this case there was but one bedroom, and the sick, heavy smell of unwashed bedding and equally unwashed human beings made a sort of fog, which with the steam from the little clothes-boiler on the stove filled the rooms and the hall as well.

Something was being washed. Not the children certainly, three of whom, in a sticky little bunch sat under the table eating bread and molasses. Not the baby, equally sticky, but placid and calm at the bottom of the old clothes-basket, wrapped in a tattered shawl, and one protruding fat leg showing what state of things existed. Not Lotta herself, whose long, fair, Danish hair was twisted into a tight knot on the top of her head, and whose twelve-year-old arms contended stoutly with her father's heavy flannel shirt, or scrubbed at the baby's pitiful little rags of clothes. Nobody heard me. How could they while Lotta's arms flew up and down the scrubbing-board, and she sung with ever-increasing energy,

"For ve-ee-ry feet,
Remai-nus a street,
Of vondrous pave and goolden?"

Karl looked up first, six-year-old Karl, who had already started in life as a newsboy, and whose big, blue eyes held still something of their baby look. Really more manly than Johnny, aged eight, he emerged at once and stood smiling, while the others looked shyly out. Lotta flushed, smiled a little and stood awkwardly, and only the baby laughed and put out his arms, the last pin dropping from the shawl and leaving the exceedingly dirty little Cupid, to roll untrammeled.

"Ei!" Lotta said, as she once more rolled him up and deposited him with a whack in the basket. "Ei! But what a bad child! All his clo'es in dis tub, and he will not be quiet."

The baby shrieked.. Why not, when legs and arms were now both bound down? Lotta shook him and the screams grew louder.

"That is n't the best way," I began, but Johnny interfered.

"I 'll take him down," he said. "We 'll sit in de door avile, an' he will see de men an' de horses."

Baby smiled through his tears. Horses are a great source of comfort to these Water street and many another street babies, whose days hold no toys, no perambulators, none of the things which make city baby-life tolerable. Lotta drew a long breath as the four pounded down from stair to stair.

"Dat is good," she said. "Now I can get fater's dinner and finish my work. Shall I wait?"

"No indeed," I said. "Wash away Lotta, and we will talk afterward. I am tired and will sit quietly a little while."

Now to be allowed to sit quietly is a great point gained. Men, women, and children are all alike on the defensive; suspicious as to one's motives in coming, jealous of superior dress or place in the world, easy to take offence, proud with the sensitive pride of poverty, and resenting visits often as an attempt to spy out the nakedness of the land. And in part they are right. Too often their homes are invaded in much the same spirit with which one would investigate a dog-kennel. One who deals much with the poor comes to know, not only that they are sensitive, but with that morbid sensitiveness the portion of all inferior development, and suffering as keenly under its thick as we under our thin shell. Once convinced that only friendliness is meant, they are outspoken to a startling degree, and many facts of life decorously hid from view a little farther up the scale confront one and demand a notice, which sooner or later facts have a way of compelling. With most of these facts we have nothing to do in the present paper, confining ourselves to the one phase which arose from Lotta's theory of "fater's dinner."

"Fater" himself, a heavy-featured and generally bulky but smiling Dane, had lost his wife when the last baby was just three months old. One a year had come since Lotta's advent, but of the nine the Potter's Field had taken four and bade fair to claim another, the sickly Johnny, always on the way to or returning from the dispensary, and on the whole rather proud of the amount of medicine his small life had held. Lotta had her father's sturdy frame, and every muscle had all the development possible in her steady work. At five she had grasped the scrubbing-brush in her almost baby-hands, and under her mother's direction scrubbed the rough floor, and the spirit of neatness, strong in the poor, patient, hard-working soul, remained as her inheritance to the child when her eyes closed once for all on work, and opened again in that country she had learned in the Mission to seek. Up to this time "fater" had been a tolerably steady worker on the docks, earning fair wages and devoted to his beer; sometimes to something stronger. At rare intervals he had come home drunk, but never violent, and laid in a heavy sleep till the effect of the liquor passed away. But as he saw his wife declining, the temptation seemed stronger to drown his troubles in drink, and as she faded away there came to her the added anguish of leaving only a drunken father to protect these little ones. Promises seemed useless, and as when the last night came he was missing and deep in a heavy debauch he never saw her again. Mad with grief and remorse he went back to the same den, and there Jerry found him, drinking up his last dollar and nearly ready for delirium tremens. Up to this time he had always refused to enter the Mission. His wife could go if she pleased, but it was no place he would be seen in; a "set of turncoats and thieves." Heaven be praised, he was an honest man, and meant to keep out of such company.

Now he followed in stupid quiet wherever he was led, and again the old story came true and "fater" went to his home a changed man. The children looked on

amazedly as he knelt by the bed and vowed there by God's help never to touch another drop, and Lotta kissed him, her sober little face looking to see if it were earnest or no. These ten months had proved it earnest. Hard times had come. Days passed without work; food was scarce; clothes hard to get. Neighbors helped as they could, but Lotta carried the chief burden and washed and cooked after a fashion for all the tribe, even seeking to mend the rags and put together new garments when any stray bit came from which they could be made. With no training this was next to impossible. She had no time for the sewing-school at the Howard Mission; no time for anything but work until evening, when baby was asleep and she left him in the stifling little bed-room, and with father went to the Mission where she sung the hymns to which all day long her hands kept time. It was whispered that "fater" was almost ready for another mate, a young woman working in a bag factory, rather loud voiced and given to red and yellow combinations of flowers on her hats, but still an earnest believer in what the Mission had for her. An eminently unsuitable marriage, as she, like the most of the young girls there, had gone into shop or factory as soon as old enough and could neither mend nor make her own clothes properly, much less those for half a dozen children. However, it was still uncertain and friends helped Lotta as they could. She had been sewing twice a week in my visits and was learning to take very creditable stitches, but now my desires for her reached farther, and with this one docile and reasonably intelligent pupil I hope to begin a work long in my thoughts, and perhaps some day to spread through the entire block.

The washing was over. Lotta ascended to the roof with her basket of clothes and returned to prepare the dinner. "Fater," at work on the docks close by, had this advantage over many, that he could come home for something hot, and hot it was most evidently to be. With every damper open, the top of the small stove fiery red and the kettle boiling with fury, Lotta took some beef from a brown paper, dropped a lump of lard in the frying pan, which had waited till very nearly red-hot also, and laid in the steak to scorch at will, while she made some coffee and took out from the oven some potatoes done an hour before.

"I can cook so well now," she said calmly, as the smell of scorching fat filled the room and brought tears to my eyes. "Fater says I am good cook. You must eat too."

"No," I said. "Thank you Lotta, but I have an errand to do. I shall come back here in an hour or two, and then I have something to tell you."

From every room as I passed down the stairs, meeting "fater," who smiled broadly, came heavy, unsavory smells. I walked rapidly to the ferry and not till in the middle of the East river did I feel sure that life was not all burned fat and stale cabbage. An hour later, after a series of trips back and forth and a walk through the market pricing meat and vegetables, I returned, bearing a brown paper bag at which Lotta looked with interest. "Fater" sat by the open window looking sad and oppressed, but brightened as he saw an opportunity for telling his troubles. Already we had many times talked over the question of work and wages. With him food formed a less expensive item than with many, but still thirty years in this country had given to both himself and wife somewhat the American standard in this respect. In his case it was about a third of his living expenses. With American and Irish families it was very nearly and often more than half. Of the five children, only one, the baby, was anything but thin, sickly-looking and forlorn. Lotta's face had a pasty paleness, and she had often headaches and suggestions of dyspepsia. I had become convinced that it was possible for the same amount now expended for food to double its nutritive qualities, if only it were possible to teach the best modes of cooking, but this was so sensitive a point I had waited long to see my way clear to any handling of it. To-day "fater" opened the way.

"It is but half a day I work," he said. "That is the way now. Never have I known such trouble. It is now April and what do

you think? Since the New Year I earn just $103.75. I look at it to-day and I think how shall I marry, and yet how shall I not? Lotta can but read. I want her in school and she cannot go. We eat all the money, and there are no clothes, no shoes. It would not be so bad but I must pay the doctor, and with the rent I cannot. Hansa washed two days a week and made money. Now I can have no help, and it is more rags every day. I must marry soon."

"Can Sarah cook and mend?"

"Why not?" fater returned in some surprise. "That is woman's work. They all can do that. It is nothing."

"And yet," I auswered, "in all my going about I seldom find any who know it well. You buy plenty of food, but it is cooked so badly that it does you very little good. You know I am very fond of Lotta, and I want to talk about this a little with you and her."

At this point I stopped. Lotta had taken off the stove lid and was in the act of emptying the contents of her platter in the fire.

"Why not?" she said, as I checked her. "I burned it and we could not eat it; it was so tough too. Fater said it was a bad dinner. I did not want any myself."

"There is some good meat still," I said. "Now, Lotta, I am going to show you what to do with it to-day, and to-morrow morning I shall come again and talk over to-morrow's dinner. You are so bright and ready I know you can get to be a nice little cook, and if you do you can make a good deal of money by and by."

"I don't want to cook always," said Lotta, "I want to be a cash girl at Ridley's."

"That is well," said her father. "I don't want her ordered every way by some woman all day. She can get good wages when she has been to school a little. She shall not serve."

"But it seems to me far harder to run all day in a great store than to work in a pleasant kitchen," I began, and then stopped. Lotta had never seen a "pleasant kitchen," or indeed any kitchen save perhaps the one at the Mission. Their two narrow, smoke-stained rooms were her only notion of home; dirt and pollution were all about her. She scrubbed her floor but never herself, and was already, poor child, worn and oppressed by cares her shoulders were not strong enough to carry. Yet as they must be carried somehow, as training was imperatively demanded, I began again, privately with a sinking of heart as I reflected on the difficulties, but outwardly as if no objections could occur.

"It is true that she may earn good wages by and by, but till then she wants to learn all she can about making the most of the money you earn. Now I know that half the money you spent to-day would have given you all a much better dinner than you had. Do you mind telling me how much it cost?"

"The meat was thirty cents and the bread ten," said Lotta, "and de oder things were in the closet. Fater likes steak. It was two pounds. But it was bad."

"Your dinner then cost, with coffee and your pie, nearly if not quite fifty cents. Now I will promise you a better one to-morrow for twenty-five, and in the mean time, the fag ends of this with a little added shall make you a good hot supper."

Lotta and her father both laughed as I took off my bonnet, tied on an apron and proceeded to look in the little closet, which was quite clean, Lotta remembering her mother's pleasure in bright cut paper for the shelves, and in shining dishes. A pudding dish was in one corner and I took it down, cut off all the scorched and burnt bits from the steak, and took the heart of the half dozen black and shriveled potatoes. About half a pound of meat resulted and this was cut into very small bits. Then from my paper bag I took four onions and the quart of potatoes I had bought in market, the whole costing five cents. These peeled and sliced were put in alternate layers with the beef, ending with potatoes and each layer seasoned with pepper and salt. Some bits of butter on the top, the whole dredged with flour, and water added enough to cover; then an old plate was put over the whole, now ready for the oven.

"I shall bake this now," I said, "to show you just how, and then you can keep it hot on the back of the stove. No, don't put on any more coal; these cinders will do just as

well. Shut up your dampers. You do not need such a fire. It is never good to have a stove red-hot."

"It cooks not any oder way," said Lotta earnestly. "Ei! it is such a bad stove. It burns my meat so!"

"I have not money for onions," said "fater." "They are good, but we cannot have everything."

"Which do you like best?" I asked, "pie or onions?"

"Onions," came from fater; "pie" from Lotta, who added, "but onions are good."

"They are not only good, but so much healthier than pie that if you ate them often you would have less headache, Lotta. One quart costs now six cents, and with potatoes in this way will make two or three nice meals. You think you must have steak at fifteen cents a pound, but I think you will find that beef for stewing can be bought, if you are willing to take trimmings or small pieces the butcher cuts off when he is shaping his larger ones, for only six or eight cents."

"Fater" looked interested but skeptical.

"I will not starve the children," he said. "They must eat while I get any money and they have but little now. It is not pie every day."

"It might better never be pie," I said, "Pie is one of the worst things in America. Suppose it does taste good. There is no nourishment in it, and soon you are empty and headachy. You want good meat and vegetables, and with these you get good blood, sound bones, healthy brains, strong nerves and firm flesh, to say nothing of good tempers and kind hearts. You laugh, but don't you know that if you eat or drink anything that hurts you you have a head or a stomach ache and feel cross, and everything goes wrong? One must pray, you say? That is very true, but if you do a thing that you know to be wrong, have you any right to pray God that the consequences may not come upon you? Eat the right food and you will pray better and live better. Eat the wrong and you can only half do the work He wants of you, because you are half sick and stupid and very likely very cross or troubled."

"But I have not money to live well," "fater" said after a long pause. "I cannot have Lotta spend more."

"You forget that I said she need not spend so much. It is knowing how to make a very simple thing taste savory and good that is the great thing in every-day cooking. Now, is n't that nice?"

Lotta had opened the oven door and a most appetizing smell filled the room.

"Ei!" she said, "but I want some now, and to think I was going to trow it away!"

"You may tell me to-morrow if it was a good supper," I said. "Now good-bye."

Half-way down "Dan's" wife put out her head and asked me to come in for a moment. "Dan" was a carpenter, at present without steady work, but still able thus far to manage. They had three rooms for which they paid $8.00 per month, and as Mrs. Dan had a natural love of order they were neat and well kept. Little Dan lay on the bed by the sleeping baby, both hot and flushed and breathing heavily.

"I 'm so afraid they 're going to have measles," Mrs. Dan said, bursting into tears. "Danny only drank some coffee and ate a little pork for his dinner, and the baby would n't eat at all. He won't take anything but coffee."

"Do you mean that you give these two babies coffee and pork?"

Mrs. Dan's eyes opened widely. "Why yes; they have whatever we have. Is it bad for them? Mother always did so with us."

I spare the reader who has followed me thus far the words that ensued. Half an hour's earnest talking did seem to at least partially convince the mother that milk held all that a child required to strengthen and nourish it.

"We can't afford it," Mrs. Dan said. "We take a pint for coffee, and that 's all."

"Try for a little while taking a quart, and give the children oatmeal porridge and milk with bread and butter. They may cry at first, but they will soon learn. Do you know that is all that the queen of England's own children were allowed when they were little, and wise people everywhere bring up children so."

This argument had weight. "Dan's"

father was English, and a red and blue picture of the queen hung on their wall. Mrs. Dan promised to try it for a week, and once more I started on, pondering as usual the at present unanswerable questions hourly arising from a knowledge of these homes, in which foul air, bad food, false habits, were all doing their work of demoralization; forces as viewless as the law of gravitation, but drawing these people with as mighty and irresistible a power back to a central chaos. With underlying powers working their inevitable will, what could one man's or one woman's brain do to stay their course? Again the deep depression, in itself the partial effect of this very air, settled down, and every hope and desire was lost in despair. In these moods thinking is useless, and one can only escape to the mountains and look not behind him. My mountain this time became a sail down the bay under the moonlight, and a cheery talk with the friend whose courage was always more even than mine, and who as we neared again the beautiful even if distracted and misgoverned city said cheerily:

"I agree with Ruskin and so with you—for is he not your prophet?—that such aggregations of people have no right to become established facts, but don't you see how everything points to a solution of our difficulties? Rapid transit will remove these masses to decent single homes; cooking-schools will teach their girls the science that will give them healthy bodies, and industrial schools of all sorts furnish both boys and girls something for their aimless brains and hands to do. You and I may not live to see it, but surely as the world is growing better and wiser so surely God will help every soul that works to this end. Never despair, and remember that we have only our own share to do. I know one seems often to carry the whole load, and then any hope of accomplishment dies out. One step at a time. You 'll find Lotta will not be the only one who learns."

Mrs. Dan, as I passed her door the next morning, reported the babies better and I found Lotta busy ironing the washing of yesterday. Thirty cents lay on the table.

"That's all we can have to-day," she said. "Fater will work all day and to-morrow there will be more, but this morning the landlord had all his money. There is some bread, but we eat all the baked ting. Ei! it was good!"

"Was it? Well, this money will get dinner and supper too. Come Lotta, we will go to market."

Baby was asleep and Johnny there to take care of him if he waked, so this was easy. Lotta looked on with gravity and some disapprobation as I bought three pounds of beef "trimmings" for six cents a pound, one bit weighing perhaps half a pound, the others mere scraps. One quart of onions and one of potatoes came next, the two being seven cents, and the remainder went for a loaf of bread. I had discovered a little paper of rice in the closet the day before, and knew we could with this aid have not only dinner but supper. Ten cents I spent on my own account for a peculiar and specially spicy gingerbread to be found at one stall in Fulton market, and this I held in reserve.

"I cannot fry dem," said Lotta discontentedly, as we again reached the little room. "Dey are not good to fry."

"No, of course not. Now Lotta, I am going to tell you just what to do. If you make your dinner exactly as I tell you, you shall have this gingerbread for your dessert. Will you try?

"Yes, ma'am;" a little dubiously. "First, the little iron pot from the closet and a knife, and cut the larger pieces of beef so they will all be the same size. Now cover them with cold water. Cold water draws out the juice and makes a nice gravy. Now put it over your fire, and as soon as it boils skim it carefully. In the meantime pare the onions and slice them thin, and pare and cut up the potatoes and let them lie in that basin of cold water till half-past eleven."

The water bubbled as Lotta ended her paring and slicing and turned with streaming eyes from the onions, which after she had skimmed the pot were put in.

"Now cover it close," I said, "though first, as there is a little more than a quart of water, you want an even table-spoon of salt, and half an even tea-spoon of pepper. Don't heap. You must be exact, and then this

kind of dinner will always be the same. Now set it back and let it stew."

"But it only steams a little. It will not make the lid go up and down. To make it go up and down is de way I boil."

"But it boils just as really when it only simmers as it does now as when your lid dances, and all the good steam is kept in. You don't think so, but try it to-day and see. Now while it cooks we will see about this sewing."

Lotta looked very dubious, but in the interest aroused by a new calico given her forgot to criticise, and the morning went busily on, varied by a look now and then into the kettle, and the adding of a little water as it boiled away. At half-past eleven the potatoes were put in, and Lotta under my direction took one heaping table-spoon of flour, blended it smooth with a half-cup of cold water, and left it ready to add as thickening after the table was set. At twelve the only platter the closet afforded was filled with the stew, more than they could eat, and the smooth, rich gravy in a bowl ready for the children's bread. Coffee too had been made, a very questionable compound of rye and other mysteries, but as I had overseen it, at least clear and drinkable, and as "fater" came up the stairs I left them on my way to lunch at the Mission, sure that that dinner was a success. Half an hour more given on my way home sufficed to show Lotta, who beamed with pride at fater's praises of the stew, how to boil the rice and heat the remaining stew to eat with it for supper, and so my first day's lesson ended, Lotta standing before me and repeating over three times the way she had done, till this Squeersian method had fixed the constituents of "Irish stew" forever in her mind.

Do not fancy the columns of SUNDAY AFTERNOON are to be devoted to details of successive experiments. Those who have any curiosity to know what dinners and breakfasts saw the light under our joint administration, may consult two little books, both by a woman who has done and is still doing good service in this direction, Miss Juliet Corson, superintendent of the New York Cooking School; one "Twenty-five Cent Dinners for Families of Six," the other, "Fifteen Cent Dinners for Workingmen's Families."

Let me add that the former, when guardedly and carefully introduced to the wives of two or three of the Mission people, was received with strong disapproval.

They "never heard of no such dinners." They did n't believe twenty-five cents was going to buy anything they 'd want to eat. "Folks seemed to think anything was good enough for poor folks."

As to the smaller "Fifteen Cent" book, I simply did not dare urge its claims. All I could do was to teach Lotta and Mrs. Dan some of the dishes therein contained as if they were my own thought, but as both developed almost a talent in these directions I had, before summer heats drove me from the city, the comfort of knowing that the seed, though a small one, was growing steadily and likely to bear fruit. Dan's babies were healthy and strong as tenement-house babies can be, and Lotta and Mina had shoes and some comfortable clothes as the result of her new knowledge. It had become a settled fact that the new mother should come to them in October, but Lotta said less of becoming a cash girl, and told me now and then of her visits to other rooms as supervisor of new dishes in general. Such delightful smells came from Mrs. Dan's room that the crippled boy spent a good deal of time in snuffing them up, and the neighbors accused her of wildest extravagance. One or two imitated her. The remainder, with the intense conservatism of poverty and ignorance, wanted "no newfangled ways."

The partial success of my plan was evident, but this only intensified the desire for a larger one. A cooking school is required for every Mission quite as much as means for Mission work itself. In fact it is Mission work and vital in its character, demanding attention not only among the working-classes of the city but of the country as well.

Bad food is one strong element in the causes which send boys and men to the "bucket shops." Give them a savory and plentiful meal and the uneasy, gnawing

stomach is satisfied, or at least craves stimulants less. Already the English plan of coffee-houses is under trial, and at this present writing one is open in the Bowery. Dietists may argue against coffee and tea and prove over and over the superior condition of those who do without, but the fact remains that while those who breathe pure air and live healthful lives may dispense with them, they seem and are an essential to the thousands whose blood is weakened and vitiated by the myriad evils of the tenement-house system. A work, as yet untouched by philanthropists, remains to be done in this direction, and those who mourn as they look at the "bucket shops" of those East-side streets and ponder as to means of suppression may find substitution a better law. The full stomach is less likely to grumble than the empty one, and while wholesome and savory food is but one factor in this mighty and oppressive problem of work and wages and the whole social question, it is, I am convinced, of fully equal importance with that of better homes, or the various schemes of mental and moral development now under active discussion. Only a sound brain in a healthy body can comprehend these hopes and schemes, and the half-fed or ill-fed communist may be pardoned for even perverse misunderstanding. The cry for help goes up daily, a cry as strenuous and urgent as ever the world has heard; the more urgent that those from whom it comes are themselves as they who sleep in deadly miasma, and call involuntarily and unconsciously for some strong hand to lift them out and up to air and light, to "purer manners, better laws," and so purer lives and better hopes.

Helen Campbell.

CALVIN THE SINNER.*

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

CHAPTER X.

The midsummer days were long, wearisome and exhausting. Mrs. Birge remained at home, Mitchell accompanied Professor Brene and family to the mountains, where they were presently joined by Mrs. Suavity and Miss Lou. Calvin would take no vacation. He was invaluable to the company in those days, doing with alacrity not only the duties belonging to his position but shouldering much of the work left by the absentees who took vacations. He worked all day and he would have worked all night if there had been anything to do. As it was, he never went home till the midnight express had passed each way, and even then was within instant call by means of telegraphic communication between the depot and his own room.

The superintendent said approvingly that young Birge had an omnivorous appetite for work, and that he was the only man he ever met who could keep pace with himself in that respect. He predicted a brilliant future for the young man. Once he patted him on the shoulder, but only once. Calvin Birge was not a man to be patted by any one, least of all by Philip Cone, who was admonished by a startling gleam from those black-blue eyes to keep his hands to himself. Superintendent Cone approved, for he liked the ring of the metal, but he thought in passing, "there 's something tigerish in the fellow;" a thought that would have been confirmed if he had seen the set teeth and the clenched fists driven into the coat pockets. The fact was the superintendent had so many things to think of nowadays, he was less observant than formerly. And just now he was getting the affairs of the road in readiness for a more or less prolonged absence on his part. He would not accept a higher position, since that would involve new duties and delays, nor would he resign his own, for

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severing his connection with the road would be like severing his head from his body, a contingency not to be thought of. Consequently he had for some months vigorously trained Calvin Birge as assistant superintendent, that he might be available to fill as nearly as possible the gap left when the superintendent should have gone. Calvin had modestly supposed that the superintendent was interested in himself as a promising young man, and had helped and promoted him if not out of pure benevolence, why, then because he saw the fitness of the thing; and he was accordingly grateful. And when he came to know that there was another and not altogether unselfish side to the matter, he was again accordingly grateful.

No mortal can tell what a blessing work, hard work, was to Calvin Birge in those days. He went into it with all the force of his nature, not because he loved it, though the restlessness of that strong tide of physical strength would ever crowd him to action of some sort, but because of an instinctive conviction that it was the only thing that would save him from himself.

At the time that Calvin stood with folded arms leaning against the book-case in the library, and heard Philip Cone and Cicily pronounced man and wife, it seemed to him that he had fallen into a nightmare from which it was impossible to awake or escape. He did not remember signing the marriage certificate, but he remembered having a pen in his hand and that the nib caught and the ink spluttered, leaving a great, black blot where there should have been a name. Nevertheless the name was there, partly hidden by the blot. Mrs. Birge knew, and Bones knew, that Calvin went out of the house even before the bride and groom, and that he did not return till some time the next day. Mrs. Birge could not tell where he was all that time but, Bones could have told if he would. From that day on Calvin was less and less in the house and more and more absorbed in his work.

The steadily growing and scarcely desirable change in the young man was more apparent to Mrs. Birge than to any one else. There were mornings when he came to the breakfast table looking years older than when he retired to his room the previous night. Hard, stern lines were getting fixed about the strong mouth, and the unflinching eyes were sometimes charged with hopeless anguish, but he would endure neither notice nor sympathy. In fact, he avoided his mother almost as much as he avoided Mitchell. There was, perhaps unknown to himself, but not unsuspected by his mother, a feeling of anger and indignation in his heart against her, for though he had asked no questions he was aware that Cicily had remained with his mother the night previous to the marriage, and he believed that she aided and abetted Philip Cone in robbing her son of the one happiness he had promised himself in this life An angry man is never a just man. Calvin did not stop to think that his mother could not have known that he loved Cicily, and that it was an inbred conviction on his part that his mother would scarcely welcome a nameless girl as a daughter-in-law that led him to such a conclusion. It was all the same to him; Cicily was married and his mother had been a party to the marriage. He, who wondered a year previous if any other woman could ever be so dear to him as his mother, was now half-hating that same precious mother because of Cicily.

The accurate intuitions which Professor Brene observed in Mitchell were inherited from his mother. She not unfrequently knew things without knowing how or why she knew them. And unconsciously putting sundry remarks of Mitchell's concerning Cicily with the face she saw by the book-case during the marriage ceremony, and the change since manifest in Calvin, she was not long in divining more or less accurately his condition and the causes thereof. She often heard him far into the night pacing the long, dark, lower hall, and the continued mutter-mutter of the discussions between Bones and Calvin, for the two were inseparable, made her feel that he kept ghostly company. She often stood at the upper landing longing to go down to him; but she knew the look of surprise and rebuke, and the shutting up of the man within his shell that would greet her, and she forebore

both for his sake and her own. One night she heard the ceaseless walking and the indistinguishable talking till the gray dawn began to show in the east, when both ceased, and she hastily ventured down the stairs.

The library door was ajar, a single jet of gas burned in the drop-light over the study-table, and by its aid she saw Calvin, standing with folded arms, looking steadily at his grandfather's picture on the wall. There were then startling likenesses and unlikenesses between the faces opposite each other, the face of the living man and the face of the man long dead. There was the same inflexible determination, and alas! the same interminable persistency. Judge Seaborn had yielded only to death; would Calvin yield to anything less? But the unlikenesses were more startling than the likenesses. The pictured face was complacent and confident, the face of a man who fights a winning fight; and the living face was worn and despairing, the face of a man who fights a losing fight. The mother went back to her room to pray.

Calvin had that day seen Cicily for the first time since she gave her hand to Philip Cone. She was even then upon the brink of a long and dangerous illness from which she rallied slowly, with relapse after relapse; and at last came back to life listless and indifferent, a mockery of her former eager, restless self. They were driving, Philip Cone and his wife; the horses were walking slowly along the crowded streets; Philip Cone was looking ahead and Cicily sat beside him luxuriously wrapped, looking small and thin and white. It was a child's face and the face of a weary, petulant child. The shining hair had been shorn away and only short, bright rings of crispy curls stood up over the small head, nodding as when years ago she crept under the hedge to quarrel with Calvin about his railroad. Calvin halted at the street-crossing waiting for an opportunity to cross, and looking up saw Cicily before she saw him.

There was an instant shock of surprise and pain, and then he unflinchingly met her eyes. Mitchell had observed that Cicily could say more with those matchless eyes than any woman with a fluent tongue. That was true. Mrs. Suavity had said that Cicily had no tact. That was also true, and she was still too weak from illness, and too much of a child to hold herself with a woman's pride, and so it came to pass that as she saw Calvin, suddenly all the past rushed back upon her and all the future spread out before her like a dreary sea, and he saw it all in her face. The carriage went on, and the face, all unaware, turned back to him, wild with pleadings and passionate regrets. It was like a drowning face over which the sea closes for the last time.

A flood of compassion broke down all his pride. Then came a moment of mortal anguish as he thought of his helplessness, followed by a surge of the bitterest, intensest hate that ever filled the heart of a man for his fellow man. If he could but reach Philip Cone, sitting there with his hat shoved back, looking ahead, successful, complacent and happy!

Without forgiving Mitchell, without absolving his mother, all his jealousy, envy and indignation had poured into a black tide of hate that set with resistless energy toward Philip Cone.

All night long he had paced the dark lower hall arguing and answering Bones, who laid bare before him the secrets of his heart. There was a long, desperate struggle to maintain his integrity against the suggestions that this myriad-handed hate thrust in. Something within him cried out, wronged and outraged at the thought of evil, at the presence of hate, and it took the form and tongue of Bones to plead its cause. And at length, worn and desperate, Calvin went into the library and stood before his grandfather's picture, as if there might be help in that, as if he were drawn by some sort of sympathy to the man whose blood ran in his veins, to the man who fought to the bitter end.

The changes that make or unmake a man are not the changes of stature or position or circumstance or anything else that can be seen outwardly, but the subtle changes that begin, silent and unnoticed, in the hidden chambers of the man's consciousness, where formless and vague lies the material out of which motives are shaped. The fierce hatred

that filled the heart of Calvin Birge for Philip Cone, a hatred that unmastered would force him to the commission of crime, did not spring into existence full-grown and equipped. It had its beginning away back in that moment where he first entertained a feeling of distrust and dislike for Mitchell because of Cicily. He had not seen the many evolutions nor could he discern the pathway by which this thing had attained its position. Nevertheless the evolutions had gone on, and the pathway was there and would remain. What has been is not in the present but in the past. A man may sin and repent and be forgiven so far as the consequences are concerned, but the sin put away and disowned exists, since nothing utterly perishes. The sin may be put away immeasurably, "as far as the east is from the west," but it is not annihilated; it *is* somewhere. Calvin Birge would never again be quite the man he had been.

And though in the beginning his affection for Cicily aroused his distrust and dislike, and so was measurably responsible for the existence of hate, still as he stood there facing his grandfather's picture it was easy to see that he would never be moved to sin for love's sake. The drift of the man was not in that direction. He loved Cicily much but his love for her was now overborne by his hate for Philip Cone. Cicily was to him as one who had died, and Philip Cone was the man responsible for her death. He did not dream of a resurrection or a reconstruction; he dreamed now only of what men call punishment or revenge.

But if Calvin Birge was the grandchild of Judge Seaborn, he was also the child of Augusta Birge. Her blood, too, ran in his veins, and in that upper room she knelt praying for her son.

Slowly the sunlight reached in over the tree tops, the jet of gas burned dim over the study table, the stern lines about the strong mouth grew slack, and the harassed face settled into a look of still endurance that was also a sign of defeat, a defeat that was a victory for Bones. For before he turned away from the picture he promised Bones that he would that day hand his resignation to the company and seek employment elsewhere, and thus put himself out of the way of constantly meeting his enemy and as constantly feeding his hate.

How little he knew what he would do. A few hours later he entered the office with his resignation in his hand, hoping that the superintendent might not be in and that the other officers of the company would act upon his resignation at once. But as he opened the door he saw the superintendent sitting at his desk with his hat straight on his head and his hand moving rapidly over a sheet of paper. Without looking up or pausing as he wrote he said energetically:

"That 's right, Birge, you 're just in time. Take those letters"—indicating with a sidelong movement of the head a pile of newly written letters—"to the messenger, with orders to have them mailed on the first train south, and return to me immediately."

Calvin obeyed. Implicit obedience to his chief had been a part of his training. He somehow in dealing with the superintendent fell into the groove prepared for him from the start, and answered to his requirements as the cog of one wheel answers to another. This was partly the result of habit and partly owing to the force of the superintendent's personal impact. Calvin Birge was not alone in doing, whether he would or not, the thing required of him by Philip Cone. The man was born to command, and perhaps he was none the less born to be hated by this other man who would some day be his equal in executive force if not in consummate generalship. Calvin still kept between his fingers the folded paper on which his resignation was written, intending to hand it to the superintendent as soon as his present duty should be done. Bones was urging him with inarticulate entreaty, for at the sight of Philip Cone something began to burn in Calvin's heart that made the muscles about his mouth rigid, and the sinewy hands cramp with an excess of nervous strength. There was, however, no opportunity to hand in his resignation, for the instant that Calvin re-entered the office the superintendent shoved aside a pile of papers, and taking a bunch of keys from his pocket began to detach from the ring one key after another, saying rapidly:

"Sit down, Birge. I want to talk a moment and I must talk fast."

"But, sir," said Calvin taking his resignation from between his fingers.

"No 'buts' to day, Birge." said the superintendent with unusual gentleness. "It is the last day we shall be together for some time, and it will be altogether too busy a day for 'buts.' I have for some months anticipated a run to Europe as soon as Mrs. Cone's health should be sufficiently restored. We were to have sailed next week, but after driving yesterday there was a recurrence of unfavorable symptoms in Mrs. Cone's case and her physician advises an immediate change of scene. I find that by using the utmost dispatch in our affairs we shall be able to catch the steamer that sails from New York to-morrow afternoon. We shall leave the city to-night. Now about your duties and position. This event has not been unforeseen. You, as assistant superintendent, will endeavor to make my place good in the work and management of the road. I shall expect on my return to find everything in as satisfactory a condition as at present. Tomkinson will help you out when you need help. There," pushing along a number of papers, "you will find written orders. I shall be in frequent communication with you by cable and by mail. There are the keys to the drawers of this desk," throwing down the detached keys; "you will take possession at once. Now I must be off to make arrangements for our journey."

The superintendent rose to pass out, but Calvin stood in his way. He was clutching the back of a chair, and Philip Cone looking from under his hat-brim saw a terrible face, the same face that looked at him from beside the book-case in the Seaborn library when he stood with Cicily's hand in his. The strong-nerved man was startled for an instant.

"What the devil ails the fellow?" thought the superintendent. "Has n't he had work enough the past few weeks to tame the savage in him? Hang me if I should care to meet that face in a dark night."

"Stand aside, Birge," said the superintendent in the low, decisive tone that every employee of the company understood.

Birge stood aside, carrying the chair with him. He dared not take his hands from the back of that chair just then.

As the superintendent went out at the door he said from over his shoulder, "I 'll see you again later in the day, Birge. There are two or three things I wish to speak with you about."

Calvin stood several moments after the superintendent had gone, still holding the chair by the back. It would seem that the fingers had grown into the wood. But after a little they slowly and painfully relaxed. The first thing he was conscious of outside of himself was the crumpled paper, the resignation that still clung to his hand. With a contemptuous smile he read it through as if he had never seen it before. Then he absently folded it together with careful exactness, fold upon fold, and when he had packed it into the smallest possible compass he thrust it far down in his vest-pocket. Years after that folded paper was found in that pocket.

By this time he had obtained control of himself, ordered Bones down, and turned to his work with perhaps something more than his usual direct energy.

But withal it was a long day, exceedingly oppressive and wearisome even to Calvin Birge. As the lingering summer twilight came on, Mrs. Birge, to relieve her restlessness and to obtain what coolness there might be in the close evening air, went through the house setting open doors and windows that had remained closed through the day. The servants were out and the house was as still as a sepulcher. Wearily she went from room to room, looking in even at the closed apartment opening from the library, and saw Judge Seaborn's slippers on the rug before the bed and his hat on the wall. She wished Mitchell were at home, the house was so lonely without him. She wished Calvin would come, she had a letter to show him. She was sure that she saw less of Calvin every day. She had not seen him since breakfast, for he had dined at the depot restaurant, sending over a message that he was unusually busy. She did

not complain, but she thought she was never so lonely in all her life.

With all his dispatch Philip Cone found himself pushed and crowded to the utmost. He had no time to speak with Birge through the day. He had not consulted Cicily with regard to the proposed sudden departure for he was not in the habit of consulting any one in regard to his own affairs; he simply made up his mind and went ahead. It had not occurred to him that Cicily would care, she manifested so little interest in anything of late, and he was surprised and perplexed to find all her perverseness and obstinacy uppermost. She did n't want to go —she could n't go—she would n't go. And while messages were flying hither and thither over the wires, and preparations were being rapidly made for their journey, Philip Cone consumed precious time, coaxing, persuading, even entreating Cicily to be reasonable.

It was with genuine pain that he found himself obliged to persist in going contrary to her wishes, but with the advice of her physician he was resolute, and when the evening express going south drove into the depot, Philip Cone took from his carriage an obstinate little body that insisted that it could not walk, and tenderly carried it into a sumptuous palace car and laid it on a couch specially prepared.

In passing he saw Calvin standing near with his hands driven into his pockets, and after making Cicily as comfortable as he could he stepped to the platform of the car and called:

"Birge, I want you; get up here; you can jump off before we are under full headway."

Calvin had done that hundreds of times. It was his habit, if he had orders for the shops or round-house, and a train was starting, to step on and swing himself off when the shops were reached, for a train was never under full headway till it had passed the curve and grade beyond. But now he hesitated. Bones, grown unusually bold, was saying something notwithstanding the presence of others. The deliberate "cough-cough" of the exhaust from the cylinder told that the ponderous driving wheels were beginning to revolve. Ten seconds more and it would be too late. Ten perilous seconds, charged with the weal or woe of a human soul.

Suddenly a blazing light shot from his eyes, and Calvin Birge deliberately caught the guard of the platform and flung himself up with a powerful jerk that brought him face to face with Philip Cone. That was what he wanted, for he was now driven by something that had suddenly gotten the upper hand. He was famishing to put his hands on that man. Talk of the absorbing power of love to a man who has been, for however brief an interval, devoured by hate and he 'll *laugh!*

As the train moved out of the depot it moved into the darkness and the night. Calvin Birge stood, breathing heavily, under the shadow of the car-roof. Philip Cone could not see his face; he was talking rapidly of one or two matters concerning the road. And, curiously, some one listened. Never had it been so plain to Calvin Birge that there were two of him. One of the two listened, understandingly and patiently, and that one of the two could tell years after how Philip Cone looked, and the garments he wore, and repeat with startling exactness his words and very intonations. At the same time the other one of the two heard not a word, but was swiftly thinking with ferocious eagerness how easily he could clutch Philip Cone and thrust him down between the platform of the two cars. The train would do the rest.

They were coming to the curve. Already the exhaust from the cylinder had run into a continuous clutter of sound, and he could feel the steady pull of increasing speed. It was time for him to get off, but he would never get off alone. Philip Cone had stretched out his hand and was saying,

"Well, good-bye, Birge. Take good care of yourself."

There was no answer; the face he could not see had grown frightful; the hands could no longer be controlled. One glance in through the glass of the car door at the small figure lying helplessly on the couch and then came the inevitable spring at Philip Cone.

Calvin Birge could not help himself now.

The time when he could have helped himself was past.

CHAPTER XI.

It was raining. It had been raining for hours with frenzied bursts of passion, but the passion had spent itself and it was raining steadily and sullenly now. When the sun went down stacks of clouds had lain along the horizon, and as the darkness came on they began to stir and stretch up to the zenith as if pushed by invisible hands. There had been flash after flash and peal after peal of echoing thunder, but no breaking up or clearing off. Toward morning the sky was still black and murky and there were flashes and mutterings around the horizon.

Mrs. Birge had fallen asleep, having passed all her cares and anxieties over to Him who never sleeps. He loved her. He loved hers and would care for them to the end. Why should she not sleep?

Not a sound was to be heard in all that part of the city but the steady, sullen pelt-pelt of the rain. The street-lights were out, and only the huge lanterns at the railroad crossings and the colored signal lights on the switches up and down the tracks showed mistily through the rain. There was no one to mark the drenched, hatless figure that came stealthily through the darkness, halted beside the grounds of the Seaborn estate, and after a brief interval of absolute stillness gently threw itself over the fence and approached the house. Why did it pause again? Shading the eyes with a wet hand, peering intently along the line of a deeper darkness that marked the hedge-row and in among the trunks of the trees, less seen than imagined? What was there to-night more than any previous night to be dreaded or suspected in the darkness? Who was watching? What was wanting?

The house stood like a somber, uncertain mass, divested of outlines and angles. A glimmer of light showed faintly through the darkened windows of Mrs. Birge's apartment and a jet of gas was burning in the upper hall, a sure indication that the family were not all in, and that the outer door could be opened with a latch-key. The latch-key was in his pocket, on the ring side by side with the keys of the superintendent's desk. But he did not touch the key, instead he stole around the side of the house and entered by an open library window, a window that Mrs. Birge had forgotten to close.

A moment later the light in the upper hall vanished. They were all in.

Calvin Birge did not ask himself why he to-night took off his dripping garments in the dark rather than light the gas in his room; he, who had ever been an advocate of light—clear, strong light. Had he seen the shadow of a face in the mirror as he passed the hat-rack in the hall, a startling face, white and strange, surrounded by drenched, black hair—a face that he did not know and that he would rather not see again? Nor was he prompted by any process of reasoning to avoid his bed, and to dress himself again as if he had just risen. And yet never had he so needed rest. He moved wearily about his room like a man spent with fatigue, but like a man who could not stop if he would. He had been miles and miles bare-headed through the storm first, running,—running to get away from what? No one followed,—running to get away from his bitterest enemy. And when he found that could not be done he had walked miles and miles, slower and slower, and had at length brought to his room his bitterest enemy, who would abide with him now to the end.

It was raining slower and the morning was beginning to break, when he was interrupted in his aimless walk hither and thither about the room by a sharp call from the gong by the window. This gong was connected with the depot by a telegraph wire, and was to be rung if Calvin was wanted at any time during the night. Once before it rang when there had been an accident on the road. Something had gone wrong now; he hoped it was nothing serious. He fumbled in the closet for a hat and umbrella and hurried to the depot.

The depot watchman and Malony the track-walker stood at the street-crossing lanterns in hand, for the dawn came slowly through the rain.

"Bedad, an' yer quick here, sir," said Malony as Calvin hastily approached.

"What's the matter? What's wanting?" demanded Calvin.

"Well, yer see, sir," said Malony hesitatingly, "I've been up thim tracks three times hand-running since thim expresses went up, an' I niver seed nothin' wrong, till gist now coming around the curve I see somethin' black fornent the tracks. Siz I, 'Malony, what's that?' an' whin I got there, I see a dead man, sir, lying fornent the track."

The umbrella handle was held in a stronger grasp. If Calvin Birge fled when no man pursued, if he suspected shadows, if he was afraid of himself he was afraid of no one else. Give him something tangible to deal with and no man could be firmer or braver.

"Who was it, Malony?" he asked in his usual decisive tone.

"Indade, sir, how shud I know, whin I did n't git the full o' me eyes on him? I was no minded to stop that long," said he with a sidelong shake of the head.

"But you said he was dead."

"I did that."

"Give me your lantern, Malony," and grasping it he started up the tracks with long, rapid strides. Malony followed, but Malony was short and stout and was soon left behind. Calvin noted the moving lights and shadows cast by the swinging lantern, he saw the wet, steel rails glistening in the lights, and he observed that it must have rained powerfully, since the gravel over the road-bed and the sand between the tracks was beaten hard and level as if it had been rolled. He saw, too, the engineer and fireman of the Tartarus going into the round-house; the early morning freight would start in half an hour. But he kept on; he thought he knew about where to look for the dead man, just beyond the bend of the curve. He thought he had seen him lying there all night, though he himself had been miles away.

Yes, there it was, within ten feet of the spot, but not on the road-bed or rails, a crushed, sickening mass. Instead, it lay straight and composed between the up and down tracks of the main lines. Calvin held his lantern over it and looked at it a long minute. Then raised his head and looked off in the darkness, growing gray now as if to test his vision, and looked again at the dead man at his feet. By this time Malony had come up.

"Is this the man?" demanded Calvin.

"Indade sir, who else shud it be?"

Who else indeed? Calvin swung his lantern and looked up and down the tracks. There was no one else. But this man—why! this man was old and thin—a man with a long, white beard—a man that he had never seen before. An invalid evidently, dressed in a well-worn suit of black. He might have been a superannuated clergyman or a tract distributor.

"Malony," said Calvin suddenly straightening up, "you have lied to me;"

"Indade, sir," began Malony.

"Stop. You said you had been up the tracks three times since midnight. You have been here only once since the evening express went south, and that within an hour."

One glance at Calvin's face assured Malony that denial would be useless. The fear of discharge and the consequences to himself and family prevented his wondering how Calvin knew this. He could only say:

"Indade, indade, thim tracks was all right, an' it rained that bad, an' ye's would n't be hard on a poor man with seven childer to feed. I 'll niver do it again."

Why should Calvin be "hard on" the man? But it was with an uneasy consciousness that he was not discharging his whole duty that he at length said,

"If you promise to be faithful hereafter I will not report you this time. But remember, Malony, you will be watched."

"Yes, sir," said Malony humbly.

"Now go to the round-house and bring up two or three men."

Malony departed with alacrity. When he had gone Calvin began to examine the outside track. At an angle just beyond the dead man was a deep indentation in the gravel as if it had been ploughed up by the forceful plunge of a heavy foot. A pool of water filled the indentation. A long step

farther on there was another and another, and a lighter one crossing the outside track, and farther on a long hollow in the sand into which some heavy object had pitched headlong. That too was filled with water. How powerfully it had rained! Within reach of this spot lay a light felt hat, saturated with rain. Calvin Birge clutched that hat and thrust it into his pocket. In doing this he saw a stain on the brim. He put his hand to his head. Yes, there was a bruise on his temple.

Before noon there was an inquest, and a verdict that the man came to his death by some unknown accident. He might have fallen in a fit while walking between the tracks or he might have fallen from a train as it was passing the curve. The fact of an unchecked ticket in his pocket bought of the company for New York, would indicate that he had been on a train or was intending to go on a train. But none of the train men had seen him, and it was difficult to understand how a man could fall from a train well under way and have so few marks of personal injury. To be sure he was dead, but there was scarcely a bruise on his person. He was evidently old and feeble, and would have died soon, accident or no accident. Probably it did n't take much to kill him.

A card and an empty envelope in an empty pocket-book suggested that the man's name was Peter Coles, and that he was a stranger from beyond the Mississippi. No one claimed the body, and in due time the company, with its usual courtesy, gave the man a respectable burial, and the affair was presently forgotten, with one exception. That exception was sufficiently vivid and enduring to compensate for the forgetfulness of all the world beside. Tomlinson recalled, later on, that Birge took possession of the dead man's coat and hat and empty pocket-book; saying that if inquiries were ever made for the man the inquirer was to be sent to himself. And sometime after, Mrs. Birge found a strange coat and hat hanging beside Judge Seaborn's coat and hat, in the closed apartment opening from the library. A well-worn coat and a battered hat. A coat far too small for Judge Seaborn and a hat that he would never have worn. It puzzled her somewhat, but she had given up trying to solve puzzles.

On the evening of the second day after the storm, Mrs. Birge came upon Calvin thrown on the couch in the library, sleeping heavily. Was he ill, that he should fall asleep then and there? How could she know that his eyes had not closed for three days and nights, and that he had thrown himself down for a moment's rest and fallen irresistibly into a profound and dreamless sleep. She only knew that the face she stooped over was scarcely recognizable, so old and worn and wretched it looked in the utter sincerity of sleep. Something made it seem like the face of a stranger, like the face of a man she had never known, and she realized, suddenly, how possible it is to live under the same roof, in daily and hourly communion with even one's own flesh and blood, and be to all intents and purposes utter strangers. Here was a child, born of herself, nurtured in her arms, loved and watched over for years, and the result was a man that she did not know; a separate soul as much alone as if there were no other soul in all the world. Except there be a God who knows and loves and owns the children of men, the loneliest thing under the sun is a human soul. Her thoughts went back to the time when she first took him in her arms. She remembered the love, the wonder, the delight, the thankfulness too deep for anything but tears,—when suddenly came the thought that he was born to die. It mattered not how tenderly she might care for him or how willingly she would give her life for his; there was for him no escape; he was born to die. Sooner or later all that seemed to her so fair and precious would moulder into dust, would become as if it had never been. The fact of death seemed to her then a monstrous fact, an awful thing, and her heart rose up with exceeding bitterness against the giver of a gift who gave only to take again. But now, standing farther on in life, with her son grown to manhood and sleeping before her eyes, she smiled through her tears as she thought how changed all that had become, for now it seemed to her that of all the blessings that the giver of

life had given to man, the blessing of death was the greatest, the final benediction. For herself she believed this to be true, and how could she doubt, looking at the worn face of her son, that sooner or later death would come to him also as a boon.

Sojourners in the land of Beulah may shed tears, but they can never be bitter nor very sorrowful tears. Mrs. Birge had reached the land of Beulah, and from the Delectable mountains she had seen backward as well as forward, back over all the weary way of her pilgrimage, and it was plain to her that she could never have reached the Celestial City by another and an easier path. The only way lay over the hill of Difficulty and through the valley of Humiliation. If this had been necessary for herself it was probably necessary for her sons. And what mattered the dangers and difficulties of the way when at last the Celestial City was in view? If there was an entrance for herself, she believed with a steadfast faith there would be also an entrance for her sons; and how could she be sorrowful? Sometimes, it is true, there would be momentary, conscientious quivers, lest some duty should be left undone, or a feeling that she ought not to be happy while her children were in trouble, a little reaching out of the old burden-bearing spirit, but it was only momentary. In the land of Beulah she could not be sorrowful if she would.

Some such thought was in her mind when at length she lit the drop-light over the table, carefully shading the flame lest it should disturb the sleeper. But after all, something else disturbed him, for he sprang up suddenly, exclaiming,

"What? Who's there?"

"Only mother," answered a voice of exceeding tenderness.

The sound restored him to the consciousness of his surroundings. The hold of himself that loosened when he fell asleep tightened again. He began where he left off; the brief, dreamless interval had made no difference with the past or the present. It was Calvin, the man she knew or thought she knew, who asked indifferently,

"Have I slept long?"

"Not more than an hour."

"I did not intend to sleep at all," he said, but for once he seemed in no hurry and sat looking inquisitively at his mother as she turned over the papers on the table. She found the letter she was looking for and passed it to Calvin with,

"Read it, please."

He read it attentively, and returning it asked, "Who is this person of whom Mrs. More speaks?"

"She is Mrs. More's step-daughter. Her father was in some way connected with the Seaborns through the Comstocks. I have forgotten just how, but I am inclined to think that this girl has Seaborn blood in her veins."

"A distant relative, possibly."

"Probably, and I have been thinking that if you had no objection, perhaps it would be well to invite her to make us a visit."

"Why should I object?"

"I thought you might not like a stranger in the house—and—" hesitating a little—"I would not willingly or knowingly do anything to annoy my sons."

Calvin understood, but explanations were to be avoided, and he rose and went to the door as he said, "It would make little difference with me, and would doubtless be pleasant for Mitchell and yourself. I should think it would be well to invite her, especially as we are not overstocked with relatives."

"Are you going out, my son?" she asked as he went into the hall, and to Calvin it sounded as if she said, "Do not go out, my son."

"I must," he answered, and directly she heard the outer door close after him. But he thought as he went along the street, "My mother has many solitary hours. I suppose she misses Mitchell, but he would never think of that." It was easier to blame Mitchell than to blame himself. Then too his absences were enforced and Mitchell's were voluntary. And besides it was a positive relief to blame Mitchell, to think of Mitchell's shortcomings, and perhaps he was secretly glad that the shortcomings were many; it is a question if he would have had them less. He began to suspect that there was something wrong with almost every one;

people were not as good as they formerly were; the world was going to the bad. He said this in Bones' hearing; it would be well for Bones to think of other people's faults.

The grip of that inflexible will told in the way Calvin Birge held himself in those days. Every duty was faithfully and exactly performed. Not a detail was forgotten, nothing was allowed to slip through his fingers. He carried along an immense amount of work and responsibility and seemed to have neither care nor thought for anything else. But if he was like a man driven rather than a man driving his mother alone surmised the difference; and with her it was only a surmise that at times lost every shade of probability. For curiously, Calvin was growing companionable; he cared more for society and less for solitude. All his leisure moments were passed with his mother in the library or the family sitting-room. He talked, he read aloud, he entertained his mother, and if at the same time he entertained himself it was only his right and due. That white, severe room over the library seemed to have lost its charms; whereas formerly he went to it as a lover to a trysting-place, he now avoided it as much as possible, going to it only to sleep, and not always to sleep. Many a night he rose from a sleepless bed and went down to the couch in the library and there fell asleep, with the same old, worn, wretched face his mother had once seen there. He did this to get away from Bones, troublesome Bones, who had contracted a habit of sitting on the side of his bed, sometimes silent and motionless, sometimes talking and gesticulating, either equally fatal to sleep. Mrs. Birge was not aware of this, nor did she know that Calvin had not seen the reflection of his own face since the night of the storm. A sturdy self-respect had ever kept him carefully though plainly dressed, a certain severity marking his dress as well as his manner. But now his garments were often awry and his hair irregularly parted, and his mother feared that he was growing careless in such matters.

Not many days after the storm Calvin entered the library, and finding his mother not alone was about to withdraw, when she detained him and with pardonable pride presented,

"My eldest son, Calvin Birge, Miss Stanhope."

A look of surprise, a smile, and the two touched hands something like old friends. Calvin explained to his mother that there had been a passing acquaintance consequent upon a slight service he once had the pleasure of rendering Miss Stanhope, though neither had known the other's name or place of residence.

Mrs. Birge accepted this as a good omen, and when some hours later she ascertained that this stately girl with pale hair, refined face, and slow speech was a lineal descendant of another branch of the Seaborns, her old belief that "blood will tell" reasserted itself. In her heart she congratulated herself and her sons upon this new-found relative. She had ever bemoaned the fact there was no daughter in the house. And now, this girl, if she proved to be all that she seemed to be and could be persuaded to abide with them for a time, would exert all, and perhaps more than all, the gentle and refining influence of a sister over these sons. Especially over Mitchell, susceptible Mitchell, who might perhaps by this means be drawn away from that seductive Mrs. Suavity, and induced to spend his evenings at home once more.

Before Mrs. Birge was aware of the fact, she had stolen away from her guest and had gone upon the stairs to think and to plan. Mrs. Birge was within the land of Beulah, there could be no doubt about that, but the land of Beulah is without the Celestial City, and the inhabitants thereof are still subject to earthly influences. Terrestrial winds blow over its surface, sublunary waves beat upon its shores, and Mrs. Birge, though no longer anxious or perplexed, would inevitably plan and forecast for her sons as long as she drew the breath of life.

THE NEW MINISTER AT BRAYTON.

When the Reverend Jeremiah Williams resigned the pastorate in Brayton which he had held for about a quarter of a century, some difficulty was experienced by his late congregation in the election of a successor. It was not that they were divided in counsel or doubtful as to their own wishes, for with the exception of an insignificant and disregarded minority they voted in unison, and knew very well what they would have. The hitch was here: Mr. Burton the millionaire, the great man of the town, the man *par excellence* of his church, doing more for its support than any ten other members, had recently married one of Mr. Williams' daughters. Now Mr. Burton was by no means a fool, but neither his education nor his habits of thought had been such as would give him a keen insight into theological questions. If you only wrapped your subject up in ever so delicate a cloud of fancy or announced it in terms familiar to his ear from the pulpit, however they might be wrested from their ordinary signification, you might preach the doctrine of the real presence, or the final salvation of Satan to him without ruffling a hair of his head. But his wife—oh! that was quite another thing. Mrs. Burton, an unusually clever and clear-headed young woman, had been brought up spiritually on a diet of her father's strong old-fashioned sermons, attending three services on Sunday, and being required in the week afterward to repeat the text and give a synopsis of one discourse. Besides this, the Assembly's catechism had been committed to memory at so early an age that she could no more remember herself without the answer to, let us say, Effectual Calling imbedded in her mind, than she could remember existence before her teeth came. Above all she was passionately attached to her father, and indignant with the people who had turned away from his long accustomed teaching to seek after newer light. This last consideration was what chiefly clogged the wheels of the ecclesiastical chariot, so that for some time it "drave heavily." Mr. Burton was entirely at his wife's command, a mighty and loyal host in himself. Candidate after candidate came to preach, retired, and in due time were absorbed by other empty pulpits; the brethren traveled far and near at great expense to hear this or that minister who might perhaps fulfill all the required conditions, and like the Druid's shield be silver on one side and gold on the other; but Mr. Burton refused to be satisfied, and under the guidance of the whilom Miss Jennie Williams had developed a fund of theological opinions and an obstinacy in maintaining them most exasperating to a church not yet able to do without its millionaire. It was then looked upon in the light of a direct interposition, or would have been only the Brayton people were of a different way of thinking, when after eighteen months of steady warfare, Mr. Burton and his wife departed to Europe, intending to remain abroad three years, and leaving the church free, at least for that space of time, to work its will, with the pleasing hope, besides, that they should establish their sacred revolution on too firm a basis for Mrs. Burton to overturn when she came back.

What the Brayton church desired to realize for themselves they would have called progress, enlightenment, freedom from creeds and dogmas. They felt that they could no longer tolerate the burning of Servetus nor the relegation of "span-long infants" to the flames of hell. These two *pieces de résistance* suffered deadly onslaught whenever they were summoned to explain or defend their opinions; although some years have elapsed since the one was done and the other said, and many a good soul has gone to heaven without even knowing of their existence. They desired an easy-going, sunny and amiable faith, which should efface the hereditary Puritan gloom from their brows; a religion taught in short and amusing sermons, from which every idea not easily explainable to the intellect or calculated in any wise to wound the feelings should be carefully expunged; a religion well suited to the atmosphere of costly churches and to the warblings of the trained quartette choir. The æsthetic sensibilities they thought were

not to be neglected in the road to heaven; "you feel better when you are pleased and soothed than when you are stirred up, don't you? of course; well then, the consequence is plain; if it makes you feel better to be pleased and soothed, then you ought to be pleased and soothed." The "dogmas," therefore, which were most abhorrent to their minds were naturally those of a harrowing and alarming nature, and they desired to repudiate with all the force of which they were capable the doctrines of election, of total depravity, and of final retribution. They pleased themselves with the thought of changing the shadowy image of hell, which their ignorant fathers saw and shuddered at on the pages of the Holy Book, into a mild Protestant purgatory, from which at the end a general jail-delivery should take place, Judas and Domitian attaining to all the privileges of St. Peter and St. Paul.

They believed that the world was good and the church prosperous, and there was not much difference between the two; it might not have been exactly so in the dark ages, but we live in the nineteenth century, thank heaven, and in the broad light of scientific investigation; we were intended doubtless to be happy here and quite as happy, doubtless, hereafter, perhaps even happier; but that subject being one on which science had as yet thrown but little light, we left it contentedly to the mercy of a benevolent Creator.

The only wonder was how such a community could have endured so long the ministrations of Mr. Williams, a Puritan of the Puritans; but the change had been slow, the leaven long in leavening the lump; and then their old pastor was personally very dear to many. When his health began to fail the leaders of the new movement caught at the excuse and severed the connection between church and minister, offering the latter a pension which was peremptorily declined, although he had nothing to live upon except his salary, and at his age the prospect of another charge was doubtful. He had five daughters, the eldest of whom was nineteen; but "it is always darkest before dawn" saith the proverb, and Brayton was suddenly electrified by the marriage of two of them; Esther, the eldest, the beauty of the village, to young Dr. Russell who had just entered upon a large practice in the neighboring town of Hampton; Jennie, the second daughter, to Mr. Burton, as hereinbefore stated. Esther, who had been her father's main stay and dependence since her mother's death, insisted that he with little Susie should share her home; while the twins, May and Mattie, remained to finish their education in Brayton under the care of the other sister.

Such then was the situation when Mrs. Burton's journey allowed the church of which she was a member to work their own will, and obtain for themselves a prophet to prophecy unto them those smooth things which they had so long desired. The Rev. Julian Churchill, seeking a country parish for the restoration of his health, which had proved unequal to the demands of a city *working* church, came, preached and conquered. The congregation rose up as one man to implore him to remain, promising him a salary nearly double the sum Mr. Williams had received, and stating their intention to fresco and upholster the church anew and to give especial attention to the subject of music. Mr. Churchill for his part was pleased with the place, which is conspicuous for beauty in a beautiful section of country, with the friendly warmth and earnestness of the people; he remained, and peace dwelt again under the tall old-fashioned spire, that had pointed to heaven so many years on the bank of the broad blue river.

From that moment the affairs of the church, outwardly at least, went on wheels. Money flowed into its coffers as by magic. The pews were rented at so high a rate that sundry ancient and honorable saints, whose grave Sunday countenances had seemed as necessary to the foreground of the sanctuary and as well established there as the pulpit itself, were forced to relinquish their accustomed seats and betake themselves to humbler places near the door; a grievious cross to some who hated change, and to others who dreaded draughts. Two-thirds of the choir were summarily ejected, to their infinite wrath, and the rest put in charge of a leader and organist from the city. The music soon began to "draw" and the preacher

drew even more strongly than the music. That part of the population of Brayton which seldom entered the door of any church was not averse, when Sunday hung particularly heavy on its hands, to hearing one of Mr. Churchill's sermons, short, lively and containing nothing to offend the most fastidious, assisted by an elaborate "organ recital," and the lofty and difficult music, "rendered" in a somewhat crude manner by the reformed choir. All the seats were taken, and when the subject of Mr. Churchill's discourse, announced beforehand in the daily paper, was of a particularly "drawing" character, the house was crammed to its utmost capacity, including sheep from other denominational folds, besides those wandering goats of whom mention has been made. The deacons were jubilant, and the triumphant committee felt almost equal to bidding a lofty defiance to Mrs. Burton when she should return from Europe.

Mr. Churchill was a tall, fine looking, graceful young man and somewhat scholarly, though his scholarship was rather general than profound. He knew a little on almost every subject, and kept himself up to the mark by reading everything new that appeared; the French medical men, the English scientific men, American inventors and German philosophers, he knew them all and their works and their principles. It was therefore no difficult task for him to provide the novel and interesting as mental pabulum for his flock on Sundays; beyond this and the giving a good moral tone to his discourses he did not attempt to go. He had pleasant manners and was of a genial and cheerful disposition. He knew nothing of sorrow and little of sin, except in its stereotyped and conventional forms. He had never been down in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, walking in darkness between the Quagmire and the Pit, with the baneful whisper of the fiend in his ear; had never beheld Apollyon blocking up his path to the Celestial City, a foe not to be passed by nor retreated from; there had as yet come to him no opportunity of playing the man in such case. But if his maiden armor was unhacked and dentless, it was white as snow; a pure-hearted, well-intentioned, kindly-feeling young man; one who, enjoying life himself, liked that others should enjoy it also; who pitied the poor, and could have wished as heartily as Henri Quatre that every man might have his chicken to his pot and a roof over his head into the bargain; who had charity for all, and firmly believed that when people did wrong it was because the other side of the question had not been fairly put before them. Men of Mr. Williams' age and way of thinking would perhaps have sighed over his youthful confidence, and prayed that he might be taught, but he himself felt that his mission was to instruct others; nothing was farther from his thoughts than that he needed teaching.

The millionaires returned from their travels, and as the Brayton *Daily Courier* had it, "their palatial mansion was hospitably thrown open to receive the throngs who came to welcome them back to their native town." There was a gathering of the Williams family; Esther and her husband, Mr. Williams and Susie from Hampton; May and Mattie from the seminary where they were just about graduating. Although not precisely "thronged," in the sense of the Brayton Daily, the great house was lively with people coming and going; and bright of an evening with lights from many windows, giving that look of occupancy and cheerful absence of lonely corners which at that time is the most agreeable feature a house can possess. It was gay too with the endless talk and laughter of the five fair sisters, who were happy in meeting again; and never weary of questioning, answering, commenting, and gossiping mildly, for it is the belief of those who have studied the subject and are entitled to speak, that all good women like gossip, and to be without that taste argues an indifference to the neighbor quite irreconcilable with Christian charity. The favorite room in Mrs. Burton's house was a parlor with windows opening on a lawn that sloped gently to the river, which, winding slowly through the greenest of meadows, had given its name of Rivermead to the Burton place. Here the lady of the mansion and her sisters were receiving a visit from some of their friends one evening, a little time before the sunsetting.

There was more beauty among Mr. Williams' daughters than often falls to the lot of one family; Esther, with her lovely two-years-old boy by her side, looked as if she had stepped out of a picture by Raphael; Susie would have been as beautiful as her sister had not pain and weakness spiritualized and sharpened too much the lovely childish features; a crutch lay beside her low easy-chair, and her hands, busy with the beautiful embroidery she was fond of doing, were too white and slender. The twins were an instance of a freak of nature which sometimes, though not frequently, occurs. May had dark hair and dark bright eyes; Mattie was a blue-eyed blonde with rose-pink cheeks; her hair was straight and fine as silk, while May's waved and would curl on the smallest provocation. May seemed to have been given, over and above her own share, a part of the strength, energy and intellect that belonged of right to her sister, who fell as much below the average standard as May rose above it in these qualities. In height and figure they were alike, but even in the dark no one who knew the two girls, could mistake the gliding movements of Martha or her graceful drooping attitudes, for the light, rapid step and erect carriage of the other twin. Mattie, up to her present age of seventeen, was a mere echo of May's opinions, May's wishes, May's tastes, as far as she was able to share them. The two were a pretty picture, sitting close side by side, dressed alike, in the deep bay window, one so sweet and soft, one so stately, the dark and golden heads close together. Young Willie Spencer, leaning against the opposite side of the window, looked admiringly at both, but his eyes rested longest, one might have fancied, on the innocent, blonde beauty of Mattie's face. His mother, who had made an early visit that she might see her old friends without interruption, was meanwhile delicately leading the conversation in which she was engaged up to the ecclesiastical revolution, with a view to drawing out Mrs. Burton's sentiments on that dangerous subject. The time seemed propitious, for the gentlemen of the family were not present—Dr. Russell frowning over a book at the far end of the long room, could not be considered present—and Mrs. Burton was in gay good humor.

Events in Brayton no longer assumed mighty proportions in Mrs. Burton's traveled eyes; she wondered that she could ever have felt so deeply about those trifling and local affairs. There was the unkindness to her father to be sure; "but dear me," she thought, "papa is well rid of them and he does not care now;" for the rest, if the Brayton people choose to be infidel or heathen doubtless they had the right, at least it was not for her to prevent them. The three years of her absence had altered or developed Jennie Williams wonderfully. She had "suffered a sea change, into something new and strange."

As a young lady engaged in the honorable but not remunerative employment of instructing youth she had been, tall, meager, dark, sharp of answer and shabby in dress; she was generally thought quite unattractive, only here and there one being found capable of appreciating her remarkable clearness and fine dark eyes, her only good feature. She was brusque, haughty, bitter, and seemed to take a positive pleasure in making her poor toilet look as dowdy as possible in her scorn of its want of adaptation. Now, Mrs. Burton wore the costumes of Worth with as careless a grace as if she had never seen a sixpenny calico. She had grown plump, good-humored and dignified in her new *régime* of luxury and pleasure, and when she trailed her silk and velvet robes through the large apartments of her "palatial mansion," the figure reflected in the mirrors she passed was truly princess-like. If her husband was to be believed, she had made a sensation in more than one exalted circle abroad, and it was well seen that she had left hosts of distinguished friends in those foreign lands. Her husband lived in a constant admiration of her talent and grace; he was her most devoted servant and she made herself a good wife to him in return, kind, easy, amusing and as he thought utterly delightful.

Mrs. Burton was charmingly attired in something light and thin, with quantities of lace, for the day had been very warm; she sat in a large arm-chair leaning back, her

dress falling in graceful, sweeping lines on the carpet, her jeweled hands lightly clasped on her lap; an image of repose except the splendid clear eyes, which somehow saw everything without seeming to take notice; while she listened to Mrs. Spencer's somewhat diffuse narrations sweetly, and without a trace of the sarcasm which in Miss Jennie Williams was so alarming to the easily confused among her acquaintance.

"We are all anxious that you and your husband should like Mr. Churchill," said the visitor, a plump, gentle, and faded lady, dressed in black, with a widow's cap. "You know how I regretted the loss of your dear father, but if we must have some one else I don't think we could do better. He fills the church every Sunday; it is delightful to see the young people so interested; don't you think so, Mrs. Russell? Last Sunday he told us all about pre-historic man and the cave bears; it was impossible to withdraw your attention a single moment; I am sure Willie never once winked through the whole sermon. The Sunday before that he began at the jelly-fish, and traced us *up*, you know, through the gorilla. He is giving a series of that kind, and I assure you they are as good as a novel."

"You would not call them very spiritual sermons I suppose?" said Mrs. Burton, smiling sweetly.

"Oh, that is such an old-fashioned word!" said Mrs. Spencer, smiling in her turn. "I am glad that Sunday and the services at church are not made so gloomy and wearisome as they used to be. Why when I was a girl I used quite to dread going to church —until I got old enough to understand, I mean," she hastily corrected herself, fearing to go too far. "Your dear father's preaching always made me feel as solemn as if I expected to die the next day, and as if I was n't very good and had got to *fight* to be good. Well, that was all right, and your father is *quite* as able as Mr. Churchill, but this generation seems to be different somehow, and I suppose their way is all right too; it is more cheerful, and more—mild, perhaps. It does me good to see the young people so eager to go to church."

"But if they go to hear about gorillas and cave bears," said Mrs. Burton, "perhaps they might as well stay at home."

"That is only one series, my dear child. Now it is a proof how interesting his discourses are that I remember them so well, for I always used to think if I could recall the text, and may be the first head, I did well for me. Some weeks ago he gave us the most beautiful address with this motto, they are not called texts now, 'A conscience void of offense.' It was an entirely fresh view to me, but I suppose both of you, brought up as you have been, know all about it. 'Conscience,' he said, 'is a love of the beautiful in conduct and morals; it can and ought to be cultivated like a love of the beautiful in art, under the guidance, that is, of reason and judgment. Half the misery of the world has been caused by uncultivated conscience.' He gave instances, the cruelties of the war for religion, the burning of witches."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Burton as her friend stopped to take breath, "what an odd idea, an uncultivated conscience."

"Yes; original is n't it? Mr. Churchill is very original," replied Mrs. Spencer. "But I do wish you could have heard him preach on death and heaven. He said first, he would blow away all the cobwebs and clouds of harps and crowns and crystal seas, and then all we could say was this; when the dust returned to the dust as it was the spirit returned to its Creator, we knew not where nor how nor when, but that did n't signify; it was wisest to avoid believing too much any way. That seems very sensible to me, for if you go on believing everything you can't prove, where are you going to stop, don't you see? But if we do a great deal of good and make the race wiser and better we can insure immortality on earth by our own works, and he made that appear beautiful. He said all who benefited man were saints; Galileo and Dante, Bacon and Paul, they were all holy."

"O—h!" interrupted Mrs. Russell with much impressiveness.

"*Sancte Socrate! ora pro nobis,*" quoted Mrs. Burton laughing.

"I did not quite understand," said the puzzled guest, "but never mind; as I was

saying, the conclusion was just like a poem. When he described the race growing and developing, and the sun shining through the clouds, and the world improving all the time—oh! I can't tell it to you, you should have heard it. And then the choir sang a most beautiful thing they had practiced for the occasion, quite new in fact, an adaptation from Pinafore, but in *largo* time, the organist said, which made it devotional, and we all went home so happy. But there is Mr. Churchill now," said Mrs. Spencer, bending forward to peer out of the window through the closed shutters. "Yes, he is coming here;" and the good lady took up her fan and opened it with a certain excitement.

Mr. Churchill entered with a calm manner which probably resulted from his ignorance of the events that had preceded his settlement in Brayton. Mrs. Burton to him was a lady like any other lady. He apologized slightly for his early visit; he had met Mr. Burton who assured him that it would not be thought an intrusion, and he wished to bid them welcome with the rest of their friends; "for I hope you mean to count me among your friends," the young man said with a smile. "Are you glad to be at home again," he asked, "or do you believe that good Americans when they die go to Paris?"

"No," said Mrs. Burton gravely, "I am not of that faith; and if we may trust some popular writers very few Americans are good enough even to go to London. Europe has its advantages, I confess; we shall go again some time. But just now I am very glad to be at home."

"The country is beautiful in June," said Mr. Churchill musingly, "and we are very glad to have you back."

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Burton politely, wondering in her heart what it could matter to him. His eyes were fixed on the group in the deep window whither Esther had betaken herself at his entrance, "as if she did not wish to meet him," thought Mrs. Spencer indignantly. The four fair faces were framed, as it were, by a heavy, drooping vine that shaded the upper half of the casement; beyond, the last warm glow of sunset lay on the velvet turf and the placid river; the scent of roses and apple-blossoms floated in with the level rays of sunshine. The light tinged Mattie's hair with brighter gold, but May's head was in the shadow and the broad beam fell only on one hand lying in her lap, bringing out its dimples and gleaming on a little garnet ring she wore.

"Yes," he repeated, rousing himself, "we are all glad to have you back home. I have often heard your sisters counting the months and weeks before your arrival."

"You have met Mrs. Russell frequently of course?" said Mrs. Burton inquiringly.

"I have never had that pleasure," replied her pastor calmly; "I meant your younger sisters."

"Let me introduce you now then," said the lady of the mansion; and having performed that ceremony she returned to her place and plunged into a low-toned and confidential conversation with her old friend. Mrs. Burton had observed two things during her brief stay at the window, that Mattie colored crimson as the clergyman approached, and May drew back still farther into the shade; that Mattie looked up with a smile and a pretty gush of welcoming words, while May put out her hand without speaking. Mrs. Burton felt that this required looking into.

"Well yes, certainly," answered Mrs. Spencer, "they do say that Mr. Churchill is very much taken with the girls, but it is n't known which; their always being together makes it difficult to tell, but *I* think May is the one. I hope so, for Willie and I have set our hearts on Mattie," said the gentle lady, looking in Mrs. Burton's face with a smile. "Willie is very fond of her; it would break his heart if she should like some one else better. But I don't believe she can; Willie is so sweet-tempered and kind no one could help loving him, and he is clever too; it is not my partiality, he has proved it; and so good to his mother! Oh, my dear, how thankful I should be that the hand which took away my three others and their father spared me this one, the flower of my flock. He has tried so to comfort me and make me happy again; I could not live without my Willie." She stopped suddenly

and wiped off a few quiet tears, then smiled again. "What makes me so foolish to-day, I wonder," she said.

"Willie is a nice boy," said Mrs. Burton sympathizingly, "and a handsome boy," she added glancing over at the tall, bright, curly-haired young fellow, whose brown eyes shone with careless happiness and laughter.

"Yes, is n't he?" answered Mrs. Spencer; "you don't wonder that I am so proud of him. And, Jennie dear, when he is away the old house seems all echoes and shadows; and I almost hear faint footsteps—of those who used to run over the floors, and some of the rooms when I go into them suddenly seem so awfully empty and melancholy. I am growing old, I believe. Then I think, if I had a sweet daughter like Mattie to stay with me, how I would love her!"

"You say it is Mattie, Willie likes," remarked Mrs. Burton thoughtfully. "Very well, he had better ask her. I give my consent."

Mr. Burton, the most hospitable of men, left his wife no peace until she invited Mr. Churchill and some of their most intimate friends to dinner. Upon this occasion she gave Brayton society a shock which reverberated long, by naming for that banquet an hour so late that the bidden guests sustained themselves with luncheons all through the afternoon, not wishing to blunt the edge of their appetite by partaking of the family tea, for Mrs. Burton was reported to keep "a French cook."

The evening was beautiful, and after dinner was over the younger part of the company went out on the lawn to enjoy the moonlight. The grounds were extensive, and it was quite easy for people who wished a quiet walk to separate themselves from others without seeming to do so. Mrs. Burton, sitting in the bay-window for coolness, swaying her fan and listening to a most prosy old gentleman who described to her minutely all the tramps he had met with during the year, saw a slight, stately white figure which she knew to be her sister May, accompanied by a gentleman unrecognizable at the distance, pass slowly under the shadows of the trees at the farther side of the lawn. When two persons of that age are interested in each other an occult something in their manner will betray them as far off as they can be seen. Mrs. Burton saw at once and felt very little doubt as to who was her sister's companion. The night was very still; a gay murmur of talk and laughter came from the young men and maidens without; a low, solemn and fussy buzz was made by their fathers and mothers within. Mrs. Burton felt herself between the two and belonging to neither; her husband was much older than herself, and this naturally drew her away from the society of her own age. Her marriage had been one of *convenance*, and though it had resulted happily and she had a sincere affection and esteem for Mr. Burton, founded mainly on his honest admiration of herself, yet as she looked out on the pleasant moonlight scene and listened to the happy young voices it seemed to her that she had missed something in life, she scarcely knew what.

"O Jennie," exclaimed one of these voices in a distressed tone, as Mattie ran up the steps from the lawn, "have you seen May and Mr. Churchill? We were sitting together and he asked us both to walk, but just then Willie Spencer spoke to me and I had to stop and answer, and when I turned round again they were gone; it was n't quite polite, was it Jennie?"

"No, unless they wanted to be alone," replied her sister.

"Why should they want to be without me?" said Mattie sadly. "I am never alone with Mr. Churchill; why should May be?"

"My blessed child!" returned Mrs. Burton, "sometimes people have something to say to one person all by herself."

"Oh Jennie!" said Mattie under her breath, and sank down on the step as if she had been shot. Her sister bending down to look at her was shocked at the sight; poor Mattie was as white as the dress she wore. "What is it?" began Mrs. Burton hastily, but Mattie suddenly started up interrupting her. "There they are," she exclaimed, "coming this way now. I will go and find out why they left me."

"Indeed you must not," said Mrs. Burton laying a retaining hand on her sister's arm.

"Go in, Mattie, and give us some music; that will bring them. And here is Willie who will help you," she added as the young man approached with a most unusually dejected air. "Take her in Willie and open the piano." "Dear me," reflected Mrs. Burton when the two had gone, "how much trouble those children do make for themselves; it is a good thing to have peace and quiet after all."

The music as she had foreseen brought in the rovers, including Mr. Churchill with May whose eyes beamed like stars of the first magnitude. The young people crowded about the piano and began singing some well-known songs in chorus. At the first sound of Mr. Churchill's voice Mattie looked up, flushing and smiling. Mrs. Burton remarked afterward that "it drove her wild."

"There is trouble in store for us, Esther," she remarked to her elder sister in private after the guests were gone. "Mattie is weak and foolish; poor thing, I never knew her to be so utterly senseless before. She and May have always been of one mind and one heart. I suppose that is why this happened."

"There is something else that you don't seem to think of, Jennie," said Mrs. Russell very gravely. "From what we have heard of Mr. Churchill's views I believe papa would almost as soon see May or Mattie in their graves as married to him. I shall tell him to-morrow if you don't mind."

"No, of course not" said Jennie, "but what everybody has been thinking of to let it go so far puzzles me. Papa is about as fit to have the charge of daughters as the fish on the top of the church steeple."

"Hush Jennie!" said Esther. "Papa gave us the principles to start from and we are all perfectly able to draw our own conclusions—all, at least, but Mattie."

"Poor Mattie!" sighed Mrs. Burton "yet she is lovely; why need she be so silly?"

A deep gravity suddenly fell upon Mr. Williams after this momentous entertainment. He might be seen pacing slowly up and down a particular garden walk for hours at a time, his head bent down on his breast. He became more absent-minded than ever, and Esther was obliged to watch that he did not go into the street without his hat. He sought opportunities to converse with the new minister, to the edification of the church, who thought Mr. Williams "was coming round." Finally, he went to church on Sunday, not with the air of pensive resignation which he had worn the Sunday before; his thin intellectual face was alert, watchful and full of energy. If Mr. Williams was lying in wait for heresy he found plenty of it, either by chance or in a spirit of independence or in struggle with an inward temptation to forsake his own principles for the time. Mr. Churchill surpassed himself in the breadth of his views. Mr. Williams' mind was convinced; he took his course without loss of time. As May came out of church after the evening service he gently drew her hand within his arm; she was lingering a little behind the rest, possibly waiting for some one, but she looked up at her father with a smile nevertheless; for although he seemed to live in a different world from theirs, his daughters were devotedly, some of them passionately, attached to this gentle, unexacting, reserved man. The moonlight fell all white about them in the open space where the church stood; the last notes of the organ were dying softly away; the voices and steps of the homeward going people sounded hushed and distant; earth seemed less pressing in its claims, and heaven nearer than in common hours.

"My daughter," said Mr. Williams slowly, "I am sorry that you and your sister have become so intimately acquainted with this gentleman, Mr. Churchill."

"Why, papa?" said May after a minute's pause. "Is he not a good man?"

"I do not judge him," replied her father, "to his own Master he standeth or falleth; nor do I know any evil of him in act; he appears like an amiable and kind-hearted young man. From my heart I wish and pray that his eyes may be opened to a better light than that dimness by which he chooses to walk; but his beliefs, or rather want of belief, on the highest subjects are such as work great mischief on inexperienced minds, and it is my duty to request you, May, to give up this friendship. Your doing so will save your sister as well as yourself from

evil influence, for Esther tells me that Martha is becoming too much interested but will probably be guided by you."

"Mattie!" exclaimed May.

"So your sister says, and she does not speak carelessly."

"Papa," said May her voice trembling now, "If—if it were more than friendship would you say the same?"

"I would say it a thousand-fold more strongly, my child, notwithstanding it gives me pain to grieve you. 'Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers, for what communion hath light with darkness?' saith the Scripture."

"That was written of idolaters," said May faintly.

"The spirit of the prohibition holds good through all time," replied her father solemnly; "do not be deceived by a fair moral walk and conversation. In St. Paul's time the lines of light and darkness were broad and distinct; the believer was forbidden to witness the murder of gladiators, to sacrifice in the heathen temple, to curse the name that is above every name. Now our Lord is wounded in the house of his friends; His name is spoken with mock respect, while His glorious attributes are denied, His works sneered at, and his very truth called in question. The one is the destruction that wasteth at noonday, the other the fatal pestilence that walketh in darkness, which saps the springs of life before we are aware and gives us up helpless to eternal death. Should you have the misfortune to be united to a man of evil life your own faith might still be kept pure, and you be enabled to exert an influence for good, but in this case a beloved hand would mix poison with your spiritual food, and you might well be lost without saving him."

When Mr. Williams stopped there was a long silence. To May's ear her father's words were like the voice of truth itself: the world with its joys seemed to vanish in darkness, "as a dream when one awaketh" Life stretched before her like the dusky path on which they were going home, the pure white light thrown across it here and there solemn but peaceful; well, what matter? It would bring them *home* before long. And so thinking she remembered what her father had told her of Mattie, her poor little twin-sister, who had never gone against an expressed wish of his; if Mattie was weak, was it for *her* to give her this blow? Ought she not to shield her even by the sacrifice of herself? May Williams was made of the strong old Puritan stuff; she would not have shrunk nor quivered at the stake of martyrdom; once fully aroused she could have done and dared everything in defence of what she believed and loved. Even now, when the two were opposed, she did not flinch in her loyalty to the highest as she understood it, nor listen to the cry of pain in her own heart. It is a well-known type of character, not common at the present day, but happily not quite extinct. "Papa," she said quietly when they reached the door, "I will try to do what you wish."

Her father stooped and kissed her without speaking and his caresses were so rare that May felt it like a kind of seal to her vow. She went in and upstairs to look after Mattie, who had been ailing some few days; it was supposed she had taken cold out of doors the evening of the dinner party. Mattie was feverish, her cheeks scarlet, her soft eyes too bright. She was leaning from the window and started up at her sister's entrance. "Is that you May?" she asked hurriedly; "did Mr. Churchill come with you? When did you come? I have been watching for you a long time," she added with an accent of helpless sadness that went to May's heart.

"I walked home with papa," she answered, trying to speak cheerfully. "I have not seen Mr. Churchill. What did you want of him Mattie?"

"Nothing," replied Mattie in the same forlorn tone as she leaned from the window again.

"Poor child," said her sister laying her hand caressingly on the pretty unfastened hair, which fell like a veil over Mattie's shoulders; "go to bed, Mattie dear, you are sick and tired."

"No. But May I cannot get it out of my head that he asked you to walk with him that night and did not wait for me." It was indisputable that Mattie was not quite like other girls.

"Well, do not mind for once; it will never happen again," said May, turning away with a deep and painful sigh.

Towards the close of the next afternoon Dr. Russell hurried into the house, calling to his wife.

"There has been a sad accident," he said. Willie Spencer while shooting in the woods with a party of young men caught his foot and fell, dropping his gun, which was discharged by the shock; he received the contents in his chest and is, I fear, fatally wounded. Some of you had better go and take care of his mother." And having hunted out the article he had come for while speaking the doctor was gone again. Esther and May, very much shocked, prepared to follow him.

When they reached the house Willie was dead and poor Mrs. Spencer was in a terrible state of wild grief; she walked about the room unceasingly, tearless, her hands fluttering. "Esther," she said coming up to the sisters as they entered, "this is hard, is it not? I cannot understand it. I cannot see any mercy. It seems cruel. What shall I do? 'the only son of his mother and she a widow;'" and she turned away and recommenced her aimless wanderings.

Mr. Churchill, who had come to her at the first news of the calamity, was with her, but he was evidently at a loss what to do or say. "I am glad you have come," he remarked aside to May; "nursing is wanted here more than condolence. After all what can we say in the presence of death? The awful fact is there at the end of all our well-meant consolations. What good does it do this poor mother to tell her that it is the common lot of all, that her own time is not far off, or even that the Creator will provide a place of happiness for a spirit so good and lowly as her sons, which, if we do not *know*, we may hope. Alas! it is and must be all useless; there is no consolation for death."

"Esther," whispered Dr. Russell, anxiously watching Mrs. Spencer, "unless she can shed tears I am anxious about her reason; send for your father."

"Yes," said the poor woman overhearing the doctor's last words, "send for my old minister; he has comforted me before in trouble; perhaps he can tell why *this* is sent upon me."

Esther went herself for her father and returned with him in a short time. When Mr. Williams entered the dwelling-place of so much sorrow, he became, to use the expression reverently, transfigured. No longer merely an aged and feeble man, he was the priest and servant of a great and compassionate God; he offered comfort not as a fellow-mortal but in the name of his Master. He opened his Bible at once, and began to read in a low and somewhat tremulous tone. "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God." The majestic words, the sympathizing voice had their effect upon the distracted mother: she let Esther lead her to the sofa and sat quietly until the psalm was finished, holding Esther's hands tightly clasped in hers. Then Mr. Williams rising said slowly, "'Now, there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother'; let us pray."

O woman, chosen out of all the ages to bear thy burden of sorrow in that divine life and death; how many aching mothers' hearts have felt companionship with thee, mother of sorrows, since that day!

"The old, old story" of the cross on every thing here, yet triumphant as a crown beyond the veil of death; this fleeting and shadowy state being only a battle-field whereon to overcome the powers of evil; a harvest-day for labor, until the setting sun bring rest and reward; a waiting-place to whiten the robes for the marriage supper. In the old minister's prayer all these well-known but half-forgotten beliefs and hopes of her earlier life came back to the mourner's broken heart, and when the tremulous voice ceased she was weeping like a child. The danger of insanity was past. The doctor sent them all away but Esther.

"My dear sir," said the young minister to his senior as they left the house, "I really wish I was able to believe all that you have expressed."

"May you be able to believe it, my young friend," said Mr. Williams, interrupting

him as if he did not desire a discussion at that time, "before 'the days of darkness' come upon you, for truly they are many to every man born of woman."

"I can fix no faith upon that which is not proven," said Mr. Churchill with decision; "why else did the Creator give us our reason. Of the after state of the dead we know little or nothing; it may be, it probably is, one of happiness. Yet they may sleep; who can tell us?"

"'In my Father's house are many mansions,'" quoted Mr. Williams reverently.

"The apocryphal gospel of John," said Julian Churchill. "My dear sir, scarcely one-third of the canonical New Testament is to be received as genuine: you have not cared to keep up your studies evidently, but you have earned the right to rest," he added, looking kindly at the tall, stooping figure and worn face of his opponent.

"Sir," said the old minister turning upon him with indignation legible in every feature, "there is no common ground for an argument between you and me. I wish you good morning." So saying Mr. Williams went slowly homeward with his head bent down, so absorbed in thought that he never noticed his daughter; he had probably forgotten that she was there. Mr. Churchill looked after him a moment with a faint half-smile on his lips, then turned to May. "You look tired and pale," said he; "come and walk a little way by the river before you go home." The girl silently assented and they took an unfrequented street that led to the river meadows. Broad, blue and still flowed the tranquil tide; birds sang and insects hummed in the happy sunshine; it was a scene of innocent natural life taken from Paradise; but to May's mind the shadow of death was over it all. Grief is a constant and terrible surprise to youth, death an awful mystery. Besides, the few words Julian Churchill had spoken at the house had fallen upon her heart like ice; if there was no consolation in death, what was the good of life, for death *must* come, and separate mother from son, husband from wife, and if no one knew what followed, where the beloved lost ones went, how overwhelming the anguish of losing them! Doubtless her father was right and Julian Churchill's influence would be hurtful as well as saddening to her; was she sure that her faith was as strong even now as before she knew him?

"Yes," said Mr. Churchill, musingly breaking a silence that had lasted longer than either were aware, "I wish I could believe as your father does in those rhapsodical descriptions of a future state, and in those supernatural events which if proved would supply a powerful link between it and the present life, but it cannot be. In religion as in science progress is inevitable. As we believe in the one what would have seemed like fairy tales fifty years ago, so in the other we discard as fairy tales what seemed the firmest of truths fifty years ago. We live," he continued with a sigh, "in a period of change and reconstruction, and there is a deep sadness inseparable from such times because the life of man is not long enough to take in more than a segment of the great circle. But we have the comfort of those who live to serve law and truth, and we look forward hopefully to the joy of our descendants in whose days the struggle will be ended and the mighty circle firmly completed."

"Mr. Churchill" said May when he finished speaking, "I have something to say to you," and then she paused to gather up her courage.

"I am listening" he said gently; "tell me," for she did not speak; "but why do you call me by that name, May; did you not promise to forget it?"

"Julian," she went on, hardly noticing what he said, "did you ever think that I was a girl to change easily, to be weary of what I once loved? did you think so when we talked that evening on the lawn?

"That you are of a fickle disposition, May? Never, my child. I believe you are as constant as a star."

"Have you spoken to papa yet?" asked May.

"Dear. he would not give me an opportunity. I have tried, but he kept me on theology with a grasp of iron every time I have seen him."

"He has spoken to me," said May with a visible effort. "You say I am not change-

able, Julian. Oh, believe it all your life, for it is true; but I have promised to give you up; and my hope of earthly happiness," she added slowly.

"May, what are you thinking of?" exclaimed her companion. "What right has your father to demand such a sacrifice? What can he have against me? Has he been listening to slanders?"

"Ah no," said May sadly; "he has listened only to what came from your own lips, and, Julian, he is right. Your faith is not ours, and I am too ignorant and weak to withstand your influence. I should believe as you do in the end, and now that I am awake and know what that is I would rather die—here where I stand."

For one moment there was a deep silence, broken only by the smooth rush of the river, and to May's ears by the beating of her heart. Then Mr. Churchill said angrily, "And this is the result of superstition and ignorance! Closing the heart against its sweetest and holiest instincts, in blind obedience to the tyranny of antiquated beliefs. How dare you do this, May? You never cared for me."

"You do not think so," she replied mournfully, "and I dare not do otherwise."

"Do not be afraid then," he said, taking her hand; "dare to come forward and meet the new light. Trust in me, dearest, that I will not deceive or lead you wrong."

No Julian, I will trust no one so much as that," replied May; "I must go by my own conscience, and I do not ask you to change. I know it would be useless; but this I ask for the sake of—what might have been. I beg of you to study it all over once more; search well, and see if you cannot believe as we do."

"I cannot so believe," he replied.

"Farewell then," she said, her eyes streaming with tears. "And Julian remember, I can never accept your way of thinking any more than if I were dead."

In the course of a month, the Williams family having again separated, Mrs. Burton appeared to weary of the rural pleasures of Brayton, and making a pretext, as people said, of Mattie's delicate state of health, went to Newport with the twin sisters and from thence to New York, where her husband took a house for the winter. In the spring Mattie's approaching marriage to a young gentleman of that city was announced, and she returned to Brayton perfectly happy and more attractive than ever to make preparations for the event. May remained with Mrs. Russell until the wedding-day, and returned with her after it; the few who saw her thought her looking ill and sad. When Mattie and her husband went to Europe she was persuaded to join them; and while in Paris she was led into work that suited her among the poor. On her return she devoted herself to the service of the same class in New York; her rare ability made her at once quite useful, and her time and strength were soon taken up to the fullest extent. It was not long before she attained to a bright and enduring peacefulness, sweeter even than cheerfulness. She had opportunity to marry while abroad, but, as she said, she "was not free to marry." One summer evening at the time she was resting in Brayton from the strain of over-work, she sat with her sister in the bay-window that overlooked the lawn and the river. The moon was shining as it had shone on an evening that she remembered years ago, and the broad stream flowed tranquilly as then. Mrs. Burton had been speaking of Mr. Churchill's marriage to a young lady of the highest and most progressive culture. "Ah, May," she continued; "if I could only see you as happily settled as Mattie I should have nothing left to wish for."

May smiled thoughtfully. "I am a widow in heart, Jennie; I shall never marry. But do not be troubled about me; I am content with my lot," and Mrs. Burton looking into the beautiful, calm face saw that she spoke the truth.

"For there is in man a higher than happiness. He can do without happiness and instead thereof find blessedness."

Ellen M. Smith.

THE STILL HOUR.

Down to the borders of the silent land
He goes with halting feet:
He dares not trust; he cannot understand
The blessedness complete
That waits for God's beloved at his right hand.

He dreads to see God's face; for though the pure
Beholding Him are blest,
Yet in His sight no evil can endure;
And still with fear oppressed
He looks within and cries, "Who can be sure?"

The world beyond is strange: the golden streets,
The palaces so fair,
The seraphs singing in the shining seats,
The glory everywhere,—
And to his soul he solemnly repeats

The visions of the Book. "Alas!" he cries,
"That world is all too grand;
"Among those splendors and those majesties
"I would not dare to stand;
"For me a lowlier heaven would well suffice!"

Yet, faithful in his lot this saint has stood
Through service and through pain;
The Lord Christ he has followed, doing good;
Sure, dying must he gain
To one who living hath done what he could.

The light is fading in the tired eyes,
The weary race is run;
Not as the victor that doth seize the prize,
But as the fainting one
He nears the verge of the eternities.

And now the end has come, and now he sees
The happy happy shore;
O fearful, faint, distrustful soul, are these
The things thou fearedst before—
The awful majesties that spoiled thy peace?

This land is home; no stranger art thou here;
Sweet and familiar words
From voices silent long salute thine ear;
And winds and songs of birds
And bees and blooms and sweet perfumes are near.

The seraphs—they are men of kindly mien;
The gems and robes—but signs
Of minds all radiant and of hearts washed clean;
The glory—such as shines
Wherever faith or hope or love is seen.

And He, O doubting child! the Lord of Grace
Whom thou didst fear to see—
He knows thy sin—but look upon His face!
Doth it not shine on thee
With a great light of love that fills the place?

O happy soul, be thankful now and rest!
Heaven is a goodly land;
And God is love; and those he loves are blest:—
Now thou dost understand;
The least thou hast is better than the best

That thou didst hope for; now upon thine eyes
The new life opens fair;
Before thy feet the blessed journey lies
Through homelands everywhere;
And heaven to thee is all a sweet surprise.

"Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth," says Paul to the Christian soldier. The girdle or belt is one of the soldier's indispensable equipments. It braces his body for the march. His weapons are suspended from it. What the girdle is to the armor, that, Paul says, truth is to the Christian character. And by truth he means not mere truth of fact but truth of life—"truth in the inward parts." It is not with texts or doctrines that our loins are to be girt about, but with truthfulness or fidelity. This is the foundation of all the Christian graces. The beginning of the Christian life is a covenant with God, and the first question is, "Will the man keep his covenant? Is he a faithful man?" If this question can be answered satisfactorily the future of this disciple is secure. Truth is the fair bond of all the social virtues, and it is not less central in the religious life. Faith and reverence and love are of small value in a man who is not true.

"The breastplate of righteousness" or, as Ellicott explains, "moral rectitude," is, in the view of Paul, an important part of the Christian armor. Indeed it must be owned that this great apostle often talks in a way that would have exposed him, if he had lived in these days, to the suspicion of being "a mere moralist." Doubtless many Christians have been far too careful not to have any good works of which to boast. In their exaltation of "the doctrines of grace" they have lost sight of the obligations of integrity. It has become pretty evident that sound belief, and vivid emotion and ritual observances are not suf-

ficient safeguards against temptation; to this the "leading" Christians who have lately gone to the penitentiary are clear witnesses. A steady habit of integrity is a much better defense. Doing right is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices, more than tongues and miracles, more than the believing of all the catechisms or the seeing of all the visions of the Apocalypse. And the point where Christianity is always most sharply assailed is just here—in the characters of its professors. The scieutific objections will not avail much if Christians do right. No Argument cau overthrow a religion whose votaries bring forth in their lives the peaceable fruits of righteousness. No arguments, no solemn rites, no decorous observances, no guarded creeds, no prayers, no ecstasies, no miracles can long uphold a religion whose disciples live no more upright lives than the irreligious round about them. The disciple who desires to defend the faith of the gospel against the assaults of skepticism should remember that he can do it in no more effectual way than by putting on and wearing himself the "breastplate of righteousness."

"THE preparation of the gospel of peace" which Paul exhorts us to have our feet shod with, seems to mean a simple readiness to go when we are sent. This quality of readiness is an excellent quality. Many that are competent and that are not altogether unwilling to serve, are never quite ready. When they are called they always answer "Coming!" they never say "Here am I!" That which is done quickly is twice done; and the disciple whose feet are shod with this readiness is the disciple for whom the Master will find the most errands and the best rewards.

WHEN Christ is called the "Captain of our salvation," it is meant, of course, that he is the Captain of them that are saved, and that salvation comes to them in following his leadership. He is not the Captain of those who do not follow him.

"EVERY man according to his ability," is the Christian rule of giving and of working. It is not very faithfnlly obeyed. There are many persons who have great ability, yet do but little work; who have ample leisure yet give but little time; who have large possessions yet make small contributions. This is an evil that we have all seen under the sun. And there is another that is like unto it. There are a great many people who have some ability but who do *nothing*; who have not much leisure but who give *no* time to the Lord's work; who have a little money but who put *none at all* into his treasury. Those who have a little and give nothing violate the Christian law just as truly as do those who have much and give a little. There are a great many persons, young and old, in all our churches, whose means and opportunities are limited; from whom not much ought to be expected; but they *are* able to do something and they do nothing. They are transgressors of the Christian law. They ought to repent, and do works meet for repentance.

"IF thou canst do anything," cried the father of the demoniac boy to the Savior, "have compassion on *us* and help *us*." The father's love makes him identify himself with his child. The sufferings of his child are *his* sufferings; relief of the boy will be relief to him. Love always identifies itself with its object, and it is only when this love takes possession of the heart that your prayers or your labors for others will be of any avail.

"BODILY exercise" Paul says, "profiteth little." He is speaking of the ascetic mortification of the flesh that men sometimes practice with the thought of increasing their spiritual power. The religion of some Christians consists mainly of self denials. Every thought of religion takes the form of abstinence. But Paul says that the religion that is made of negatives amounts to little. The pruning knife is a useful and necessary implement of horticulture, but one who was going into the business of raising grapes would not do well to invest all his capital in pruning-knives and spend all his time in sharpening and using them.

"WHICH is first,—feeling right or doing right?" the young Christian often inquires. "Should I not feel right before I try to do right?" Certainly it is a great help in doing right to feel like it, but he who never does right unless his emotions prompt him, will be a poor kind of Christian. If you owe a man fifty dollars, and the debt is due and overdue, and the money is in your pocket, and your creditor asks you for it, would you venture to tell him that you do not feel like paying him to-day; that you greatly prefer to keep the money, and that it is against your principles to do right when you do not feel like it? For the doing of any plain duty, which reason and conscience enjoin,—whether it be a duty to man or to God—you are not to wait upon inclination.

"WHAT Science calls the uniformity of Nature," says Martineau, "Faith accepts as the fidelity of God." It is a wonderful sermon that Science is all the while preaching to us from this text, "God is faithful." Let us lay to heart the lesson and be thankful for the teaching that has brought it home to us with such power and impressiveness.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MURDER AS A MEANS OF GRACE.

CERTAIN late dispatches in the newspapers from the peaceful shores of Buzzard's Bay in Massachusetts read like extracts from Sir John Lubbock's treatise on the "Mental and Social Condition of Savages." One would have supposed that the fierce fanaticism which kindled the breasts of Druids and worshipers of Odin could scarcely find a place in the minds of men who have been taught in the common schools of Massachusetts, but it is here; and what is more startling, it draws its inspiration from the Bible, and calls itself by the name of Christ. Here are well-to-do farmers, living within twenty miles of Plymouth Rock, readers of the newspapers, students of the Bible, followers of Jesus Christ, to whom the idea of human sacrifices is not revolting; who suppose that God may be glorified by butchering, with prayer and psalm, their own innocent children.

The first comment upon the horrible report was that the man whose hands had done the deed must be insane. But what shall we say of his wife who looked on approving, and of his neighbors who now justify the slaughter, and plainly think that the authorities who have buried the body of the little girl and set a watch over her grave are the enemies of God? Are these co-religionists of Freeman all insane? No; it cannot be called insanity; it is fanaticism of a frightful sort; and it is not pleasant to think that such a crop could grow on the soil of Massachusetts.

No doubt the man and his neighbors believed that the child would be raised from the dead on the third day in answer to their prayers. But, setting aside the question about the occurrence of miracles in these days, what reason had these people for believing that God could surrender into *their* hands his prerogatives of life and death? They know very well that He has not conferred this power of raising the dead to life upon the best men of fifty generations. If He had thought it necessary to the welfare of the race that this power should be delegated, probably He would have done it. Certainly, if it were to be delegated in any generation, it would be given to the holiest and most godlike men in that generation. No doubt then, these people supposed themselves to be the greatest saints now living on the earth. Indeed this is exactly what Freeman himself has asserted—"that he is as much better than the rest of the Adventists, as they are better than other people." It is no uncommon thing for very ignorant persons to get the idea that they are the oracles of God. Persons of this class who appeal to the Bible are quite likely to adopt this theory concerning themselves; for they are perfectly sure that they and no others know what the Bible means. This is, indeed, the fundamental assumption of every thorough-going sectarian; he supposes himself to be on intimate terms with the Almighty, to have special gifts for interpreting the divine revelation, and great influence in shaping the course of the divine administration. This monstrous conceit has found an unusually strong expression among the Christians of Pocasset; but the same sentiment, in a somewhat diluted form, is prevalent in many places.

The motive of this horrible crime is easily apprehended. This poor wretch thought that the working of a miracle would greatly advance God's kingdom in his neighborhood, and in the world. Nobody could help believing after this child had been raised from the dead. To his small sect the glory would come, and he himself would be the prophet of a new dispensation. Fired with this enthusiasm he plunged the knife into the heart of his child.

The motive will hardly sanctify the deed. The plea of drunkenness is not accepted in mitigation of crime, and men who deliberately make themselves drunk with religious frenzy have no better right to clemency when they transgress the laws. The Christians of Pocasset cannot be too distinctly informed that murder as a means of grace is not approved of by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MATERIALISM IN REFORM.

Materialism teaches that man is the product of his environment; that his mental constitution and his moral character depend wholly on forces outside of himself. "Man," says Czolbe "is a piece of mosaic, mechanically constructed from various atoms." And Moleschott is even more explicit. "Man is produced from wind and ashes. The action of vegetable life called him into existence. Man is the sum of his parents and his wet-nurse, of time and place, of wind and weather, of

sound and light, of food and clothing; *his will is the necessary consequence of all these causes, governed by the laws of nature, just as the planet in its orbit and the vegetable in its soil.*" It is a great service which Moleschott renders to clear thonght when he expresses in this frank and unqualified way the exact outcome of the materialistic doctrine as it relates to man.

It is evident that a doctrine like this must affect the conduct of men in a thonsand ways. We have glanced in other numbers at the influence of materialism npon literatnre and upon the popnlar faith; we wish to call attention in this place to its inflnence upon social science and moral reform.

If man is what Moleschott says he is, then it is only necessary for those who wonld improve his life to improve his environment. As is the environment so is the man. Where the circumstances are salutary and helpful, the man will live a good and npright life. Good drainage, good ventilation, good light, good water, good food and good police regulations are therefore the means to he relied on in reforming the lives of men.

Now donhtless it is true that the lives of men are greatly affected by their environment; and it is well to have this fact set hefore us in a strong light. We cannot disregard the physical conditions of those whom we are trying to reform. Even if we leave out of the accouut the snffering which a bad euvironment produces, we cannot help seeiug that the moral elevation of men is greatly hindered by physical causes. The attention which has heen given of late to sanitary science, and to schemes for improving the physical condition of the lower classes is therefore matter of rejoicing. If materialism has helped in turning the pnblic thonght toward these subjects which had been somewhat neglected, we are indehted to materialism for an important service.

But though it is well to learn that the environment connts for mnch in hnman development it is not well to get the idea that the environment is everything. For nothing is more certain than that good men sometimes come ont of bad environments, and bad men ont of good environments. The environment helps mightily to shape the life of the man, hut the man ought to he and often is stronger than the environment; his will, which Moleschott declares to be only "the necessary conseqnence" of his surronndings, triumphs over his snrronndings. It is idle to tell man that he is simply a link in the chain of cansation; he knows that he is something more. He knows that there are powers, aspirations, struggles in his soul of which the things about him know nothing. Nature herself bears strong witness to him that there is a life within him which he did not inherit from her:

> "Ah child!" she cries, "that strife divine,
> Whence was it? for it is not mine."

To ignore this sense of personal power and responsibility as materialism does; to take account only of the environment and not of the will which ought to shape the environment, is a fatal mistake. Snch a philosophy can ouly degrade man and nndermiue civilization. And methods of reform which rest npon this philosophy will in the long rnn, do more harm than good.

The paupers and semi-panpers who are becoming so heavy a burden upon the thought and care of the henevolent, need, of conrse, in many cases, material aid of one sort or another; better tenements to live in, better food to eat, steady employment, and opportunities for recreation. Bnt every one who has had any experience in dealing with them knows that the great need of most of them is a strengthening of their moral purposes rather than an improvement of their physical conditions. The fault with nine-tenths of them is not in their stars but in themselves that they are underlings. Yon might make their environment wholly favorahle, and you would not improve their lives. They wonld still continue to be shiftless and lazy and reckless in their expenditnres; they wonld still be continually in want and continnally depending on their neighbors. If you conld make them feel in any way the shamefnlness and the meanness of dependence, if you could aronse within them a little wholesome pride and self-respect, they would find honest ways of caring for themselves. Until yon have done this all yonr efforts to improve their circumstances will he as water poured npon the sand. And this is not the worst of it. Not only are such efforts wasted, they prove a positive injury to the people npon whom they are expended. There are tens of thonsands of paupers in this country who were made panpers by this materialistic method of charity—the method which cares only for the improvement of human conditions and takes no account of character.

The same principle holds good in the temperance reform. There is a large elass of reformers in this field who seem to rest almost wholly npon the materialistic philosophy. Their prevailing notion is that the environment is nearly everythiug, and the man almost nothing. The way to cure drnnkenness is to "shut up the grog shops." The people who sell the liqnor are the people to be dealt with; the people who drink the liquor are relatively of small conseqnence. The sin and the shame of drunkenness, the power and the dnty of the drunkard to resist temptation—these are snhjects of which yon hear very little in the average temperance meeting. Something is said about them now and then, but the emphasis is pnt so constantly upon the duty of improving the environment that the drunkard cannot help getting the impression that his sin is a matter with which he has very little to do; that the hlame of it rests npon those who license the sale of liquor;

that, as things are, he can hardly be expected to reform, or at any rate to stay reformed. And it will be strange if those who are not yet drunkards are not made to feel that they too are wholly excusable if they yield to temptation. The method of presenting the whole subject is calculated to make this impression. The whole stress of argument, of appeal, of denunciation is made to fall upon the surroundings of the drunkard, and the drunkard himself considered as a responsible being is scarcely referred to at all. The only part that he plays in the representation is that of the victim of bad laws and bad usages. Now and then a reformer like Murphy or Reynolds comes along who seems to think that the man who drinks liquor has some power to stop and ought to be held to some responsibility for his own ruin, but he soon passes by and the old tune is sung again with few variations.

Now it is true that the duty of removing temptation from the path of the drunkard is an important duty; just so far as it is possible it ought to be done; but it is not the whole work of the wise temperance reformer; it is not the largest part of it; the main thing is to reform the men rather than their circumstances; and any method of reform whose *tendency* is to make more of the environment than of the man, to weaken the drunkard's sense of responsibility and of guilt, to encourage him in the belief that he is the victim of unfavorable circumstances rather than the author of his own shame, will do in the long run much more harm than good. This is materialism gone to seed; and we fear that the whole of the noxious crop is not yet garnered.

IS FAITH BLIND?

THE following words of an eminent divine not long dead are quoted with high commendation in an obituary, as setting forth the central idea of his religious belief:

"The first and most indispensable condition of piety is submission—blind, absolute, entire submission of the intellect, the conscience, the life, to God. This is blind, but not irrational. It is the submission of a sightless child to an all-seeing Father; of a feeble, beclouded intelligence to the Infinite Intelligence."

What is meant by a "blind, absolute entire submission of the intellect" to God? What is the intellect? It is the faculty or faculties by which we apprehend truth? If God made the intellect that is what he made it for. When a visible object is placed before the open eye, the eye perceives the object. When intelligible truth is placed before the intellect, the intellect perceives the truth. That is the function of the intellect. There is no more reason, therefore, for a "blind, absolute, entire submission" of the mental vision than of the physical vision to God. We take it for granted that the physical sight was given us to see with; that we honor the Giver not by disusing it, or by speaking contemptuously of it, but by using it and prizing it. We suppose that it is by keeping our eyes open and trusting the evidence they give us that we walk most safely. What sort of sense would there be in talking about a *blind* submission of the eyesight to God? It might mean keeping the eyes closed and only opening them when we are supernaturally admonished to do so. A man might imagine that he was honoring God in the use of his eyes by shutting them, and refusing to open them at all unless miraculously ordered to open them. Blind submission of the eyesight to God might also mean a persistent refusal to believe our eyes. A man might say, "My eyes tell me that that is a tree before my face, but I shall not rely upon their report. If God gives me some miraculous reason for believing that it is a tree I will believe that it is a tree; if, on the other hand, He gives me some supernatural assurance that the thing which looks like a tree is a house I will believe that it is a house. To rely upon the evidence of my eyes in a matter like this would be presumptuous; 'blind, absolute, entire submission' of the eyesight to God is the only safe rule."

That would be curious reasoning respecting the bodily senses. That would be a strange way of showing our respect for Him who gave us these organs of vision. We may well ask Him to show us how to use our eyes, and to help us to understand the meaning of the things we see; but to assume that the eyes which He has given us to see with cannot be trusted is a strange way of expressing our confidence in Him. Would not a wide-awake and open-eyed use of the power to see evince a truer reverence and a more genuine faith than a blind submission of this faculty to God, whatever that may mean?

Now we fail to see any reason why this argument does not apply just as well to the mental sight as to the bodily sight. The intellect was made to be used just as truly as the eyes were. We do not honor God by disusing it or by distrusting it any more than we honor him by disusing or distrusting our eyes. The intellect is not infallible; it sometimes falls into error, but so do our eyes sometimes deceive us; we keep on using and trusting our eyes, and we have just as much reason to keep on using and trusting our intellects. There are many subjects of thought that are beyond the comprehension of our minds, and there are many objects in the universe that are too far away or too small for our eyes to see; but that is no reason why we may not see and know things that come within the range of sight or knowledge. We need the help of the infinite Wisdom in using our mental vision, and in understanding the things that we see and their relations,—but it is *in using* the mind's eye, and not in closing it, nor

in refusing to accept without supernatural endorsement the evidence that it gives us that we prove our reverence and our faith.

But this divine goes on to say that such submission is "blind but not irrational." If it is not irrational to shut the eye that was made for seeing, what is irrational?

It is, however, a "sightless" eye. That seems to alter the case. Man is the "sightless child" of an "all-seeing Father." It must be mental vision that is here denied to man. To say that he is sightless is the same as to say that he is destitute of intellect. Of course, if he has no intellect it may be well for him blindly and absolutely and entirely to submit his intellect to God if he can. But how can he? How is it possible for him to submit to God that which he does not possess?

This statement, however, appears to be too strong, and it is qualified in the next sentence. It is not a creature absolutely sightless, but a "feeble, beclouded intelligence" that is called thus to submit itself. If an intelligence is "feeble and beclouded," then, the only right thing for it to do is blindly and absolutely to submit itself to God. We do not believe that God desires that any intelligence should do anything of the kind. No matter how feeble our powers may be, God wants us to *use* them, diligently and trustfully; he does not want us to disown them or despise them. The feeblest mental powers are invigorated by exercise. Faithful use, not blind submission, is their proper regimen. "The word "blind" has no application to any intellectual act required of men by God. It is casting contempt upon His most precious gift to speak of the mind of man in the tone in which it is spoken of in this extract. If God had wanted blind votaries he would not have given us minds. We prove our faith in Him not by reviling but by using the faculties that He has given us.

AMERICAN ART.

We hear, just now, a complaint of critics that we have no art that is distinctively American. A judgment, in a somewhat supercilious tone, uttered by certain foreign critics with reference to the American paintings in the Philadelphia Exposition, is frequently reported. "We could tell at once," said these gentlemen, "when we entered the French room, that the pictures upon the walls were French pictures; and so it was in the English room, and the Dutch room, and the Italian room; we did not need to look at the labels; the characteristic qualities of the art of these several nationalities revealed themselves at once; but when we entered the American room we saw nothing distinctive, nothing peculiar, no mark by which we could tell to what nation these pictures belonged." This judgment is quoted as indicating a great defect in American art, and American artists are besought to go right to work and create a school of their own, so that this reproach shall be taken away from them, and so that all the critics will know their work by its distinctive peculiarities.

If this demand for a school of American art means only that American artists should devote themselves to American subjects, reproducing and idealizing the life of their own people, then it is a just and rational one.

"Nay, if there's room for poets in the world,
A little overgrown, (I think there is)
Their sole work is to represent the age,
Their age, not Charlemagne's—this live, throbbing age,
That brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates, aspires,
And spends more passion, more heroic heat
Between the mirrors of its drawing-rooms
Than Roland with his knights at Roncevalles."

And what is true of poets is true of painters. It is their own age, their own country, their own people whose story they are to tell, whose work they are to illustrate, whose struggles and victories they are to celebrate. But this is not exactly the meaning of the art critics if we rightly understand them. What they desiderate is the invention and adoption by American artists of certain mannerisms of drawing and coloring, certain tricks of laying on the paint, certain artificial ways of producing effects. It is by some such technical peculiarities as these that the critics distinguish the work of the several art schools of Europe, and they are grieved because Americans have not formed a "style" of their own in painting.

We must own that we do not take this matter to heart so deeply as some of our able critics do, perhaps because we are so little instructed in artistic phrases and technicalites. But the fact that American art has not tied itself up to any mannerisms is a fact which we cannot bring ourselves very deeply to deplore. If it is less ethnic and more cosmopolitan in its methods than the art of some of the old countries, that is a natural result of our civilization. And it is to be hoped that American artists will study the methods of all the schools and adopt those that enable them most accurately to exhibit the truth which they wish to tell, and most adequately to disclose the beauty that has been revealed to them. The less they think about forming "a distinctively American style of painting," and the more they try to express in the clearest way the highest thoughts that God gives them, the greater will be the honor that they confer upon American art. There is no more reason why we should have an art that is distinctively American, than there is why we should have a religion that is distinctively American. The late Mr. Weiss, indeed, issued a demand for an "American religion,"

but it was not very eagerly responded to; whatever came of it has probably been buried with him. Art, as well as religion, is an interest too large to be cultivated under sectarian or national limitations; it belongs to mankind, and is abused when it is made to do obeisance to the idols of the tribe.

LITERATURE.

One wishes to avoid superlatives, but it is hard to keep from saying that "The Epic of Hades"[1] is the greatest poem that has appeared in our language for many a day. Since Mr. Tennyson's Arthurian Idylls we have read nothing in which lofty imagination and careful art and noble purpose are so happily blended as in this admirable work. The author is a brother of William Morris, and it is much to say that the comparison thus suggested casts no shadow upon his genius. His literary method is quite different from that of his brother, and we are fain to pronounce it a better method. Something of affectation appears in the quaint simplicity of William Morris; what was Spenser's native speech is not the natural utterance for him, albeit we are taken with the unusual melody. But the style of this poem is the perfection of art; the reader never pauses upon the phrase; he sees the image; he seizes the thought; he rejoices in the beauty that the poet has discovered.

The poem is a retelling of well-worn passages from the Greek Mythology. The theme seems a hackneyed one, and the motto upon the title-page—"*Difficile est proprie communia dicere*"—warns us that the writer is aware of the nature of his task. But it is the proof of genius to clothe such a theme with new meaning and beauty. The stories that Mr. Morris tells have been told a great many times, but those who have heard them oftenest will reap the largest pleasure from his version of them.

The ethical purpose of the poet is not obtruded, neither is it hidden. These are not sermons, they are poems; but since they deal with human life, and with the deepest things of human life, they cannot help teaching as well as pleasing. One might say that they reveal to us the Gospel in the old Mythology; certainly they unfold to us the spiritual laws that dimly come to light in all that ancient literature. It is too much to say that the tales of the Greeks were meant to convey ethical meanings; but it is certain that they lend themselves with a wonderful facility to the illustration of spiritual truths.

[1] The Epic of Hades. In Three Books. By the Author of "Songs of Two Worlds." Seventh Edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The three books into which the poem is divided are named Tartarus, Hades and Olympus—or what may be roughly described as the hell the purgatory and the heaven of the later Greek Mythology. The unstrained and direct method of the poet will appear in the first lines:

"In February, when the dawn was slow
And winds lay still, I gazed upon the fields
Which stretched before me, lifeless, and the stream
Which labored in the distance to the sea,
Sullen and cold. No force of fancy took
My thought to blooming June, when all the land
Lay deep in crested grass, and through the dew
The landrail brushed, and the lush banks were set
With strawberries, and the hot noise of bees
Lulled the bright flowers. Rather I seemed to move
Through that weird land, Hellenic fancy feigned,
Beyond the fabled river and the bark
Of Charon; and forthwith on every side
Rose the thin throng of ghosts."

This is all the machinery that is used in making the passage. We are now among the gloomy shades of Tartarus, to whose scenery but two pages of vigorous description is devoted; then the action brings directly before us Tantalus who tells his own story. It is a terrible story; the hell which unchecked desire is preparing for itself was never more strongly painted:

"Longing Desire!
Unsatisfied, sick, impotent Desire!
Oh, I have known it ages long. I knew
Its pain on earth ere yet my life had grown
To its full stature, through the weary years
Of manhood, nay, in age itself; I knew
The quenchless weary thirst, unsatisfied
By all the charms of sense, by wealth and power
And homage, always craving, never quenched—
The undying curse of the soul."

Phædra, Sisyphus and Clytæmnestra are the only others in Tartarus who tell their stories, and in each of these the great facts of retribution are set before us with awful power. The doctrine is one that no skepticism can touch; it verifies itself to every human consciousness:

"We are ourselves
Our heaven and hell, the joy, the penalty,
The yearning, the fruition. Earth is hell
Or heaven, and yet not only earth; but still,
After the swift soul leaves the gates of death,

The pain grows deeper and less mixed, the joy
Purer and less alloyed, and we are damned
Or blest as we have lived."

The gospel of "eternal hope" which Canon Farrar has preached so eloquently is proclaimed also upon these pages, for in passing out of Tartarus we hear a deep voice assuring us that "there is an end of Wrong and Death and Hell;" that the time will come when "the long wear of Time and Suffering" will have effaced "the stain ingrown upon the soul." But no one who reads the fearful recital of their sufferings by the spirits in Tartarus will be encouraged to continue in wrong doing, even with this dim and far-away hope held up before them.

In Hades, to which the poem takes us from Tartarus in the twinkling of an eye, no less than fourteen personages tell their histories, and we listen, profoundly moved by the recital of their struggles and their triumphs. That they were men and women of like passions with ourselves; that they fought the same battles and bore the same burdens and were allured by the same great hopes and the same deceitful promises is made very plain. We feel ourselves to be of their kindred, and learn much from them concerning the conduct of our own lives. Of these stories perhaps those of Andromeda, Actæon, and Narcissus may be reckoned among the most perfect. Andromeda gives us a glimpse of the event to which St. Peter testifies in his First Epistle:

"One blest day indeed,
Or centuries ago or yesterday,
There came among us one who was Divine,
Not as our gods, joyous and breathing strength
And careless life, but crowned with a new crown
Of suffering, and a great light came with him,
And with him he brought Time and a new sense
Of dim long vanished years; and since he passed
I seem to see new meaning in my fate,
And all the deeds I tell of."

But the epic rises in melody and strength as it approaches its close. "Olympus" is a steadily increasing strain of wonderful poetry. Of the "blessed Shades, heroic and Divine" whose voices we hear in the last book, Artemis sings the praise of purity, Heracles of strength. Aphrodite of Love, Athene of learning, Here of duty, Apollo of religion. Noble songs they are; the things that are unseen and eternal are transfigured before our sight as we listen. At last,

"In a mist of grace
They faded, that bright company, and seemed
To melt into each other and shape themselves
Into new forms, and those fair goddesses
Blent in a perfect woman—all the calm
High motherhood of Here, the sweet smile
Of Cypris, fair Athene's earnest eyes,
And the young purity of Artemis,
Blent in a perfect woman; and in her arms,
Fused by some cosmic interlacing curves
Of Beauty into a new Innocence,
A child with eyes divine, a little child,
A little child—no more.

And those great gods
Of Power and Beauty left a heavenly form
Strong not to act but suffer; fair and meek,
Not proud and eager; with soft eyes of grace,
Not bold with joyous youth; and for the fire
Of song, and for the happy careless life,
A sorrowful pilgrimage—changed, yet still the same—
Only Diviner far; and keeping still
The Life God-lighted, and the sacrifice."

The rare and delicate reserve of the writer, that appears in this passage, characterises the whole poem. He never says a word too much; his wonder and his passion are always chastely restrained.

The closing lines in which the parallel that has all the while been suggesting itself between our own days and "the fresh young days which men call ancient" finds a distinct expression, and "all the sounds and thoughts which still are beautiful," and all the hopes and loves that still are strong and real as they ever were, utter themselves with melodious voice,—are among the noblest in all our English verse. Thanks to the singer who has taught us this sweet strain:

"For while a youth is lost in soaring thought,
And while a maid grows sweet and beautiful,
And while a spring-tide coming lights the earth,
And while a child, and while a flower is born,
And while one wrong cries for redress and finds
A soul to answer, still the world is young."

Mr. Frank Foxcroft has made an admirable collection[1] of Easter hymns and songs, from poets of eight distinct nationalities. The Greek, the Latin, the Danish, the German, the Swedish, the Russian and the English languages furnish these lyrics, and those by American writers make a section by themselves. It is a little curious that there is not one from the French. The translations are mainly done by practised hands, and, if the familiar Latin hymns are fair samples, they preserve for us the spirit of the originals. The notes with which Mr. Foxcroft has furnished the hymns add greatly to the value of the collection. The volume is an impressive testimony to the great fact which it celebrates, and which, in the early days of the church, was put in the foreground of all the Christian teaching. The importance of the Resurrection of our Lord was clearly apprehended by the first Christians, as the Acts of the Apostles and all their letters bear witness. "Jesus and the Resurrection" was what they preached; upon that transcendent fact they kept the thoughts of all who listened. If the modern

[1] Resurgit. A Collection of Hymns and Songs of the Resurrection. Edited with Notes by Frank Foxcroft. With an Introduction by Andrew Preston Peabody, D. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

church could get a clearer apprehension of the grandeur of this fact, and would give it greater prominence, doubtless the gospel would be the gainer. There is more power in this simple but sublime fact than in all the theories that men have forged in all the centuries. And Mr. Foxcroft's beautiful book should help in impressing upon the minds of its readers the wonder and the glory of the central fact of history.

Mr. Boyesen's *Falconberg* (Charles Scribner's Sons) is not a great success. It is neither so ingenious in its construction nor so felicitous in its style as we might have expected. The narrative is often the reverse of spirited, and the characters are by no means vividly drawn. Mr. Boyesen's pictures of Scandinavian life were entertaining because of their realism; but the life of Scandinavians in this country is not so picturesque; a realistic description of it could not be very beautiful and Mr. Boyesen has not succeeded in idealizing it. The political squabbles of our adopted citizens are about as unpoetical as those that are native to the soil, and the reports of them that this story gives us are not inspiring. It would appear, also, that Mr. Boyesen is in a state of revolt from some religious belief or other, for the wickedest man of the story is a clergyman. The undoubted abilities of this writer should be allowed a fairer chance. This work seems to have been done hastily and perfunctorily. Good art is not quite so much of an off-hand performance as he fancies it. . . . . Mrs. Charles's studies of history are always instructive; they give us the costume and spirit of the time better than we can gather them from the statelier chronicles. In no book that has been written about the Reformation do we see more clearly than in the "Schoenberg Cotta Family," the real forces at work. This remains the best of her books, but others have great value, and her latest story, *Joan the Maid*, (Dodd, Mead & Company) is an important addition to the series. No doubt the process of historical canonization has been carried quite too far in this story; Joan of Arc was a much less angelic character than she here seems; but her environment is well depicted, and this romantic incident of history is placed before us in a good light. . . . . Another historical novel is *The Maid of Stralsund* by J. B. De Liefde, (Dodd, Mead & Company). The Thirty Years War furnishes the substance of this narrative, which depicts the massacre of Magdeburg and reaches its climax at the Battle of Lutzen. Gustavus Adolphus, Tilly and Wallenstein are of course the conspicuous historical figures, and the story may afford the reader some help in understanding a confused passage of modern history. . . . . The last of the "No Name Series," *Signor Monaldini's Niece* (Roberts Brothers) is one of the best. The scene is Modern Rome, with whose society the writer seems to be sufficiently familiar. The people of the story are strongly drawn—notably Don Filippo, Nina, the German Baroness and the heroine. The painful bondage of young girls in Italian society appeals to our sympathy in this representation; one cannot be too thankful that our daughters are not yet brought up on the European plan. The moral tone of the story is unexceptionable, and the steadfast integrity of Camilla rises at the last to an exalted and heroic strain of virtue. The tale is rescued from being a tragedy in a manner somewhat violent, but we are thankful for the rescue, nevertheless.

Mr. Morris's "Epic of Hades" will not give the older folks more pleasure than Niebuhr's delightful little book[1] about the Greek Heroes will give the children. These stories were written by the great historian for his little son, then a child only four years old, and they present in the simplest words, though without any straining after simplicity, some of the old legends of the Greek mythology. The volume comprises "The Voyage of the Argonauts," "Stories of Hercules," and "The Herakleidæ and Orestes." It would be hard to find these stories told anywhere more vividly or intelligibly than they are told in this little book. It will be a prize to the children, and the young men and women in the high schools need not despise its simplicity. It may prove a lamp to their feet as they plod through the dull pages of Lempriere.

The first sentence in this most Boswellian of modern books[2] awakens more surprise than any other in it. It states that just before Bismarck started for the seat of the late Franco-German war, he partook of the sacrament in his own room. We infer that this was not done for political or military effect but purely from a religious feeling. It coincides with what we come to know of this great man farther on in these volumes, that he is at heart a profoundly religious man. So far from sharing in the almost universal rationalism of his countrymen, he holds to the Lutheran faith in its strict and literal forms. Indeed his theology is rather crude, strong in outline but lacking in a refinement of belief. During all this busy campaign, in which he filled the double relation of General and Chancellor, it was his custom to read at night such books as "Daily Watchwords and Texts of the Moravian Brethren," and "Daily Refreshment for Believing Christians." This

[1]Greek Hero-Stories. By Barthold Georg Niebuhr. With Illustrations by Augustus Hoppin. Translated by Benjamin Hoppin. New York: Dodd Mead & Company.

[2]Bismarck in the Franco-German War, 1870—1871. By Dr. Moritz Busch. Two Volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

fact indicates more than a genuine piety; it reveals a mind capable of a two-fold life, and possessing too profound a sense of its own dignity to sink itself in the details of external life. Very lofty, also, are his direct assertions of his faith: "How, without faith in a revealed religion, in a God who wills what is good, in a Supreme Judge, and a future life, men can live together harmoniously, each doing his duty and letting every one else to do his, I do not understand." "If I were no longer a Christian I would not remain for an hour at my post." "Orders and titles have no charm for me." "I owe the firmness which I have shown for ten years against all possible absurdities only to my decided faith."

These volumes if not history are the stuff out of which history is made. The author, a secretary and immediate attendant of Bismarck throughout the campaign, not only wrote dispatches, but took down full notes of the life and sayings of his chief. For seven months there is scarcely an hour when he is not under the eye of the reader, and the conversation is fully and accurately reported, except when an apparently nice sense of propriety forbids. One rises from the perusal—for one is forced to read to the end—feeling an intimate acquaintance with this remarkable man. Though this view is through admiring and almost servile eyes, the impression is so clear and uniform that one is conscious of receiving correct impressions. We confess that our respect for his character increased with every page. Intellectually he seems no greater than we have been accustomed to think of him, but his downright honesty and heartiness, his faith in principles, his unselfishness, his calm yet not immodest self-confidence, in short his manliness, stand out in clearer light. It is needless to add that the interest of the book rises to fascination.

Dr. Holbrook's compilation of essays on Family Government is even more composite than its title page[1] would indicate, for it contains the main ideas of Goethe, Jean Paul, Pestalozzi and Froebel upon the education of children. But various as are its sources, there is strict unity in its teachings. We regret that so valuable a book comes to us in so scrappy a form, and that it is not translated into better English. But we can well afford to overlook these imperfections for the sake of getting at the principles of the great educators from whom Mrs. Meyer draws her inspiration.

It is an interesting fact that the two great masters in German literature—Jean Paul and Goethe—wrote exhaustively upon the training of children, and out of their deepest insight and fullest inspiration. The contrast that German literature thus presents with the English and American, is very striking. Our treatises upon the subject are commonly based upon dogma and have an over-religious cast; they are also for the most part the products of ordinary minds, and are without freedom or breadth or insight. But these great Germans employed their largest powers in exploring the nature of childhood and detecting the methods of its culture. Why have not Tennyson and "George Eliot" written upon the education of children? Instead we have only Tract Society publications, permeated with an unnatural and unscriptural theology, and as ignorant of the child-nature as of the windings of the Congo.

Mrs. Meyer's aim is to bring together Jean Paul's principles of education as they are contained in his "Levana," and to unfold Froebel's Kindergarten system. Besides this, it is a manual of the care of children from the very beginnings of existence. We can characterize this book in no better way than to say that it is *intelligent*. In every step and detail of care and education the child's nature is consulted; it is the thoroughness of this comprehension under the guidance of such masters as we have named that constitutes its value, and its value can hardly be exaggerated. It is to be wished that it might find its way to every home in the land. As a specimen of how practical as well as philosophical it is, we make one quotation with the hope also that it may fix attention upon one of the chief nuisances of modern society:

"From children's parties and balls, which, to the disgrace of our age, are now fashionable, protect, protect your children as from poison. All the superfine luxuries of our elegant society are transferred to the world of innocence and cheerfulness, and only excite rivalry in displays of elegance in clothing, food and drink. We are shocked at the thought of seeing these frizzled heads with fashionable clothing, embroidered pocket handkerchiefs, white gloves, enchanted out of their own heaven, and next day to be seen sick, with spoiled stomachs. And when an elegantly adorned little seven-year old boy invites a beautiful five-year old partner to dance, we turn away indignant and deeply saddened from the caricature into which purity and heavenly beauty have been distorted."

[1] Aids to Family Government; or From the Cradle to the School, according to Froebel. By Bertha Meyer. Translated from the German by M. L. Holbrook, M. D. To which has been added an Essay on The Rights of Children and the True Principles of Family Government. By Herbert Spencer. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. III.——JULY, 1879.——No. XIX.

THE CORN AND THE LILIES.

Said the Corn to the Lilies:
"Press not near my feet.
You are only idlers,
Neither Corn nor Wheat.
Does one earn a living
Just by being sweet?"

Naught answered the Lilies,
Neither yea nor nay,
Only they grew sweeter
All the livelong day.
And at last the Teacher
Chanced to come that way.

While His tired disciples
Rested at His feet,
And the proud Corn rustled
Bidding them to eat,
"Children," said the Teacher,
"The life is more than meat.

"Consider the Lilies,
How beautiful they grow!
Never king had such glory,
Yet no toil they know."
O happy were the Lilies
That He loved them so.

Emily A. Braddock.

BELIEFS OF UNBELIEVERS.

The logic of unbelief is a curious study. In science and philosophy a theory is judged by its positive proofs and by its adequacy to the facts; but in unbelief a theory is proved, not so much by positive facts and arguments as by its objections to opposing views. In particular, a theory of which an irreligious use can be made acquires a very

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high degree of probability from that fact alone. The chief strength of unbelief, so far as it is a matter of reason, lies in this false method. We fail to notice that the unbeliever is also a believer, or that his denials are also affirmations. When this is seen, it may appear that his doctrines require at least as much faith as those of his opponents.

In atheistic arguments we constantly meet with this oversight. Objections are urged against theism and various difficulties are pointed out both in the argument and in the conception. Thus, it is urged that the argument can never amount to demonstration, a claim which all admit, and then the odd conclusion is drawn that, therefore, atheism is true. The pointings of probability and the demands of reason are all in favor of theism, but objections can always be raised, and this the atheist mistakes for a proof of his own view. It never occurs to him to ask whether his own theory be not in every way more objectionable and unsatisfactory; he rests his case on the difficulties of the opposite doctrine.

We have a striking illustration of this method in one of Herbert Spencer's Essays. In opposition to the doctrine of a divine control of nature, he refers to the countless changes constantly going on, and then he asks whether we can conceive of a mind as controlling all these. Of course the imagination is palsied by the conception, for otherwise we must ourselves be omniscient; and the conclusion is against the doctrine. But do we better ourselves by turning over these processes to blindness and non-intelligence? Though we cannot picture how an omnipotent and omniscient being can uphold and administer the universe, this conception is certainly as picturable as the view which makes brute unintelligence the administrator of nature, and it is in every way more satisfactory to reason. It is the failure to notice that to reject the former view is to accept the latter, which gives such reasoning the slightest significance.

The atheist has a much better claim than the theist to the title of believer. The basal reality of the universe is either intelligent or non-intelligent. Some writers affect to believe in a third something which is neither, but above both; but when they speak of such a thing they must not be judged to have said anything, but rather to have made a noise. The theist, considering the "toil co-operant to an end," concludes that nature is founded in intelligence. This view is the only one which satisfies the mind, makes a place for science, and is equal to the facts. The atheist, on the other hand, regards the basal power of the universe as unintelligent; and when we consider what this implies, there is certainly no ground for twitting the atheist with unbelief or incredulity. For this power must be one or many. In the first case we have atheistic pantheism; in the second case we have atheistic atomism. In the first case we have a power which works at an infinite number of discrete points, and works at each with exact adaptation to its co-existent activities in all the rest. It also works according to exact rule throughout space and time, combining its discrete activities into purpose-like products and producing a great system of order, harmony and intelligence. Yet all the while this power is assumed to know nothing of itself or of what it is doing, or of the order which it founds and maintains. It works according to rule, but knows nothing of the rule. It produces order, but knows nothing of the order. It works here and now with exact reference to what it did then and yonder, but it knows neither that it works here and now, nor that it worked then and yonder. What a great light such a theory casts upon the universe.

The atomistic form of atheism is equally satisfactory. The fact of the universe on this theory is a great swarm of uncreated atoms. As self-existent, they ought to be indifferent to one another; but they are assumed to interact. So then we have a host of infinitesimal atoms which act upon one another through infinite space and without any *media* whatever. Each atom acts upon every other as if all the rest were away. Each is in immediate relations with each; and for every change of position in any atom each varies its responsive activity. They also enter into combinations and work as if for a common aim. They build up the

most complex mechanism, and carefully observe the law of the product. Yet all the while they know nothing of themselves, nor of one another, nor of the laws they follow, nor of the ends they realize. It does not avail to speak of law as if that explained anything; for natural laws are but abstracts of the facts to be explained. But what insight we win from this theory. How plain the order and harmony and purpose-like aspect of nature becomes. How plain also the origination of human intelligence and the fact of human freedom. That any one should have found satisfaction in this theory is perhaps the best proof of its truth.

Such, then, is the positive side of atheism. Such is the atheist's belief. And is there not grave injustice in calling him an unbeliever? By the side of such faith, the theist appears as a vulgar rationalist; and one cannot help a thrill of indignation at that inversion of terms which places the atheist in the ranks of unbelief. Still the latter is largely to blame for this injustice. His polemic against theism has hidden from the world the surprising richness of his own faith. On every account it is desirable that the positive side of atheism and materialism should be more fully expounded. It would forever rescue atheists and materialists from the charge of incredulity; and it might attract many who have hitherto been driven off by the negative aspect of these doctrines. In addition, it would help the common mind to form a more correct estimate of the relative rationality of theism and atheism.

A similar method in Christian apologetics would serve to show with what injustice Christians appropriate the title of believers and stigmatize their opponents as unbelievers. When asked to explain that great world-fact, Christianity, they say that the power of God is in it, and the blessing of God is upon it. This is as far as their faith will go. But what a sorry figure such a simple rationalism presents by the side of hostile solutions. Some will have it that a band of knaves devilishly combined to teach the purest morality and the profoundest religion. Others insist that Mary Magdalene, who was subject to nervous disorders, had a fit and thought she saw Christ after his death; and this accounts for the deathless life and invincible progress of Christianity. Still others hold that Christ was not really dead but only in a swoon. He crawled out of the grave half-dead and soon died on his friends hands. And this sight was enough to rally the cowed and fleeting disciples and send them out to overcome the world and death itself. Many other explanations of the same kind are given; all of which agree in requiring a mighty faith for their reception. Certainly the side of what is popularly called unbelief has been greatly mismanaged. The unbeliever has been so intent on claiming the highest rationality for himself, that it has escaped notice all around that he can also rightly claim the highest faith. To explain an intelligible world by assuming an intelligent creator is a bagatelle compared with explaining it by assuming brute unintelligence. To explain a divine movement by a divine mover is nothing to explaining it as the outcome of knavery or epilepsy or idiotic enthusiasm. Time brings its revenges. When thought becomes clearer, the Christian must submit to be called an unbeliever, and to see the reverend title of believer forever wrested from him. All that is necessary speedily to inaugurate that time is, to judge every theory not merely by its objections to rival theories, but chiefly by its own positive adequacy to the facts.

Borden P. Bowne.

CALVIN THE SINNER.*

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

CHAPTER XII.

Dear Mrs. More:

Our friend Mrs. Birge made a proposition last evening which I will neither accept nor refuse till I have heard from yourself. You are the only person who has a right to advise me, and I rejoice to say that I have in the main found your advice wholesome The proposition was, at first, that I should spend the winter with Mrs. Birge and family. That I assured her was impossible, since my duties as teacher required me to be in my place at the opening of the term, now close at hand. As soon as she found that my school was in the city, she proposed very earnestly that I should attend to my school duties through the day and still make their house my home. Mrs. Birge says that she has led a lonely life since the death of her husband, that she needs my society, and so on. Her sons second the proposition. They are all kind but not *too* kind. You know that I prefer positive rudeness to extreme kindness. Mrs Birge is an excellent woman and a Christian, though I should judge that she had been in the past a somewhat despondent Christian, one of those apprehensive persons who take a promise like a note of hand, payable if the giver be not bankrupt. Having presented the note for payment again and again, and having always found the giver ready to honor the draft, she ceases at length to insist upon payment, settling into a feeling of security. Safe at last. But, short-sighted mortal, no safer than it has ever been; no safer than before this swinging world began its endless rounds. It amazes me that one cannot take a promise absolutely. The paper must be tested, the writing scrutinized, and the signature questioned, and at last after weary years of doubt and distrust, miserable themselves and making others miserable, they discover that the promise is good for all time and for all eternity. What a waste of time and comfort! However, I must not preach.

Mr. Mitchell, the younger son, is one of the most genial and companionable persons I ever met, holding liberal views upon all subjects, almost ultra views on some subjects, which views I am inclined to think are adopted rather than native. He is quite unsettled and greatly dissatisfied with himself, which is the most hopeful thing concerning the young man. He is, however, as considerate and sympathetic as a woman, a conspicuous contrast to the older son, who is cold, strong, proud, and eminently self-satisfied, a Pharisee of the Pharisees, a standing reproach to the weak and the wicked. He is not a Christian; if he were I think he would be intolerable. I see you shake your head and hear you ask "Who art thou that judgest another?" and I own to a faint suspicion that my judgment may not be altogether valid, for I dislike the man too thoroughly to be quite just. I once caught a glimpse of his face when he supposed himself unobserved and he looked anything but self-satisfied. Possibly he is a man with a visor.

However, mother and sons have treated me with gentleness and consideration. I have no reason to dislike and many reasons to approve my newly-found relatives. It is very pleasant here, especially evenings when Mr. Mitchell is at home. He is a fine musician, and we sing sometimes, while the elder brother sits and thinks his own proud thoughts.

Now what shall I say to Mrs. Birge's proposition? If you wish me to do as I have done the past year, go to town in the morning and return at night, I am quite willing to do so. Your claim stands first. If I can be useful and companionable to any one, I ought surely to be useful and companionable to you, since you have done much for me. And I wish to say here and now, that you have ever been a kind and thoughtful stepmother to the undemonstrative but not ungrateful RELIEF STANHOPE.

P. S.—Is it not a little odd that Mr. Birge, the elder, should prove to be the same person

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who found and restored my lost commutation ticket? You will remember seeing him at that time. R. S.

Mrs. More read this letter with increasing interest, and when she came to the acknowledgment that she had been a "kind and thoughtful step-mother," the words ran together in a blur and she laid the letter down. Relief had been a dutiful but a reserved and undemonstrative child. She had never before said, "you have been kind and thoughtful." Mrs. More had sometimes longed for some token of appreciation and affection. She sometimes thought that Relief was a good child and an exemplary young lady because she could not be anything else; she was bent that way before she was born. But it would seem that after all the girl had a heart, which was perhaps all the warmer and stronger that it lay deep down under a somewhat cold exterior.

Dear as the acknowledgment was to Mrs. More, it made her a little sad. We approve and commend and acknowledge our indebtedness to the dead who have become a part of our past; we say kindly and affectionate words each to the other when our ways in life are consciously parting. Was it some such premonition in Relief that had prompted this acknowledgment?

An answer to the letter was immediately written which left Relief free to follow her inclinations, whatever they might be, with a suggestion that she accept Mrs. Birge's proposition for a while, at least. Thus Relief became a part and a not unimportant part of the Birge household.

Mitchell fell in with the arrangement enthusiastically. It was pleasant to see the statuesque form moving about the house. It rested him to look at the cool, perfect profile, with the pale hair wound about the high head, Greek fashion. It was a relief, too, to meet one who made no demands upon his sensitively sympathetic nature; one who had no private griefs or miseries to be condoled or commiserated. He often seemed to himself to be a sort of private sluice-way into which his friends, Calvin excepted, poured all their cares and troubles, which in a certain sense became at once his own immediate cares and troubles, and at times disturbed and oppressed him to the last degree. He was a divinely commissioned father confessor, without seeing or knowing his mission. This sensitive sympathy enabled him to put himself intuitively inside of most persons with whom he came in contact, with or without their knowledge or consent, and he soon discovered that Relief was not only good to look at but good to talk with, good to know. She was not at all given to sentiment, was never very high, nor very low, but she was endowed with clear common sense and had the somewhat rare gift of faith. She could believe without knowing the how, the why and the wherefore, and was rarely tormented by doubts. A reasonable thing was usually a sure thing, and things that looked reasonable to her, often looked uncertain and mysterious to others. Mitchell began to divide his time between the home circle and the Suavity household.

Calvin approved of Miss Stanhope because she was never in the way and knew enough to mind her own business. She never looked at him unless he addressed her, and seemed ignorant, until her attention was drawn to the fact, that such a person as Calvin Birge existed this side the frigid zone; and he presently found himself quite at ease in her presence.

To Mrs. Birge, Miss Stanhope was a material help and comfort, showing her a way out of many household bewilderments. She had lived so many years comparatively apart from her own sex, that Miss Stanhope was almost a new revelation. Graceful changes of furniture, bright bits of color scattered about the rooms, the result of many a quaint and practical suggestion, lent a new charm and attractiveness to the house. Then there were long, quiet talks in which Mrs. Birge revealed herself more fully to Relief than she had ever revealed herself to any one else, and the two grew into a firm but undemonstrative friendship.

It is an odd fact that the discordant elements of a household will run more or less into harmony by the addition of a neutral presence; it keeps them a little apart; there is less friction, the neutral element cushion-

ing all points of contact. Mrs. Birge was not a little surprised to find Calvin and Mitchell treating each other with consideration and courtesy. The group that gathered in the family sitting-room was a pleasant, genial group; no one would suspect that there had ever been a jar between the brothers. It pleased her to hear the gay chatter, in which Calvin sometimes joined, or to lie alone on her couch and listen to the voices that floated out from Mitchell's corner, for Miss Stanhope had a clear, strong contralto voice that harmonized well with Mitchell's tenor, and they sang together for hours. At such times Mrs. Birge congratulated herself upon her foresight in inviting Relief to the house, and rejoiced in the success of at least one of her plans, while Calvin went away to the library or to his own room, for he never sang now,—he was out of voice, he said.

One evening he stood with folded arms before one of those east windows in his own dark room, looking down along the railway lines, marked by the signal lights, hearing with dull ears the subtle accompaniment and the pliant voices that stole through the halls, rendering the weird melodies of Schubert's Erl King, distinct, yet far off. It was as if he heard voices from another world and from beings with whom he had neither part nor lot, and the loneliness of an outcast came upon him. For weeks he had devoted himself when alone to fighting Bones, to keeping Bones at bay, choking him, drowning his voice, staving him off by force or by stratagem. But of late, from an offensive warfare on Calvin's part it had degenerated into a defensive warfare, and to-night, wearied with incessant fighting, he had no heart even to defend himself. He had declined to sit in this room since the night of the storm, and as he stood looking out into the night, Bones came up grimly saying what he would, without interruption or gainsaying. Calvin listened dumbly, till Bones said:

"You are a murderer—you know you are a murderer!"

Then Calvin started up, and with a plunge as if he were taking some one by the throat, he backed that some one into a corner and held him there while he said between set teeth:

"That is false! I have murdered no one; you know that."

"Do I? Listen. You hated Philip Cone. You wanted to kill him, did n't you?"

"But I did not kill him. He is alive and well to-day!"

"But why did n't you kill him? Now tell me that?"

"You know."

"Yes, I do know. I know that when you sprang for Philip Cone's throat you were blind with hate; but you clutched some one, did n't you?"

Calvin winced.

"Yes, you clutched some one; you thought it was Philip Cone, but the next instant you saw Philip Cone through the glass of the car door walking leisurely down the aisle, and you snatched your hands away and threw yourself off the train."

"Well, but you see, Bones, according to your own showing I did not kill Philip Cone."

"No, you failed to accomplish your purpose; but are you any the less a murderer?"

Calvin made no answer. His face was getting the old, wretched look, and his hold on Bones was slowly relaxing. Bones took swift advantage of the fact, to add:

"Come now, Birge, you can be sensible if you will. Let us get to the bottom of this matter. You know that you wanted and intended to kill Philip Cone, but somehow, some way you were prevented from accomplishing your purpose. Now honestly, what is the difference between a man who desires and determines to kill his fellow, and the man who actually kills his fellow? That's the question you must answer."

Calvin's hands scarcely held Bones now, but he heard Bones going on and on. How could he help hearing him when he said:

"How do you know but you did kill some one after all? What about that man found lying just where Philip Cone would have lain if it had been he that you clutched? Did n't you somehow expect to find Philip Cone when you took Malony's lantern and went up the tracks? Who was it you clutched, anyway? Think a moment. Don't

you remember feeling under your hand a man's beard that somehow broke the force of your grasp, and that there was an instant flash of wonder, knowing that Philip Cone's face was always smooth-shaven? You don't remember? Well, I think *I* do, and I've thought it over a good many times—a good many times. And you don't know how the man came to be there, between the tracks, dead? You don't know for a certainty. No, and the curse of it is that you never will know for a certainty. You think perhaps that I don't know how night after night you go up the tracks alone trying to remember, trying to think how it might have been. What would you not give to know just how that man came to his death? But you never will know, never, till you face him again, as face him you will sometime, somewhere. Now tell me what was it that made you take possession of the man's coat and hat and empty pocket-book and put them in your grandfather's room, but an unconfessed dread that you were some way responsible for that man's death? You don't answer."

No, Calvin did not answer; his arms fell by his side, quite releasing Bones. But Bones would not go away, and after waiting a little he said in a low, grieved tone:

"After all, it is not the knowing or the not knowing just how far you are guilty, it is the fact that you are guilty at all. Think that a few months ago you were as white and clean as any man who walks this earth. You had nothing to hide; you were not ashamed of your own thoughts; you were not afraid of me—Bones,—we were friends then. You were a happy man and you did n't know it. What was the little trouble about the loss of your funds, and the sorrow and chagrin connected with your love for Cicily, compared with the stain, the blot that rests on you now? You say that no one else knows that you are a guilty man—that no one else ever will know that you are a guilty man, since there is nothing to be detected or confessed that any law in the land could lay hold upon. That is true; but you see, Birge, I have known you a long time. I have been away inside of you; I have gotten at the very secret of your secret, and I know that to-night you would not care if all the world said that you were guilty, if only you knew yourself to be innocent. It is not the opinion of others that is so dear to you, it is your own opinion of yourself. It is the certainty that you have despoiled and dishonored yourself, Calvin Birge, that makes you stand here in the dark and wring your hands. It *is* bitter, it *is* hard; there is nothing so cruel as the consciousness of guilt. Listen! Mitchell is singing again. Happy Mitchell! innocent Mitchell! How often you have blamed Mitchell. Ah, if you were only half as good as Mitchell—if you were only a tenth part as good as Mitchell! And there is your mother, your loving, trusting mother, who thinks there is no one so good as her son Calvin. Do you think you are fit to receive her love and trust? It would kill her to know just what you are. You a living lie—a whited sepulcher, a murderer. It is useless to wring your hands. What, tears! tears on a man's face. You think perhaps that I like to say these things—that I like to know that you are wretched. Ah, Birge, did it ever occur to you that you could not hurt yourself without hurting me also? Your loss is my loss; your dishonor my dishonor. We go together, you and I."

Birge could bear this no longer. He threw himself out of the room and down into the library, and after two or three turns about the library like a hunted, desperate creature, he lighted all the burners, and in a pause of the music Mitchell heard him calling cheerily from the foot of the stairs:

"Come, Miss Stanhope—come, mother—come, Mitchell—let 's have a game of cribbage. I feel just like it to-night."

"All right, Cal," was shouted back from Mitchell's corner, and they filed down one after another. A gay party sat about the study table. For once, Mitchell found in Calvin his match at repartee. Miss Stanhope looked at him with curious interest in her eyes, and she blundered, giving away when she should have played trumps, for Calvin with flushed cheeks and glowing eyes really looked magnificent to-night. He might not be so proud and disagreeable when one came to know him well. And

Mrs. Birge—glad Mrs. Birge—thought she had never seen Calvin so gay and content. Grateful tears gathered in her eyes as she thought how thankful she ought to be for so good a son.

The happy autumn slid rapidly away. Miss Stanhope was with her pupils a certain portion of the day, and when she was at leisure she usually found Mitchell at leisure also. Mrs. Suavity was just now so very busy with Lou's arrangements and Lou's trousseau, that she had little time for even that dear Mrs. Birge. "Lou you know is to marry that agreeable millionaire, J. Stubbs Smythe, whom we met at the mountains last summer. One would scarcely expect Lou to fancy a man so much older than herself, but there is no accounting for a girl's fancies, and Lou was always peculiar, you know." Mitchell endeavored to console himself, and entertain Miss Stanhope at the same time. There were long walks beyond the city limits in search of ferns and autumn leaves, and sometimes Calvin caught an hour and drove his mother out to the rendezvous, and there were dainty picnics and gay junketings, in which Mrs. Birge lived her youth over again, with the difference that she was happier, far happier, than she had ever been in her youth. At home there were long, cosy chats in the family sitting-room, readings and discussions in the library, and songs and dreams in Mitchell's corner. Apparently there was never so much comfort and quiet happiness on the Seaborn estate as now.

November was like a long, Indian summer day. Mrs. Birge often stood at an open window, as in an outer doorway, looking through the still, hazy atmosphere, musing upon the Celestial City whose foundations of precious stones and gates of pearl she could almost discern. She had all her life feared death; not the being dead, but the dying, the losing consciousness, the yielding up of life, the leaving all things that she knew for all things that she knew not. But latterly even that dread was fading away. It seemed sometimes as if it were as easy to die as to step out of the door of her house into the grounds that surrounded her house. And then what wonderful things lay beyond. Her blood ran swift and warm as she thought that there she should see Him who had so loved her, and had died for her. She used to read: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me"— and it had seemed to her a hard saying. How could she love Him whom she had not seen more than she loved these precious sons who were all of life to her? How could she? She did not know; she never could have told the process. She knew only the fact, that she now loved Him better than father or mother, better than her sons, better than her own life. And she longed sometimes with a restless longing to speed away to Him, to see Him, to know Him, to love Him without let or hindrance. And yet, never had life seemed so sweet, never had she so desired to live, and she did not attempt to explain the paradox.

She stood thus in the outer door-way one sunny afternoon, her thoughts reaching out beyond all things visible, but ever and anon returning to the smallest affairs concerning her daily life; the ordering of the morrow's breakfast; the loose lock on the store-room door; the garments to be mended and folded; hearing through all Mitchell at the organ, playing in a dreamy, desultory manner. Sometimes he sang alone, sometimes Miss Stanhope's voice glided in, a full, rich undertone. Sometimes they chatted together and Mitchell's laughter came ringing down the stairs. How happy they were! A thought that had been in Mrs. Birge's mind many times of late came again, and she turned to go up the stairs. She could think easier there. And she thought as she went slowly step by step hearing the voices above:

"Yes, Miss Stanhope is just the one for Mitchell. Her steadiness and thoroughness are exactly the qualities he needs to insure success in any undertaking. She has a fine presence, she is a Seaborn, too,—there's good blood in her veins. She would be not only worthy, but a real acquisition to the family."

Another step up the stairway and she thought: "It is a pity that neither have any money to speak of, but they are both

young yet; they must wait." A long pause, for it was harder going up the stairs than formerly, and she added: "Yes, she would make him an excellent wife, and she would be such a comfort to me as I grow older. Who knows but I may yet hold grandchildren in my arms?"

The level rays of the setting sun came in through the western windows, making broad paths of light across the upper hall, resting like a benediction upon her head as she came slowly up the long stairway. Mitchell was playing lightly, softly, some tender thing that came up in his memory; Miss Stanhope was bending over a book, and Mrs. Birge was thinking: "How sweet life is! How much I have to be thankful for!" A little farther on there was a pause in the music, and Mrs. Birge's thoughts came back to Mitchell, and she said: "When I get to my room I will ask our Heavenly Father to bless Mitchell and Relief, and to make a straight and pleasant path for them to walk in to the end of their days."

Suddenly Mitchell's voice broke out, exultant, filling all the space from the vaulted roof to the outer doors, singing:

> "Arise and shine in youth immortal,
> Thy light is come, thy King appears,
> Beyond the century's swinging portal,
> Breaks a new dawn—the thousand years."

The voice and the words thrilled her as never before. She was visibly moved and shaken. One step more and she would be at the top of the stairs. She would sit on the upper landing and rest. She had often done that of late. And on the upper landing she sat down, her clasped hands resting against a baluster—her forehead resting on her hands. The sunlight still lingered on her bowed head and Mitchell was still singing,

> "Breaks a new dawn—breaks a new dawn."

An hour later Calvin came hastily up the stairs. He had a new scheme for the evening, something to make time fly faster. Twilight brooded in the halls. He heard the murmur of voices above, Mitchell and Miss Stanhope talking in undertones. Suddenly he saw some one sitting on the upper landing, and he put his hand on his mother's shoulder.

"Mother," he said, surprised at finding her there, "mother!"

There was no answer. Was she asleep? He stooped and touched her head. It fell heavily one side, the clasped hands dropped into his, and they were quite cold.

"Mitchell?" he called, and there was something in the tone that brought Mitchell instantly.

"What is it, Cal? What 's the matter?"

"Nothing," answered Calvin in a strange, repressed voice, "nothing, only my mother has swooned. Open the door into her room and get a light." But he knew as well then as he knew an hour later, that she would answer him no more, call he never so loud or long.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lodgings had been taken at St. Germain's for an indefinite period. Cicily, in charge of Miss Sedge, nurse and traveling companion, passed long, quiet days while Philip Cone went hither and thither, restlessly filling up his time. He inspected road-beds and bridges, examined the running stock of various railroads, and was interested with all manner of civil engineering feats. He gave himself to the study of things that he could understand. He had attempted to study Cicily, but the more he studied her the more inexplicable she became, and at last he gave it up with the reiteration that he never could "understand a woman," and wisely turned her over to Miss Sedge.

With or without her own consent, Cicily was slowly regaining health and strength. Everything about her was new and strange, and she could not avoid being interested and gradually drawn away from contemplation of herself. Miss Sedge was strong, quiet and sensible, if not sympathetic, and was as healthful and bracing as a northwest wind. Cicily was growing ashamed of her long and apparently causeless fits of crying, her periods of obstinate silence, and her habit of keeping her eyes closed when Philip Cone was in her presence. Cicily never knew from what depths this plain, strong but womanly woman saved her, simply because with all her perverseness and obstinacy, Miss Sedge loved her. Fortunately or unfortunately, Cicily could no more live without loving than she could live

without breathing. She had loved Mother Goodenough with all her heart, and she had loved Lou Suavity with a fervor that sometimes astonished that blue-eyed maiden; and now, though Miss Sedge did not believe in broken hearts and never allowed Cicily to compromise herself by sickly or sentimental confidences, she began to love Miss Sedge and to care for her opinion, which thus became an important factor in Cicily's final recovery. Philip Cone had manifested his usual felicitous judgment of individuals by his choice of nurse and companion for the woman he could not understand.

To-day, Cicily had been out for a long drive with Miss Sedge, and was now resting in her own room, watching the moving shadows on the wall where the western sunlight came in through the open windows, hearing the roll of organ tones from the church across the way where vesper services were being held. From time to time, she caught the high tones of voices, singing a familiar, intercessory hymn that has voiced the pleadings of sad hearts for ages. She followed in thought the lower tones which failed to reach her ear, and before she was aware had joined the services of the worshipers she could not see. Miss Sedge, in an adjoining room, smiled as she heard the clear, young voice, softly singing, and added her own petition to the closing strain:

"Father have mercy, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen."

"What! singing?" said a pleased voice, and Cicily looked up to see Philip Cone standing near, his hands filled with letters and papers. He had unexpectedly returned from one of his many excursions and had gotten possession of the mail that had accumulated during his absence. Cicily's first impulse was to shut her eyes, but the softening influeuce of the hymn was upon her and she opened them again, languidly smiling. Grateful for even so faint a smile, he stooped to touch with tender caress the radiant hair. Ah! how he loved this perplexing child-woman, who seemed to care as little for his love as the bare earth for the sunshine. But she would love him in time—he believed that, and it made him patient with her, and enabled him to go on day by day making as little demand upon her as one would make upon a sick child.

"Letters, little one; letters from home," said he cheerily.

Cicily's pale face flushed for a moment, and the clasped hands held each other with a closer grasp, but she did not move or speak.

"Here is a letter from Lou," said he holding out a dainty missive.

"Lou writes to you, then"—glancing at the address, without taking the proffered letter.

"Yes, she wrote some time ago that she was about to be married, and—"

"Lou about to be married?" interrupted Cicily raising her head and looking with startled earnestness in Philip Cone's face.

"Yes. Did I not tell you? I intended to tell you. I answered that letter inclosing a draft as a wedding present. This letter tells of the marriage, and other things that I thought might interest you."

"Who has she married?" It was more a cry than a question, and Philip Cone looked wonderingly at the white lips and the brown eyes filled with fear.

"J. Stubbs Smythe."

"Oh!" said Cicily suddenly catching her suspended breath. She half smiled, her head fell languidly back in the pillow; she had lost all interest in the matter.

"Shall I read you the letter?" he asked at length.

"If you please," she answered indifferently.

He read it leisurely, glancing now and then at the white face on the pillow, with a swift interrogation that would have reminded Cicily if she had seen it of Mrs. Suavity when that lady was on her mental voyages of discovery. Nothing however was to be discovered but weariness and *ennui*, and they were old discoveries. He folded the letter to lay it aside, when he saw a line of writing running around the margin of the paper. Turning it, he read:

"Perhaps you will be interested to hear that Mrs. Birge is dead. She died very suddenly some time ago. Rumor hath it that one or both of her sons are to be married presently."

A quick movement of the hitherto mo-

tionless figure drew his eyes to Cicily. The clasped hands had gone up to the throat, as if she were choking, and he saw the white lips quivering as the face turned away and hid itself in the pillow. Philip Cone was not a dull man; and yet, somehow, the things nearest to him were the things of which he knew the least. In the perfect stillness of the next two or three minutes he thought he heard a sob. "Was Cicily grieved because Mrs. Birge had died? She had seen little of Mrs. Birge. Or was it—" He did not finish the question, even to himself. With a startled look he picked up his hat and set it straight on his head, and with his eyes on the shrinking figure he said quietly, but with a certain precision:

"So Mrs. Birge is dead. She was a good mother. Her sons suffer a great loss; but if they marry perhaps the loss will be made up in their wives." Bending to observe Cicily more closely, he added: "I thought the younger son had a liking for Lou—he was always at the house. If he marries to prove that he is not heart-broken he will not be the first man who has treated himself in that way." The face was pressed closer in the pillow, but that was all, and after a pause he said, slowly: "As for Calvin I pity the woman he marries; there's a devil in him. I remember how the fellow looked when I told him that I was going to take you abroad for a number of years; though to be sure that was nothing to him, and—"

He stopped there, for suddenly the clasped hands had left the throat and were stretched above the head. The strained figure was an agonized protest, against—what? He had not intimated to Cicily that they were to remain abroad for a number of years, for the reason that no such thought had entered his head till he spoke. Was it that which she could not endure? or was it—? He would know. He laid his hand on her shoulder and tried to turn her face to the light, while he said in that low, stern tone which she had never heard:

"Cicily, what is the matter? Tell me."

She flung herself beyond his reach with a single spring, and facing him with dilating eyes, said,

"Keep away—keep *away*!" Even while she spoke, she reeled, beat the air with her hands and before he could reach her fell forward insensible. All that care, treatment, and change of scene had done to rebuild her health and strength had been undone in an instant.

Miss Sedge was called and Philip Cone went for a physician. Once out of doors he groaned. That was the beginning of his habit of groaning when he was alone. Before he reached the physician's office a definite change in his plans for the future had been made. Cicily would not return to America for years, perhaps never. When it became necessary for him to return he would leave her in Miss Sedge's care. The reasons for this change he dared not face, just yet. All men have seasons of cowardice. Philip Cone had his now.

In justice to the man it must be said that when he married Cicily he believed that he was doing the greatest possible kindness to a friendless, homeless girl, in ueed of everything. He loved her with all his heart, but his love had its beginning in compassion. There had been a very sincere desire to help and shield her, apart from any selfish consideration. Perhaps his love had not been so thoroughly unselfish as to make him desire her happiness at the expense of his own, but he would have hesitated long before doing anything that he believed would make her at all unhappy. That Cicily had, could or would care for any one but himself, had not hitherto entered his thought; even now, he felt like fliuging the suggestion contemptuously aside, but as he walked on with his hat down over his eyes he groaned again.

All night Calvin Birge had sat beside the study table, motionless, with folded arms and chin fallen upon his breast, helplessly hearing the iterated and reiterated accusations of Bones. The burden he had so long borne alone had become intolerable, and to-night despair was fastening itself upon him. Bones said truly that it mattered little to Calvin Birge what any one else thought of him, so long as he thought well of himself; and it availed uothing that all the world thought well of him, now that he could no longer thiuk well of himself. The loss of

his self-respect was an overwhelming loss, an irreparable loss. His anguish of spirit came not from the thought that he had injured any one else, or that he had injured whatever lay back of any one else, but that he had injured himself,—Calvin Seaborn Birge. He seemed to see himself as he saw the sheet of paper on which Cicily's marriage certificate was written, white and fair, till that huge, black blot fell upon it, staining and befouling it forever. He dwelt on the blot till he saw only the blot. In his solitary moments it was ever before his eyes; the grave was not deep enough to hide it; eternity was not long enough to wear it out; he must live forever and forever with this ghost of his murdered self. Knowledge is ofttimes a bitter fruit. He *knew* that no injury is so great as the injury a man does to himself. What wonder, then, that he hated himself! What wonder that the days became a perpetual judgment day, his own sense of justice sitting upon the throne? He had been over and over his sin till it had worn deep mental ruts in which his thoughts plodded inexorably, pursued by a tireless remorse that was no way akin to repentance. He grieved over the effect of the sin, not over the sin itself.

The death of his mother had broken violently in upon this dreary intensity of thought. It saved him from madness, or from that hardness of heart that would have made all manner of evil easy, if not desirable, followed only by instinctive likes or dislikes. His love for his mother had been one of the elements of his life, as exacting and as jealous as the love of a man for his wife. With him it was ever *my* mother; with Mitchell it was always *our* mother. Calvin would have shared his affection with no one, Mitchell would have shared it with all the world if only he had all that he needed himself. But Mitchell was the one who complained—the one who could not have his mother dead—the one who accused the Lord of dealing hardly with them. Calvin said nothing, he grimly held himself to bear it. God was punishing him. So much for his Puritan blood. Then came the question, for it was a logical head, "Why should God punish him since he had sinned only against himself?, since he alone must bear the consequence?" He pondered the question while he kept steadfast watch in the cold, stately parlors, where the still form of his mother lay, awaiting burial, according to the Seaborn traditions.

Into this room Mitchell often came, filled with self-reproach, shaken with passionate sorrow, and at the sight of the dead face would go out again in a delirium of rebellious grief. Miss Stanhope quieted him only to find the same storm raging when she met him again. She had for him a great compassion,—an almost heart-breaking compassion,—but ever and anon her thoughts went down to the man who paced the room below, as white, as patient and almost as cold as the form he unceasingly watched, feeling that though she understood it not, there was a grief too deep to be touched even by compassion.

The last night of the watch Mitchell came into the room and begged Calvin to leave him alone with his mother, and there in the silence and the dim light, kneeling beside her, he confessed to her his sins, entreated her forgiveness and promised to follow her wishes as long and as far as it was possible for him to do so. Would she not be near him? would she not lead him? though he should see her and know her no more. It was months since Mitchell Birge had uttered a prayer; he had doubted if there was any one to hear if he prayed, but now it seemed to him that he could pray to his mother; she would hear, and before he was aware he was praying, not to his mother, but to his mother's God, a broken, incoherent prayer, intelligent only to Him who knew the heart of Mitchell Birge better than he would ever know it himself.

When Calvin returned he found Mitchell standing over his mother, and he could but accept his outstretched hand. A lasting peace was here sealed between the brothers, but it was Mitchell who made acknowledgments, Mitchell who craved forgiveness, Mitchell who said: "I was never half so good as you, Cal, but be patient with me, and for her sake let there be no more unkind thoughts or feelings between us."

Then came the funeral, followed by

dreary days in a dreary house. Miss Stanhope went away and the brothers were left to bear their loneliness and sorrow as best they could. Calvin kept steadily at his work, but Mitchell could do nothing. He wandered about the house, and over the grounds, and out upon the street, and back again, distressed and tempest-tossed, like a bark that in fair weather has drifted upon a shoal and lain idly rocking till the storm came and the wind blew. He saw his peril but saw no way of escape. The teachings and beliefs of his childhood had gone for naught. He had cast them aside as childish garments and now found himself naked. He had questioned and doubted till he could no longer believe anything. It is so much easier to lose one's faith than to regain it, and is not, as some would have us think, a mere matter of the will. Mitchell Birge was, for the time being, as much incapacitated for believing as a man with broken legs is incapacitated for walking.

The instinct of scepticism is a little like the instinct of hunting, there is more or less of it in every human being. Many a man enters upon the pursuit, not that he cares for the game—not that he wishes to prove that there is no God; not that he would satisfy himself that he is nothing, going nowhere, but for the enjoyment, the zest of the pursuit. To a brave man the keenest intellectual pleasure comes from what he calls the pursuit of truth—the hunting of truth to its lair; the attempt to measure the ways, and perhaps the thoughts of the First Cause. But "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord;" and if the man gets bewildered and lost, and at last seems to himself to be nothing, gone nowhere, he has arrived at a conclusion or a destination that he did not seek to arrive at in the beginning—a conclusion and a destination that is far from being satisfactory. Lives there a sceptic who deep down in his own heart would not believe in the simplest forms of Christianity if he could? The saddest, the most pathetic utterances, are the utterances of men who with the farthest and subtlest reach of thought grasp only negatives. A man can no more live on negatives then he can live on stones; a negative creed is the creed of death.

To this Mitchell Birge had come, for he had traveled faster than he knew. The delightful hours passed in reading and thinking and communing with Mrs. Suavity were swift but perilous hours. He had begun to feel the drift of the current, to question and to doubt, before he fell in with Mrs. Suavity, but after that he drifted fast and far; faster and farther than he would ever have known but for the shock of his mother's death. It is impossible to bury one that we love, as Mitchell loved his mother, and feel that that is the end. She still lived, not here but somewhere. He would have gone back to the simple faith of his childhood if he could. That seemed to him no longer possible. "Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein." How hard that is! Could there be a straighter gate, a narrower way?

In addition to all this, he tortured himself needlessly. Self-reproach was his constant and courted companion. He had grieved his mother—he had gone contrary to her wishes—he had killed her, he said. His only intervals of anything like rest came when meeting Miss Stanhope coming and going from her school; she talked with and comforted him in her quiet but confident way. She tried to persuade him that he was still a Christian, that he needed only to retrace his steps to regain his lost peace and comfort. She reminded him of the Pilgrim's sleep in the arbor on the hill; she spoke of Peter; she used every argument and inducement. But it was very discouraging work, for the next day he was as deep down in the slough as ever. She thought it a hopeful symptom when he began to complain. He wished he could take things as easily as Calvin. Calvin pursued the even tenor of his way undisturbed by their mother's death. Calvin could never have loved their mother as he loved her. He was indignant, even, that Calvin should be so unmoved, that he should be so calm and content all this while.

Alas! how little they knew of each other

they might as well have lived each in a different hemisphere. The solitary breakfasts, the dreary dinners, the still house, the long days,—it was like living in a sepulcher.

If the days were long the nights were yet longer. Mitchell retired early, in self-defense, he said. Sleep, when it was to be had, was his only refuge. Calvin often sat far into the night, Bones steadfastly keeping him company; not always talking, but frequently silent hours at a time. Calvin sometimes thought that this dumb presence with its accusative attitude was harder to endure than any amount of vociferous denunciation. What was this thing that he called Bones, and whence its warrant to accuse or reproach? Bones was a mystery to Calvin, a growing mystery. Not long ago he believed that he had complete control of Bones; they were the best of friends, consulting pleasantly about all matters of interest, differing and discussing, but rarely or never coming to an open quarrel. Now all this had changed. Bones seemed to be master, and he took it upon himself to reproach and accuse, not angrily, but sorrowfully, and to sit in judgment upon Calvin all the day long. He thought sometimes that he could get on very well if it was n't for Bones. Bones knew everything that he had done or had intended to do, and would set all his sins in order before his face. There was no deceiving Bones, but if he could only get rid of him some way. He had a suspicion that he would have to face Bones forever, and that would be, he thought, the most frightful punishment ever meted out to man.

Bones had been silent for hours, and Calvin sat looking in upon himself, seeing the injury he had done and feeling the impossibility of ever undoing it, till he groaned again and again in bitterness of spirit. "Oh, wretched man that I am!" was the burden of his moan. How willingly he would have gone a pilgrimage on his knees, how gladly he would have worked like a galley slave all the years of his life, if thereby he could have made himself white and clean—if thereby he could once more respect and think well of himself. Ah, what was it to be clean! As he unlocked his arms for a fuller breath he swept a book from the table to the floor. Replacing it, it fell open to a well-worn page. There were passages marked by his mother's hand, and he stooped to read:

"Wash me throughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me." And again: "Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

He straightened up suddenly. What! Was it possible that he could be made clean? that he could be freed from this tormenting sense of guilt? He clutched the possibility as a drowning man clutches a straw. With eager, feverish haste he began and read the psalm through. When he came to "Deliver me from blood guiltiness," he stopped, stilled and awed. Who in the far-off past had made confession for him? Had another trod the same path that he was treading, and had that other found a way of escape? His eye fell upon the words "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Could it be? Could it be?

His head fell again upon his breast and his eyes grew dim. He was listening to another voice; he had gone back to his childhood, to a Sabbath evening when his mother, as she was wont on Sabbath evenings, sat reading to her boys. Mitchell was at her feet with his head in her lap, asleep. Her hand lay lightly on the brown hair, and in the stillness and the fading light Calvin heard her reading, slowly:

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Out of all the readings and teachings of the past these words came back like an offer of life to a dying man. His need was so great that he did not stop to question or to doubt. If there was a way of escape, he must find it; if there was such a thing as washing and cleansing, he must be washed and cleansed. Bones was saying tremulously, eagerly: "There *is* a way of escape.

You *can* be cleansed; trust it—try it—now; not to-morrow, not next week, now."

Calvin drew a long breath and rose to his feet. The night had been long, the day was at hand. He opened the inner blinds of the eastern window. With uplifted face he saw the early morning light quivering through the bare tree-tops. The ever recurring miracle of the dawn, bringing the promise of all good, had come again. It spoke to Calvin Birge as never before. With a swift surrender he stretched his arms toward the coming light, and cried:

"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me!"

How long he stood with his hands stretched toward the light he never knew; but when at last his arms fell by his side his face was wet with tears and a flood of sunlight had broken over the earth. A strange, sweet and very tender sense of forgiveness had reached his troubled soul, and he fell upon his knees, broken in spirit, but with a heart overflowing with gratitude—tearful, solemn, glad.

Whatever theologians may say, repentance not unfrequently comes after the perception of forgiveness. It came to Calvin Birge now. By the light of the new dawn that was rising upon him he saw what he had not perceived hitherto, that in sinning against himself he had sinned against his Maker. The thing that despoils itself, despoils its owner; the two are in a sense one. The cry of his heart was now, "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned."

He went to his work that day with a surprising sense of relief, like one who has suddenly waked from a troubled dream. There flowed through him a new, strong current of peace, that made all duties light and easy. An unwonted gentleness was manifest in his speech and manner, and many a man turned to look at the something new that shone in his face, and to wonder what had happened to Mr. Birge.

One of the first thoughts that came to Calvin was, "I must tell Mitchell," but he shrank from that. He could tell almost any one more easily than he could tell Mitchell; but he had wronged Mitchell, he had sinned against Mitchell, and it was right that he should tell him so, even at the risk of losing Mitchell's respect, which he now found was very dear to him. Before night, however, he was not only willing but desired to tell him. And when the duties of the day were done, he went to Mitchell as he stood musing, with his back to the fire in the grate, and put his hand on his shoulder. Mitchell looked up quickly, for Calvin had not approached him in that way since they were boys. Something about Calvin had puzzled Mitchell all day, and without moving he looked at him curiously now.

"Mitchell," said Calvin promptly, speaking in a low tone that was barely steady, "Mitchell, I have without reason cherished hard thoughts and bitter feelings against you the past year. I have never been considerate enough, and I have often spoken to you as I ought not to speak. Are you willing to forgive me?"

As he said this he put out his hand, and Mitchell grasped it instantly, too greatly astonished to answer. With a swift, intense questioning he looked up in his brother's face now quite near his own; and he saw a contrite, tender, but manly face,—a new face, a transfigured face,—and in a voice that had a glad ring to it, as if he had made a rare and surprising discovery, he said,

"Why Cal, why *Cal*, you're a Christian!"

Moment after moment passed while they stood hand locked in hand before either could speak again.

They sat in the dim fire-light for hours that night. This was an exceptional time, a breaking up of the old order of things before the beginning of the new, and in the neutral interval Calvin Birge did what he had never done before, and would probably never do again, he confided wholly and utterly in some one outside of himself. It was a relief, for this once, to pour into human ears all the pent-up misery of the past. He turned it all out, his affection for Cicily, his jealousy of Mitchell, his hatred of Philip Cone, and the terrible thing that followed, in thought and purpose, but God grant not in deed. He brought out the strange coat and hat from Judge Seaborn's room, and

went over all the details of that night, carefully showing what he did or might have done, and then asked Mitchell if there was any atonement or reparation that could be made? any punishment that he could bear other than what he had already borne, and must continue in some measure to bear as long as memory survived? Calvin had a grave respect for Mitchell's insight and opinion, though he had often treated contemptuously Mitchell's slowness and indecisiveness, which was a direct result of his looking on every side of a question or proposition; and which rendered his opinion, when it was reached, a valuable one. If Mitchell had been a stranger Calvin could have trusted this matter to him better than to any one else. He waited, motionless and silent, for Mitchell's answer.

Mitchell sometimes thought that his life was made up of periods, told off by shocks or surprises, and that the shock or surprise of this evening had more to do in molding and modifying the rest of his life than any previous or subsequent shock or surprise. At the time, however, he had no thought but for Calvin. Never had his sympathies and intuitions been so quickened. He saw it all, presently, with that judicial and almost supernatural insight with which he was wont to see things that did not concern himself. There was nothing to be done; no wrong that could be righted; no earthly penalty could be inflicted; no compensation or atonement could be made; and he understood that it was all the harder for Calvin because there was nothing to be done. A compassion too tender for words filled his heart, and was ever after uppermost, in thinking of Calvin.

When they parted that night, it was with the consciousness that a new bond had been cemented between them that nothing could break; and with the tacit but unspoken agreement that this thing was never to be touched again by either. It was to be sunk out of sight and out of thought so far as Mitchell was concerned. Before they separated Mitchell spoke again of the new impulse or revelation that had come to Calvin, and he said,

"How glad our mother would be!"

"How glad my mother *is*," said Calvin.

"Ah," thought Mitchell with infinite sadness, "that is the difference between us—he *knows* and I don't; he is a Christian and I am not. I have not been over the ground that he has been over; no such revelation has ever come to me; I shall never see things as he sees them." And it did not occur to him to question the meaning of his gladness that such a revelation had come to Calvin, or to ask how or why he came to recognize the fact that Calvin was a Christian.

It was years before he came to understand that the difference was an inherent difference. Calvin would never be tormented by doubts. He saw but one side of a thing, and he saw that very clearly. Whatever he accepted he accepted without reservation and once for all; but it did not follow that he would be a better or wiser man for the difference born in him.

When they parted that night Calvin thought, "Mitchell has always been a Christian, Mitchell will never need to repent as I need to repent." It seemed to him then that his whole life must be a life of repentance, a going softly in remembrance of the past. One thing however comforted him; Bones had become gentle, tender, loving; no longer to be dreaded or avoided.

ONE SUNDAY MORNING.

The tearful smiles and the smiling tears of an April sky came down from the western hills, chasing each other across the green meadows and the blue river, resting a moment on the city roofs and spires, then rushing on over the Wilbraham mountains to meet the morning sun. The snow had gone, leaving not a trace of its chilling breath, and the black mud of the highways was baked to a hard macadam. Blue birds

and robins were no longer monopolized by the artist of Crescent Hill, but shouted and screamed for joy along the slopes and wooded bluffs from Mill River to Rock Rimmon. Every sense was thrilled with the evidence of life and light. We could almost hear the sprouting grass, the swelling seeds and the bursting buds, even as we felt the warm air and saw the changing, softening hues on earth and sky. There was a pervading sense of wondrous and beneficent activity in the visible universe of God, and whatever the day might be to poor, overworked humanity, Nature was in her blithest, busiest mood.

Our Sunday morning breakfast had been consumed with grateful hearts and good appetites,—there is an intimate connection, by the way, between gratitude and sound digestion; it is no wonder that dyspeptics say grace in a perfunctory fashion—and the business of the day was about to begin. Moved by the ambition to be a pioneer in a popular and worthy cause, I remarked to Mrs. John that this promised to be a fine day for church, at the same time alluding to our distinguished success in that direction on a former occasion. To my surprise and slight chagrin, for I expected at least a smile of approval, Mrs. John announced decidedly "We are not going to church to-day."

"Indeed! Why not?"

"Church must come to us. You wished to be excused the other day because you were writing a sermon yourself. Now you can stay home and preach it."

"But my crude essay will be a poor substitute for the magnificent discourse we shall hear in the city."

"Very true. But sister Jane is an invalid and cannot ride or walk to church. The boys' spring suits are still unfinished, and moreover you need the practice."

As further argument seemed useless I merely reminded her that we are exhorted not to neglect assembling ourselves together, which means, of course, going to church. To which she replied that we have also the Master's promise, which is better than Paul's advice, that He will be with us whenever two or three are gathered together in His name.

"We must first organize the Sunday-school," said she.

"Are we to have a Sunday-school as well as a sermon?"

"Certainly we are. Shall nothing be given these dear children but the dry husks of a theological discourse?"

"The old folks need the Sunday-school quite as much as the children," said sister Jane. "A host of questions have been puzzling us all the week that we ought to talk over together."

"Very well; I am ready to work in any good cause, but I would like to know what are to be the chief objects of the enterprise."

"To begin with, a pleasant, happy time for the children," said Mrs. John.

"Steamboat excursions and base-ball," whispered the boys.

"Intellectual and moral training," said sister Jane.

"The study of the Bible," said the lady from Richmond.

"Sunday-school concerts," murmured the choir.

"Religious instruction of the young," said the deacon's wife, who had staid at home from church at Mrs. John's instigation in order to be present.

"To know about the different kinds of religion all around the world," said one of the visitors from the East with great deliberation.

"The catechism, the ten commandments and the golden rule," said the deacon, who came with his wife.

"With your permission, friends," said the schoolmaster, "I would like to give you this morning my idea of what a Sunday-school should be, and in order to be more clearly understood I propose that we reduce the suggestions to practice on the spot as far as practicable, drawing upon imagination when we have not the means for actual experiment, somewhat as children play keep house with old boxes and broken dishes."

"If the deacon will invite the lads whom I see across the street looking for birds' nests and May-flowers to join us we shall have material enough for a beginning."

Curiosity proved more powerful than the desire for birds' nests and our company was

enlarged by the addition of four boys and one little girl. The oldest boy guarded one pocket with excessive caution and the little girl carried a handful of poor wilted hepaticas and wintergreen leaves.

"Now children," said the school-master, "we will play that every foot of this room is a meter; that will make it about forty-five feet wide and seventy feet long, large enough to hold several hundred people. Then we will build along the west side and across the ends as many little rooms as there are classes. These two Japanese screens set against the wall will make two rooms and if we bring in the clothes-horse that will divide the remaining space into two parts, making four separate alcoves, which will be enough for us to-day. We can play there are five or six times as many and all full. Presently we will take the portable seats and move into them, but first we will all sing." And before we had time to clear our throats he started a familiar tune and the whole company joined in without stopping to think whether they knew it or not.

"Please move your seats into the alcoves."

We were all wide awake now and with some confusion but more zeal distributed ourselves, not so much by natural affinity as by accidental proximity.

"Now if you will set the screens so you can all see me but cannot see into each other's houses we will sing another hymn," and away he went again, the whole school following, the little girl with the wilted flowers and the deacon coming out about half a note behind the rest.

"We must have a superintendent," was the next announcement, "and I wish to say that a woman should be chosen for this office. It especially requires the sympathy, the tact, and the aptness for teaching which are more frequently found in women than in men. One would suppose that superintendents of Sunday-schools were sometimes chosen for their double skill in being able to conduct formal religious ceremonies with great dignity, and to manage festivals, picnic excursions and Christmas trees on a large scale. But a Sunday-school is not a camp-meeting or a summer hotel, and men are extremely rare who possess the business qualities demanded by such enterprises and who are also capable of disinterested love for their fellow-men and self-sacrificing devotion to their welfare, without which the chief officer of a Sunday-school is chief only in name. Will you please nominate a superintendent."

"Sister Jane," called out the deacon, and sister Jane was unanimously elected, the boys almost dislocating their right shoulders in signifying their choice and the little girl exercising her feminine privilege of voting on both sides of the question.

It was agreed that the school-master should finish shaping his model and the new superintendent be inaugurated the next Sunday. Just at this time three men came strolling up the street with their Sunday clothes on and the bottoms of their pantaloons turned up out of the dust. The deacon beckoned them to come in, which invitation, after a little discussion among themselves, they finally accepted.

"Remembering that our Heavenly Father is always near us and understands our secret thoughts as well as our spoken words, let us spend a few moments in silent prayer and thanksgiving," said the school-master when they were seated. Then after a short time had passed in absolute stillness, he turned to the organ and played and sang a sweet and simple tune, every word of which could be distinctly understood.

"We will sing together once more," said he, "and then the curtains will fall."

This musical performance was a failure because we were all wondering what the falling of the curtain would be.

"Now you will see, in imagination of course, beautiful curtains, ancient tapestry, perhaps faded and pathetic, or modern mummy cloth, bright with pomegranates and peacock plumes, falling silently before the alcoves, preventing each class from seeing or being seen. In order to carry out our experiment I suggest that Mrs. John instruct the youngest class as to the relative merits of gathering flowers and robbing birds' nests; that the deacon discuss the theory and practice of Sabbath keeping with the young men; that the lady from Richmond reads to the choir from the book of Psalms, explaining if possi-

ble the use of words in sacred music; then if the deacon's wife will kindly enlighten our foreign guests as to the essential difference between the Christian religion and other systems, and its superiority to them, we who remain will form a circle in the center of the room, and consider the general principles of Sunday-school work and service. The curtains have fallen, that is, we will imagine they have, and each class is alone with its teacher. If this was a real Sunday-school-room the separating partitions would be something more substantial than these screens, though they might be thin and movable. There would be a real curtain for each alcove and possibly another tier of alcoves above these. It is true curtains would not prevent noise from passing out and in, but when each class is interested by itself and cannot see the others there would be but little annoyance. We talk and listen with our eyes almost as much as with our tongues and ears, and curtains are so much more quiet, graceful and accommodating than doors that their deficiencies are easily forgiven."

"In a real school would there not be young children whose class exercises would consist mainly of concert reading, singing or recitation that would be noisy?"

"Such a class should have a separate apartment for its own use and never need be brought into the general assembly of the school."

"Not for singing and devotional exercises?"

"No; they should have singing and devotional exercises adapted to their understanding."

In the midst of this discussion Angelina and her brother drove up to the door, and soon after came in without ceremony. They were invited to join the class in religious biography. The school-master explained that this was a model Sunday-school, just now engaged in defining the rights and duties of such an institution. "And these," he continued, pointing to the various groups, "are the practical illustrations. The youngest class are dealing with subjects within their comprehension, flowers and birds' nests, with special regard to moral deductions, developing conscience, duty, kindness and the pleasures flowing therefrom. They might learn Scripture texts enough to win first prizes in a dozen Sunday-schools without being moved to ask as I heard the little girl a moment ago, 'Does it hurt the flowers to step on their heads when they are looking at you?' Another class are discussing the Sunday question, studying the records of ancient laws, customs and requirements as recorded in the Old Testament, the brief allusions to the subject in the New, the opinions of the early Christians and more modern reformers, and the apparent needs of mankind as indicated by history in all ages. Those supposed to be interested in music as a means of religious expression are refreshing themselves by rehearsing the songs of praise and thanksgiving that even without music have given comfort and strength to the generations of men for uncounted centuries.

"This class in which you see a mingling of races is very properly comparing the relative merits of Christianity and other religions, and I very much fear their worthy teacher is not able to defend her own faith with convincing logic. How can she be, having no accurate knowledge of others, and hardly more than a blind, unreasoning reverence for her own?"

Angelina, comprehending that it was a Sunday-school, at once volunteered to take a class, but seeing no extremely ragged or otherwise depraved looking members seemed to feel that her services were not required.

It is one of the queer manifestations of human nature that the missionary spirit appears to find its highest delight in diving into the deepest depths. It is easy to find enthusiastic young women and courageous young men who are ready to take their lives in their hands for the sake of reaching the "dregs of society." It is by no means common to find one who is willing to treat those held to be only a little lower in social rank with cordial Christian kindness. Angelina, for instance, will devote herself to the most abased street urchins, invite them to her table, transport them in her carriage and greet them with the utmost warmth on the street; but from the tired seamstress who

makes her dresses, the weary shop-girl of whom she buys them, the teacher of the public school, the intelligent carpenter or machinist who works in her brother's mill—from all these with whom she has many common interests and to whom her kindness and sympathy would be of real value she turns away in cold indifference. This reflection passed through my mind while Angelina was finding a seat, and the schoolmaster continued the same subject almost as if I had spoken aloud.

"Your offer to instruct a class is kind and we may be glad to accept it. I was about to say as you came in that all teachers, especially those who would give moral and religious instruction, should be in fullest sympathy with their pupils, unconscious of any difference in station, capacity or needs. Spiritual flame can never be kindled except by spiritual contact. Goodness cannot be poured into a vacant heart; it must be grown within it and drawn forth. Souls cannot be hauled up out of sin and ignorance like fish from the turbid waters of the sea, however strong the cord and tempting the bait. He that would save them must dive for them, and stand beside them and struggle with them for the shore, and those have the largest success who do not venture far beyond their natural depth.

"The best guides and instructors are those who know by their own personal experience precisely what their classes wish or need to know, who have traveled the very paths that are to be shown, suffered the same doubts and fears and rejoiced in the self-same temporal and spiritual blessings that are possible to those whom they seek to guide. The man or woman who has the heart of a child is the only fit teacher for little children. One who carries the remembrance of his own youth always with him is the best instructor for young men; and to place gay and giddy girls in the care of stern, immovable and unsympathetic matrons would be sure to bring disappointment and grief to both. Above all things a Sunday-school class must be loved by its teacher, not with the pious love of benevolence merely; not because it is a solemn duty, but with a warm, human, personal affection, sure to beget a fervent return. When such mutual affection is not possible, no lasting good can result either to pupil or teacher."

"We gave you our opinions as to what should be taught in Sunday-school and would like to know what you consider proper subjects of study."

"Whatever tends to promote clear thinking, right feeling and righteous acting. Mrs. John's plea for a pleasant, happy time is amiable and just, yet it is an extremely difficult matter to draw the line between shallow, trifling amusement and such genuine enjoyment as shall leave only pure and joyful memories behind. Nothing is easier than to give pleasure to children through their affections and desire to learn, except perverting their tastes by unhealthy excitements and novelties. The demand of the boys for picnics and base-ball is natural, to say the least, and by no means to be disregarded; but picnics, excursions, fairs, festivals and exibitions have no more connection with legitimate Sunday-school work than milking cows or learning the multiplication table. They may be pleasant and harmless if honestly kept where they belong, in the category of mere secular amusements. If allowed to stand as an inducement or a recompense they become stumbling-blocks and pit-falls." Intellectual and moral training, advocated by your new superintendent, covers a large territory and much debatable ground, leaving the essential question still unsettled, for we have still to decide what kind of intellectual training shall be sought and what methods of moral culture shall be adopted. The lady from Richmond prescribes the Bible. Beyond doubt the study of the truths of the Bible should be the most prominent objective point in Sunday-school tuition, but the mechanical study of the book itself, committing texts to memory, poring over, and diving into commentaries, glossaries, notes and concordances, speculating upon various translations and doubtful etymologies, tracing ancient geographical boundaries, comparing marginal references and hunting for verifications of prophecy, will no more unlock the divine truths of inspiration, than a mechanical reading of the words, figures and lines, in a treatise on ge-

ometry will open the treasures of mathematical science. For little children to be crammed with Scripture texts which they can by no possibility comprehend is hurtful to them and irreverent to the Bible, giving them the form of truth without its substance and making a clear, authoritative standard of moral excellence more difficult to attain hereafter. Thousands of children learn passages from the Sermon on the Mount which convey to them no better meaning than the rhymes of Mother Goose. Is it strange that for so many the letter thus learned kills the spirit? By adult classes a more thorough and reverent knowledge of the Bible will be gained if a large portion of their study is given to books which have nominally no connection with it whatever, but which develop and educate the mental or moral capacities indispensable to its just appreciation, the sacred books of other religious systems, the imperishable thoughts and aspirations of wise men in all ages. Without this illumination of heart and mind, the inspired record may be superstitiously adored, but can never be in the largest sense believed, can never make us wise unto salvation.

"It was to be expected that our choir should approve of Sunday-school concerts; so do I, but not monthly concerts. I would have them every week and they should be real concerts, everybody taking part and all at the same time. Unless elocutionary practice was a confessed object of the school, I would not allow a few of the brightest, most ambitious or boldest of the boys and girls to sing or speak alone, or even in small companies. There is danger of fostering their own vanity and arousing the envy of their mates, not to mention other grave objections. I would not set a sweet little child in the superintendent's place even if its artless ways and lisping words could be made to point a moral and amuse the school—not unless it was so young as to be wholly unconscious of its own position. But I would have such glorious music as should cheer and elevate every heart and sound on through the week, lightening all burdens of care and grief by the memory of its sacred words and the echo of its joyful melody."

"Where will you find such music?"

"It would be easier to tell where it cannot be found. The religious instruction urged by the deacon's wife is like Sister Jones' intellectual and moral training, an indefinite quantity. Pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father is surely the grand aim of all our teaching. Of sectarian doctrines, which sometimes cover large tracts of nominally religious ground, the less we have the better. There can scarcely be a more grievous offence against a child than authoritative instillation of such opinions—opinions that can only be held blindly and may poison the spiritual growth of a life-time. Acquaintance with the different religions in the world, which our friends from the antipodes advise, is essential to a saving knowledge of our own. If there ever was a time when truth was endangered by free investigation and wide research, that time has passed forever. The doors and windows are all open, the barriers removed. The past comes down to us, the present is close around us and the whole world is standing in our sight. Truth and error must grapple openly and fairly; we cannot shut out a knowledge of the conflict if we would. What the deacon would have us learn, can all be mastered within an hour if we choose our own catechisms. Learning to *keep* the ten commandments in their Christian as well as in their Mosaic significance, and to practice the golden rule, will make our lives one constant Sunday-school. I will now invite the teachers of the different classes to report the substance of their various lessons, but first the curtains must be raised, that the whole school may be united and hear these reports together."

"Do you not use the lesson papers?" said Angelina.

"Yes,—to kindle fires; we have no other use for them. Yet if the time should ever come when our teachers are utterly barren of original thoughts or skill, when they can only repeat what they have been told, pour out what has been poured in, when their ability to teach is on a par with the musical skill possessed by the proprietor of a hand-organ, or when our classes all desire to know precisely the same thing and think

the same thoughts in the same way and at the same time—we may then find them useful. The bed of Procrustes was not a popular instrument even among the ancient heathens. A spiritual machine made on similar principles can hardly be approved as a modern means of Christian enlightenment."

Before the teachers were ready to report, Mrs. John, to whom parliamentary rules are unfathomable mysteries, moved that we adjourn and lay the reports on the table, and have an intermission of one hour, and those who wish come and hear the sermon at eleven o'clock, which comprehensive motion was unanimously carried.

II.

Mrs. John has certain unique opinions—some people might call them whims—which I never oppose. She does not allow me to preach, even at home, without proper accompaniments. There must be a regular pulpit—which on this occasion consisted of a high stool with an empty soap box on top, a high backed chair at each side and a red shawl thrown over the whole; there must be an organ voluntary, the piano will not answer; the reading and singing of a hymn, Dr. Watts having the preference. The sermon must have a text from the Bible and at least three "heads" besides the application. Formal prayer she decidedly disapproves. She claims that being "led in prayer" is a contradiction of terms since all supplication and thanksgiving to be effectual must spring spontaneously and silently from each heart and rise directly to the giver of all good without the aid of an interpreter. For a large number of people to assemble for prayer she pronounces not only unnecessary but unchristian! What can I do with such heresy? I tell her people would forget the forms of prayer if it were not for prayer-meetings, and she irrelevantly asks which I like best—among layman of course—those who are gifted in public prayer or those who only pray in their closets? And when I inquire how we can tell whether a man ever prays unless he sometimes "leads," she says, "Sure enough! how shall we know a good man from a bad one unless he kindly introduces himself?" Discipline must be maintained, and I avoid such discussions as far as possible.

On this memorable morning, the Sunday-school adjourned, the vagrant children departed with a blessing and a cookie, and the remainder of the company decided to stay and hear the sermon. The resounding peals from the city spires came rising and swelling upon the breeze, all minor harshness and inharmony lost in the distance, only the solemn grandeur and loveliness of the tones remaining, as the purity and strength of the gospel rises supreme above the jarring inharmony of sectarian strife and selfishness. Meanwhile the late Sunday-school room was transformed into a miniature meeting-house. Two lounges were the highest priced pews, a double row of chairs made the "body slips," and the choir were established in a corner of the room at the right of the pulpit.

As the last faint echoes from the church bells died upon the air, the cabinet organ lisped forth a modest voluntary, Dr. Watts and Lowell Mason, though dead, came forth to bear their undying testimony, and the sermon began. Mrs. John settled back upon a lounge to be edified and to criticise; the lady from Richmond wore a resigned expression and a lace cap; the school-master took out a memorandum book to record any especially wise remarks; the boys winked at each other; the choir were preternaturally dignified; the deacon sat with ears erect, alert for heresies, and our visitors from the Orient absorbed information as is their wont by shrewd and silent observation.

"The words of my text may be found in the fifth chapter of Paul's first letter to Timothy, verse 8.: 'But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.'

"Beloved friends, with your permission I will take the end of my text first. Although infidels are rarely mentioned in King James' version of the Scriptures, either in praise or blame, it appears that the first Apostle did not hold them in very high esteem. It also appears that there have been those whom he accounted even worse. It is a common opinion in modern times

that some very good men, relatively speaking, are infidels; and that other very bad men, speaking absolutely, are *not* infidels. I propose, dear friends, on this occasion, firstly, to define a modern infidel—the only kind of an infidel who is dangerous either to himself or to society; secondly, to describe the consequences of infidelity; and thirdly, to set forth certain prominent causes of this moral disease.

"The word infidel is derived from two Latin words, '*in*' and '*fidelis*;' '*in*,' a particle of negation—"

"Oh, John, please don't drag in the dead languages! Who cares where a word was born or what it is made of, if it only conveys a distinct meaning?"

I should have explained that notwithstanding Mrs. John's fondness for formalities she invariably yields to the impulse of the spirit and speaks in meeting whenever she happens to disapprove the sentiments, or fails to understand the meaning of the speaker. This is one reason why I seldom take her to church. Not every preacher can bear to have his opinions and statements challenged on the spot, but I am well used to it. Sometimes I leave the thread of my discourse to reply to her suggestion, but oftener, as now, listen respectfully, wait till she has concluded and then begin where I left off.

"—and *fidelis*, an adjective signifying faithful, trustworthy, that which can be depended upon. An infidel, therefore, is an unfaithful man. This etymological point is not introduced as of the least importance in establishing a moral truth, and in this respect you will observe that my mode of argument differs from that of many eminent theologians, who appear to find great satisfaction in building their pet dogmas on special interpretations of Scripture texts, as though eternal truths were padlocked by the obsolete grammar of a dead language! There is no danger, my friends, that any really divine revelation has been left at the mercy of that most uncertain and variable of all human inventions, verbal expression, and you may be sure that any creed, dogma, system or theory which rests upon the questionable sense of a single word or phrase is at best an idle speculation, not worth the breath it costs to state it. (Memorandum by the school-master.) I refer to this obvious derivation, therefore, in order to make clear my own definition. An infidel is an unfaithful man—"

"I think it is very foolish to try to improve on Webster's dictionary. An infidel is one who disbelieves the Christian religion."

"Owing to theological currents flowing constantly in one direction, the term has acquired a certain polarity which Webster describes. I prefer its primitive sense and will come to the matter of believing in due course.

"My first head, the description of modern infidelity, might well have been sub-divided, since a want of faithfulness exists in all departments of human activity, in business, in society, in domestic relations, in intellectual, moral and religious life. But all these infidelities spring from the same fatal source. A man may be selfish in some directions and generous in others. He may be amiable on Mondays and morose on Tuesdays; toward one man just, toward another blinded by prejudice; he may alternate between wise conduct and foolish, he may be sometimes weak and sometimes strong; but if he is an *infidel*, an unfaithful man in one point, he can never be fully trusted in another. Therefore it happens that although he may appear to be unreliable in his business transactions only, or in his social or domestic affairs, or in his intellectual and moral concerns, being by force of habit or from motives of policy outwardly true in other directions, yet if he is an infidel at heart we can have no assurance that his habits or his policy may not change with varying circumstances. The man whose honor cannot be trusted in a business transaction is an infidel, though he superintends a dozen evangelical Sunday-schools, presides at the noonday prayer-meetings, and is accounted the most polished pillar of his church."

"That's a very sweeping statement," observed Mrs. John shaking her head severely. But sister Jane nodded approval, the schoolmaster made another record in his note-book, one of the boys woke up suddenly, and all the other boys laughed.

"I must, however, leave these secular

branches of the subject to consider infidelity in its more intellectual and spiritual sense, faithlessness in matters of conscience and religious belief.

"Unbelief and infidelity are indeed closely allied because there can be no constant impulse to faithfulness that is not based on belief in God, in human worth, in duty, responsibility, and conscience. Without such belief, no matter what its outward formula may be, life becomes an aimless voyage on an unknown sea, liable at any moment to be overwhelmed in ruin, almost certain to be found worse than wasted, when at last the end is reached. While upon this subject of belief allow me to finish it as far as my present purpose is concerned; not to impose my creed upon you, which is of little consequence to any one but myself, but to explain what I understand by a religious belief or faith."

"Will you have the kindness," said the school-master, who had caught Mrs. John's habit, "to give us the substance of your own creed? It may be of more value to us than you think."

"It is very brief. I believe in God. Beyond that first article of my faith and a few inevitable outgrowths from it I cannot go with perfect clearness and confidence. If I attempt to follow any path far from this central source I lose my way, my sight is dimmed, my understanding falters, and I am glad to turn about."

"What are some of the outgrowths, John?"

"Eternal justice, infinite kindness, human brotherhood and immortality. But if the congregation have finished their catechising I will proceed with my subject. Beliefs are often confounded with opinions, especially when the latter are so strongly held that the holder is willing publicly to declare them. Such a public declaration of opinion, often erroneously called a 'profession of faith,' is the last and least evidence of a vital belief, since profession without proof is worthless, and there can be no proof of a believing beart but such a conduct of life as makes all other declaration needless. More than that, such a declaration not infrequently distorts or prevents the growth of a clear, abiding faith."

"I think, my dear, you are getting exceedingly radical and narrow. One would almost think you were trying to undermine the institutions of religion."

"On the contrary, I am trying with all my heart and soul and strength to fortify the foundations of religious institutions; trying to look with a single eye and to speak the truth without prejudice. A genuine faith, a downright belief, is sure to be a controlling motive, otherwise it is a mere opinion or a doubtful conjecture. I believe that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. My course being free, it would be morally impossible for me, desiring to go from one to the other, to start off at right angles to the true course. If I truly believe in Christ I shall instinctively and without a thought of effort or anxiety as to results shape my life as far as possible in harmony with his precepts and example, feeling it no self-denial and counting it no merit to do so. Otherwise I am faithless to my own convictions—an infidel. Similarly he who professes to love his fellow-man, but knowingly takes advantage of his weakness or his ignorance, is an infidel. He who asserts a desire to serve God and claims to believe what is written, that one cannot serve God and Mammon, and who yet spends all of six days or all of even one day in Mammon's service, and the remainder of the week in ministering to his fellow-men—the only outward demonstration of love to God which the Master ever taught—is an infidel. He should spend *all* his time in such ministration. He who pretends to believe that his career on earth is but a preparation for an eternal existence whose weal or woe depends on the purity, the patience, the duty, the truth of its earthly portion, and yet fails to make purity, patience, duty and truth not only the outward but the inward motive of his daily life, is an infidel. He who declares a belief in the omnipresence of God while secretly performing deeds and thinking thoughts which he would not dare reveal even to his fellow-sinners, is lost in the darkness of a fatal infidelity. I tell you, my friends, a belief which finds its most conspicuous expression in verbal statement, under whatever forms and ceremonies,

is worse than worthless. Even the devils have a truer faith for they *tremble.*

"Having defined infidelity and given a few examples, I proceed, secondly, to describe its effects, but my time is too short for more than a brief outline of the evils that flow therefrom. Scarcely a sin or sorrow on the face of the earth that may not be traced to this fatal source. From the pitiful crimes of untaught youth to the shameful sins of hardened age; from ruined homes to desecrated sanctuaries; from the degradation of private corporations to national disgrace—wherever misery, vice and wrong are found in Christian lands, we see the evidence of infidelity. Those who suffer or those who cause the suffering have been faithless to God, to conscience, to duty and to humanity."

Here Mrs. John, who had kept still an uncommonly long time, broke forth in earnest protest. "This is a very solemn subject for a home sermon. You should have provided for your own, especially for such as are of this peculiar household, something light and cheerful."

"Perhaps I am overtaxing the audience. If they would like a diversion they may be meditating upon what has been said thus far, while we sing a hymn."

This proposition delighted both choir and congregation, who united in singing four verses of "So let our lips and lives express," with great unction.

"The cause of infidelity lies primarily in the total depravity of the human race,—"

"How absurd! You know you don't believe in total depravity."

"—theologically speaking, which being construed into plain English means their ignorance, weakness and undeveloped condition generally, from which all sin and sorrow flow; but practically and directly it springs in some of its most hurtful forms from the very source that ought to build up and not destroy the element of faith—the doctrines of the theologians. You will see from this why I am obliged to preach at home."

"I am not sure you will be allowed to preach at home again. That is more heretical and dangerous than anything you have said before."

"It is indeed a charge which I should not make carelessly, even at home; but unless I err greatly the habit of inaccurate statement and indifference to the finer dictates of conscience is directly fostered to an alarming extent by many of the institutions to which we instinctively turn as moral bulwarks. Every sectarian church has its creed. It is a familiar fact that the various subscribers to these articles of faith openly acknowledge that their understanding of what they profess to believe varies indefinitely; the privilege of private interpretation is so broad that actual conformity is not expected or desired. A business paper admitting such latitude of opinion would be considered a piece of folly, or worse, a trap to catch the unwary. 'Do you believe in Christ?' asks the examiner, and all answer 'Yes.' But one means, 'I believe there was such a man;' another, 'I believe he was a great moral teacher;' another, 'I believe he was a phenomenal being;' a fourth believes he was 'divine,' but does n't pretend to understand where humanity ends and divinity begins. The next believes he is the 'second person of the Trinity,' whatever that may be; the tenth explains his divinity by his 'power;' the ninety-ninth accepts him as 'very God of very God;' and the one-hundredth believes in the abstract principle of Christianity, of which the historical but possibly mythical person was the type. And with one accord they all cry, 'we believe in Christ!' Is that accurate statement? intelligent truth-speaking?

"Or suppose the question to be, 'Do you love Christ?' and all reply 'yea,' 'yea!' Yet they all know the proof he asks—keep my commandments—and they know His commands: 'Love your enemies,' 'Take no thought for the morrow,' 'Give to him that asketh,' 'Turn the other cheek,' 'When thou prayest enter thy closet,' 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth,' 'Resist not evil,' 'Take my yoke upon you and learn of me.'"

"But surely, John, you don't think those who profess to love Christ will always follow these commandments at home and about their business?"

"I am certain that they ought. I am cer-

tain that they would rarely fail to do so if. their vows of allegiance were as clearly understood, as conscientiously realized, as they would be in case of loyalty to an earthly sovereign and obedience to his laws. We never forget the laws of trade. We seldom forget or transgress the statute laws, which are far more complicated and confusing than Christ's commands."

"But a good deal more in accord with depraved human nature," said the school-master, using his note-book freely.

"Possibly, though not with regenerated human nature.

"But the question I am discussing is of accurate statement and the finer dictates of conscience. If the public profession of Christianity means a sentimental admiration of the philosophy, an acknowledgment of personal unworthiness and a willingness to live in accordance with the principles and doctrines of the Christian faith, as we privately understand them and as far as our business relations and social ambitions, our selfishness, vanity, ignorance and other weaknesses and imperfections will allow us to live, it should be so stated in distinct, simple and accurate language.

"Many other examples sustaining this charge might be given, but I pass to what I esteem a more alarming source of infidelity than all the scientific books ever printed, all the heresies ever promulgated, all the scoffs ever uttered by open or covert foes; and if the school-master wishes to record the observation I will speak slowly that he may do so. The contempt for human understanding that poisons sectarian teaching, the persistent efforts to silence the voice of God which speaks to the souls of men through their reason and intellect; teaching which practically asks the stifling of conscience, the extinguishing of common sense and the accepting as incomprehensible but sacred truths what are to this same God-given reason hopeless contradictions. Not all the texts from Genesis to Revelation, not all the preaching since Adam, can justify this sin against the spirit of truth, the divine gift of moral perception. I know with what solemn earnestness we are told that these doctrines are inscrutable mysteries which we must accept in humble faith. But intelligent men cannot accept them thoughtfully and retain their sanity. They assent outwardly, but within they are full of reservations and hidden doubts. And here is the very climax of moral and spiritual tragedy; the true dictates of reason and conscience, the sublime teachings of the Master, the written and the unwritten laws of God, that only need simple interpretation to stand as steadfast sentinels and beacon lights, are overthrown and trampled in the dust with the worthless rubbish of sectarian dogmas and bigots' creeds!

"Men who have been persuaded that they must profess and try to believe what is from its nature utterly incomprehensible, or worse, plainly contradictory, are in imminent danger of carrying something of the same loose logic and confusion of moral principles into their business, social and political affairs, of disregarding accurate statement and exercising the assumed right of private interpretation in all their obligations. Clear and right thinking is no more possible upon such a basis than right physical action is possible to him whose limbs are deformed by accident or disease."

"Will you have the goodness to designate some of these objectionable doctrines?" asked the deacon.

"No, sir; my hearers must make their own application. Far be it from me to thrust a disturbing rod into the slowly clarifying pool of dogmatic controversy. Whether men are inclined by nature to partisanship and sectarianism—a sort of instinctive mental gregariousness—or whether these habits result from the authoritative promulgation of doctrines that cannot be held at all unless by blind obstinacy, I am unable to say; but this fact is apparent: directly assailing any theological or political position, however untenable it may be, usually confirms the dogged resolution of those who have committed themselves to its defence, shuts their eyes instead of opening them, all because men are more zealous in upholding their own reputation for infallibility and righteousness than in seeking absolute truth and light."

"I should be sorry to prolong the exer-

cises," said Mrs. John, "but I must ask if you would have us reject all mysteries and deny everything that cannot be reduced to mechanical law and mathematical demonstration."

"No indeed! A thousand times no. Our dearest hopes, our purest motives, our strongest faiths, and our most sacred aspirations spring from sources beyond our finite comprehension, and can no more be formulated in words or even shaped in actual thought than the perfume of violets can be weighed in a balance or sunbeams painted upon a canvas. But these divine emotions and intuitions, sacred mysteries as they are and must ever be, do not contradict what little knowledge we have gained; they do not oppose our intellectual and moral powers and perceptions, but rather lead them on to wider, loftier range; to more fearless, free and reverent activity.

"In conclusion I wish to observe:

"1. That belief, if genuine, controls conduct and needs no other announcement;

"2. That infidelity is the violation of one's own convictions and professions;

"3. That feeding the human understanding upon incomprehensible, inconsistent and contradictory theories destroys the moral sense and begets practical unfaithfulness;

"4. That Christian lands are full of infidels in the church and out of the church;

"5. That closing our eyes to errors existing in a beneficient institution is a form of infidelity fatal to the institution itself and most harmful to those whom it aims to serve;

"6. That the foundations of our country were laid centuries ago in the fullest acceptance of evangelical Christianity. The Christian religion has been ever since, and is today, our outward profession and constant boast, and I ask, what more fatal error than this which I have striven to portray, the fearful adulteration of divine truth by the false doctrines of men, prevents this Christian land from the full enjoyment of the promised fruits of the gospel,—universal peace, prosperity and righteousness?

"In short if our Christianity were *real* Christianity should we be what we are?"

E. C. Gardner.

ONLY A WORD.

Only a word! a little winged word
Blown through the busy town,
Lighter than thistle down,
Lighter than dust by roving bee or bird
Brushed from the blossoming lily's golden crown;
Borne idly here and there,
Oft as the summer air
About men's doors the sunny stillness stirred.
Only a word!
But sharp, oh sharper than a two-edged sword
To pierce and sting and scar
The heart whose peace a breath of blame could mar.

Only a word, a little word that fell
Unheeded as the dew
That from the darkling blue
Of summer midnight softly steals, to tell
Its tale of singing brook and star-lit dell
In yonder noisome street,
Where, pale with dust and heat,

The little window flower in workman's cell
Its drooping bell
Uplifts to greet the kiss it knows so well;
A word—a drop of dew!
But oh, its touch could life's lost hope renew.

Mary Keely Boutelle.

STAND-BYS.

I was having an exchange with a brother minister in a little country town of New England. It was a dark, stormy morning late in November. The congregation, small at the best, was scattered through a farming community, some of its members at a considerable distance from the church; and as Fred, the minister's son, and I walked up to the building at the appointed hour, the lad with inherited ministerial anxiety expressed a strong doubt as to whether a multitude that day would go up to the house of God with joy and praise to keep holy time together. Not a person was to be seen at the door, not even the faithful sexton, not even one of the group of well dressed and observant young men usually there. The long line of sheds was entirely empty. No small boy, sent ahead to get him out of mischief and save his clothes from destruction on the banisters, was visible stoning the geese, or trying to walk the path of rectitude on the top of rail fences; and as I looked abroad over the wet desolation the dreadful thought arose as to whether the preacher would not also have to be the chief part of the congregation.

Just then in the distance, down through an avenue of trees tossing their branches as if in warning and astonishment, the glimpse was caught of three female figures cloaked, umbrellared, struggling with the sleet and rain, making their way in the direction of the church.

"Ah! There they are," exclaimed Fred, "the three stand-bys! I thought I should see them. Father calls them the three stand-bys, because it makes no difference how hot or cold or stormy it is, or what the season of the year, they are always sure to be present, and father knows, even if nobody else is there, that he will have them to preach to."

I watched the figures thus designated with no small degree of interest as in a zigzag course with many a tack and close-haul they made their way slowly but perseveringly up into the meeting-house portal; and when we had gathered around the warm register in the otherwise empty church, Fred introduced them. One was past middle life, the gray locks the wind had blown about falling softly over her temples; the other two, sisters, not so old, but still no longer in the freshness of youth. They were all wholesome, good-looking women, evidently of the large-hearted rather than the strong-minded type, but with something in their features, a sort of divine glow, more than that of the intellect, which at once attracted attention. It was easy to see that the steadfastness and fidelity from which they had got their name were not of the outward act alone but born and rooted in the soul, easy to understand how three such faces as theirs could light up any place even in the darkest day of winter. And, as I thought of thousands of others like them in all churches and in all departments of life, and of the service they are doing, a sermon was preached to me a great deal better than anything which I could have said to them.

The simple presence of such persons in the church is of itself to every minister a powerful help and encouragement. He is glad, of course, to see new faces coming in from time to time. The poor mother, the stand-by at home, who has a breakfast and a husband and half a dozen children to get ready in the morning, so that she herself

can come out only now and then, whenever she does come is seen with pleasure. The young men of his flock, flowers of the kingdom, whose eyes and religious natures open usually only in the latter part of the day, but who occasionally under the inspiration of a new suit of Sunday clothes blossom out in the forenoon, excite in him, till he learns better, a gleam of hope. The religious casual, the small and infrequent worshiper described by Horace, owning a pew but occupying it so seldom that when he does use it it has to be found for him by the sexton, is not by any means unwelcome; and there is always an inspiration of some sort in the great crowd of strangers who appear Sunday nights when it has been advertised that he is going to speak on the kingdom of Satan, or the doings of the devil, or the sowing of wild oats, or some kindred theme. But after all it is the stand-bys, the men—usually old ones—and the women living often farthest from the church, who are absolutely sure of being in their places punctually every Sunday, Thanksgiving and even Fast day, whatever the season or the weather or the subject may be,—these that he looks upon with special delight and finds to be the fountains of his greatest earthly inspiration. What is winter, what are rainy days, what snows a fathom deep, when he has the prospect before him of their bright faces looking up to his and their warm hearts ready to drink in his truth? I know of a minister who never goes to church with such a light step and elastic spirit as on stormy Sundays, sure as he is then of meeting there the picked audience, the sifted wheat of souls, who really want to hear him preach, and who will do it without a side glance at their neighbors' clothes even during the reading of the notice of the regular Thursday night prayer-meeting. Fred's father is a type of us all. There is no preacher who with three stand-bys cannot face bravely what is sometimes regarded as the devil's worst artillery, the gaping mouths of three score of empty pews. Their winter cloaks and brightening eyes allure him on amid bare walls, murky shadows, closed hymn-books, broken fans and the awful echoes of his own voice from truth to truth and from charge to charge, as the white plume of Henry of Navarre led on his followers amid the smoke and din and groans and carnage of the battle field. And when the sermon is over and he comes down from the pulpit and they stop to shake hands with him,—as real stand-bys always do,—and ask him if it is not hard preaching to so few, he answers without even a minister's white lie that it is the jolliest thing in all the world; and he goes home to his slippers and cold meat feeling that he has fought a good fight and that his seed—for that is what his shot always are—has fallen into good ground, even though it be into a patch of it no larger than three pews.

Equally valuable are they at prayer-meetings, Sunday-schools, sewing circles, and all manner of parish gatherings. Numbers are pleasant, new faces charming; and it is a good plan to have an excitement now and then which will bring in all the floating material of the community. But every minister, every worker, knows that these flood-tides of interest do not, cannot last. The enthusiasm dies; the crowded rooms thin off, and there comes a lull when only a few of the old, plodding, never-tired workers are left. These are the stand-bys. They bridge over the interval from excitement to excitement; are the only members sometimes who give societies a continuous life. They are not noisy, not conspicuous, not always the leaders and go-ahead people, and in the full sweep of prosperity, like the rocks on the shore when the tide is in, are often forgotten and lost sight of. But when the tide ebbs; when there is no minister and no popularity; when trouble, trial and disaster come, then like the rocks they rise again, distinct and visible, and the society lives, lives perhaps as a light-house amid the stormy waves, because it has their strong souls on which to rest. Rev. Mr. Murray in his lecture on "Deacons" laughs at the two or three officers of this name in so many of our religious societies who are always on hand at the prayer-meetings, and stand up year after year to make the same long prayer and give the same juiceless exhortations. His description makes a very funny picture, but after all it is just such old men,

always there, whether there is any interest in the church or not, and always doing their best when called upon, even though it be with the same old prayer, who for more than two hundred years in New England have kept these meetings in existence and afforded religion the limbs, whistling and bare though they were in the cold winter, on which to hang its leaves, flowers and fruit when the spring-time of revivals came again. A hard, ungrateful heart must that minister have who does not love and bless these old, faithful, always-present souls, whether deacons or not, whose only gift is, —and it is a divine one as truly as any dash of leadership or brilliancy of prayer,—simply to stand by him in times of loneliness, unpopularity and spiritual deadness.

It is not in religious matters only, however, that there are stormy Sundays and empty seats; not in sewing circles and prayer-meetings alone that there are glacial epochs, ebb tides of interest, slender bridges over which life's forces must march. They occur in friendships, in homes, in business, in all the experiences of daily life,—times and places of weakness and trouble, when the eager, rushing world leaves even its most favored children behind and forgotten; and it is in these, too, that there comes the need of something solid and true, humble though it be, on which to fall back. In the golden flush of youth, of course, we all like new faces, new friendships, new homes, new gods. The more lovers, the more popularity, the more changes, it is thought, the more happiness. Every fresh scene is hailed with enthusiasm; every fresh acquaintance with delight; every good-looking girl outside of his own home is to the young man an angel; every spruce young man to the girl a possible hero; the very crackers to the boy who is out visiting are sweeter than his mother's fruit cake. Age, experience, fidelity, tried and familiar things have no chance then by the side of novelty, dash and show.

But no one can go far on his way without finding that the real gold of friendship is not in the crowd, not in popularity, not in the sparkle of new eyes and the clasp of new hands, however valuable in themselves, but rather in its two or three old stand-bys. The warm, true, faithful hearts, the men and women who have stood by us in the midst of sorrows, troubles, mistakes of judgment, failures in business, aye, and in the midst of our sins; the stormy-day friends who come to us in our solitude all the more certainly because, as they say, perhaps no one else will be there,—nobody has ever known friendship, all the joy and strength it can give, till he has had one or two of these. It is worth meeting misfortune and disaster, worth losing the friendship of the world, just to catch the gleam of their bright faces looming up through the darkness, just to feel the clasp of their warm hands reaching out through the coldness. They light up the world's great temple with a splendor such as never came from the eyes of beauty; cheer us on amid empty purses, dismal times of trade, and the silence of all other songs, with an inspiration never breathed by the tongues of gathered thousands. I heard of one once, an old maid, always doing such things, who in addition to the twelve spools of black thread she already had, went down the village street one rainy day to buy still another of a merchant having a hard time, whose store no one else for twelve hours had entered,—so weakly foolish as a business transaction, "but the turning point," said he afterwards, "of my fortune, and the saving of my soul." Happy is that man or woman arriving in life's journey some stormy morning on a hill-top which all others have deserted who can look down the avenue, lined it may be with leafless winter trees, and see struggling up to him against the sleet and rain two or three of these old stand-bys.

It is friends of this stamp that God gives to every human being naturally in the family and the home. The father and mother, the brothers and sisters, they who have watched over us in our cradles, played with us in our childhood, grown up with us side by side to manhood and to womanhood, their life stream one with ours: they who amid all faults and failures, all that the world could give or take away, have loved us simply because we were ourselves, drawing nearer to us with every stormy day of human life, and whose affection sometimes

not even prison doors can shut out or the stain of a murderer's guilt wholly destroy, a heritage of devotion more or less perfect to which the poorest child of earth is born,—it is these who are true stand-bys, these that are worthy types of the steadfastness and fidelity of the everlasting love.

And when extreme old age has come upon them and they can give to others no longer their care and devotion, when children and children's children have to do for them, upholding their feeble steps, dressing their aged forms, consoling their aches and pains and smoothing their way down to the last deep slumber, not the less are they deserving of the name. It is well known that in the vegetable world it is only the outer circle of wood and fibre,—that coming between the trunk and bark,—by which the tree grows, and that this is made over again new every year, the rest, the old growth, being simply for the tree's support. Nobly, however, it does this service; and there is many a tall tree of the forest and the plain which braves the winter's storm and lives on from year to year, not by its fresh life alone, but because it keeps at its core, sheltered and protected, the old wood which it stored there a hundred years ago. And who has not known of families held together amid all the storms and trials of human life and growing every year more beautiful and saintly, because they had at their center an old father or mother or an aged grandparent who was cherished and folded in by the currents of their fresh young hearts? Thank God, it is not by the sympathy, care and love alone which are received that we live and enjoy and are strong, but far more by what we give. Children never grow up so nobly and well; homes are never so lovely and genial as when there is the glory of a white head among them, thinking perhaps that life's work is all over, to be cared for and loved. And unwise as well as ungrateful is that boy or girl, young man or woman, gone forth into the rush and glitter of the world and rejoicing there in other friendships and other loves, who does not remember and cherish the old father and mother that are still at home and keep the paths open and beautiful and well worn, till death itself shall close them up, which lead to their hearts and their door.

Another blessing of the same kind is that which is given in the ripeness and old age of wedded life. Our advanced theories of divorce and free love making the matrimonial relation merely a partnership to be dissolved at pleasure, whatever else may be said in their favor, strike a deadly blow at an element in it which was meant perhaps to be supreme above all others. What is the sweetest charm of all true marriage, what the greatest advantage, what the most priceless happiness, take life through, which it brings to the human heart? Not the flush and splendor of its early love; not the richer development which it brings to the character; not even the children who are gathered around its shrine. No, but the intimacy and reliability of its companionship; the fact that it gives those who enter in it, each in the other and through all scenes and changes, a near and blessed stand-by. Marriage in some of its aspects is doubtless the source of an immense amount of unhappiness, crime, injustice, blight and down-dragging, one of the most perplexing institutions society has to deal with,—only the blindest sentimentalist will deny that. On the other hand, however,—and this is not mere sentiment but sober fact,—of all the evidences of God's goodness to be found in this lower world, all the proofs that he cares for us not only with the wisdom of a Creator but with the interest and love of a Father, there is none quite equal to his sending human beings into the arena of life, not to fight its battles, win its victories and endure its sorrows alone, but giving them, as they go forth out of their childhood's home, a relation in which each two of them are bound together with the closest of all ties, live together under the same roof, have their labors, their property, their interests, their parental affections all in common, and are moved to stand by each other, hand to hand and heart to heart, in every sorrow, misfortune, trial and stormy day that earth can bring. It is an ideal, if not always realized in full, which is tasted even now, amid all that is said about marriage miseries, more

widely perhaps than any other happiness. Many a married couple in all ranks of society, living together their thirty, forty, fifty years, will testify that the most blessed part of their experience, coming strongest when the fervor of youth was gone, and especially when the children they had reared had taken their flight from the home nest, the thing which atoned a thousand times a day for all the rubs, jars and friction of their relationship, was the consciousness of having a strong arm, a warm heart and a friendly mind, a part of themselves and yet a different self, to lean upon and counsel with through thick and thin, good and evil; and the hope now that when sickness and death shall come to either, there will be the other to smooth the pillow, cheer the darkness, give the soothing draught, hold the weary, nerveless hand, and stand by with help and sympathy when the last dying struggle comes. "I had a happy marriage," said a lady, "but its happiest memory is what I did for my husband in his long final sickness; and I think it was his happiest experience that I was with him then and did it." Who does not know of cases in his own circle of acquaintance where a couple, the one sick and the other well, are doing for each other through years what no one else on earth would or could do? It is not the lover, the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, but the stand-by, which is the enduring element in God's great gift of marriage; this the fruit which grows richer, riper, more precious with every passing year. And who for the sake of any freedom, any variety, any momentary passion, any thing else which the relation of the sexes can give, who, apart from all questions of morality, if he is wise and wants happiness all through, would take it away?

Stand-bys are not usually thought to have any part to perform in revolutions, reforms, changes of base, and great enterprises for the advancement into new fields of morals, truth and society, unless it is to check and oppose them; yet a larger view will show that even here they are to be prized and honored. It is not the brilliant orators, the dashing leaders, the restless radicals; not the men who can draw after them the largest crowds, who constitute the whole element by virtue of which a reform succeeds; but the sturdy men and women who in the days of sleet and rain go up all the same into its sanctuary, and give it in the midst of darkness, solitude and insignificance the help of their two or three bright faces and loving hearts. We smile sometimes in reading Virgil at the way his *fidus* Achates, *fortis* Gyas, *fortis* Cloanthus, characters having but one attribute, come in again and again with the *pius* Eneas; but the story is true to human life, every hero in his deeds being supported by a few just such companions. "What good can I do here?" many a man and woman have mournfully asked going to a temperance meeting or other reform where they had no power to speak, no possibility of further conversion, and no new thing to hear. The good of standing by it, is the answer, the greatest good of all. Steadfastness, fidelity, the power and pluck of being on hand just because there is nothing new to be heard and because everybody else is likely to be away,—these are the qualities which lie at the very core of all progress. It was the fixedness of purpose in the heart of Columbus, his capacity for standing by an enterprise, whatever its desperateness and whoever else might desert it,—this quite as much as the advanced views in his mind which made him the discoverer of the New World. The anti-slavery cause owes its success,—who shall say how greatly?—not to the radicalism and activity of its leaders alone, but to the fact that it won to itself in every northern village a little knot of men and women, gifted with nothing but a conscience, who from its first despised petition on to its last triumphant shout simply stood by it, the country's real conservatives. The words of Christ that where two or three are gathered together in His name there will He be in the midst of them are not an arbitrary promise, but one which is based on the natural certainty that disciples gathered under such circumstances have already in their own souls a large part of what made Christ at first; are a hint also at one of the methods by which the gospel and all reforms do their work. The plan of Wellington at the battle of Waterloo, as everybody knows,

was simply to form his regiments into hollow squares and then exhaust the enemy by having his soldiers withstand the attacks made against them. Again and again those squares were assailed with all the dash and brilliancy of a Frenchman's charge. In vain. Their efforts were like the rush of the waves of the sea against the sharp angles of a granite shore, the legions which made them being broken and rolled back in the foam and spray of human blood. "Hard pounding this," said the English captain, as he threw himself into one of these fortresses of living hearts, "but it all turns on who can stand pounding the longest." And Waterloo's bloody field was gained, one of the ten decisive battles in the world's history, because Englishmen that day stood pounding the longest, or in other words were such good stand-bys. So with the world's great moral battles. The men who can form themselves into hollow squares, squares whose lines are trued by the everlasting right, and in the darkness and discouragement of the battle's pelting rain know the grand art of standing firmly by their cause and standing longest the pounding of their foes,—they are the ones who will remain at last masters of the field.

All honor then in the church, in the home, in the world, and in the battle fields of truth and right to those whose genius and whose mission it is to be the stand-bys. They may not win always the laurels of earth; their position may be less striking and brilliant than that of the inspirers and the leaders; and sometimes here they may be laughed at and despised by their restless brothers, sometimes may despise and mourn over themselves. But not the less are they among the Lord's anointed. Some of the most precious qualities of a true manhood and womanhood go to make up their characters. They have learned at least one of the two great methods of winning victories, the one which the great Captain of all salvation practices quite as much as the other. And when the end comes and the laurels which are to last for the eternal years are given out, the Lord of the whole earth, whose cause they have stood by here, will stand in turn by them; and out of dark churches and wearisome prayer-meetings, and long years of faithful service in the friendships of home, and out from the hollow squares of the world's great battle field they shall be called up to the front ranks of honor, and be stand-bys forever close up to the eternal throne.

John C. Kimball.

A SORROWFUL GUEST.

"*Dear Helen:*

"What do you say to our going to housekeeping together? I'm a very old bachelor with many whims, but I'm your brother, and I don't know that there was ever an act of Parliament that we should spend our lives on opposite shores of the Atlantic. The Atherton's lease of our house is out next month and I have a fancy for taking it myself. We will call it merely an experiment if you like, but I'm tired of the way I live now. I'm growing gray and I shall be dreadfully glad to see you, we will make a real home of it and see something of each other. You must not ask for any more pathos than this! Pick up whatever you can to make the house look fine, but don't feel in the least obliged to come or put it off until the spring—do just as you like. I hear the Duncans are coming home in October—perhaps you could take passage on the same steamer. I can't believe it is three years since I went over last—do you think we shall know each other? '*L'absence diminue les petits amours et augmente les grandes, comme le vent qui etaient les bougies et rallume la feu.*' I met that sentiment in a story I was reading to-day, and I thought it would seem very gallant and alluring if I put it into my letter. I think you will not be

homesick here; you will find more friends than seems possible at first thought. I'm in a hurry to-day, but I'm none the less

"Your very affectionate brother,

"JOHN AINSLIE.

"*Boston*, 2 *August*, 1877."

This was a letter which came to me one morning a year or two ago from my only brother. We had been separated most of the time since our childhood, for my father and mother both died then, and our home was broken up, as Jack was to be away at school and college. During the war he was fired with a love of his country and a longing for military glory and entered the army with many of his fellow-students at Harvard. I was at school for a time but afterwards went to live with an aunt whose winter home was in Florence, and when Jack left the army he came to Europe to go on with his professional studies. He was most of the time in Dublin and London and Paris at the medical schools, but we were together a good deal and he went off for several long journeys with my aunt and me before he went back to America. I always hoped that we might some day live together, but my aunt wished me never to leave her, for she was somewhat of an invalid and had grown to depend on me more or less in many ways. She could not live in Boston for the climate did not suit her. If Jack and I had not written each other so often we should have drifted far apart, but as it was I think our love and friendship grew closer year by year. I should have begged him to come to live with me, but he was always in a hurry to get back to his own city and his own friends when he sometimes came over to pay us a visit in my aunt's lifetime.

At Aunt Alice's death I went on with the same old life for a time from force of habit, and it was just then when I was with some friends in the Tyrol and had been wondering what plans I should make for the winter, whether to go to Egypt again or to have some English friends come to me in Florence, that Jack's letter came. I was only too glad that he made the proposal, and I could not resist sending him a cable dispatch to say Hurrah! I had not realized before how lonely and adrift I had felt since Aunt Alice died; I had a host of kind friends, but there is nothing like being with one's own kindred and having one's own home. And though I had been so many long years away from dear old Boston I never had been so glad in my life to catch sight of any city as I was that chilly, late October morning, when I came on deck and somebody pointed out to me a dull glitter of something that looked higher and brighter than the land, and said it was the dome of the State House. It had been very hard work to say so many good-byes, and my heart had almost failed me when I saw some of my friends for, it might be, the last time. For some of them were old people, and though I said over and over again that I should come back in a year or two, who could be certain that I should take up the dear familiar life again?

I felt more sure than ever that I was going home when I saw my brother standing on the wharf, and I remembered so clearly many of the streets we drove through; and when we came to the house itself, and the carriage had gone, and we stood in the library together where the very same books were in the cases and the same dim old Turkey carpet on the floor—the years seemed suddenly to vanish and it was like the dear old childish days again, only where were my mother and my father? And Jack was growing gray, as he had written me, and so much had happened to me since I had been in that room last. I sat down before the wood fire, and the queer brass dragons on the andirons made me smile, just as they always used; Jack stood at the window looking out and neither of us had a word to say, though we had chattered at each other every minute as we drove over from the steamer. That first evening at dinner I looked across the table at my brother and our eyes met, and we both laughed heartily for very contentment and delight.

"I'm sure Aunt Marion ought to be here to matrouize you" said Jack. Neither of us like Aunt Marion very well, and this was a great joke, especially as she was ushered in directly to welcome me home.

Jack had been living at the house for a

few weeks already, but it was great fun, this beginning our housekeeping together, and we were busy enough for some time. I had brought over a good many things that we had had in Florence and to which I had become attached, and in the course of many journeys both Jack and I had accumulated a great many large and small treasures, some of which had not been unpacked for years. I very soon knew my brother's best friends, and we both tried to make our home not only cheerful and bright and pleasant in every way, but we wished also to make it a home-like place where people might be sure of finding at least some sympathy and true friendliness and help as well as pleasure. Mamma's old friends were charmingly kind and polite to me, and as Jack had foretold, I found more acquaintances of my own than I had the least idea I should. I had met abroad a great many of the people who came to see me, but the strangest thing was to meet those whom I remembered as my playmates and school-mates, and to find them so entirely grown up, most of them married and with homes and children of their own instead of the playhouses and dolls which I remembered.

We soon fell into a most comfortable fashion of living; we were both very fond of giving quiet little dinners; my brother often brought home a friend or two, and we were charmingly independent; life never went better with two people than it did with Jack and me. We often had some old friends of the family come to stay with us, and I sent hither and yon for my own old cronies, with some of whom I had kept up our friendship since school-days, and while it was not a little sad to meet some of them again, with others I felt as if we had only parted yesterday.

I had been curious to know many things about Jack, and I found I had been right in supposing that his profession was by no means a burden to him. I was told again and again that he was a wonderfully successful and daring surgeon, but he confessed to me that his dislike to such work continually increased and could only be overcome in the excitement of some desperate emergency. It seemed to me at first that he ought not to let his skill be useless and idle, but he insisted that the other doctors did as well as he, that they sent for him if they wanted him and he did not care for a practice of his own. So he had grown into a way of helping his friends into their business, and he was a microscopist of some renown and a scientific man instead of the practical man he ought to have been—though his was after all by no means an idle nor a useless life, dear old Jack! He did a great deal of good shyly and quietly; he was often at the hospitals, and his friends seemed very fond of him and said he had too little confidence in himself. I have often wondered why he did not marry, but I doubt if he ever tells me, though he knows well enough my own story, and that there is a quiet grave in Florence which is always in sight, no matter how far away from it I go, while sometimes I think I know every ivy-leaf that falls on it from the wall near by.

As I have said, my brother was constantly meeting some one of his old classmates or army comrades or school friends during that first winter, and while sometimes he would ask them to dine at his club he oftenest brought them home to dine or to lunch, for we were both possessed with an amazing spirit of hospitality. I wish I could remember half the stories I have heard, or could keep track of the lives in which I often grew much interested. There is one curious story which I knew, and which seems very well worth telling; an instance of the curious entanglement of two lives, and of those strange experiences which some people call supernatural and others think simple enough and perfectly reasonable and explainable.

One short, snowy December day just as it was growing dark I was sitting alone in the library and was surprised to hear my brother's latch-key click in the hall door, for he had told me when he went out after our very late breakfast that he should not be in before six and perhaps dinner had better wait until seven. He threw off his wet ulster and was talking for some time to the man, and at last came in to me.

"What brings you home so early?" said I.

"I'm going to have two or three friends to dine. I suppose it 'll be all right about

the dinner? That was not why I came home though; I had some letters to write which must go by the steamer, and I did n't go to Cambridge after all; the snow storm was too much for me, I wanted a good night there."

"Sit down awhile," said I; "you have time enough for your letters; it's only a little after four." Jack hated to write at the library table and always went to the desk in his own room if he had anything to do. He seemed a little tired and threw me some letters the postman had given him as he came in at the door, then he sat down in his great chair near me and seemed to be lost in thought. He was immensely interesting to me then, for we had only been together a few weeks, and I was often curious about his moods and was apt to be much pained myself if anything seemed to trouble him. I was always wishing we had not been separated so much, and I was afraid my insight and sympathy might be wanting; but I think the truth has been that we are much more intimate and are far better friends and have less restraint because we had seen so little of one another in the years that had passed. But we were terribly afraid of interfering with each other at first, and were so distractingly polite that we bored each other not a little; though that did not last long, happily, after we had convinced each other that we could behave well.

"You say it 'll be all right about dinner?" repeated my brother.

"Oh yes," said I, "unless you wish for something very grand; must I put on my crown and sceptre?"

"There has never been a day yet when I should have been sorry to have brought a friend home," said Jack with a good deal of enthusiasm; and I was at once puffed up with pride, for Jack though an uncomplaining soul was also fastidious, and his praise was not given often enough to be unnoticed.

"I met an old classmate just now," said he presently, rousing himself from his reverie. "I have n't seen him for years before. He went out to South America just after the war and I supposed he was there still. He used to be one of the best fellows in the class, and he enlisted when I did, though we did not belong to the same company. I heard once he was rather a failure, but something has broken him down horribly. He does n't look as if he drank," said my brother, half to himself. "I met him over on Tremont street, and I think he meant to avoid me, but I made him walk across the common with me, for he was coming this way. He promised to come to dinner this evening, and I stopped at the club a few minutes as I came down the street and luckily found George Sheffield and he is coming round too. I told him seven o'clock, but I told Whiston we dined at six, without thinking, so he will be here early. Never mind, I'll be ready and we will take care of ourselves. I must finish my letters though," and he rose from his chair to go upstairs. "It is dreadful to see a man change so," said Jack, still lingering. "He used to be one of the friskiest fellows in college. I hope he 'll come. I did n't exactly like to ask where I could find him."

Then he went away and I waited a while, looking out at the snow and thinking idly enough, until Patrick came silently in and surprised me with a sudden blaze of gas, when I went upstairs to dress for dinner, as there did n't seem to be anything else to do. I was a little sorry that any one was coming. Jack and I had arranged for a quiet evening together, and he was reading some new book aloud in which I was much interested. His reading was a perfect delight to me; he did not force you to think how well he read, but rather how charming the story or the poem was, and I always liked Jack's voice.

I found something to be busy about in my room and did not come down again until some time after six. When I entered the parlor Jack rose with a satisfied smile and presented Mr. Whiston, and I was pleasantly surprised, for I had half expected to see a most forlorn looking man, perhaps even out at elbows, from what Jack had said. He was very pale indeed and looked like an invalid, and he certainly looked frightened and miserable; he had a haunted look. It was the face I should imagine one would have who was haunted by the mem-

ory of some awful crime, but I both pitied him and liked him very much.

He said he remembered seeing me one day out at Cambridge with my brother when I was hardly more than a child, and we talked about those old days until my cousin George Sheffield came, Jack's best friend, who had also been Mr. Whiston's classmate.

I fancied as we went out to dinner that our guest would enjoy the evening. His friends were giving him so hearty and cordial a welcome, and I was glad the table looked so bright with its roses and fruit and its glittering glass. I somehow looked at it through his eyes. His face lighted a little, as if he thought he should dine to his liking. He looked as if he were poor, but he was most carefully dressed, and I grew more and more curious about him, while I liked him better and better for the grace of his good manners and for his charmingly bright and clever way of talking. He spoke freely of his South American life, and of being in Europe, but there was something about him which made neither of his friends dare to ask him many questions. I could see that my cousin George was in a great hurry to know more of his history, for they had been very good friends, and he had lost sight of him years before, and had been amazed when he was asked to meet him that evening. They talked a great deal about their Harvard days and grew more and more merry with each other, but when Mr. Whiston's face was quiet the look of fear and melancholy was always noticeable.

When dinner was over, I went away to see one of my friends who came in just then. I could hear the gentlemen laughing together, and I stood talking in the hall some time with my friend before she went away; but at last I went back to the dining-room, for I always liked my tea there with Jack better than in the parlor. I took my chair again, and I was glad to find I did not interrupt them, of which I had a sudden fear as I entered the door.

They were talking over their army life, and my brother said: "That was the same day poor Fred Hathaway was killed, was n't it? I never shall forget seeing his dead face. They had thrown a dozen or more men in a pile and meant to bury them, but there was an alarm and we had to hurry forward again, what there was left of us. I caught sight of Fred, and I remember now just how he looked. You know what yellow hair he had, and we used to call him 'the pretty Saxon.' I know there were one or two men in that pile still alive and moving a little. I hardly thought of the horror of it as I went by. How used we were to such sights in those days! and now sometimes they came to me like horrid nightmares. Dunster was killed that day too. Somebody saw him fall, and I suppose he was thrown in a hurry into one of the trenches, but he was put down as missing in the reports. You know they drove us back toward night, and held that piece of cleared land and the pine woods for two days."

"It all seems like a dream to me now," said George Sheffield. "What boys we were too; but I believe I never shall feel so old again."

"You are such comfortable people in these days," said I, "that I can't imagine you as soldiers, living such a rough and cruel life as that must have been."

I happened to look up at Mr. Whiston and to my dismay he looked paler than ever and was uneasy. He looked over his shoulder as if he knew a ghost was standing there and he followed something with his eyes for a moment or two in a way that gave me a little chill of fear. I looked over at Jack to know if he was watching also, and I was rejoiced when he suddenly nodded to me and asked George Sheffield something about the cigars, and George, who had also noticed, answered him, and began to talk to me about the opera which we had both heard the evening before. I did not know whether they had chanced upon an unlucky subject or whether Mr. Whiston was crazy, but at any rate he seemed ill at ease and was not inclined to talk any more. He looked gloomier and more frightened than ever. I went into the library and presently they followed me, and Mr. Whiston came to say good-night; though when Jack insisted that he should not go away so early, for it was only nine, he sat down again with a half sigh as

if it made little difference to him where he was.

"You're not well I'm afraid, Whiston," said my brother in his most professional tone. "I think I shall have to look after you a little. By the way, are you at a hotel? I wish you would come to us for a few days. I'll drive you out to Cambridge, and you know there are a good many of your old friends here in town." And I seconded this invitation, though I most devoutly hoped it would not be accepted. I had a suspicion that he would be a most uncomfortable guest.

"Thank you, Miss Ainslie," said he with a quick, pleasant smile that brought back my first liking for him. "You're very good. But I'm not exactly in trim for paying visits. I will come to you for to-morrow night, Ainslie, if you like. I should be glad to see you and Sheffield again—to say good-bye. I am going out in the Marathon on Saturday."

Later, when he had gone, Jack and my cousin and I had a talk about this strange guest of ours. "Is he crazy?" said I to begin with, "and did you see him look at a ghost at dinner? I'm sure it was a ghost;" and George Sheffield laughed, but one of us was as much puzzled as the other. "I thought at first he was melodramatic" said he, but there's something wrong about him; is he crazy, do you think, Jack? You're lucky in having a doctor in the house, Helen, if he does come back."

"He's not crazy," said Jack; "at least I think not. I have been watching him. But he is no doubt shattered; he may have some monomania, and I'm afraid he takes opium."

"I should urge him to spend the winter," said George serenely, "and what's the difference between having a monomania and being crazy? Couldn't he take a new fancy and do some mischief or other some day." But Jack only laughed and went to a bookcase, while I thought he had been very inconsiderate, and yet I wanted Mr. Whiston to come again. I hoped he would tell us what it was he saw.

"Here's Bucknill and Tuke," said my brother coming close to the drop-light and turning over the pages, "and now you'll always know what I mean when I say monomania. 'Characterized by some particular illusion impressed on the understanding and giving rise to a partial aberration of judgment: the individual affected is rendered incapable of thinking correctly on subjects connected by the particular illusion, while in other respects he betrays no palpable disorder of the mind'—that's quoted from Prichard;" and he shut the book again and went back to put it in its place, but my cousin asked for it and turned to another page with an air of triumph. "'An object may appear to be present before his eyes which has no existence whatever there . . . . . if unable to correct or recognize it when an appeal is made to reason he is insane.' What do you think of that?" said he. "You had better be on your guard, Jack. I'm very wise just now; I have been studying up on insanity for a case of mine that's to be tried next month—at least I devoutly hope it is."

"But tell me something about Mr. Whiston," said I. "Do you suppose he has no friends? He seems to have been wandering about the world for years."

"I remember his telling me when we were in college that he had no relatives except an old aunt and a cousin, Henry Dunster, whom we spoke of to-night, who was killed in the war. Whiston was very fond of him, but I always thought Dunster was entirely unworthy his friendship. Whiston was thought to be rich; his father left him a very good property, at any rate, and he was always a generous fellow. Dunster made away with a good deal, I imagine; they roomed together and Whiston paid most of the bills. There was something weak and out-of-the-way about him then, I remember thinking; but he was a fairly good scholar, and he made a fine soldier. He was promoted fast, but you know he resigned long before the rest of us were mustered out. Had a fever, didn't he?"

"I believe so," said "the judge," as his friends always called my cousin. "The snow will reach my ears by this time; I must go home. What a storm it is! No, I can't stay later; all night! no indeed. I'll come round late to-morrow evening if I can, but it will not be likely. Now if you

had only been sensible and studied law, Jack, you would n't have missed the festivities—it 's too bad. To tell the truth I wish I could make some excuse and come here instead. I 'm very much excited about Whiston ; " and with a good-night to us and a fresh cigar which he was sure the snow-storm would put out he went away—my lucky, easy-going cousin George Sheffield, whose cigars never did go out at inopportune times, and who never was excited about anything. It always seemed refreshing to find in this age of hurry and dash and anxiety so calm and comfortable and satisfied a soul.

I was in doubt whether we should see any more of our sorrowful guest, but he appeared late the next afternoon, and when I came in from my walk I saw a much-used portmanteau being taken upstairs by Patrick, who told me that there were some flowers in the parlor that Mr. Whiston had brought. So I went in to see them, and my heart went out to the giver at once, for had he not chosen the most exquisite roses—my favorite roses —and more like Italy than anything I had seen in a long day. Patrick had crammed them into exactly the wrong vase, but I thanked him for that, since it gave me a chance of handling all the beautiful heavy flowers and making them comfortable myself, which was certainly a pleasure.

I found Mr. Whiston evidently in better spirits than he had been the night before, and I was not sorry when I found we were to be by ourselves at dinner. I had not asked any one myself, you may be sure. My brother and I have a fashion of lingering long at the table unless I am going out for the evening, and that night he and his friend lit their cigars and went on with their talk of old times, while I listened and read the *Transcript* by turns. Presently there were a few minutes of silence and then Jack said :

" There was a strange case brought into the city hospital to-day ; a poor young fellow who had been literally almost frightened to death. One of his fellow-clerks who boarded with him went into his room the night before in a horrible mask, and wrapped in a sheet, and stood near him in the moonlight, watching him until he woke. He did it for a joke, of course, and is said to be in agonies of penitence ; but I 'm afraid the poor victim will lose his wits entirely, if he does n't die, which I think he will. I don't know what they can do with him ; he may rally, but he looked to me as if he would n't hold out till morning. A nervous, slight fellow ; it was a cruel thing to do. Somebody told me he belonged somewhere up in New Hampshire, and that his mother was almost entirely dependent upon him."

Mr. Whiston listened eagerly. " Poor fellow ! I hope he will die," said he sadly, and then, hesitating a moment, " do you believe in ghosts, Ainslie ? "

" No," said Jack with the least flicker of a smile as I caught his eye ; " that is, I 've never seen one myself. But there are very strange things that one can't explain to one's satisfaction."

" I know that the dead come back," said Mr. Whiston, speaking very low and not looking at either of us. " John Ainslie," said he suddenly, " I never shall see you again. I 'm not going to live long, at any rate, and you and your sister have given me more of the old-time feeling than I have had for many a day before. It seems as if I were at home with you. I suppose you will say I am a monomaniac, at the very least, but I 'm going to tell you what it is that has been slowly killing me. You 're a doctor and you may put any name to it you like, and call it a disease of the brain, but Henry Dunster is always following me."

Jack and I stole a glance at each other, and I felt the strongest temptation to look over my shoulder. Jack reached over and filled Mr. Whiston's cup and the *Transcript* startled me by sliding to the floor.

" I don't often speak of it now ; people only laugh at the idea," said our guest with a faint smile. " But it is most horribly real to me. It sometimes seems the only thing that *is* real." And this is the story he told :

" When I was in college you know Henry roomed with me and at one time we were greatly interested in what we called then superstition and foolishness ; we thought ourselves very wise and thought we could ex-

plain everything. There was a craze among some of the students about spirit-rappings and that sort of thing, and we went through with a good deal of nonsense and wasted a good deal of time in trying to ravel out mysteries and to explain things that no mortal man has ever yet understood. One night very late we were talking and grew much excited, and we promised each other solemnly that the one who died first would appear to the other, if such a thing were possible, and would at least warn him in a way that should be unmistakable of his death. We were half in fun and half in earnest. God forgive us! but we made that awful promise to each other. Then we went into the army and I don't remember thinking of it once until the very night before he was killed; we were sitting together under a tree, after a hard day's fight, and Dunster said to me laughing, 'Do you remember we promised each other that whoever died first would appear to the other and follow him?' I laughed; you know how reckless we were in those days when death and dying were so horribly familiar, and I said the same shell might kill us both, which would be a great pity. We were very merry and foolish, and I should have said Henry had been drinking, but there had been nothing to drink and hardly anything to eat—you remember we were cut off from our supplies and the men had very little in their haversacks. Next day the fight was hotter than ever and we were being driven back when I saw him toss up his hands and fall. He must have been trodden to death, at any rate. When we regained that little field beyond the woods some days afterward they had dragged off the wounded and buried the dead in shallow trenches. I knew Dunster was dead and I stood on picket near a trench which was just about where he fell, and I remember I cried like a girl. I loved Dunster; you know he was the only near relative I had in the world whom I cared anything for, and ours was n't a bonfire friendship. He had his faults; I know he was n't liked in the class. He was a brilliant fellow, but I used to be afraid he might go to the bad. Do you remember that night, Ainslie? The men were so tired that they had dropped down anywhere in the mud to sleep, and there was some kind of a bird in the woods that gave a lonely, awful cry once in a while."

"I remember it," said my brother, moving uneasily in his chair, and this time I had to look behind me; there was no help for it.

"I went to the hospital soon after that," Mr. Whiston said next. "I was not badly wounded at all, but the exposure in that rainy weather played the mischief with me and I was discharged, and before you were mustered out I went to South America, where a friend of mine wished me to go into business with him. I did capitally well, and I grew very strong; the climate suited me and I used to go on those long horseback rides into the interior among the plantations that I told you about last night. My partner disliked that branch of the business far more than I did, so he left it almost wholly to me. I did not think often about Henry, though I mourned so much over his death at first, and I never was less nervous in my life.

"One evening I had just returned to Rio after an absence of several weeks, and I went to dine with some friends of mine. It was a terribly hot night and after dinner we went out in the harbor for a sail, as the moon would be up later. There was not much wind, however, and the two boatmen took the oars and we struck out farther hoping to catch a breeze beyond the shipping. It was very dark and suddenly there came by a large, heavy boat which nearly ran into us. Our men shouted angrily and the other sailors swore, but there was no accident after all. They seemed to be drunk and we were all in the shadow of a brig that was lying at anchor, but Ainslie! as that boat slid by—I was half lying in the stern of ours and so close that I could have touched it—I saw Henry Dunster's face as plainly as I see yours now. It turned me cold for a minute and gave me an awful shock. I told the men to give chase, and they, thinking I was angry at the carelessness, bent to their oars with a will and overhauled them. There were two men on board,

one a negro and the other an old gray haired sailor not in the least like Henry. And I said I had been half asleep and dreamed it was his face; but there was no mistaking him—it was the most vivid thing—it was the man himself I saw for that one horrible minute. And late the next night I was sitting in my own sleeping room. I had reasoned myself out of the thing as well as I could and said I was tired and not as well as usual and all that, and I had thought of it as calmly as possible. I sat with my back toward the window, but I was facing a mirror and suddenly I had a strange feeling and looked up to see in the mirror Dunster's face at the window looking in. It was staring straight at me and I met the eyes, and that was the last I knew—I lost my senses. Only a monkey could have climbed there. There was a frail vine that clung to the stone, and in the morning there was no trace of any creature.

"And since then he follows me. I saw that haggard, wretched face of his last night when I sat here at the table, and I see him looking at me if I look among a crowd of people, and if I look back along a street he is always coming towards me, but when he gets near he vanishes, and sometimes at the theater he will be among the actors all the evening. Nobody sees him but me, but every month I see him oftener, and his face grows out of the darkness at night and sometimes when I talk with any one that face will fade out and Dunster's comes in its place. It is killing me, Ainslie. I have fought against it; I have wandered half over the world trying to get rid of it, but it is no use. For a few days in a strange place, sometimes for weeks, I did not see him at first, but I know he is always watching me now and I see him every day."

I can give you no idea how thrilling it was to listen to this unhappy man, who seemed so pitifully cowed and broken, so helpless and hopeless. Whether there had been anything supernatural or whether it was merely the workings of a diseased brain, it was horribly real to him and his life had been spoiled.

"Whiston, my dear fellow," said my brother, "I'm not going to believe in ghosts if I can possibly help it. Could you be perfectly sure that you did not see Dunster himself at first? You know he was counted among the missing only; there is no positive proof that he died, though I admit there was only a chance he was not killed outright. We never saw him buried," said Jack with unsympathetic persistence. "I'm sorry for you, but you mustn't give way to this thing; you have thought about it until you can't forget it at all. Such cases are not uncommon, it's simply a hallucination. I'll give you proofs enough to-morrow. Have another cup of coffee, won't you?" Jack spoke eagerly with the kindest tone and his guest could not help responding by a faint, dreary little smile. "Do you like music as much as ever? Suppose we go over into the parlor, and my sister will play for us, won't you Helen?" which was asking a great deal of me just then.

And we apparently forgot all about Mr. Dunster for the rest of the evening, and when Jack asked Mr. Whiston if he remembered a song he used to sing in college, to my delight he went at once to the piano and sang it with a very pleasant tenor voice; and when he ended and my brother applauded, he struck some new chords and began to sing a little Florentine street song which was always a great favorite of mine,

"*Vaglio fore mea cassa fonda.*"

It is a sweet, piteous little song and it bewitched me then as much as it did the very first time I had heard some boys sing it, as they went under our windows at night when I was first in Florence years ago.

He said no more about the ghost, but later that night when I happened to wake I wondered if the poor man was keeping his anxious watch, and listening in a strange house to hear the hours struck one by one. He went away soon after breakfast, and though he promised to come in again to say good-bye that was the last we saw of him, and we did not see his name on the steamer list either; so we were much puzzled, and we talked about him a great deal and told George Sheffield the story, which he wished he had heard himself.

"Of course it is a hallucination," said Jack; "they are by no means uncommon. I

can read you accounts of any number of such cases. There is a good deal about them in Griesinger's book, the chapter called 'Elementary Disorders in Mental Diseases,' Helen; if you care to look at it or any of those books on insanity. Didn't you have Dr. Elam's 'Physician's Problems' a while ago? He has an essay there which is very good."

"I was reading his essay on 'Moral and Criminal Epidemics,'" said I, "that was all. It's a cheerful thing too!"

"Isn't there such a thing as these visions coming before slight attacks of epilepsy?" said George, and my brother said yes, but Mr. Whiston had nothing of that kind, he had taken pains to find out. There was no hope of a cure, he feared; he was not wise in such cases, but the trouble had gone too far, these were bad symptoms, and he confesses he has hurt himself with opium during the last year or two. "He will not live long at any rate," said Jack, "and I think the sooner the end comes the better. He has a predisposition to mental disease, and he was always a frail, curious make-up. But I don't know; 'there are more things in heaven and earth,' George Sheffield, and I wish you had heard him tell his story."

And we talked over some strange, unaccountable things, and each told stories which could neither be doubted nor explained. I had been readier to believe in such things since I was warned myself before the greatest sorrow I had ever known. I was by the sea and one of my friends and I were walking slowly toward home one dark and windy evening when suddenly we both heard a terrible low cry of fear and horror close beside us. It was hardly a cry, it was no noise that either of us had ever heard before, and we stopped for an instant, because we were too frightened to move. And the noise came again. We were in an open place, and there was nothing to be seen, but we both felt there was something there, and that the cry had some awful meaning. And it was not many days before I had reason to remember that cry, for the trouble came. I do not know what it might have been that I heard, but I knew it had the saddest meaning.

Two or three weeks after we saw Mr. Whiston my brother came in one afternoon, and I saw he could hardly wait for some friends to go away who were paying me a call.

"I have found poor Whiston," said he, when I joined him in the library at last; "he is at the Carney hospital. It seems he was ill for a few days at his hotel and the servant who was very kind to him advised him to go there. He insists that he is very comfortable and that he has money enough. I wished to bring him over here at first, but I saw it was no use, and I asked him why he didn't let me know; but he is completely wrecked. I doubt if he lives more than a day or two—he was wandering half the time I was there. He said he should be very glad if you would come to see him, and I told him I was sure you would."

I went to see him with my brother the next day, and I saw that Jack was shocked at the change that had come already. There was that peculiar, worried, anxious look in his face that one only sees in people who are very near death, and his fingers were picking at the blanket. I do not believe he knew me, but he smiled—he had a most beautiful smile—and I gave him some grapes and wished I could make him a little more comfortable. The sister came just afterward on her round and gave him his medicine and raised him with a strong arm while she turned his pillow in a business-like way, and I thought what a lonely place it was to be ill and die in, and I was more glad than ever that Jack and I had a home and were always to be together. I left Jack to stay the night, and as I came away I had more and more compassion for the man who was dying; yet I was glad to think so sad a life was almost over with. His days had been all winter days in this world, it seemed to me, and I hoped some wonderful, blessed spring was waiting for him in the next.

When I went over in the morning it was cheerless enough. The rain was falling fast and the snow melting in the streets. My brother was watching for me and came out at once. "Poor Whiston is dead," said he as he shut the carriage door. "He wished me to thank you for your kindness to him,"

and I saw the tears in Jack's eyes. "There 's another star for the catalogue—how small the class is growing! Poor fellow, I did n't know he had gone, I thought he was asleep. We were talking together only a few minutes before; he was not at all bewildered, as you saw him yesterday."

I heard this case talked over more than once by my brother and one or two professional friends of his who came often to the house. Nobody was ready to believe that Mr Whiston had seen an apparition, but the truth always remained that the man's nerves were so shocked by what he believed to be the appearance of a ghost that he had become the prey of a monomania, and had by little and little grown incapable of distinguishing between real things and the creations and projections of his own unsteady brain—*Il s'écoutant vivre*, as the French phrase has it; and having nothing to live for but this it was well that life was over for him. I suppose the acute disease of which he died met with little resistance, for he looked so ill when we first saw him, but it would have been sadder if he had lingered a few more years so miserable as he was—hardly fit either for the inside of an asylum or the outside—to die at last without money or friends to give him the last of this world's comforts, perhaps without mind enough left to miss them.

Strangely enough some months after this, when it was spring, my brother found Dunster at the Marine hospital in Chelsea, where he had gone with another surgeon to see a curious operation in which he felt a great interest. He was walking through the accident ward when somebody called him from one of the cots—a wretched looking vagabond whom at first he did not recognize. But it was Dunster, and he tried to put on something of his old manner, which made him seem like a wretched copy of his former self.

Jack made him give an account of himself. It seemed that he had been thrown among the dead in that battle when he was supposed to have been killed, but he had recovered his senses and crawled from the place where he had fallen farther into the enemy's lines, and he had been sent to the rear. He had nearly died from the effects of his wounds, and it was evident that he had been very intemperate. He had drifted to New Orleans and led a most wretched life there, and at times he had gone to sea. My brother asked him if he was ever in Rio, and at first he denied it and afterward confessed that he was there once and had seen Whiston in a boat and had dropped over the side in the dark to evade him. And when Jack questioned him about being at the window he denied it utterly; he said his ship sailed the next day. It might have been that he meant to commit a robbery, or that he really told the truth and that it was the first of poor Whiston's illusions. Of course it was possible that Dunster might have swung himself down from the flat roof by a rope, and they might have really met at other times—it was not unlikely; but one can hardly conceive of Mr. Whiston's perfect certainty in such a case that the glimpse he had of his cousin's face was a supernatural vision.

My brother said: "I did not tell him what wreck and ruin he had made unconsciously of Whiston's life, at least the part he had played in it; it would do no good, and indeed he is hardly sane, I think. It would be curious if they had both inherited from their common ancestry the mental weakness which shows itself so differently in the two lives. Whiston's so cowardly and shrinking and weak, and Dunster's so horribly low and brutal. There is not much the matter with him—he had a fall on board ship. The nurse told me he was very troublesome, and had fairly insulted the chaplain who had said a kind word to him. It is a pity that shot had not killed him—and I suppose most of the class who ever think of him will say he was a hero and died on the field of honor."

And my brother and I talked gravely about the two men. God help us! what sin and crime may be charged to any of us who take the wrong way in life! The possibilities of wickedness and goodness in us are both unlimited. I said how many lives must be like these which seemed such wretched failures and imperfections. One cannot help having a great pity for such

men, in whom common courage and the power of resistance and the ordinary amount of will seem to have been wanting. Warped and incapable, or brutal and shameful, one cannot pity them enough. It is like the gnarled and worthless fruit that grows among the fair and well-rounded—the useless growth that is despised and thrown away scornfully.

But God must always know what blighted and hindered any life or growth of His, and let us believe that He sometimes saves and pities what we have scorned and blamed.

Sarah O. Jewett.

HEBREW WOMEN.

The position of woman has always been of importance as effecting the character and education of man, but especially at the present time does the subject of the rights and duties of women occupy the minds of unprejudiced thinkers. As moral force has taken the place of physical strength in the government of the world, women have gradually been more and more freed from the narrow circle of life assigned to them, until at length fully realizing their own undeveloped powers, they have stepped forth into a new but no less womanly sphere. America, in opening to women every avenue of progress, has set an example which other countries have not been slow to follow. The history of the past has shown noble and virtuous, brave and independent women, and such, it will be proved, were not wanting among the Hebrews; but as the Jewish nation has long been stripped of its national prerogatives, it was not possible, nor would it have been fit, that rights for the Jewish women should have been persistently asked of other denominations. Thus the nature and capabilities of Hebrew women are known to few, and as a clear understanding of the characteristics of all classes and sects is essential to the fulfilment of religious and social duties, a brief description of Jewish women as viewed in the truthful light of science, may not be without its outcome of usefulness.

Hebrew women have no reason to be dissatisfied with their past or present position. A Jewess to-day looks back upon her female ancestors with reverence and love. When the Hebrew mother gives the Sabbath blessing to her daughter in these words, "May God make thee as Rebekah, Leah, and Rachel," it is not because these were perfect characters, but because they possessed the virtues which every woman should cultivate —purity, strong affections and piety. The Episcopal marriage service exhorts those about to wed "to live together as did Isaac and Rebekah;" if Christianity thus honors the Hebrew woman of old, how tenderly is the latter thought of by her direct descendants! The Jewish Law of Sinai in considering woman the equal of man at once established her standing for all time. Grace Aguilar, an accomplished Hebrew scholar, says: "Were not woman an equally responsible agent in the sight of God, were He not in His infinite mercy tenderly careful of her innocence, her honor, her well-doing, her protection by man, no laws for her in particular need have been issued, nor such especial care taken to cleanse her from impurity and guilt, to free her from false charges, and an unjust husband, to permit and sanctify her singular vow, and give her every incentive for a chaste, virtuous and modest life."[1] In the ages of fierce persecution, when toleration for Israelites was a thing unknown, the supreme justice of the Law and the promises therein contained were the stay of the Jewess and her household. "The pure domestic life of the Jews has at all times preserved them fresh and vigorous,"[2] writes an eminent Hebrew, and the statement cannot be gainsayed. The soldier who placed himself at the side

[1] Women of Israel. Vol. I., p. 206.

[2] Dr. Abraham Geiger. Judaism and its History. Vol. I., p. 68.

of the Maccabees drew a second strength from the invincible purity and sublime courage of his wife. A sister's honor is as dear to the Israelite as his own life. If the impersonation of gentleness, goodness and heroism is described by writers, it is usually in the words, "She was a mother in Israel." The remarkable correctness of Jewish family life as particularly shown by the Hebrew women is due, first, to the powerful influence of the Law as an enforced code; and second, to the outgrowth of that code—a deep spiritual life.

The chief causes of Jewish morality having thus been brought forward, the condition and conduct of Hebrew women to-day become important considerations by which to judge of the future; if it can be shown that Jewish women of the present time are adding intellectual growth and sustained labor to their thousand-year-old virtues, it will argue favorably for a final and prosperons reconstruction of the Hebrew nation.

The daughter of Jewish parents is instructed by them from childhood upward in the religion of her fathers. After the Ten Commandments, the following directions are impressed upon her mind as of the greatest importance: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and will all thy soul, and with all thy might,"[1] and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."[2] The first is taught to her as the doctrine including her whole duty to God; the second, as a charge to act generously toward, not her Jewish neighbor only, but all mankind. When the study of history comes under her notice, she is led to mourn over the past sorrows of her people, but to rejoice in the present religious equality, and in the hope of a glorious national future. As a rule, her secular education is received from Christian teachers, and these usually fulfill their trust with conscientiousness and delicacy of feeling; teachers and pupils assemble daily for years in total difference of creed, but in noble harmony of spirit. Hebrew women of the present time owe their liberal culture to this atmosphere of perfect amity. When the time comes for home life to entirely supersede school routine, the Jewish girl has a heart and an intellect equally trained; the feelings have been well guarded, while the mind has been carefully developed.

Regular attendance at the synagogue and pulpit instruction assist in shaping her character into reverence and stability. Among the Jews, to teach another the way to goodness is always thought a real privilege, and in the Sunday-school the Hebrew woman finds a work as self-improving as it is useful. Necessity as well as filial love leads her to study the preparation of food; the employment of non-Jewish servants, unused to the methods of cookery peculiar to Hebrews, makes assistance imperative, and she is very happy in lightening her mother's cares. In England a Jewess more frequently has domestics of her own faith, and is scrupulously careful that the servants have the same religious rights as herself. This is arranged by procuring other service for the Jewish Sabbath and festivals. As the food to be eaten on the seventh day is prepared on the sixth, there is very little work for even the hired domestic to do on Saturday, and the day generally belongs to her for her own use.

As a rule, a Hebrew woman enters upon a marriage engagement only with a son of Israel. The graces of manner and the high social standing of the Christian men are temptations steadfastly resisted, for a real union between those who differ in doctrine and practice is impossible. Not unless a Jewess has chosen for her husband a Jew of integrity and feeling can she stand beneath the *chuppah* or canopy under which the marriage ceremony takes place with heart and conscience equally satisfied. As regards intermarriage with non-Israelites, the present Lady Roseberry is a proof that it does occur; but those who desire the continued separateness of the Hebrews lament an example too conspicuous not to find imitation.

The dietary restrictions given in the Law, enforced by the teachers of the people, and compelling great self-denial, make intoxication amongst the Jews very rare. An able writer lately said, with a sharpness intended for those who ridicule the learned doctors,

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1 Deut., VI, 5.

2 Lev., XIX, 18.

"The 'blind Rabbins' have reared a sober people!"[1] Men and women who put their whole trust in God, and obey His directions, find themselves equal to every duty without the help of artificial stimulant. The grateful rest of the Sabbath gives the men fresh strength for the working days, and as they never drink to excess, they are not guilty of other offences usually the result of drunkenness. A Jew is not a wife-beater, nor is a Jewess inhuman to her children. It follows that if the male members of a family are affectionate and industrious, the wives and daughters have leisure to work for the poor, and to interest themselves in various pursuits. A Hebrew mother devotes many hours to teaching and guiding her young children, and when these become honorable, temperate, true men and women, their virtues are largely due to her inexhaustible love and patience, rendered fruitful by meditation and fervent prayer. There are many societies among the Jewish women for the relief of the Jewish poor; those women who are not able to subscribe money to these associations give their time and the work of their hands. Benevolent societies, sewing societies, homes for the aged and infirm under female management, are to be found in almost every Hebrew community. Of late years aid to the poor has been made most effective through the association of Jews and Jewesses in the societies known as the "United Hebrew Charities." M. Legoyt is quoted by a writer[2] on the longevity of the Israelites, as follows: "The *sentiment de la famille*, more developed in them than in Christians, assures to their children, to their aged and infirm parents, a solicitude more active; to the new-born, the mother's nursing; to the poor, an assistance more efficacious. Their charity is unequaled; their morality is demonstrated by judiciary statistics; the firmness and serenity of spirit are the most marked traits of their character, and proceed from a profound faith, from an unalterable confidence in Providence." Thus it is seen that Hebrew benevolence has a marked effect upon the general longevity of the people. Jewish women give freely to other charities too. In Philadelphia, during the past forty years, the two Hebrew women most widely known for fidelity to their own people—Rebecca Gratz and Louisa B. Hart—were also distinguished for their generosity toward the poor of other denominations. The Rebecca Lodge, No. 1, of Washington, D. C., is directed by Hebrew women, but aid is given to the poor of all sects and nations.[1]

The accomplishments of music and dancing are cultivated largely by Jewish women, the former very often as a profession. In painting there are few female celebrities, and in sculpture still fewer; the deficiency in the latter is well understood as the result of a literal obedience to the second commandment. It is believed, however, that the enlarged sphere of action which the Christian women are now eagerly sharing with their comparatively backward sisters will supply these wants: many Jewesses are to-day giving all their energies to the study of art.

A Grace Aguilar, a Charlotte Montefiore, a Constance de Rothschild, give abundant evidence of literary taste and power, and there are other names which might encircle these, not as lesser lights, but as stars of a different shining. Anna Maria Goldsmid as a gifted translator ranks high. The poetry of thought and speech is vested in Emma Lazarus, and in the Venetian authoress, Eugene S. G. Fortis. The drama has been a favorite pursuit with the Jewess; the fame of Rachel in earlier times, and the magnetic sway of Modjeska in the present, are proofs of success. The Hebrew woman has not to seek far for images of woe by which to perfect her parts in tragedy; her memory is too well stored with the events of her people's history for invention to be needful.

There is a great difference between the lives of Christian and Jewish women in Germany; the former are generally domes-

1 Dr. G. Gottheil. "The Position of the Jews in America." North American Review, July—August, 1878.

2 John Stockton Hough, M. D. "Longevity and other Biostatic Peculiarities of the Jewish Race." N. Y. Medical Record, May 15, 1873.

1 See Catalogue of Charities Conducted by Women, Philadelphia, 1876, p. 51.

tic drudges, cut off from the means of mental progress, while their Hebrew sisters are engaged in commerce, the assistants of their husbands, fathers, and brothers in earning bread. In France the Jewess is almost always a producer, and the joining in active business has not anywhere been found to affect the morals and manners of Hebrew women unfavorably. Weak principles and a low grade of thought are more frequently discovered in the unemployed society butterfly than in the hard-working woman engaged in trade or profession. George Eliot while giving one picture of Jewish female vulgarity in the person of "Young Mrs. Cohen," represents three Hebrew women of refinement. In the mother of Ezra Cohen, in Mirah's mother, and above all in Mirah herself, are delineated purity and excellence which no contact with the world can injure. Where gross vulgarity does exist among the Jewish women, it is not too much to say that it has been caused by the centuries of persecution which prevented them from associating with the refined, rather than by the action of trade upon their manners. Trade is more likely to improve those manners, stifling clannishness, and widening the mind.

Hebrew women are exceptionally virtuous, owing to their observance of the divine command, and to their conviction that the Jews were intended to be always a holy people. In 1870 a historian wrote of the Jews, "At the present time they are probably the most chaste seven millions of people under the sun."

Although Jewish women are strongly attached to their own race, and firmly believe that their nation will one day be re-established in the promised land, they are not therefore prevented from identifying themselves with the politics, social interests, and general welfare of the country in which they live. On the contrary, the more ardent the religious sentiment, the more genuine the sympathy with the affairs of the day. Jeremiah enjoined upon his people the words of the Lord: "And seek the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captives, and pray unto the Lord for it; for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace."[1] In the lands where the spirituality of the Jewish women has been and is permitted to rise into free life, loyalty to the country of adoption springs from unselfish adherence to the command just quoted. To the Hebrew women the well-being of their Christian neighbors is an important object, pursued out of large-hearted and liberal-minded love. The American Centennial emerged from gloom into sunlight through the exertions of women all over the country, and the Jewish women were not behind their sisters in patriotic zeal and faithful work. The Hebrew mother who has an intelligent knowledge of public affairs is able to counsel her husband and direct her children; privileges to be highly valued, as they may be productive of much good to the family.

Of late years, the class of Jews known as the Reformed has become considerable in number in this country, and naturally where the men change their views, the women under their influence do likewise; but the reformers are a small portion of the sum total. England has few but orthodox Israelites; in Germany the case is the same. Poland, Russia, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Greece and Roumania, in fact almost the entire world, having for hundreds of years denied the Jews every opening to enlightenment, it should not be surprising that Hebrew women living under proscription are bigoted to the last degree. But a new defender of the faith has arisen. A descendant of Jews in the recent treaty of Berlin did noble battle for the religious equality of the people to which he owes his extraction, and there is hope that the next generation of Hebrew women will be neither narrow-minded nor lax. Yet a Jewess who holds reformed views does not by any means separate herself from Judaism; she no longer observes the ceremonies of religion exactly as her ancestors did, but she marries by the blessing of the Jewish divine, and often considers herself a more thorough Hebrew woman than her orthodox sister. Reform is only dangerous to the Jewish woman in that she may be led by it to imprudent lengths, resulting in indifferentism at last. The prob-

[1] Jeremiah, XXIX, 7.

abilities are that ultra reform will right itself. The union of American Hebrew congregations, just effected, is a significant event. Colleges for the study of Hebrew will be established, and the Jewish woman will be aroused still further to a sense of her duty; she will be eager that every descendant of Abraham shall understand the sacred language which, like the silken skein in the myth, guides the Jews who hold it fast through the labyrinth of action; but, unlike that fabled cord, conducts them to a haven of rest.

The companionship of intellectual Jewish men is afforded to the American Hebrew women through the Young Men's Hebrew Associations. Dr. Gottheil, in his article before referred to, dwells upon the good that these Associations have accomplished for the Jewish men, but they have been equally beneficial to the Jewish women, in giving the latter many opportunities for valuable interchange of thought with the other sex. Active membership is at present restricted to Hebrew men, but Hebrew women exercise a wide influence over these organizations. When, in the summer of 1877, the Young Men's Hebrew Association of Philadelphia offered seven prizes for the best essays containing original thought, three of the seven successful candidates were women, and their productions were read, according to their respective rank, by the writers, at the consecutive monthly entertainments of the association. A similar contest has just taken place, and the result proves the endeavors of Hebrew women to avail themselves of intellectual advantages. With opportunities such as these, the Jewish women will restore the former glory of their nation. Fidelity to their own peculiar belief will be beautified by humanitarian breadth of feeling. Persecution crushed out the liberality which might always have been; freedom and love will give it life and bloom. When the Hebrew woman leads many to righteousness, aud fills the whole earth with the knowledge of the Lord, then and not until then will Jerusalem become the living center of the nations—the mother-heart throbbing with affection for all mankind.

Mary M. Cohen.

MAX.

"Max," I said, "I want you to tell me all you will of this dreadful ten years. You look such a boy still I cannot believe you are twenty-three, neither can I believe all your own words imply. Tell me from the beginning now. We have plenty of time."

Max threw back his head and looked out to the narrow strip of blue sky visible from the upper windows of the Mission. It was Sunday afternoon. The first meeting was over Jerry and his wife had gone together to the Tombs, sent for in hot haste by some poor wretch whom they had warned, and who now, in peril from his own drunken attempt at murder, called out for help from the only ones he felt sure were still and always friends. A buzz of pleasant talk came from the little parlor where friends of the work often met, finding there not only gentle cordiality and the most genuine of welcomes, but a sense of rest and comfort strange to feel in that noisy and wretched street. Above them, to the still unpartitioned third floor—some day, if Jerry's wish is accomplished, to be a temporary home for any one in trouble and helpless,—where the two mocking-birds sing all day and ivy climbs up the rough wall, Max and I had come for more entire quiet. This was the true audience-chamber; the spot to which Jerry came for rest after the intense work of the meetings, and where only the nearer friends were admitted, and here as we sat by the open wiudow, oaths aud foul songs rising from the street, but the peace within making an atmosphere they could not penetrate, Max told his story.

Tall and slender; a fair, delicate face, the

long oval, a reproduction of that head of Raphael we all know; gentle, candid, blue eyes and fair waving hair, he seemed far more some mother's darling than a convict just over a ten years' sentence. Some incredible cause must have been at work, to bring such fate, and well accustomed as I had grown to stories of hereditary influence working out, or foul and vicious surroundings producing their inevitable effects, I waited now with a sense of something deeper and sadder than even the sad facts that to the practiced eye are written on many of the faces and forms before one in these meetings. Max had been at them every night for nearly a month; taciturn as a rule, but now and then dropping a few intense words of longing for a better life, and hope that it had begun with him. No work had as yet been found, and the little society of "Helpers" connected with the Mission had, thus far, supplied his most imperative wants. To-day a friend had promised a day's employment, and the deep, sad eyes had lighted with such pure joy that I smiled too, and he came impulsively forward; then colored and retreated. The moment must not be lost, and soon we were in this quiet place, and Max poured out his story as if glad at last to roll off some portion of the burden he had carried.

"It seems a hundred years ago that I was a little fellow at home," he began, still looking up to the strip of sky, and his slender hands clasped about one knee. "You can judge for yourself that I did not come of the same stock as most of the men here. My father was a lawyer in H——; a stern, hard man, deep in his business from morning till night, and paying little attention to me one way or another. My mother was very gentle and delicate and sad; loving me passionately, as she had loved my father till his coldness and hardness made her concentrate it all on me. I suppose she spoiled me, and yet it is through her that I am here to-day. At any rate, I know that any freedom or indulgence always had to be coupled with the words: 'We won't say anything about it before father, Max; he might not like it.' The most reasonable thing was always hedged round with this warning, and we both shook when he came near us unexpectedly. He was a very religious man in his own fashion, but not much of the real thing as you get it here. His God liked best to roast sinners, and I heard very little from him but threats of dropping into hell, if I went a hair's-breadth out of the way. He had been brought up so, and stood it, and he could not see why the same thing did not fit me. So I was either scared to death or reckless, and ended with being the last, pretty much all the time. I was bright enough, and father had me study Latin when I was only seven. At ten he sent me to boarding-school, and that pretty nearly killed mother. She had been a good deal of an invalid, but then she went to bed, and staid there mostly except when I came home for vacations. I half broke my heart over it for a while, and then I got used to it, and liked the fun we had so well that I was ready enough to stay. But I tell you one thing,—if I ever had a boy of my own, you would n't catch me sending him off that way, for the very best school, which that was n't, has deviltry enough in it to spoil any young one with as little balance piece as I had. There were fellows that had quite a lot of pocket-money, and they 'd buy beer, and amuse themselves making some of us little boys tight, and many a time I've gone to bed fuddled so I could n't stand, and the matron thought I had sick-headaches. I got well seasoned after a while, and could drink a quart without winking, and wanted it too. There my trouble began. I had a small sum every month, but nowhere near enough to satisfy me. My grandfather—my father's father—was a country doctor and lived about eight miles from the school, and I went once a fortnight and spent Sunday there. He was as hard and stern as my father, but he was fond of me after all. He kept his loose money in a box in his desk, and my aunt that kept house went to it for all the every-day expenses. That put a notion in my head. I never had stolen, but I thought it would n't do any harm here, because grandfather would think Aunt Mary had taken a little more than usual, and then they were my own relations too.

"Well, it went on. First I took only half a dollar or so. Then nobody noticed and I added on, and at last by the end of the year I got so bold I'd just as soon take several dollars. One morning, though, I heard Aunt Mary and grandfather. He thought everything of her, for she was all there was left of his family except my father, and he was very gentle with her. 'I can't make out how you make quite so much money fly,' he said, 'I don't want to skimp, but you've had fifteen dollars more than we ever used before in a month.' Aunt Mary looked astonished. 'There must be some mistake,' she said. 'I have the account, and it averages about the same.' 'Then you're out for once,' said grandfather. 'It's been a little more and a little more each month, but I didn't mind till this morning I wanted to pay a bill and found there was fifteen dollars less than I expected. Suppose you bring your account book.'

"I was a mind to run, and then knew that would betray me. I sat still by the dining-room window, while Aunt Mary and he went over the book, and then looked at one another. 'It must be somebody that comes into the office,' she said. 'We've never had to lock up before, but I guess we shall have to begin.' Grandfather looked very black. He'd caught me smoking that morning and pitched my cigar into the pond, and then he said: 'That's a high-priced cigar. I shouldn't suppose John would be such a fool as to furnish you money for such things. You'll smoke no more in this house, sir.' Whatever else he thought, he said nothing. He locked his money box, and I heard him say where he'd keep the key, so that Aunt Mary need n't be troubled, and I can tell you I let it alone for a while. But I was too deep in to stop. I was bound to live as fast as those fellows with big allowances, and though I was n't but thirteen, I seemed older, I was so tall, and I wanted my beer like any old toper. The long and short of it was, I got to unlocking the box when I liked, and one night as I put the key back between two books, I felt a hand on my collar.

"'So,' said grandfather, 'It is you, sir!' I think I'd have died that minute if I could. His voice was icy enough to make my blood run cold, and he looked at me with a contempt that enraged as well as scared me. I could n't face him. I began to cry, and then he shook me till I supposed he would shake the life out. Then he groaned and sat down and covered his face. That finished me. If he'd let me go then, I believe I never would have taken another dollar. I was soft-hearted, and to see him cry over it was just awful. But he had his own notions. He flogged me himself and then had me flogged before the school, and wrote to my father, who came on and did more flogging. Then he took me home. I was to have gone to college after a couple more years at school, for I was a bright scholar, only too lazy to do much hard work; but now he said I'd got to try knocking around a little, and I was made errand-boy in a big store.

"It was a great change, and at first I rather liked it. But you see I ran against all sorts, and I wanted to drink, and I felt a good deal more of a man than I do now, and it was n't long before I got the name of being about as thorough-going a young scamp as there was in H——. And the more father flogged the more I determined to run. Mother kept me for a while. I loved her, and she died a thousand deaths over me. She'd put her arms round me and beg me to stop, and I'd say, 'Mother I can't stop, I'm in for it, and I've got to go on.' Then she'd pray, and pull me down by her, 'My God, what have we done, that our only boy is going to destruction?" I shall hear those prayers as long as I draw a breath. If people could be possessed of devils now, I should say I had one then, and yet all the time I loved her and petted her, only I could n't stop.

"Well, I ran away, and of course father followed me up, and then he sent me to the House of Refuge. Now that may be good for some; but as for me I got my crowning lessons in deviltry there, and there was n't an in or out of wickedness that I did n't know at the end of that six months. Then he got me a place in a New York store. I promised fair, and they thought I might

make a new beginning. So I did I had times of wanting to be different, but it was as I told you, I was too deep in to get out. They trusted me there. I had a pleasant way, and soon they promoted me a little and I carried the mail back and forth. It didn't take long to get the run of things, and soon I was able to cash money orders on my own hook. This went on for three months, and then they found me out. They were kind. They didn't have me arrested, but just sent me home to father. He was perfectly quiet; so quiet I knew something was coming. Mother looked at me as if her heart was broken and I think it was. I staid there two days. Then father took me to the depot. I didn't know where I was going, and I went off without a word to mother. 'I have given you your last trial,' he said. 'You are no son of mine. Here is fifty dollars. It is the last money you will ever have of me. Steal or be honest as you choose. I wash my hands of you.'

"I got into the cars without a word, and didn't really begin to think till I was almost in New York again. Then I began to be in a rage. 'You turn me out like a dog, do you?' I said. 'Well, we 'll see what 'll come of it.' I knew well where to go. That time in the House of Refuge had taught me all the places, and I went straight to a low hole on Chatham street. The first night there my money was stolen, and then there was nothing to do but steal too. Well, I was caught in no time, and sent up for a year. Worked that out, and then tried my old tricks again. What was I to do? Nobody wants a jail-bird around. I did try for work awhile, for oh, how sick I was of it all, but who would give me any? So for a year I stole, getting to be an accomplished thief; sometimes a lot of money that I made fly, and then again hungry even before I filled up again. I only wrote to mother once in that year. I couldn't. Just writing her name would make me break down and cry. She wrote to me several times and always sent a little money. That year in prison she wrote me, and begged me to do better when I came out. See how she stuck to me, no matter what I did."

Max drew a little package from his pocket and untied it carefully, taking out several letters, worn with frequent reading and in a delicate yet free handwriting, evidently that of a cultured woman. Then he read slowly and with trembling voice:

"'*My Dearest Son:*

"'Your letter with the dreadful news of your conviction to state prison has pained me inexpressibly, and yet it brings comfort, for it tells me you are alive and well. I cannot tell you, my darling boy, how I have suffered with anguish and suspense in this long silence. You say you long for me. My darling son, take courage! A man who loves his mother still, no matter how low he has fallen or deeply he has sinned, is not lost altogether. Oh, my own boy, follow the better instincts of your nature, and lead an honest life henceforth. You shall have money to begin again with, when your sentence is over. Try then to remember what parentage you come from and beg God to keep you honest.'

"Would n't you think I was the devil himself, not to follow up that letter when I did get out?" Max said, as he looked up at me. "I do sometimes, and yet there were reasons. No money came. I could n't get work, and I just went on from bad to worse till the end came. I was in a big job; caught, of course. I always was caught, all my life. I pleaded guilty, and in consideration of my youth they only gave me ten years. This was in Jersey, and I brought up at Trenton. Oh, it 's a hard place. The others with me got twenty-one a piece, but the ten looked to me as long as their twenty-one. I was n't sixteen yet, but tall as I am now. They called me 'Max the Stick,' I was so tall, and I was known everywhere by that name. I kept still a good while and would n't write to mother. It was almost a year and a half. I'd tried to escape and been insubordinate in all sorts of ways, and in that eighteen months went up for punishment eleven times. Oh, it was rough! Each time made me more dogged and furious. I won't tell you about it. You could n't stand it. But there is one thing. I have never yet seen the man in the House of Refuge or any prison I've tried, that's fit to

punish. They all do it as if they were the ones you had offended and not the law of right, and most of them seem to enjoy making you suffer. I've cursed God many a time in that shower-bath, or when they put the collar on me, and I've yet to see the man made better by such ways. At last I wrote to mother, and in a week came this answer:

"'*My Beloved Boy:*

"'I'm too feeble to write you a long letter. My strength lessens every day. They say I may perhaps recover, but that rests with God alone. I have but one wish. It is to see my poor deserted child once more, and clasp him to my heart. Oh, my boy, my darling boy! I have always loved you. You shall have my fullest blessing and forgiveness. If I die, and I suppose I must, before your sentence ends, I beg you, I implore you, to lead a better life. I have made your father promise me that if I do die he will take you home and have you taught some trade. My son, my best beloved! on my knees I beseech you to become upright again. I implore you not to disgrace your mother when she is in her grave. Will you hear me? I have told them to send you my watch when I am gone. Wear it with love for your mother. I hope soon to be released from the misery I now endure. My darling, I send thousands of kisses and blessings to you.

"'Your loving Mother.'

"I answered that letter in a week. It broke my heart. I swore there in that cell that I'd never steal again, and I wrote her that promise. Before she got it, she wrote again,—the last letter I was ever to have from her."

For a moment Max covered his face, then read:

"'*My Dearly Beloved Child:*

"'The end is so near that I must write my last words to you, slowly and with pain. I must tell you now, that I fear your father will not keep his promise to have you come home. If he does not, write to your grandfather. It grieves me to have to tell you that you are not to rely on your father, but he has no sympathy or pity for you. All the money you have ever received from home, came from me. I could not desert or forget my erring boy. Oh, my darling, are you worthy of that love? Have you any love or feeling for me? I most solemnly command and beseech you, here on my dying bed, to become an honest man. If you will not do it for your mother's sake, do it for your own. When this sentence is served, your future is in your own hands. You can become an honest man, with courage and perseverance. If you do not try, you will fall lower and lower and come to a shameful end. Make it the aim of your life to redeem your good name. There is time yet. Your heart cannot be all hard. Begin life anew. Be honest. Try to recall what you have learned in childhood. Be of good cheer, my darling, and promise me to be honest. I dream whole nights about you. Last night I dreamed that you were being punished, and I woke with a cry. I wept all night and slept no more. Oh, promise me to try and be honest, and God bless my precious boy!

"'Your loving, dying Mother.'

"I wrote her again. My first promise she received, but could not answer. My last she never saw. She was dead when the letter got there, and a friend she loved put it in her coffin. If I had n't felt the first promise sacred, this one buried with her would bind me firm as iron. Sitting in that cell when the day's work was done, I used to even think she was there, and I'd fall on my knees and hide my face and try to pray for forgiveness. My ways all changed. There was no more need for punishment, and they even began to say I might be pardoned out for good conduct. That put some life into me. I worked hard as I could, and I began to read and study again from the books in the prison library. There was one young fellow, in for seven years—a rough from this Fourth Ward, but we took to one another. You know him. It's John O——, and you know his story. There was no reason why he should n't have gone to the bad, for he was born to that kind of life, and he'd never hardly heard the name

of God, except in an oath. These men and women round here are bigger heathen than you 'll find, I believe, anywhere else in the world. We talked it all over when we could. John had heard of the McAuley Mission. In fact he knew Jerry when he was about the worst customer in the Fourth Ward, and he said if Jerry McAuley could turn honest he could too, and he was going to try it anyhow. He was pardoned out for good conduct after he 'd served five years of his seven, and went off, bound to be different. He wrote once or twice that he'd found work and been helped, but I never knew the whole till I got out myself. In a little over a year came a paper, with a long account of a wedding at the Mission, and there was John, settled in life, and one of the main stays for Jerry they said. He'd been converted there, and he was warm-hearted and loving as a man could be, and never lost a chance of telling his story and pulling any body in that he could make come in, and I saw well from the way the story ran that he 'd found his chance and was a happy man,

"I served seven years of my ten, and then was pardoned out. Dr. Harris, the head of the Prison Association, was the one I'd been told to go to, and instead of making straight for the Mission, I thought I'd try there first. He asked what I was willing to do, and I said, 'Anything in the world to get an honest living.' So a list was given me of some stores that wanted porters and I went to each one. Not one had work for me. I went back to the Bible House the next day and twice afterward, and they said I must try and do something for myself! That ended all the aid I ever got from the Prison Association. Now I don't say that it may not do good work, but I can bring you twenty men that will tell you the same story; that they went out from it sick at heart, with no more prospect of help or work than if there were no such organization. There 's something wrong in the system, I don't pretend to say what.

"I pawned my clothes and raised a little money and from that time for a month lived on two dollars a week, seventy cents for lodging and fifteen cents a day for food. Coffee once a day and dry bread was all I had. I washed my clothes and hung them out of the window at night. You wonder I didn't come here, but somehow I was ashamed. I was bound to find work if I could, and I could n't. At last my money was gone. I went sixty hours without food. Then I crawled down here and stood at the door. I thought I was dying. It was an hour before meeting. I walked in, but things waved before my eyes. Frank, the janitor, was used to such things. He put me down in a chair and got some milk and bread, and then a little hot soup. I cried for more, but he would n't let me have it, and then he took me upstairs. God's angels could n't have been kinder. They took hold of me as if I was their own brother. They saw I was pretty nearly gone, I suppose, and they worked over me and prayed over me till I came back to life in more ways than one. I found there was love for me too, and when I went up to that bench, I made to God over again the same promise I had made to my mother. Oh, how many times in that month I wished I never had made it! You see so many knew me. I had every sort of offer to go to thieving again. I had n't grit enough to tell them the real truth and say I had sworn off. Instead I told them I 'd lost my courage and did n't dare. They pitied me, and thought it would come back, and then one of them offered me a place as bar-tender in his den. He was a king among them, and in with the police too, as plenty of them are. I would n't do it, and at last I thought: 'There's no spot in the world for you. You've killed your mother and may as well die yourself.' Even now when I know I am forgiven there does n't seem much room for me anywhere. These others lived in such miserable ways that being decent is a kind of heaven for them. They have no home to remember and cannot miss it. But I had my chances, and here I am at twenty-three with nothing before me so far as I can see but a sharp struggle for even bread to eat, and indebted even yet to the Mission for shelter and food. I deserve it all and more, but does n't it look as if I had no business to be alive? No, I won't say that. I want to help others out of just such a swamp as I

was in, and if I can only have steady work I can and will. Perhaps this job to-morrow is the beginning. You are very good to have listened so patiently, but every one here seems good. I wish there had been such a place before I went to the bad altogether. Seems to me somebody might have taken hold of me."

All this was a year ago. Max has found his place, and is sure now that he has some "business to be alive." He will never be like John O——, a joyful worker, bubbling over with happiness that he has escaped the clutch of old evil habits. His eyes are sad, his manner full of gentle, abstracted quiet. What the years may do for him one cannot tell. As yet the pressure of the past is too strong upon him, and only as he goes to meet some sad or desperate soul hovering about the Mission, and uncertain whether to enter or not, does his face light up and his own sorrow sink out of sight. His employers count him one of their most efficient and trusted clerks; and while these pages give no clue by which any save his nearest and truest friends can ever recognize the portrait, it is a portrait, and one more constant spur to the thought that even in the most apparently hopeless case that either prison or House of Refuge can turn out there is the possibility of reform—a seed struggling up through rocky, almost hopeless soil, to gladden the eyes of the patient worker, and become one more sheaf in that precious store laid at last at the feet of the Master.

Helen Campbell.

ORIENTAL LAW AND COURTS OF JUSTICE.

Before a single year of my eastern sojourn had come to an end I had learned that despotism is the law of Asiatic rule, and absolute, undisputed power over all within his realm the heritage of an oriental monarch. Ten years of travel, study and intimate association with rulers and people not only confirmed this impression, but gave me numerous and varied illustrations of the working of the system. Yet perhaps on the principle that an overdose of some virulent poison becomes harmless by reason of its very excess, there is little abuse of this vast power vested in single individuals; and except in the police courts of large cities, and in occasional rare instances of personal pique in high life, justice is ordinarily as fairly meted out in the East as among Christian nations.

In Siam, the most despotic perhaps of even oriental despotisms, the monarch's will is the unquestioned law, to which every man in his domain yields unqualified assent; and this autocrat is constantly hailed as the "Supreme Lord of Life," "Dread Disposer of Destinies," and by other similar epithets. There is probably not a man in the kingdom who would not sooner lay down his life than think of opposing the slightest beck of his king; no one who would ever dream of questioning the right of the monarch should he see fit to decapitate the most honored noble of the realm, or from mere caprice to degrade and impoverish the highest officer of the crown. All this any king of Siam might do with impunity; but, in point of fact, justice, clemency and a fatherly regard for the welfare and happiness of their subjects seem to have been nearly always the leading characteristics of regal rule in that grand old realm; whilst of those who have for hundreds of years past wielded the "golden scepter" that controls the destinies of Siam's ten millions of people, many more are remembered as "the fathers of their people" than as tyrants glutting a blood-thirsty spirit with excesses upon which a king alone might venture with impunity. Occasionally royal acts of tyranny have occurred, some of which will be presently mentioned; but these have been the exceptions, not the general rule—the acts of those whose judgment had been warped, not so much by cruelty of intent as by an inordinate love of the display of regal power, and an exaggerated estimate of the requirements of royal etiquette. The sub-

joined incident is a case in point; and though more than a generation has passed since these events took place, they are still fresh in the minds of many of the older residents of Bangkok, and are handed down from parent to child as too terrible to be forgotten. I vividly recall now the ominous shaking of the head and fearful glance around that formed the introduction to the story, as related to me by an old noble who well remembered all the circumstances. King Ghrà Nàug Klau had appointed as viceroy of the upper provinces a nobleman, by name Peer-si-pi-feer, investing him with almost regal power, and placing under his absolute control about one-third of the inhabitants of the kingdom. Holding his office directly from the crown, and in consequence of his distance from the capital not being required more than once a year to report to his royal master, the viceroy seemed to forget that he owed any allegiance to another, and became so inflated with ambition as to institute a revolt against the king, with the intent of possessing himself of the regal scepter and diadem. In his favor was the fact that some recent acts of the sovereign had caused an unusual degree of disaffection among several classes of his subjects. At the head of the malcontents were the priests, who were just then writhing under what they regarded as unwarrantable interference on the part of "his serene majesty" with the rights and privileges of the sacred brotherhood. The common people were groaning, as indeed always, under the oppression of petty officers; and believing that no change could be for the worse, they hoped that the success of the rebellion might possibly, in some sort, improve their abject condition—a theory zealously advocated by the priests. So both these classes exerted a wide influence in aiding and abetting the rebellion; whilst the hope of emoluments and favors promised by Peer-si-pi-feer induced many to join him from whom he had expected only opposition.

The aristocratic old nobles, regarding both the king and the viceroy as usurpers, cared not a baubee for either; but they hoped by withholding their powerful aid and maintaining a strict neutrality so to cripple the rivals that they would mutually destroy each other and thus clear the way to the throne for the rightful heir, then in exile. The immense bodies of retainers connected with the households of the nobility followed, of course, the example of their lords; and thus the terrified monarch would have been left alone, but for his own family. This, fortunately, was somewhat numerous, reckoning, in addition to the five hundred wives, forty sons and a score or two of other near relatives, not less than fifty thousand officers, servants and soldiers. All of this "grand army" were, however, as thoroughly frightened as was their liege lord, and would have proved of little real service in repelling the invasion, but for the opportune aid afforded by the handful of Englishmen then resident at the royal city of Bangkok. Peer-si-pi-feer, already greatly elated in consequence of the large numbers that had so unexpectedly flocked to his standard, publicly consulted witches, astrologers and soothsayers as to his chances of success. The heavy bags of gold that accompanied the viceroy's applications, brought, of course, favorable auguries; and these so dazzled the eyes of his followers with visions of coming glory that with one consent they proclaimed the viceroy king of the realm, and boldly defied all opposition.

By forced marches the insurgents reached the capital almost as soon as did the news of the revolt; and all unopposed the dashing chieftain at the head of his splendidly equipped army entered the royal city at mid-day, decked in regal attire and mounted upon a white elephant! The very presence of this sacred animal was in itself an assertion on the part of the rider of his right to royal honors; since none but the king, and he only on extraordinary occasions, may presume to place his howdah on the back of a white elephant. The most esteemed of all incarnations of Gándamá, the last Buddha, was in the form of a white elephant; hence regarded by Buddhists as the noblest of animals, and frequently, perhaps generally, as an incarnation of an embryo god.

The viceroy continuing his unopposed march, had already got possession of the largest portion of the city; and in a few more hours, doubtless, both palace and ha-

rem would have fallen into his hands, when succor came from a quarter that neither the crest-fallen monarch nor his presumptuous foe had even dreamed of. Mr. Hunter, a British merchant long resident in Siam, owning a good deal of property in the capital, and therefore largely interested in its safety, suddenly conceived the idea of turning to practical use the numerous heavy guns that had hitherto served only as ornaments amid the palace fortifications. So hurrying to the palace, he represented to the king the feasibility of his plan; and generously proffered his own services and those of his few comrades of the British factories to conduct the defence. The offer was, of course, eagerly accepted; and such of the king's garrison as were really capable of doing efficient service in the management of artillery were thus inspired with renewed hope; whilst the prompt and vigorous discharge of the guns upon the picked men in the forefront of the invading army, sending dismay and death through the broad phalanx, caused the stout heart of the rebel chieftain to quail, and awakened, probably for the first time, grave doubts as to the success of his daring revolt. A panic followed, and the besieging army fled in the wildest confusion, before the mere handful of pursuers that terror had multiplied to tenfold their real numbers and invested with more than mortal prowess, so furious had been the attack, so frightful the carnage. Scarcely pausing to glance at the foe in their rear, the retreating army rushed on to Aynthia, eighty miles above Bangkok, reaching it three days afterward, stripped of half their arms and accoutrements, having lost many of their bravest warriors, and the remnant utterly demoralized. They were overtaken, a few hours later, by the royal army, swelled now, since success was no longer doubtful, to a great host. Many of the guns had been transported in government barges, and were readily placed in position so as to bear directly on the flank of the hostile army, ere the latter had time to prepare for the reception of these unwelcome guests; and a complete victory over the rebels was the result. They lost hundreds of their best officers and men; while Peer-si-pi-feer and two of his aids were taken alive, and conveyed in chains to Bangkok, to be laid at the feet of the now elated monarch. The fallen chief declined to ask for mercy, saying stoutly: "I have committed no crime, and will not sue for pardon. The reigning monarch is known to be a usurper, and wears a crown to which he has no claim. In depriving him of his diadem and sceptre, I should only have put one usurper in the place of another. I meant to have been a king, but have failed in carrying out my plot; and am content to abide the issue, the death to which the fortunes of war have consigned me. It is my fate, and I do not murmur." He would have suffered death, no doubt, as was probably necessary for the tranquillity of the country; but the death penalty was inflicted with cruel torture.

The spot (on the river bank) where the unfortunate chieftain met his fate happened just then to be vacant, a floating house having been recently removed to another location. But the doomed spot has remained vacant ever since, the only unoccupied space large enough for a house, to be found on either bank of the Meinam river, for many miles above and below the city. Probably not a man in the kingdom could be found, hardy enough to moor there his floating house; and very many in passing keep their canoes close in shore, on the opposite side, hardly daring to paddle past a spot so invested with horrible memories. The superstitious natives tell many marvelous stories of "the uncanny spirit" of the dead chief roaming about this vicinity, especially during the small hours of the morning, calling in plaintive accents, for "water, water;" as calmly the ripple of the gently-flowing river murmurs back the answer, "never, never."

One of their simple ditties I have heard often sung by one or another of the Siamese market women, as suffering her tiny canoe to glide onward with the tide the trembling mother clasped her screaming child to her breast, the singer the more frightened of the two, but deeming the very name of the rebel chief sufficient to terrify her babe into silence. The following is a translation of the song:

"Hush! hush thee, crying babe!
Thy wailing plaints be stayed,
The rebel chief is here!
Close thine eyes—softly sleep,
Nor ever wake to weep.
Would'st see Peer-si-pi-feer.

Nay, tremble not, my joy,
Nor weep thee, darling boy!
Thy mother holds thy head.
Rest thee tranquil, sweetly sleep,
Nor ope thine eyes to weep,
Peer-si-pi-feer is dead!

Why tremble so, my pet?
Why toss, and scream, and fret?
'Tis all in vain thy grief.
Thy diamond eyes so bright,
Need not gleam in fright.
Low lies the rebel chief!

Hush, hush thee to repose,
Thy velvet eyelids close,
For still thy mother 's here.
Softly slumber on her breast,
Dream thee of thy chosen rest,
Nor dread Peer-si-pi-feer!"

In Siam, Burmah, Cambodia, and wherever Buddhism is the established religion, the legal code is founded on the statutes of Menu, a wise and salutary system of moral law; or rather, it is a beautiful theory that would work to admiration if it were ever used; but so little is it regarded in the regular administration of government affairs that the written law may be called almost a dead letter. Each sovereign has the full right to alter as he may see fit, adding to or rescinding the statutes of his own code; but I have been repeatedly told by those whose positiou near the throue gave them the best opportunity of knowing, that few kings trouble themselves about such matters in any way; and that consequently the written code has remained unmutilated, in its original perfectness, a beautiful but useless epitome of wise laws, so far above the moral character of both rulers and people, as to lack adaptation to their present condition. So the king governs according to his own judgment, or caprice, as the case may be; his decisions are made without the aid of judge or jury; and those to whom, as his vicegerents he may delegate any portion of his authority, administer the laws in the same independent fashion. In Siam, not only every prince of the blood, and man of high rank at the capital, but petty chieftains throughout the realm, and every civil and military officer of whatever grade is permitted in virtue of his rank to exercise the functions of a judge over those below him, without the formality of regular appointment.

The king, personally, takes no cognizance of crime, except that of high treason, or where the offender is either a person of noble blood or is a member of the royal household. Of all such criminals—their offence being regarded as against the monarch himself—he is the sole judge. They may or may not be brought before the supreme court for trial, according to the option of the king; but in either case the penalty is awarded by him, and the sentence he pronounces in person, usually surrounded by his cabinet or privy council. These, of course, never presume to dissent from the views of their royal master, their very presence being an act of sufferance, and designed only to add solemnity to the monarch's individual acts. This regal court is always convened at midnight, and its proceedings are wrapped in the profoundest mystery, every member being sworn to secrecy, and the penalty of death attached to the slightest departure from the law of silence.

Next to the supreme court are those of the princes of the blood, held by each, in almost regal splendor, within the precincts of his own castle, and designed solely for the benefit of his own family and retainers, amounting often to thousands of persons. Here, in his own especial domain, he may exercise the same absolute authority that belongs to the monarch, levying taxes and inflicting punishments even to torture and death, if it so please him, and being amenable to none save the king, of whose interference princes feel no fear. Where the offence has been personal, these princely judges may be unduly severe; but as a general rule strict justice is accorded, the innocent are rarely oppressed, nor are the guilty suffered to go free. Next in order are the courts of the higher nobles and officers of government, tribunals open to those only who are in some capacity connected with the vast household of the nobility.

In the courts already described, the strict-

est etiquette is observed by each judge, not in any way to interfere with those under the jurisdiction of another, each being held absolute in his own domain, and amenable only to the one next above him in rank; while every offender is judged by the peer under whose vassalage he lives, and from whose decisions, whether just or unjust, there is no appeal. In none of these courts are bribes ever received, and the very offering of one would in itself be deemed an unpardonable offence.

After these come the courts of the lower officers and inferior nobles; who being amenable to the higher, manage to keep on good terms with their superiors, and to ward off interference by occasional costly presents, of which the design is, no doubt, perfectly understood, though never a word on the subject transpires.

Lowest of all are the tribunals for the mass of the common people, who are in no sort attached to the establishments of the nobility—ordinary police courts, open at all hours, and superintended by petty magistrates, who hold their tenure of office from the higher nobles, constitute in *propria personæ* both judge and jury. They are appointed occasionally as a matter of favoritism, but more generally quite at random and with no regard to either intellectual or moral fitness. Nor are they subsequently educated for the office, but take their seats on the bench with as little knowledge of statute and common law as a Hottentot has of *belles lettres* or the fine arts. These municipal judges are the veriest curse of oriental cities; and their so-called courts of equity are rife with chicanery, bribery and extortion; seats of power whence justice is sold to the highest bidder, and he who can bring the heaviest fee into court is sure always of a verdict in his favor. The offices of attorney and advocate are wholly unknown, each man pleads his own cause, and the judge not only pronounces his verdict without leaving the bench or even hearing the testimony of a single witness, but frequently reverses his own sentence as often as his moral vision may become obscured by the golden dust thrown into his eyes.

I recall now the case of two bazaar men, who five successive times doubled the "fee" on each other, and with each purse of bright *ticals* the verdict of this just judge veered from plaintiff to defendant, and *vice versa*, until both being utterly impoverished, they could no longer outbid each other and were dismissed, each with a shell for his share of the game, whilst this most exemplary of magistrates swallowed the double oyster, volunteering to the chagrined disputants a gratuitous lecture on the folly of going to law! *Fiat justitia ruat cœlum* is certainly not the ruling maxim of these municipal judges, as many a poor petitioner finds to his cost; while of those whose purses grow weighty with bribes, one is now and then treated to the measure he has so abundantly meted out to others.

Sometimes it will happen that a disappointed plaintiff, after having fruitlessly sacrificed his beloved *ticals* in "fees," alias bribes, will seek to compass the ruin of the judge, by reporting him as a "receiver of bribes" to the officer next higher in rank; for which liberty, the informant must, of course, pay a round sum to the superior officer. When lo! the latter, pocketing the gold, and failing to remember that he is at the very moment committing the same enormity, expels his fallen brother from office and otherwise degrades him for the crime of accepting bribes, and thus "tarnishing the glory of the regal scepter." Then to prevent the lodging of information against himself, he seizes the treacherous informant against the deposed judge, fines, flogs and imprisons him, and finally sends him forth a disgraced criminal whose testimony is no longer available.

Government officers do not ordinarily receive salaries in money; but each according to his rank, is allowed a certain portion of the public lands for cultivation; and he enjoys certain perquisites of office, in the way of tribute, fines, fees and taxes levied on the people under his jurisdiction. These furnish enormous incomes to the higher officers; and those of inferior grades manage by their skill in bribery and extortion to eke out very comfortable salaries.

The form of the judicial oath is very imposing. It is regarded with awe by the na-

tives, being rarely administered, and only on the most important occasions. I give a literal translation:

"I promise to speak the whole truth, without additions or limitations. If I do otherwise, may all the evils of heat and cold, fire and water, sickness and poverty, life and death, pursue and hunt down me and mine until we shall be utterly consumed. May wild animals devour, may hunger gnaw and prey upon our vitals, may famine, waste and pestilence destroy, and every terrible disease known to humanity feed upon our lives, till they shall be utterly wasted, and every one of my blood consigned to irremediable destruction. May all the evil demons of air, earth and water drag us down to death, suffering us never to reach Nigban, but compelling us through countless future existences to live as monsters and the most loathsome of reptiles, and at last, plunge us, body and soul, into hell—even Mahá-na-zŏk, the lowest hell."

Trial by ordeal has been practiced by the Siamese from the earliest records extant. It was still in frequent use during the reign of King Ghrà Nàug Klau, being the ordinary method resorted to in cases of suspected crime, and practiced, not by the sovereign alone, but also by his officers and nobles. During the latter part of the last reign this barbarous custom was tacitly laid aside; and I think it could not possibly be revived in the present, so rapid has been the recent development of that whole nation in refinement and intellectual culture. One mode of ordeal was to expose the suspected person to a combat with one or more tigers that had been kept for several days without food. The victim, lightly clad, and provided with only a short sword for defense, was thrown into a pit with the infuriated beasts; and unless a man of giant strength he fell, of course, and was in consequence pronounced guilty, and his punishment just. Another, and a mode of ordeal very frequently resorted to, was the administration of the most nauseous and revolting doses, and in such enormous quantities as can scarce be accredited. If ejected, the victim was pronounced guilty, if retained, his innocence was deemed proven beyond a doubt. But alas! such compounds nothing human could think of, still less swallow, without nausea.

During my own residence in Siam, a band of Buddhist priests set on foot a well-arranged plot, the object of which was the assassination of the entire company of Americans then resident at Bangkok, not a man, woman or child of whom was to escape. The programme was to send a messenger to request all the gentlemen to repair immediately to a certain bridge near the city walls, under the pretext of meeting the heir apparent, who, the man was to say, especially desired the presence of the Americans, that he might consult with them on most urgent business. Here, concealed under the bridge, were twenty armed assassins, whose share in this high-handed game was to murder the Americans, one after another, as they stepped from the boat; and after attaching weights to the bodies, to consign them to the deep, wide river to be drifted out to sea, whence, it was argued, they would never return to make inconvenient revelations. Having thus dispatched all the males, the murderers and their employers, the priests would proceed under cover of darkness to the mission houses, and after having disposed of the women and children in such manner as suited the inclinations of the assassins, they would divide the spoils among themselves, the stipulation being that the priests should receive one-third of the booty and the laymen two-thirds. When this nefarious plot should have been executed to the entire satisfaction of the murderous crew, and such goods as they chose to preserve removed to a safe place, all the houses, including the chapel, dispensary and printing offices, were to be laid in ashes as a precaution against discovery. All this was fully confessed, at a later day, by the ringleader of the band. The Americans, being on terms of intimacy with the heir apparent, felt no surprise at the message inviting them to meet him; and being, moreover, wholly unsuspicious of danger from any quarter, the plot would doubtless have succeeded, but for the providential arrival, just at the moment our gentlemen were embarking for the bridge, of a genuine messenger from our royal friend. The newcomer being no less a personage than Nai

Dit, the confidential secretary of his royal highness, the impostor endeavored to make good his escape the moment he saw the secretary. But the attempt was foiled, for the Americans, seeing at once that something was wrong, had made a signal to Nai Dit, whose men, at a word from their master, surrounded the culprit and held him fast. Explanations followed, and the impostor, for the unpardonable offence of presuming to use without permission the name of so exalted a personage as the heir apparent, was bound hand and foot, laid in the secretary's boat, and conveyed to the palace, there to answer for himself. The rest of the boat's crew, being already at their oars, hurried off as soon as they saw their captain in trouble, and before any one had thought of securing them. Identification being afterwards impossible, they went unpunished, but this escape served to aggravate the doom of the ring leader. Very indignant was the prince when the affair was laid before him; and as the culprit refused at first to divulge the object of the conspiracy, he was tortured, and at length promised to reveal every thing he knew of the affair, except the names of the priests whose agent he was. These holy (!) men, he said, he durst not impugn; and of those who were to have been associated with him in the double massacre he solemnly averred that he knew nothing, having never seen them until the day before that fixed for the consummation of the plot. They, like himself, were probably hired tools of those "holy" sons of the church. After all these details had been wrung out of the prisoner the prince sent for the Americans, and left it with them to determine the culprit's fate. They unanimously recommended mercy, praying that after a few weeks' confinement the prisoner might be discharged without farther punishment. The prince, who probably read the man's character more accurately than we, said the course advised was most unwise; and that such misplaced leniency, so far from saving the criminal, would tend only to confirm his evil propensities. But as he had turned over the case to the foreigners he would not retreat. So the man was remanded to solitary confinement in the palace dungeon, with the addition, as we afterwards learned, of a heavy ball and chain; whilst a guard of double the usual force was, by special order of the prince, kept day and night around the prison. But despite all these precautions, the fellow escaped by burrowing under the ground till he reached the river. This last offence was a personal one, an insult to royalty for a man to presume to be free when a prince of the blood had seen fit to consign him to prison; and was, moreover, deemed a most ungrateful return for the clemency that had remitted so large a portion of the just penalty of his crime. The prince, though noted for the general mildness of his rule, was so exasperated at this second offence that when the culprit was retaken clemency was besought for him in vain; and he was put to death.

Among the common people, torture by various means is authorized by law, and administered at the option of the judge. So also are flogging, and condemning to hard labor for a term of years on the highways and gun-boats; but none of these penalties are inflicted on the wealthy or nobly born.

Another mode of dealing with offenders, in which the haughty monarch himself may stoop to be a petitioner, is well illustrated by the following incident: A Scotch merchant residing in the Siamese capital started out one day in his own cutter on a hunting and fishing frolic. He was accompanied by several English captains of vessels then in port, and their first stopping-place was at a little village near the mouth of the Meinam river. Here are located not only the fort that guards the entrance to the river, but also a large Buddhist temple, with the usual complement of pagodas and monasteries and all around lovely gardens and groves of flower and fruits trees. About these trees swarm always flocks of wild pigeons that, seemingly conscious of the security afforded by the Buddhistic law against the taking of animal life, build their nests in the turrets and pinnacles of those ancient pagodas, rear their young, and live on to extreme old age; not only unharmed, but so royally feasted and cared for that they need take no thought for themselves. These pig-

eons, however, proved a snare to our Englishmen, who thinking only of indulging their "John Bull" proclivities in favor of fine game, and utterly ignoring the religious prejudices of the numerous priests lolling in the zayats, or strolling leisurely through the grounds, fired their pieces simultaneously into a group of mango trees, bringing down a perfect shower of the beautiful birds that almost covered the sward at their feet. A second volley yielded like success; but with the coveted game came another crowd, for which our Englishmen had by no means bargained—a party of defiant priests, half frantic with rage, followed up by a yelling and abusive mob, who declared they would take vengeance for the outrage committed against their temple and religion. The twenty-five or thirty priests who led the van were armed with knives and spears; whilst the vagabond medley, numbering at least a hundred and bearing cudgels,—brought up the rear. So completely were the five or six Englishmen hemmed in that though they fought valiantly for a time, every one was wounded, and all would probably have been murdered outright but for the opportune arrival of succor, at the moment when their last man had been overpowered. The very unusual sound of gun-firing in such a vicinity had been noticed on board a Bombay ship lying at anchor just outside the fort, and the commander, curious to know the cause, promptly manned a good-sized boat with a dozen picked hands and pulled in for the shore. The wounded Englishmen were quickly transferred to the cutter, and the whole party proceeded directly to the city and the palace of the king, where an immediate audience with his majesty was asked and obtained. Pointing to their bandaged heads and torn attire, the Englishmen demanded not only full reparation for the injuries and insults received, but further, that the cowardly offenders should be at once arrested and severely punished. Though the foreigners were really the aggressors, his majesty deemed it expedient to comply with their demands, lest investigation should come from another source, and perhaps restitution in the form of "big guns" be brought to bear upon his stately palace, should his excellency, the English governor of Singapore, come to a knowledge of the outrage. So the old governor of Pak Nam fort was deposed from office, all his worldly goods confiscated to the crown, and himself shut up in prison, though the poor old man had really been in no way to blame for this shocking *faux pas*, by which "his serene majesty" came to be involved in so awkward a dilemma. For on the one hand were these half a dozen infuriated Englishmen, vowing if the whole posse of offending priests should not within forty-eight hours be delivered over to condign punishment, to apply to Governor Bonham for an armed steamer, whose guns should be planted before his majesty's gates; and on the other hand, the fact that the offenders were priests placed them entirely above the power of the civil law, and not a layman in the kingdom could be bribed or bullied into sacrilegiously laying hands on the "holy men." So this haughty potentate had to stoop to be a petitioner to one of his own subjects, and it was strongly suspected that the royal prayer was backed by arguments of a *golden* tinge. All that was positively known was that the head priest of the Pak Nam temple was summoned to a private audience with "his serene majesty;" that on retiring from the midnight visit several of the priest's attendants seemed to be heavily laden with mysterious-looking bags; and that the next day, twenty-five Buddhist priests were, *by their superior*, degraded from office, and minus their sacred yellow robes were handed over to the king's chamberlain to await the royal commands. Once out of the clerical ranks, they could easily be disposed of, and the king had the entire company severely flogged and then banished to the upper provinces, to spend the remaining term of their natural lives in the not very palatable employ of cutting grass for the king's elephants!

The only mode of capital punishment known in Siam is by beheading; and so very dexterously is this operation performed that life becomes extinct without apparent suffering. Cases of capital punishment are extremely rare, being confined almost exclusively to people of high rank; and is the penalty for either treason against the crown,

or some personal indignity to the monarch. During a reign that covered more than a quarter of a century there occurred not more than twenty executions; and ten of these were the forfeit paid for a single offence,—a few complimentary words spoken by a thoughtless young courtier to one of the ladies of the royal harem. I was acquainted with the young noble, and cognizant of all the circumstances attending the catastrophe. Of the previous details I was informed by the friends of the lady. She was the only daughter of a very wealthy native merchant, the offspring of his old age, of whom he was both proud and fond. The child had from her earliest years given indications of such rare beauty that the doating old father was fond of saying, "She ought to have been a queen," though it is not probable that he really had any such views for his daughter. One day, just as the beautiful child was maturing into the still more lovely woman, she was seated, as usual, with her father in the little room behind his store, when the door opened suddenly and a handsome young noble entered unannounced. He came on business with the father, and evidently had no thought of meeting such a vision of loveliness in the counting-room of his grim old friend, the tea merchant. The nobleman's look of undisguised admiration caused the old man to hurry his daughter out of the room, but in that single moment of mutual recognition an affection sprang up within both hearts that was destined henceforth to run parallel with their lives. The very next day brought the father of the young noble to negotiate with the old merchant for the hand of his daughter. It was too grand a prospect for his child's future to admit of any hesitation on the part of the father; and the betrothal took place immediately, to be followed in a few weeks by the marriage. For once the fates seemed propitious; and the young couple, though not permitted to meet, were both buoyant with hope in view of their future. The splendid preparations for the nuptials had been almost completed, and in two days more the twelve-year-old maiden was to become the bride of one to whom her heart had rendered homage from the hour of their first meeting. But alas! in that brief interim messengers from the king's harem, who had in some way become cognizant of this maiden's extraordinary attractions, made such tempting offers to the parents, in his majesty's behalf, as quite overcame all scruples of honor, delicacy, and affection. The child was ruthlessly sacrificed to the ambition of the parents; and without being allowed even a parting interview with her betrothed, or the slightest hint to him of the fate of his *fiancée*, she was hurried off to the royal palace. The whole transaction was, of course, illegal, and had the maiden been consigned to any party inferior in rank to her betrothed husband, he would boldly have demanded his promised wife, and compelled the father to fulfill his contract. But where a sovereign is concerned, "might is right;" and he would be a bold man who should dare question the right of his king to commit any injustice whatever. After the marriage the paths of the young couple, of course, lay widely separate; and so strict is courtly etiquette in such matters that they were not allowed even to hear of each other's welfare. But at last they met, most unexpectedly to both, after four long years of separation. It was within the palace enclosure, he retiring from an audience with the king, she returning from the bath, attended by her maidens. Love sees far, even through thick vails, and if there had remained any doubt in the courtier's mind as to the identity of the lady her evident agitation would have revealed the truth. Thrown off his guard by the suddenness of the apparition, the young noble bowed courteously to his former betrothed, praying her to tarry only for a moment. To this she imprudently assented, and after the interchange of perhaps half a dozen sentences, they separated without even touching each other's hands. During the brief interview eight attendants were present, four belonging to each of the principal actors, and these afterwards testified upon oath that there was neither word nor sign exchanged by which one could have even suspected the former relation of the parties. Yet when the affair came to be reported to the king he and his council declared the lives of the courtier, the

lady, and the eight attendants to be "justly forfeited by this outrage upon the honor of the sovereign and the sanctity of his harem." So in the flower of their youth they all fell by the sword of the public executioner, the noble scarcely twenty years of age, and most of the others still younger. Yet after all, the king was not intentionally a cruel man; only intensely vain, pompous and regardful of the requirements of royal etiquette; and the number of executions that occurred under this reign of nearly twenty-seven years was probably smaller than that of any Christian country in the world of equal population during a similar term of years.

The judicial and criminal codes of Burmah, Cambodia, and indeed of all the native principalities of Southern Asia, where unmodified by European control, are administered in much the same despotic fashion, though varying slightly in details. In Burmah, for example, the bestowal of government offices is the prerogative of the monarch alone; and yet it is made a fruitful source of emolument to royal favorites. For it is through these, if at all, that the petition of a candidate for office must reach the royal ear; and such kindly service is not rendered without the payment of liberal fees. The king, as in Siam, is the sole owner of real estate. His vassals and subjects, even royal blooded princes, hold their lands subject to the control of the regal landlord; and they may, at any moment, without even the assignment of a reason, be deprived of not only the lands held from the crown, but also the stately palaces erected thereon at their own expense. So, the humble cottage built by a poor man, with time and money that he has with difficulty saved out of his small earnings, belongs not to him, but to the king; and whenever the sovereign owner may so decree, the tenant-on-leave vacates within the hour. Other private property is not only subject to taxation; but it is liable on the most frivolous pretext to be confiscated, "for the public good," as interpreted by the rapacity of those in power. Thus the security of a man's possessions lies only in the semblance of poverty; and the only bank deposit he durst make is to steal away into the jungle alone at the midnight hour and like a thief bury the little hoard of gold or jewels he would reserve for a rainy day. God help the wife and children of the man known to be rich, or even suspected of such a crime as laying up gold, instead of using it in fees and gifts to those above him in power. Unless he has strong "interest at court" his head will probably soon fall by the headsman's axe; and those most dear to him, for whose comfort he has toiled and saved, will be driven into slavery.

But the march of civilization is gradually tending eastward, and even within the present decade there are signs of promise wafted to us over the waters. The total abolition of slavery in Siam, since the accession of his present majesty in the latter part of the year 1868, was a grand, noble step, scarcely to have been expected from the boy-king who had barely completed his fifteenth year. Still later we have the announcement from that land of temples and palaces, that the young king has issued an edict giving entire freedom in regard to religion to all within his realm, without distinction of rank; and henceforth neither priest nor ruler may throw any obstacle in the way of those who renounce Buddhism for Christianity. The very recent action of the youthful monarch in commanding the immediate and unconditional release of several Christian converts, who had been imprisoned for their change of religion by a Siamese governor in one of the upper provinces, shows alike the sincerity and the independence of this young king. Both he and his cousin, the second king, are making their mark on their age and nation; and we may hope that Siam's long night is passing away, to be succeeded ere long by a day of glorious brightness.

The government of China, the oldest probably in the world, is still, as it seems always to have been, both theocratic and patriarchal in form; whilst its details, like everything else in China, are on so mammoth a scale as perfectly bewildered my republican eyes. The word mandarin does not mean in Chinese a magistrate or governor of a province, as generally supposed, but any commissioned officer of whatever rank in the employ of the Chinese government. They are called by the natives *kwan-foo*, and they are indeed

"legion," rising one above another, from the petty village "supervisor," till the imperial throne of the "son of heaven" is reached. Of the nine ranks of mandarins, each is subdivided into two classes; and the jurisdiction of every one is determined by long-established usage, to interfere with which would be regarded as sacrilege. The usual officers of a province are: *Tsung-Tuh*, governor-general; *Tsung-Shing*, military director; *Foo-Yuen*, deputy-governor; *Ngan-Cha-Tze*, criminal judge; *Poo-Ching-Tze*, revenue officer; *Leang-Taon*, superintendent of government stores; *Yen-Yun-Tye*, controller of salt; *Quang-Chow-Foo*, mayor of the chief city of the province; *Wei-Yuen*, an officer to determine questions of rank; *Quen-Min-Foo*, superintendent of the port; *Yam-Chae*, imperial commissioner to determine causes of special emergency; and a host of subordinates—quite enough to rule or ruin any ordinary province. Foreigners, however, have to do with none but the hong-merchants, and these are controlled by the *hoppo*, who receives his appointment directly from the emperor; and being usually a member of the royal family, he would deem it derogatory to his dignity to hold direct intercourse with any but his own nation. Petitions and replies must all pass through the medium of the hongs; while Americans, with their republican ideas, sit by and smile quietly at the fancied superiority of their oriental cousins.

Fannie Roper Feudge.

SOME OF MISS HELP'S PROTEGES.

A HERO IN HUMBLE LIFE.

"The whole problem is how to make bread of the least possible flour, and to keep it the longest possible time without getting mouldy," said Miss Help, looking her shrewdest through her spectacles at a stalwart young workman in a knit jacket, who was leaning over her desk.

"You must cut it closer than that, Miss Help," he said with a half bitter laugh. "Question is how to make bread out of nothing, and keep Kitty and the old lady on it and never have it give out. What 's needed is such another miracle as happened in the Good Book to that old woman's flour-barrel and molasses or buttermilk jug, or whatever it was that she lived on—always used and yet never used up. That 's it, Miss Jane; I 've got just fifty cents, and there 'll be rent due in a week, and by to-morrow food to be bought, and coal by Saturday. I've walked this city up and down steady for six weeks, ready to do *anything* at any price, and I can't get it, and there are dozens of men in my case. This is the first thing offered, and you say not to touch it."

"Yes, Ned; and mind you don't touch it. Better starve the body than poison the soul. Why do they want you to take the money in a Varieties theater? Because you are honest; but how long will you be likely to remain honest in such company? Not alone in childhood do evil communications corrupt good manners. Which of the Commandments, unless it is the sixth, is not constantly broken in a Varieties theater?"

"You know I can't starve alone; there 's mother and Kitty."

"I know they had rather starve with you than have you lose your morals and come home drunk and swearing, or desert them for evil company."

"I hope I know my duty better, Miss Help."

"If you step aside from duty so far as to take this place, you cannot tell where you may bring up. The Bible says, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed;' and the psalm says, 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.' That don't mean money taking in a Varieties, Ned. And let me tell you that it is precious poor business policy to enlist the Lord amongst

your enemies, for the sake of twenty-five dollars a month."

"Well, Miss Help, I said I'd take your advice,—and I do; but since I must not touch this place, I believe the Lord will have to find some way of feeding me on nothing."

"I should not be surprised if that would be exactly what he did—feed you on what we call nothing. Americans are the most extravagant people in the world. We waste what foreigners make a decent living on. There was more truth than an enormous joke in Hale's story of a man who made a fortune by collecting paper and bits of advertisements flying along the streets. The poor of France could be supported on the waste of our poor. I went to France once for a year, as nurse to a sick lady, and I know what I am saying. In city and country we waste. In the country if a cow or a horse dies, ten to one it is buried as it falls, in France every hair and bone and scrap of it would be turned into money. The swamps behind our cities and along our coasts would in France be rich market gardens; and you workmen would find steady employment in them."

"You know, Miss Help, I cannot go into the country and dig my living out of the earth; for I could not leave my old lady, and Kitty has not been out of bed this ten years but as I lifted her. That makes me more anxious not to be behindhand in the rent lest we get ejected, for it might kill Kitty to be moved."

"I'll lend you the rent if you need it," said Miss Jane. "As you say, Ned, dozens of men are out of work in this crisis, and you may seek long without finding; but go out with your eyes open and try to strike out a new line of life for yourself. Is there no waste that you can live on? It is better to try to turn nothing into something by utilizing the waste, then it is to turn something into nothing by serving grog in a bar, or taking money in a Varieties theater. Don't live like a vampire on the blood of your fellows. Don't despair, my lad; go out and try again. I'll agree to whatever is honest, and lend you money for a start in a straight line, but don't let the devil tempt you in your extremity to do evil. Remember, he came to our Lord when he was an hungered, and his tactics have not changed; he persuades many men to do when they are hungry what they would not do when they were well fed and had five dollars in their pocket. There is truth in the remark that it is easy to be virtuous on five thousand a year. But God can maintain your virtue when you have nothing a year."

The young man picked up his hat from the floor, and straightened his knitted jacket. "I believe," he said, "that it will be easier to go out with an eye to *inventing* work, than begging it with this everlasting 'no, no work' for an answer. I was reading a book by some great man who had been a workman, and he said it made him sick to see men going about begging of their fellows the right to live."

"Hugh Miller should have known better than to copy Burns in such a bit of pathos," said Miss Help sturdily. "If we want apples we pick them; we don't go into orchards holding our mouths open and expecting fruit to fall in. If work is honorable there is no disgrace in asking for it. Work *is* honorable and labor is a blessing; busy people are not the cheats, suicides or misanthropes, and as labor is worth having it is worth asking for, and all workers do ask for it. The politician begs for his office, the merchant in every advertisement asks for custom, every man proclaims his abilities and requests means for their occupation; and Burns and Miller have found out that it is a sickening sight to see a workman asking honestly for work! That is mere balderdash, Ned. Geniuses talk a good deal of that—for a change."

Ned laughed, said "Good morning," and went off. I said, "Miss Jane, that is a very intelligent young fellow, what is his trouble?"

"Want of work. He has for seven years supported his old mother, and a sister who is in bed with a spinal disease. He has been this seven years in a foundry, but that has closed and for nearly two months he has been looking for work, and using up his little savings, until all are gone. There are many men out of work now, and he is one of those who cannot get out of the city; he might make his fortune possibly by going

West, but he cannot go; the old lady cannot carry fuel or water upstairs, and poor Kitty would find no hospital open to her, as she is incurable. Poor fellow, he is sorely tried."

I had come to the Bureau for an orphan. One of Miss Help's clients had died leaving three orphan children. The Bureau had taken the youngest, almost all the girls there offering to contribute work or money to her support, so that like many another "Daughter of the Regiment," she was likely to be better cared for than any other daughter in the regiment. I had found a place for the oldest, and had come to make arrangements for taking her away on the morrow. Accordingly the next morning I returned, and while I waited for the orphan in came Ned.

"Miss Help, I believe I 've found a way of living, if you 'll lend me two dollars to set up my stock in trade."

"You are welcome to the loan," said Miss Jane, looking for the money, "but what are you meaning to do, Ned?"

Ned looked down and laughed, rather uneasily. "I 'll tell you in two weeks, Miss Help—when I see how it works."

Miss Help looked at him sharply. "Honor bright, Ned, you are not to trade in the crimes of your fellows."

"No, no, miss; but I 'll not say as to their *follies*. I shall not cheat anybody, miss; but what my eyes discerned for me yesterday was that there 's more money going for nonsense than for square hard work. There must be some one to humor fools," added Ned, cynically.

"See to it," said Miss Jane, "that you neither go into temptation yourself nor lead your fellows into it. Remember, it is better to be cast into the depths of the sea than to cause a brother to offend. Now, Ned, I trust you, so be off, and good luck."

About two weeks after this I was passing toward the close of the afternoon before the State-house, in the most crowded portion of one of our great thoroughfares. Here the street widens into half a plazza, and here itinerant dealers love to stand. A crowd surrounded one of these men, and I heard a brisk voice haranguing the throng. Something familiar in the tones struck me, and gaining the vantage ground of the State-house steps, I beheld the muscular workman-like figure and keen face of Ned in the midst of a circle of admirers. Around his neck hung by a red cord a tray made of a stout pasteboard cover, and holding large brown envelopes, each evidently full. Conspicuously on the top of these lay an open razor. On Ned's extended left hand lay a bunch of keys, and in his right hand he held a common pine chip. Thus was Ned holding forth:

"See here, gentlemen! here 's a trick that will take you two and a half years, practicing six hours a day, to learn—but I show it off free to you. Look here! who of you can rub keys with a pine stick so as the keys will rise up to meet the stick? Got any keys? Got any pine stick? Now try it, rub this way, and that way, and so, there he comes! there is a key rising up to the stick, no you can't do it with yours. I told you so, it takes *practice;* when you 're willing to devote your whole time and attention to it for nigh three years maybe you 'll get the right twist. There has only been one other fellow in this key business, gentlemen, and he 's dead. Starved! *I* expect to starve if you don't make things more lively for me What! some of you gentlemen going off before I 've done my great trick of swallowing a razor? Here 's the razor,"—he lifted it with a flourish, and the crowd thickened and pressed closer. "Yes, gentlemen, who of you can swallow a razor? Takes you five years and a plenty of fits of indigestion besides setting out with the stomach of an ostrich as your first capital—to learn to swallow a razor. Oh I 'm willing to show you how, free. Got any razors? if you have, take 'em out and do as I do. I hold up the razor so, open my mouth so—but before I do swallow the razor, gentlemen, who wants to buy fifty cents' worth of varieties for ten cents? Here in this parcel is a pencil, a pen, a set of studs and cuff-buttons, and paper and envelopes for writing to your sweetheart. Buy the package, and open it on the spot. If any man don't find what I say I 'll return his dime, or give him my razor, just as he likes."

Several of the crowd invested dimes in the envelopes, opened them and found the

list as described. "Now here's some more gentlemen who have not seen the key business," said the voluble Ned. "I shows 'em that, and then I returns to my razor swallowing after I sells a few more packages to any gent who wants to get the worth of his money in these hard times. Pen, pencil, studs, cuff-buttons, paper, envelopes,—all for ten cents!" shouted Ned, in his clear, brisk voice. "Come right up, take the reserved seats, or private boxes, just as you like without extra charge. Tickets free, packages worth fifty cents—for ten cents."

Here an express wagon, delayed in the throng on the street, stopped opposite Ned, and one of the men in it began to jeer the street tradesman. "See that fellow on the cart?" cried Ned. "Now why is his mouth like a drug-shop? Can't tell? Give it up? Answer, 'Cause it's always open." The crowd roared with laughter, and Ned sold several envelopes at once. I came down from the steps as the outer circle of listeners began to break up, and the last I heard that day of Ned was his old shout, "What! going away before I've done the great trick of swallowing a razor? Now here goes for a show!"

A few days after this, provided with a basket of tea, sponge cakes and jelly for "the old lady and Kitty," I climbed four pairs of stairs to the "top flat" where Ned's family abode. As soon as the door was opened by a brisk old woman, I perceived where Ned got his bright eye, happy disposition and keen wits; he was his mother's son, emphatically. "Come in, come in," said the old woman, when I had used Miss Jane's name as an introduction. "I'm afraid you found it a long climb. I don't get up and down myself much now, but once you are up here it is airy and sunny and good for Kitty. Yes, there's Kitty in bed, she's amazin' chipper lately; she's got busy in some of Ned's new work, and she's quite picking up. Oh, thank you, ma'am, for this treat for Kitty; it beats all, the good friends one finds so unexpected. Yes ma'am, we have lived up here fourteen year, and it *do* seem like home; we think the top story is the best story; it is out of the noise and bad smells, and not so many people running by the door, and you can keep the landing clean. Then out of the windows, ma'am, it's quite interesting, the pigeons and the swallows flying along the roofs, and the clear sky behind the chimbley tops, and in winter the snow lies up here white and clean along the peaks and dormants, and the icicles hang as bright as julery." A very poor and common person, you see, oblivious of Webster and Worcester; but these thoughts were almost identical with those of the cheerful *Philosophe* of Paris, whose words have been his fortune. The little rooms were clean and comfortable in a very simple fashion; there was a brilliant "rising sun" bed-quilt over Kitty, and the cripple was busy working with silk, cardboard, and odds and ends of cloth and ribbon. I suggested that her disease was a great affliction. It was so, the mother admitted, but she saw also a more cheerful side to it.

"You see, ma'am, I've always had Kitty's company, and ain't lonely in my old age, and trouble's kept Kitty steady; if she'd been stout who knows but she might ha' gone astray like so many; there's a heap of temptation around poor girls out earnin' their livin'. To be sure Kitty's had a deal of suffering; but suppose she had had a drunken, ugly husband, and half a dozen starvin' children, it would ha' been a deal worse for her and for me. Now nobody looks crosswise at her, and me and Ned sets great store by Kitty. You don't know what a good fellow Ned is. When he was a mite of a boy, he allus brought me every cent he made, never got candy or marbles; when he went out working he carried coal and water for me of nights, and early in the morning. He never goes to shows nor wears finery; he uses all his money for me and Kitty, and seems as bound to keep us as other men is to keep their wives and children. He's lively and sociable, but he dar'n't look at any young folks, poor fellow, on account of having us to care for, and so not able to think of marrying. I think pity of him for it; but la, Ned says he likes me and Kitty better than all the rest. He's took care of us for seven years, and he did a good deal for us before that, and when his father died he

paid all the expenses; he said his father had been an honest, hard-working man, and he should n't be buried like a pauper. Oh, Ned *is* a good lad; evenings he sits here and plays on an accordion just heavenly, and he reads out loud to us as good as a preacher,—don't he, Kitty?"

Yes, Kitty said that he did, and that he always kept his courage up; he nearly lost it, but not quite, when he was so long out of work, but now, Kitty added, he had taken to a street show and package selling, and he made more money at it than he had at foundry work.

"It seemed a sort of come-down to me," said the old lady, "to have him, who had always been a steady workman, and with his big muscles, go to cutting jokes on the sidewalk, and selling bits of parcels; but says Ned, 'Mother, anything is more comfortable than starving, and more respectable than stealing.' Not, ma'am, that Ned had n't *rather* be at hard day's work, but he allus was a rare hand for making the best of a bad bargain."

And what was Kitty doing, I asked. She spread out her work—pen-wipers, pocket pincushions, little jointed dolls dressed, kettle-holders, book-marks. I especially noticed button cards, whereon not the original buttons were fastened, but the edges were neatly trimmed, and on each card was a dozen of assorted buttons, bone, pearl, china, rubber, gilt—the idea came to me that they were *waste* buttons, from store sweepings and from sidewalks; so there were single rows of pins, but the pins were of all sizes and both black and white; little needle-cases held two or three needles and two or three hair-pins; there was a box of broken candy also, and Kitty was cutting motto papers from bits of tissue and glazed paper, and rolling up the pieces.

"This," said Kitty proudly, "is all *waste*, and we are putting it to use. Ned was telling me one night what Miss Help said about living on waste, and it set me thinking about all the things I used to see when I could run about,—for I *could* run around when I was a little girl,—paste-board, papers, scraps of ribbon from the stores, pins and buttons and all sorts of things; and I told Ned if I could get such waste, I could make up the things for his packages, and he could have more variety, and so he does. Some of his parcels have candy and pins, and needle-books and buttons, and lots of things in them; they are real nice packages for ten cents. Ned arranged at two or three stores to get the broken boxes and the handkerchief ribbons, and the bright papers, and he fills his packets with odds and ends he finds along the sidewalks, and I buy all that a little boy on the first flat can find, and he 's a sharp little fellow and goes to milliner shops and offers to clean walks or cellars for scraps. I tell Ned may be we 'll get rich some day and set up a factory out of our waste work!"

A week or two after this, walking in an unfamiliar part of the city, I suddenly discovered Ned in a new stand. As I came within sight, lo the same admiring crowd around the knit jacket, and the loud, cheery voice, proclaiming the marvels of the key trick, and asking how any gentleman *could* leave before he had done his great feat of swallowing a razor. Again I stood on some adjacent steps and watched Ned.

"Don't go, gentlemen, without a present for your little girl; you know she 'll be watching for you, and won't her eyes shine when you take out this package! Here 's a doll dressed to represent Queen Victory openin' Parliament, and here 's caudy, and a neat little needle-book, and a pincushion, a pencil and a pen-wiper; it 's a fortune, gentlemen, a complete fortune, worth fifty cents, and goin' for ten. If you don't take one of these parcels to your little girl, you don't deserve to have any little girl. What did you take her last night? Nothing! that *was* an oversight. Nor night before? What, never? Well now you *are* a pretty posey of a father to neglect a little girl like that. Here, buy this package, and just observe how these keys, properly stroked, rise to meet the stick. Where is my razor? Now for my grand feat. The Khan of Tartary fainted at seeing it. I take the razor so, I hold my head this way—takes five years to learn it, and two and a half years steady practice to learn the keys—and then I hold the razor so. Seats free, gentlemen; reserved seats

free. Before I swallow the razor let me sell you this nice package for your wife; pen, thimble, pins, buttons,—*now* she 'll never leave your shirt buttons off, to say nothing of fastening on your galluses with a nail,—paper, a spool of thread—all for ten cents—worth a fortune."

Not long after this I met Ned going home to supper, and walked along with him. "Well, Ned," I asked, "how does the street selling suit you?"

"It went pretty hard at first, ma'am; I'd rather by half have toted boxes, or carried a hod, or worked in a foundry; but there was nothing of that kind to do, and though I felt ashamed like, as if I was a beggar, I said to myself, 'Ned, here 's the only way to keep mother and Kitty out of the almshouse, it *would* be a disgrace to see 'em there,' and so I stood up to it like a man, and if you 'll believe it, I make more money by that chaffing on the walk and selling those bits of things than I did in the foundry. Why, I'm laying up money. It is true, ma'am, the world is full of fools, and there must be some one to humor 'em, and it 's better by half for them to spend their money on a bit of thing to amuse the children at home, than to lay it out on a glass of grog and go home cross, or treat some lubber with it, who 'll maybe pick their pocket in pay. I always give all I promise in the parcel and more than other folks give."

"And where do you get your pens, pencils, paper, envelopes?"

"Kitty and mother make the big envelopes out of paper that I buy by the pound, cheap. As for the other things—you have hardly an idea, ma'am, how cheap they come, of this medium quality, when one goes to the wholesale houses and buys to sell. I get half a gross of pens and pencils, and a box of letter envelopes and a ream of paper, and they are stock in trade for a long while. You mind Miss Help lent me money for the first outfit."

"I should think the police would interfere with you, you have so many admirers."

"Well, ma'am, I think they 're easy with me, knowing I'm a decent fellow driven to the wall. I change my beat, too, and if I see a beak coming, I often move along. Sometimes they do say to the crowd, 'Move on,' but I've no fault to find with the beaks."

"And how about the keys?"

"Why you know, ma'am, I 've got a magnet in the chip, but *they* won't see it,—they don't want to see it—they like to be fooled. It is amazin' how they 'll stand staring at it!"

"And the razor?"

"Why, ma'am, that razor makes me think of a line out of a poetry book I 'm fond of readin'—'Man never is, but always *to be* blest.' You see I 'm always just agoing to swallow that razor, and before I do it I 'll sell a few more packages. I never tell 'em that they *will* see me do it, but that they *hav'n't* seen me. I might go on and say that moreover they ain't likely to see me, but if they enjoy the other way of putting it, I don't feel bound to stand in their light."

"And so you like to read, Ned?"

"Yes, ma'am; sometimes I buy a second-hand book, and sometimes when there 's a neighbor in to cheer up mother and Kitty, I go to a free library and read the evening. Since I began to save money at this, and Kitty is so bright in making things, I 've been wondering *could* I ever lay up enough to hire a cabin and a couple of acres out in the country. and till that and do day's work? Maybe I could get Kitty and the old lady moved there, and I think Kitty would enjoy it, and as it don't seem the Lord's way that I 'm to have a wife and children, seeing I have Kitty and my old lady to mind, I would like to live where I could keep animals, and raise flowers and corn enough to buy books for the evenings."

A friend of mine who was weeding out a large library, soon after sent Ned a parcel of books, and finding a young damsel mourning for something to do, I bid her take a roll of pretty fragments and some patterns, and go and instruct Kitty in making rabbits, elephants and dogs of flannel; work baskets and chair baskets and shaving-paper cases and tissue lamp mats. My young friend became interested, and continued her instructions for several days.

This was late in autumn, and being out of town, it was spring before I again called at Ned's home. The sunshine poured into the

upper room, and Kitty propped up in bed was the manager of a manufactory! Her mother, with a very pretty young woman and a little girl, was busily employed in making fancy work of a simple sort, dolls, balls, cloth animals, mats, wind-mills, etc. The boy who collected waste was driving a good trade, and came in while I was there with a basket of material. Not only was Ned selling dozens of packages and separate articles, enlivening his trade by the razor, the keys and the fainting Khan of Tartary, but the little working girl's mother had opened a large street stand, purchasing her stock in trade from Kitty, and supporting herself better on the percentage than she ever had on slop sewing. The report was still that they were laying up money, and Kitty announced that perhaps they could earn enough to get into the country, and have a bit of place to themselves while Ned did day's work and she sent toys to town. Her mother knit many trifles for the stand, and Rhoda, the pretty girl, was "a wonderful hand at paper dolls."

That was three years ago, and six months since Ned was able to carry out his cherished plan. He had hired a four-roomed house and an acre of ground, and retiring from the key and razor and khan business, was to do day's work, while Kitty carried on her manufactory.

It was only yesterday that all this story of my humble hero was brought to my mind by his calling on me, with Rhoda dressed in her best, and stating that they had just come from the minister's, and were on their wedding journey, which was to extend from my house to the Bureau, and from the Bureau—home. "You see, ma'am," said Ned in blushing apology for this new departure, "Rhoda is so smart I thought I had better get her to take care of me, while I took care of the rest of them."

MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

"What we want," said Miss Help, "is not to take care of the poor, but to teach the poor to take care of themselves. Some of what we call our charitable institutions make large collections, salary heavily several officers, and do most of their work in encouraging pauperism. Some other of our institutions are managed by ladies who give their services freely, and who only salary their employes, as matrons or secretaries. They do a deal of good, and relieve a deal of misery. I have known many rescued from ruin by their means, but one great trouble with *these* institutions is, that the ladies do not know much about business, and next that they do not know much about the poor. In the way of business they often proceed on a basis of impossibilities, not having any business experience or practice; and for the poor, they regard them as all alike, differing only about as much as potatoes in a barrel, some large and some small, some sound and some specked, and so all to be treated generally in the same fashion. They do not recognize *individuality* in their poor; individuality and personal preferences seem to them to belong to good clothes and an income; they don't say so, but practically they follow this view, and so doing they do not make the most and best possible out of their poor, and make them most readily self-supporting by following their natural bent. Now talking of the business lack of these ladies' committees reminds me of a fact. I knew one committee that had in hand a country home for an orphanage. They wanted to have a house moved nearly half a mile; to have it floored, plastered, painted and a three-room addition built on, and the whole building must have its siding renewed. They gave out the contract, changed their minds and delayed three times, and then demanded that the work should be done at the first time stated, giving just *one month* for the whole work, while the mere moving of the building and setting it on its new foundations required two weeks. The contractor protested, and pleaded the stripping and re-siding; one of the managers remarked that 'it should not take very long to pull off and tack on a few boards!' Not a manager of them knew anything about building or house-moving, and they ended by getting a poor house for half as much again as a good one should cost."

"Come now," I remonstrated, "surely you are not undervaluing the beautiful work of our Women's Christian Associa-

tions, our many and various charitable committees. Such a grand and self-denying stemming of the tide of human misery and vice as has been done by these devoted women during the last twenty years, would have surpassed the wildest dreams of a hundred years ago. We cannot relegate all this philanthropic work to men, because they know how to build houses or move them; as a general thing these ladies wisely administer their funds, make every dollar bring its best results, devise constantly new industries, new modes of making a living, and day after day show the courage of heroes and the sympathy of angels."

"You do not need defend them to me," said Miss Jane. "I love them one and all. Did you think I rejected this pot of ointment because there is a dead fly on the edge just ready to fall in? No, let us brush away the fly. My intention was not to praise, because praise here is not needed; the work in its manner and results vindicates itself. And yet nothing below is perfect, and only by seeing failings are we able to remedy them, and so to advance the nearer to perfection. Are we not in all things conscious of a perpetual unrest because our works fall so far behind the pattern of the divine worker?"

"But, Miss Jane," I urged, "what is to be done about it? The ladies of whom we speak acted according to their light. They have had no opportunity to learn business beyond a general knowledge of gas, water, and dress-maker's bills; the prices of dry goods; and possibly they are wise enough to keep accounts in their housekeeping."

"The trouble lies far back, and needs a whole generation to remedy it," said Miss Help. "They know nothing of business? Why not? A false sentiment has rendered it derogatory for a woman to be a business woman, for a girl to earn or appreciate dollars and cents, if she can possibly find a father, brother, or uncle to support her. The noble army of working women, who of all women best demonstrate their *raison d'être* is in general a despised army; and while society applauds the woman who is an artist, an editor, an author, it does so by calling her a genius, and setting her out of that grand corps where she legitimately belongs. Families with three, four or five daughters, whether there are sons or not, if the father can possibly support them, are brought up to do nothing but help mother a little! This helping is not generally really learning housekeeping and seamstress work in all its varieties, but skimming the surface of things, making cake, dusting a room, trimming a gown, and leaving those weightier matters of the law, as shirt-making, ironing, bread-making and beef-cooking to some one else. Girls speak of it as a hardship, if they are obliged by stress of circumstances to earn a support. "Anna thinks it so hard; all her friends have their time to themselves, and she is forced to teach, poor child!" The whole training of the girl is aside from knowing anything about business; she reads stories and fashion magazines, not newspapers, and works on science and architecture, and practical every-day life. She does not learn telegraphy or carving, or furniture decorating, or gardening, or book-keeping, nor does she go into her father's business and learn it as her brother would if she had one; bless you, it would make her a *working woman!* Thus out of this army of working women are kept, so far as possible, all women of education, means, refinement, cultured taste. These organized into a society make no end of blunders in business, and regard them as creditable rather than otherwise, as a Chinese lady cherishes the deformity of a cramped foot. If they read common law and medicine so as to be as well informed on these points as ordinary men, bless you, 'they are very odd,' at the least. These good ladies with the very best intentions undertake to handle the working-woman question; they are thrown into contact with the poor, and knowing absolutely nothing of what it is to earn a living, or what it costs to earn a dollar, or what a dollar can be made to bring, they have only the most general and no particular sympathies; on the one hand, they will be deceived and kill by over kindness, on the other, they will misunderstand and kill by hardness. It needs working women to understand and help working women; then they know that being bread-winners does

not forfeit for them their position as wives aud mothers; that while they earn daily wages they have the affections of the hearth; that the poor mother, left a widow, wants to keep her children in a home, not to sow them broadcast in orphan asylums; that the poor couple who have passed their married fifty years, unhonored it is true by a golden wedding, do not want to be thrust one into an Old Men's Home, the other into an Old Women's Home, or put in the separate wards of an almshouse, or one go to one Blind Asylum and the other to another. There is a fine kind of charity in England, where endowments have been left so that decent destitute old couples, or single people, can have a nice three-roomed cottage, with fuel, water and lights, and a certain number of shillings weekly on which to subsist; and they can take in an orphan grandchild, or feeble child, living as in their own home, subject only to certain regulations of sobriety, cleanliness, and good order. All this," said Miss Help, "has been forced today on my mind, by expecting here a woman lately left a widow. She has four children, the youngest a babe, the eldest a girl of thirteen, very deficient in sight. This Mrs. Grant has absolutely nothing to live on; she cannot teach, nor is she sufficiently accomplished as a seamstress to take in fiue sewing; neither strong enough nor quick enough to live by fine laundry work. She has applied for work to the managers of two institutions or associations, and they advised her to live out as a housekeeper or cook, or go out as a monthly nurse. But what meanwhile would the children do? the half-blind girl cannot take care of the others. Mrs. Grant is a decent Christian woman, and desires to bring up her little family well."

"And what do these ladies propose for these four children?"

"They say to put the eldest in some asylum; to put the two boys in one of these half-endowed schools, where the parent pays for each child a dollar a week, and where the institution does the rest. They think the baby could be put in an orphanage. Thus this woman whom God has bereaved of her husband, must by her sisters be bereaved of her children; her wages would average four dollars a week, and two would go to school the boys. Her children are to grow up without home ties or mother loving, and she is to have no future to which to look forward; and she is a woman in whom the maternal element is very largely developed. Ah, here she comes now."

Mrs. Grant entered the Bureau. She was a middle-aged woman, dressed in decent but very humble black; her face wore not only the sorrow of her late sudden loss, but the distracting fear of being torn from her children, and the heavy care of providing for four hungry mouths.

"Well, what success to-day?" queried Miss Jane's business tone.

"None, and I'm clean heart-broke. The ladies say there is no work for me to do in my own home that will make a living, unless I go into an attic or cellar, or some low street and starve on slop sewing. Oh, I do want to keep this tidy little floor where we have always lived since I married, and where the neighbors are kind and decent, and the church and school are near. Why, ma'am, they say I *must* live out; it is the only thing for me to do, and no place will take me and four children; and they talk just as cool of me dividing up my poor fatherless children in asylums, and letting that blessed baby grow up scarce knowing her mother's face—just as cool, ma'am, as *I* have talked of drowning extra kittens. I think of every kitteu I ever put out of the way, and I take shame for it, I do assure you. I don't wonder, ma'am, that some poor souls gets drove to distraction and poisons themselves and their poor children; I'm wicked enough to wish we were all dead if that is the only way we can keep together. To think of my children, my half blind Ellen, little Tom, named for his father, and Frank, so pretty and tender-hearted, and that blessed baby that can't say one word but 'mamma,' scattered off here and there, growing up, knowing no home, no parents, no brothers and sisters, but knocked about by strangers. I always made them mind, poor dears, and we never took no impudence, cause it is n't right that parents should, but to think of their being cuffed about by them as don't care a straw

for 'em! and the ladies talk to me of it just as easy. 'You can do nothing else Mrs. Grant; it's the only way to get on, and your children will do very nicely.' What would they say if it was *their* children? Why one of them as she talked so easy had her own little girl on her lap hugging and kissing her every two minutes. I just burst out. 'O, ma'am,' says I, 'suppose you and me had changed places, and there was talk of you putting that darling in an asylum!' She looked at me quite wild like, and broke right out cryin', and she put a five-dollar note in my hand, and ran out of the committee-room with her child. God bless 'em both! but what am I to do,—*I can't give up my children!*"

"See here," said the calm Miss Help, "you cannot do *anything* so long as you cry and get excited. What you want now is a little quiet common sense. Dry your eyes and drink a glass of water. The ladies advised what suits many cases, what has seemed to them generally best. They could not bring the matter down to what is best for *you*, and for your case. Now it seems to me that what God has joined together as mother and child, men or committees must not put asunder. If you can tide over ten years, bringing up your children in industry and God-fearing, the children will be taking care of you. Come now, Mrs. Grant, how will you live and make a living for these children for one hundred and twenty months? What can you do?"

"Why, ma'am I can *cook*. I'm a rare good cook, but I cannot go out cooking at a restaurant or hotel, say from six in the morning to ten at night, as Ellen can't see to take care of the children. She'd let 'em burn up maybe."

"And your house is not in a locality for an eating-house?"

"No ma'am; I wish it was. I've got dishes and a good stove, and I love baking and cooking. I wish you could see the rolls and pies and jumbles and preserves and jellies I can make with half a chance. I fairly beat all the bakers; but land, what's the use of talking? I'll be glad to live on dry bread now, not to hint at jumbles and jelly. My Tom was 'mazin' fond of a good meal, and he worked hard and was sober as a parson, and I cooked nice things for him; but I wish now I knew how to do something else."

"Not at all," said Miss Help briskly, "I begin to see my way clear for you. You can live on cooking; you can make a nice living by supplying pies, rolls, cake, jellies and so on, home-made, to a fixed set of customers, and if you have any things left over at any time you can have them sold at the nearest grocer's. Plenty of ladies would be glad to hire their jelly, catsup, pickles and preserves made, by a nice private hand. They could send you the materials and jars, and pay a small price for your work. Now go home; take part of that committee lady's five dollars, buy material and make fifty nice rolls, a hundred cookies of two kinds, fifty tarts, a sheet of gingerbread, and a plain loaf of cake. Put these in a large basket, using nice towels to cover them; remember the things must *look* good. Then if you have any jellies, pickles or catsup of your own making put them neatly in bottles, in two small baskets for your little boys to carry. Come here to-morrow at two o'clock, and I will give you thirty notes to ladies of my acquaintance stating your desire to get private custom. You deliver these notes and have each lady taste your samples; this first basketful is to be given away, as your advertisement. Carry a little book and write your orders in it."

Mrs. Grant retired very hopeful, and Miss Help at once wrote this note:

"*Dear Madam:*—Mrs. Grant, a widow, desires to support her four children by furnishing cakes, pies, rolls, etc., to private families. She brings specimens of her baking. She will be glad also to put up pickles, catsup, jellies and canned fruit, for a small commission. Reference—Jane Help, Working Women's Bureau."

"Cora!" cried Miss Jane, "ask Miss Robbins to come here."

Miss Robbins was a school-teacher, who had taken refuge in the Bureau for a two-months' rest, and who was eager to show her gratitude for its favors. Miss Robbins was handed a box of stationery and Miss Help's office book.

"Now, Miss Robbins, if you will copy that note thirty times, and address the copies to the ladies who come to the Bureau for servants," said Miss Jane.

I resolved to return next day, and see how Mrs. Grant set off on her search after a livelihood.

Miss Help was a continued surprise to me; she had surprised me by her more than motherly sympathy with Mrs. Grant's maternal feelings, and when I went again to the Bureau and met Mrs. Grant exhibiting her baskets, I was surprised at Miss Help's delicate good taste. Mrs. Grant's edibles were good specimens of baking and making. She had lined a large basket with a tablecloth and covered it with a towel. Her two round-faced boys,—each unconsciously reflecting on his innocent countenance the new light of his mother's hope—carried one a little basket with four glasses of jelly under a napkin, the other four bottles of pickles, tomatoes, catsup and canned plums. Miss Help surrounded the loaf of cake with a paper cut in French style, and laid in each basket a bouquet. She said to me as I watched this proceeding: "When I was nurse to an invalid I was obliged to make things *look* as if they tasted good. Our eyes taste before our palates."

Miss Robbins had written her thirty notes neatly, and had by the aid of a city map so arranged them on a wire that they came to Mrs. Grant's hand in their natural succession of locality, so that she would waste no time in retracing steps as she went from one house named to another.

I asked Miss Jane some weeks after how the widow had succeeded, and she told me that she was doing very well; that she had taken at the Bureau a number of orders for her to put up the fall fruit supplies of families, and that she would evidently be able to support her children comfortably in her new business. "You see," said Miss Jane, "what we want is to find out what every one is fit for, and put them to that work which they naturally lean toward. There is a niche for every one; the trouble is, in dealing with people we want to drive them into lines and battalions by wholesale, instead of finding for everybody his natural place."

"But that finding for each one might take much more time than can be spared."

"Yes; I am not condemning other people's way of working. To me it seems better to make twenty people really useful and happy than forty half comfortable. I have the time to care for as individuals those who come to me. Do you see that nice parcel of books? Bobby Riles brought me those. Bobby was left an orphan eight years ago; he was twelve then, and people were about to bind him out to a farmer. Bobby came crying to me; he hated the country and farms and he could n't and would n't be a farmer; he 'd die, or be bad, or run away. 'Now Bobby,' I said, 'I give you one week to go about the city and find out what you do want to be. For that week I take care of you, then you must be settled.' Off went Bobby. The first day he came back. 'Miss Help, I can paint a cart.' 'Go look again, Bobby,' I said. Next day and next it was still the same old story, 'I can paint a cart.' 'How will you do it, Bobby?' 'Wash it, sand paper it, put on two coats of paint, rub 'em with pumice, put on paint and varnish mixed, then two coats of varnish, and you streak 'em up too; Miss Help, I *can* paint a cart; I like painting.' That seemed to be Bobby's line of life, and I apprenticed him in a carriage-shop, and he has turned out an excellent workman. He brought me those books for the Bureau. Just as Mrs. Grant's niche in life is baking pies and cakes. Pies and cakes must be baked, and carts must be painted; the thing is to find the right people to do it. A child that I dragged out of a vile den is going to be a first-class milliner, having the eye and hand of an artist; and another poor little beggar is being educated for a music-teacher; she has a good ear and a superior touch. Find their niche, *find their niche.* God never miscalculates, he made them all for something."

About Christmas time I persuaded some friends of mine to secure their holiday supplies from Mrs. Grant, and I went to her house to give the order. The little kitchen was beautifully clean, the stove bright and

hot, baking was proceeding briskly, Ellen was beating eggs, and stirring butter and sugar to a cream, Mrs. Grant in a big check apron was bustling from oven to table, and safely penned in a corner with her toys was the "blessed baby." The little boys were at school.

"And are you able to make a living, Mrs. Grant?"

"Oh, indeed I am; why I'm getting on surprising! I am laying up money, ma'am. We work hard and we live very economical, but we are comfortable, and the boys are in school, and Ellen is learning, and I have been to an eye doctor about her, and he thinks her eyes will improve, so that by and by she can see tolerably well with glasses. Then I can train her for a baker. I'm saving up all I can so I can put the boys through their 'prenticeship. Tom thinks nothing will suit him so well as a marble yard. Yes, thank you ma'am, I'm glad enough of more patronage. I'll try and suit, and I'll be prompt, and if anything don't please I hope you'll mention it. Why, ma'am this way of earning my living is just the very thing for me; it suits exactly. It is what I can do, and I could not have stood sewing, nor could I have gone away from home. Ellen! don't move that egg-plate; beat it where it stands, you'd be just as likely to set it down on nothing as on the table, poor child. But la, Ellen's better; last year she could hardly have told the difference between the egg-beater and the fire-shovel till she took hold of 'em."

Yes, in human lives there is the separate thread of every individuality, to be traced in its own distinctness from the beginning to the end, and having its especial place in the great pattern of earthly existence. Blessed are they who keen-eyed, patient, and swift of hand, stand by the tangled web of circumstance, striving to trace the Master's original design, to make the tapestry perfect to its minutest parts. Overlooking none, esteeming all, seeing that nothing that comes from God's hand is superfluous or made without intent, they follow the separate line of each of the varied threads, and guide each to its own peculiar place. Perhaps when all the work is done, when the web is woven to the end, some small thing that many would have despised, or broken, or cast aside, or hidden out of sight, shall be found to be a thread of gold or of scarlet, or just the edge of shadow needed to make the line of beauty vivid and complete.

Julia McNair Wright.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONGS.

Some one has said, somewhere, "Let me write the songs for a people and I care not who rules them." He might have safely said this though he had no special talent either for ruling or for the writing of songs; for certainly it seems to be possible to govern a people with a less outlay of ability in this way than in any other.

To-night a bright boy sits at my organ, trying to learn, at the same time, both to play and to sing some of the songs in one of our popular Sunday-school song-books. Neither hands nor voice are very ready; so that his audience, which consists of myself, has plenty of time for reflection. Hearing these songs sung slowly, unenthusiastically, and more than all, perhaps, by a single voice,—softly be it spoken, for I, too, have learned to love them, as you do, dear reader,—I am struck by their weakness and meagerness, both in thought and expression, by the few things in them that it was worth while to have said, and by the many things which, from their lack of definite meaning, it would have been so much better to have left unsaid.

My amateur organist goes on with his song: "Cursed by the law, and bruised"—but the unready fingers hesitate over the next chord, and in the meantime my thoughts go circling round and round the line, "Cursed by the law." What does it mean? Any-

thing? "And bruised"—I wait for the rest. The hesitating hands being again firmly placed it soon comes, "and bruised by the fall!" Such astonishing literalness, coming so suddenly after the vague line preceding, is almost too much for my gravity, so that for the space of half a second I "smile audibly." My musician looks over his shoulder, but finding his audience lying decorously on the sofa, apparently buried deep in "Butler's Analogy"—nothing mirth-provoking in that—turns back, convinced that his audience has not laughed.

But my musician is, as I said, a bright boy; one who is wont to bow down with an almost too ready reverence before any proof of power or ability, but who has never learned to be reverently blind to the weakness which entrenches itself behind sacred themes. So I wonder how long he will go on in this cool dissection of lines he has sung, mechanically, a hundred times with pleasure, before their meaning or lack of it will find its way into his consciousness. Finally it comes. Swinging on his music-stool until he faces me, with a look in his mischievous eyes deprecatory of my expected indignation at his irreverence, he says, Do you know how Sunday-school songs are written? I'll tell you; one line is written at random and the next is made to rhyme with it! But I say nothing, and my face is non-committal, so he swings back to his organ, while his audience goes on trying to solve the problems *why* the man who writes a people's songs can govern them with fewer brains than he who rules them in any other way; why we love these songs independently of anything that is in them.

Part of the solution is found in the never-failing power of association, songs being one of the things which hold old associations the longest and the strongest.

Among our home songs is one which I learned when my mind was especially filled with a student's plans, dreams and aspirations. Many of the dreams and the plans have dropped unfulfilled out of my life. But the song holds and remembers them all, and a strain of it startles me sometimes by showing me so many things I meant to do that I have not done.

Another I used to hear and to sing at a time when my life was overshadowed by a great sorrow. Neither words nor music are in themselves sorrowful, the writer meant nothing sad; yet it is as if the song had held faithfully to the old sorrow through all these years that have dimmed it for me, and every word and note is a wail of the old-time anguish.

But there is another reason, still greater than this, why songs which are nothing in themselves become so much to us. Many of us, *most* of us, have aspirations and emotions for the expression of which in words it is as if we were voiceless and dumb, but which find full and ready expression in music; even though, I have sometimes thought, the words which we freight with them might be mere jargon. Under the right circumstances, and given only a touch, a tone, a sudden remembrance, anything to unlock the emotions, and the song goes forth, telling for every individual singer a different story. Perhaps this is most noticeable in the midst of sympathetic numbers, as in the crowds who used to meet together and sing out all their secret feelings in the strange, unreal light of the Chicago Tabernacle.

I shall never forget a face which I saw there one stormy winter afternoon; one which touched me more than any other of the many expressive faces which I used to see there full of emotion day after day. It was only an every-day face, that of a worn old woman dressed in deep mourning; and, with family and friendly groups on every side of her, seeming *so* alone in her loneliness and old age. Was there anything in the words of the song, in the singing of which she joined with her tremulous tones, which could fitly express the emotion that filled face and voice. The song was only one of the most commonplace of the many changes rung on the dear old themes, yet the words came to my ear freighted with her loneliness and yearning until I longed to place gently my own in her poor, tired, empty hands, if haply mine could in any measure fill their emptiness; to say a word which might brighten the poor, withered, old face, so utterly pathetic in its far-off look of longing. Such a strangely far-away look it

was, as if the yearning eyes had sent their gaze over the ocean in search of the lost ones, to where, mayhap, their graves were made in "the old country," and failing to find them there had gone straight on into the heavenly land.

Did she find them? Who knows? But the song whose musical strains gave voice that day to her longing for the dear, dead faces, will always be to her in very truth a "sacred song." To one heart, at least, a cool, critical analysis of its composition would be sacrilege. To one or another of us perhaps this would be true in regard to every one of the familiar old songs. It is too late; we could not criticise them if we would. Love is blind, and we love them every one!

But for the future can we not have in this line of literature a new departure? Might there not be written Sunday-school songs, every one of which would bear a cool, unemotional reading, without tempting the reader to sarcasm? Why need the literature of song be such a hap-hazard sort of literature? Where are the song critics who should do their share in compelling the song writers to a higher standard? Are the writers of songs supposed to be a law unto themselves? It would seem so, for I do not remember having ever read in all my life a careful review of any song or book of songs. I have certainly never read an adverse criticism of any Sunday-school songs; and yet the writers of many of them would best serve the principles they love by laying their pens reverently aside and leaving the exposition of these principles to the men of mighty intellect, such being, at least, more *nearly* on a level with sacred themes.

I feel sure that some day our popular sacred songs will be as much above those of the present day as are the best books for children now above the Sunday-school literature of our own day. We can all remember the books of the "Good Little Jane" genus, some, at least, of whose readers could not refrain from letting part of the scorn which they felt for the milk-and-water literature fall burning hot, not only upon the writers, but also, unhappily, upon the principles which they took it upon themselves to represent. I hope we have all since then reached the truth by some way and grown up to be good men and women; but if we have, it has been in spite of the stumbling-blocks put in the way of our childish Sunday afternoons.

Not unto all, O dear friends, has been given "the gift of tongues." If, not possessing it, we must still write, let us choose for our pen lowlier themes, such as we should not so much regret bringing reproach upon. Great truths can gain nothing, and may lose much of their force, by being weakly affirmed. *L. M. Rose.*

THE MONKEY'S STORY.

"The band begins to play,
Those boys around the monkey's cage
Had better keep away."

It was just when the band played that Flossy Tangleskein liked best to go close to the great cage and watch the monkeys. Her reason for preferring just this time was, that it was the only moment when the boys did keep away. At all other times of the day they were there, poking sticks through the wires, cheating the tame monkeys with peanut shells out of which they had taken the kernels, trying to cheat them into biting cigar stumps carefully rolled in orange peel, or infuriating the more ferocious with horrible hootings and grimaces. And yet these boy-savages were susceptible to the most spiritual of all earthly influences, that of music; for at the first clash of the cymbals every mother's son of them, from Miky Roony, the newsboy, whose stock in trade consisted of five cents' worth of "*Telegraphs*," to little Arthur Alexander Augustus, who would probably never really *earn* as much as that in all his life, having the misfortune to have a very large fortune already earned

for him to spend—before you could fairly tell whether they were playing "Mulligan Guards" or a Straus waltz every monkey's enemy of them would disappear in the direction of the band stand.

Then Flossy, who cared more for the natural history of Central Park than for its music, would venture cautiously nearer and try to make their acquaintance. I was wrong in saying that Flossy was fond of natural history; hers was a personal interest in each individual, and she did not care a button about the number of their molars or for the fact that only the New World monkeys have prehensile tails. There was one agile little creature, with glossy black fur, who kept apart from the others, sitting in a reserved and melancholy way on one of the highest perches. It regarded Flossy seriously with its plaintive blue eyes, and at last came down and stretched its slender paw through the grating as though wishing to shake hands with her. Flossy extended her hand good-naturedly, when quick as a flash the monkey slipped from her wrist a handsome chain bracelet which had been given her upon her last birthday, and pulling it coquettishly over its sleek black head scampered again to its high perch, where it sat admiring its new necklace, with many comical motions of its head and paws.

A policeman who was standing near by and who had seen the theft brought the keeper of the monkeys, who quickly restored Flossy's bracelet. This little incident, instead of prejudicing Flossy against the black monkey, interested her in it, especially as the keeper said that it had come all the way from India and must have been accustomed to ornaments there, for it was very fond of trinkets and never tired of decorating itself with any glittering object. The day after this occurrence a returned missionary addressed the Sunday-school on India, showing them a model of the beautiful Pagoda Temple at Tanjore. Flossy was very much interested and longed to hear more. The Arabian Nights was one of her favorite story-books, and she could almost believe that from it had walked the dark oriental people in white turbans ornamented with jeweled herons' crests, the very bird from which they were taken, the egret, so the missionary said, giving its name to the aigrette that Flossy wore upon her own hat. She spent an hour every evening reading to Aunt Toothaker, and to-night she begged her aunt to select something about India. Aunt Toothaker marked a few pages of Lalla Rookh, the story of Noor Mahal and the Feast of Roses, and then fell sweetly asleep before Flossy had finished. That night fountains and mosaic pavements, tropical fruits and flowers, sweet, heavy odors of musk and attar of roses mingled in Flossy's dreams, and the next morning, remembering that her little friend the black monkey was from the magical land of India, Flossy bought a string of large flashing glass beads from the lame girl in the square, and started earlier than usual for her visit to Central Park. The finery-loving monkey clutched the necklace eagerly, and seemed even more pleased with it than it had been with the bracelet. When the other monkeys crowded about and seemed disposed to take away the treasure the little creature crammed it into its mouth, and seemed to Flossy to have swallowed it; but when the too curious monkeys had withdrawn the India monkey produced the shining baubles from their safe hiding-place in her cheek pouches. It was very warm in the park, and Flossy, watching the antics of the monkeys from a comfortable seat near by, grew gradually more drowsy and at last fell fast asleep. At least this is the only way in which I can account for what happened afterward, for Flossy was a truthful child and could never have invented the following story; it is therefore the most natural thing to suppose that she dreamed it all.

Flossy said that all at once sitting there on the bench beside her she saw the black monkey, industriously polishing the glass necklace with a mullein leaf. "How ever did you manage to get out?" asked Flossy, surprised into speaking to the monkey as though it could understand her, and not at all expecting the reply which came with great promptness in the perfectly distinct whisper,

"Hush! the policeman will hear you and put me back."

"Why, can you talk?" asked Flossy, almost awe-struck with astonishment. "I thought only human beings could talk."

"I suppose then you never heard of a parrot," said the monkey loftily.

"Please don't be provoked, Miss Monkey," said Flossy beseechingly, "but tell me something about India."

"My name is Kohinoor," replied the monkey; "I was named for the great diamond because I am a gem of a monkey. You were very much interested yesterday in what the missionary said about the little Hindu girl Dewildé; would you like to know her history before they found her at the gate of the mission?"

"O you dear, good Kohinoor, of course I would," replied Flossy.

"Know then that I am a sacred monkey from the temple of Benares. The people of India believe that when they die their souls pass into the bodies of animals, one after another, until they have atoned in this way for all the sins they have committed in human form, and are allowed to pass into nothingness."

"What!" exclaimed Flossy, "do the Hindoos believe that their souls die?"

"Yes little girl, and you can understand how terribly hard their lives must be when their highest ideal of happiness hereafter is simply to have done with everything. Their belief in the transmigration of souls makes them very kind to all animals, since any one of them may contain the spirit of some friend dear to them. At the Banyan Hospital all kinds of sick animals are nursed back to health and even insects are tended carefully. The Hindoos are not only kind and humane to all beasts, but certain ones are regarded as sacred, have temples built for them, taxes imposed for their support and are worshiped as deities, and to this class we monkeys belong. An immense sum was offered at one time to ransom a monkey's tooth that had been carried away in one of the invasions of India. At our temple at Benares we lived in an imposing edifice with sculptured and gilded arches, we ate the most delicate rice served with mangoes, plantains, dates, apricots, pomegranates and preserves of rose-leaves, lemon, cherries and orange blossoms. On festival days we drank a sherbet made for the grand signor of violets and sugar, and at other times the sweetest cocoa milk and were waited upon by priests—"

"Dear me," interrupted Flossy," if you had such a good time in India, what did you ever come here for?"

"I was captured and brought as a slave, though I might still have reigned in my temple at Benares had it not been for my devotion to Dewildé. I saw her first at Agra; it was a high festival day of one of the gods, I forget which, and a pilgrimage had been appointed to the tomb of the Princess Noor Mahal at Agra.

"One of our priests was to go with a committee of monkeys; of course I was chosen as chairwoman of the committee, for I was the light of the monkey harem, the favorite of the priests and the envy and admiration of all my companions. Have you never heard of the Taj Mahal at Agra, the tomb of the beautiful Noor Mahal? It has been called the most exquisite building on the globe. The building itself with its dome and minarets is formed of the finest white marble 'like a fresh, crisp snow-wreath' thickly inlaid with precious stones; it stands in the midst of a garden planted with flowers, blossoming shrubs and cypresses interspersed with fountains. One writer says: 'The solid walls melting and glowing with tendrils of bright flowers and wreaths of agate, jasper, cornelian, amethyst, seem snatched from the garden outside and pressed into the snowy blocks. As you enter the doorway the arched roof of the cupola soars above you, and you see a winter palace in whose icy wall some gentle hand has buried the last flowers of autumn.'

"It was in this garden that I first saw Dewildé; she was a very little thing, traveling with some snake-charmers and jugglers. They had come to Agra to perform during the great festival and I met her first walking in the garden admiring the red lotus, a beautiful rose-colored pond lily that grew in the fountain basins, the odorous Mistress of the Night which you call tuberoses, and the turban flowers that you have named tulips. One of the jugglers was explaining to her

how the great Mogul Shah Jehan built this beautiful tomb over his wife. It was easy to remember the numbers which he gave her for they were nearly all twos. The building cost $2,000,000 and occupied 20,000 men 20 years in building. 'But,' said the juggler, 'you will be happier than the princess here for she is dead and knows nothing of all this magnificence, while you are to live near the most magnificent temple in India, the great pagoda at Tanjore, and can see and enjoy its beauty all your life.'

"Then I knew that they were going a pilgrimage to the south of India and that the juggler, who was probably some relation of the girl, perhaps her father, intended to leave her at the temple of Tanjore to be brought up as a dancing-girl. I knew that the Nautch girls who danced at the religious ceremonies led very miserable lives, and I wished from my heart that I could save little Dewildé from her fate. Later in the day the priest who had brought us from Benares took us under the pavilion of the performers to see their tricks. He would have been very recreant to his duty if he had not amused us, for even in America committees expect to be entertained.

"It was a very hot day, and we were nearly suffocated with simoons of dust, and I was very glad to find that a shaded place had been reserved for us and a child hired to fan the monkey delegation and pass around cups of snow and sweetmeats. At first the performances were very tiresome, only what I had seen a hundred times before. The jugglers made a serpent disappear, a tree grow and bring forth fruit, water flow from an empty vase, a top spin or stand still at the bidding of any of the spectators, the top being poised upon the end of a stick and the stick upon the juggler's nose. Then they swallowed several sabers, but still we monkeys remained uninterested, and looked as bored and loftily indifferent as a row of Boston dandies listening to a Beethoven symphony. Presently little Dewildé appeared, crowned with roses and dressed in many folds of pink and silver tissue, so that even we monkeys could not help applauding, she was so very pretty. A juggler lifted her into a basket, and the musicians played louder and faster upon their tomtoms, violins, castanets and tambourines. As they played the basket rose higher and higher around Dewildé until it entirely concealed her. Then the juggler placed the cover upon it, and a band of wild-looking men came forward with scimetars and dreadful daggers. They danced a wild sword dance about the basket, piercing it through and through in every direction, blood streamed from the crevices, and we heard frantic shrieks which subsided gradually to sobs and moans. The basket was completly flattened and spoiled. The wild men retired, and the musicians began a sweet plaintive chant to which a distant voice seemed to reply. As the chant grew louder the voice too seemed to become nearer and more distinct and at last appeared to come from the basket, which grew higher and higher as it had done before. Suddenly the juggler removed the lid and Dewildé sprang out beautiful and smiling and entirely unharmed. Then even our serene and worshipful highnesses, the monkeys, could not refrain from wild applause. One old ape rolled the broad leaf with which he had been fanning himself into an opera glass and lazily lisped 'Not bad,' while several young and impressionable monkeys showered her with pomegranate blossoms and gave it as their opinion that it was 'Very nice.'

"After this Dewildé sang a little song about Noor Mahal who, when she was a little girl, played with the fishes in the agate basin of her fountain, and had her goldsmith make them tiny fillets and belts of gold, and how years afterward in other streams, far distant, these same golden filleted fish were found. The next morning," continued the monkey, "we returned to Benares, but I could think of nothing but the little girl we had seen. She was growing too large for the basket trick, and this was why her father had resolved to take her to the great pagoda at Tanjore to be brought up as a dancing girl. I kept revolving in my small head what I could do to help her. When I am thinking about anything very deeply I always try to get away from the other more frivolous monkeys, whose minds are entirely

taken up with chatter and gymnastics, and so retire to the highest perch of the cage to meditate inun disturbed seclusion. At Benares I always climbed a pillar to do my meditating, and one day while in this elevated situation a princess from Cashmere visited the temple. She had been informed by an oracle that the spirit of her great aunt had taken possession of the body of a monkey, and she had come to pay her respects to the monkey temple. When she saw me glaring down upon her, she exclaimed that she was sure that I was her great-aunt, for my features exactly resembled those of her deceased relative. At this remark I condescended to slide down the pillar and give her my paw to kiss. The princess then unwound from her hair a necklace formed of coins connected by golden links, and bound it about my neck, whereupon I immediately flew to the top of the pillar again, and neither the threats nor coaxing of the priests could induce me to come down. In the middle of the night, when all the monkeys but me had been driven from the court to the interior of the temple, and the priests had retired, thinking that in the morning I would prove less refractory, I slipped silently down and traveling as rapidly as I could took the road to the south. I had determined to go to Tanjore and to find little Dewildé. But Tanjore is in the extreme south of India and I had a long journey before me. By day I hid my coin necklace in my capacious cheek pouches; for though the monkey is a sacred animal, yet there are human beings, even in India, so depraved as to be willing to rob one if they have the chance. I do not intend to tell you of all the adventures I met upon the way; they were many and it was a long time before a very tired and dusty monkey limped wearily into Tanjore. As I approached the city I had noticed that the road was thickly dotted with pilgrims, and on our arrival we found everything bustle and activity, evidently something unusual was going on. By listening to the conversation of those who passed me I soon ascertained that it was something like commencement day at the temple. That is, a class of young girls who had been instructed for some time in dancing were now to give a public exhibition at the festival of the new moon. Those who acquitted themselves with credit were to be purchased of their relatives and brought up permanently as dancing-girls for the temple. Tired as I was I hurried to the temple, scrambling up walls and swinging myself down from them until I had passed all the enclosures. The pagoda was a much larger and more imposing edifice than the Taj Mahal at Agra, but it was not nearly so beautiful. The exquisite purity of Noor Mahal's tomb lifted it above any connection with idolatry, while this great pagoda, its base eighty-two feet square and two stories high, and its pyramidal roof rising through fourteen stories to a height of almost two hundred feet, seemed a fitting expression of barbaric magnificence. It was built six hundred years before the shrine at Agra and in its pointed, tent-shaped roof seemed to commemorate the time when the human race were all savage dwellers in tents. The walls were covered within with representations of Siva, one of the triad (Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer) that the Hindoos worship. Siva is the ugliest in appearance and the most cruel in character; he was depicted all about me decorated with human skulls and bones instead of jewels, and these pictures and images were enough to drive a sensitive little girl like Dewildé out of her senses.

"I found her at last walking sadly in one of the courts with some of her young companions. They were so grave and quiet that they did not seem like children, but like little dwarfish old women, with all the pain and disappointment of a life-time in their small faces. One of the girls who was playing listlessly with a tambourine said as I entered: 'Dewildé, do you know I do not like this life, and when the trial of dancing takes place I shall be just as awkward as I possibly can, so as not to be chosen.'

"'I do not like the life either,' replied Dewildé, 'but traveling about the country and performing with my father was no better; besides I am too tall now for the basket

trick, so that there is really nothing else for me to do. Besides, our religion tells us that the more pious we are the sooner all this will be over, the fewer transmigrations we shall have to pass through after death, and if we are very good indeed this life may be the last of us; life, the worst of all miseries, will be past and annihilation be secured.'

"'And yet life is very sweet sometimes,' suggested another young girl.

"'To some people, you mean,' replied Dewildé. 'As my father and I were journeying hither, we halted where a missionary had gathered a school of young girls. It was evening and he was showing them pictures with what he called a magic-lantern. It was much more wonderful than any of the mysteries of our religion. My feet were cracked and sore with travel; the missionary's wife bound them up for me and told me of her religion. I do not remember anything about it, but I know that it made her happy.'

"Just then some of the young girls discovered and pointed me out. I dropped down from the curved roof to which I was clinging and climbing into Dewildé's lap covered her with caresses. 'It is Hanuman the friend of Vishnu,' said the girl who had first spoken, for Hanuman the monkey god is highly esteemed in India; his exploits are celebrated in the sacred poem of the Ramayana, and the girl, who had heard this poem many times, told how this ally of Vishnu bridged the ocean between India and Ceylon with huge rocks which he threw into the sea. 'Hanuman is my father's favorite deity,' said Dewildé, 'he has a portrait of him engraved upon a seal which is one of my father's chiefest treasures. O monkey, if you are indeed Hanuman, son of the wind, help me in my trouble.'

"The dancing was a very pretty sight; the girls were decked with jewels, bangles and little bells, they performed the Kôlâttam or plait dance, each girl holding the end of a colored ribbon, the other being secured to the roof. As they danced the ribbons were woven into beautiful patterns. The ribbons were held by the left hand, and each girl held in her right a dagger with which they fenced as they passed each other in the mazes of the dance. Dewildé was more than beautiful, she seemed inspired, and even the girl who had said that she meant to be awkward found it hard to carry out her intention in the excitement of the dance. As the two girls thrust at each other in mimic fight I heard Dewildé say in a low resolute tone, 'Let us really stab each other when we meet again, it will be the quickest way out of our trouble.' The girl had not time to reply, but I saw a quick, glad light flash into her dark eyes which told that she agreed to Dewildé's proposal. I was sitting beside the musicians, and I turned suddenly and bit the thumb of the leader of the orchestra, the chief tomtom player, the music suddenly ceased, and the girls never met. I had scampered away to avoid the blow which the musician aimed at me, and I found myself beside Dewildé's father. One of the priests was just saying to him, 'The money will be sent you; when you receive it make a cross upon this paper and give it to the bearer of the money.' I looked through the crowd and saw that Dewildé was leaving the pavilion. I hastened to her and attracted her attention by pulling her dress. Hitherto I had not spoken to any human being, but now as she stooped down I whispered, 'Come with me.' Together we hurried through the dark streets of the city and arrived at the juggler's booth just as Dewildé's father was entering it. I took the coin necklace which the princess from Cashmere had given me from my mouth, and held it out to him. He took the paper which the priest had given him from his breast, made the mark the priest had directed, and handed it to me. The paper stated that in consideration of a sum of money received, Azib the juggler had given up all right to his daughter to——. Evidently this was the place where the priest intended to place his own name or that of his god. 'Quick, the seal,' I said to Dewildé, for the father was staring at me in helpless wonder. 'bring me the seal of the god Hanuman.' I stamped it in the vacant place and now the paper read that Dewildé belonged to the monkey-god. I gave her the paper and traveled with her that night until we reached the kind missionary's door. Here I left

her, but not until I had placed her hand in that of the missionary's wife.

"The priests tried to recover her, but the missionary showed them the paper, and all the natives who had seen him lead Dewildé to the door of the mission bore witness that the monkey-god himself who had purchased Dewildé of her father had given her to the missionaries. After this I tried to find my way back to Benares, but when in Madras I noticed a ship with a strange flag of stars and stripes in the harbor. I had only proceeded a short distance from the city when some sailors of this ship who evidently had not the fear of the god Hanuman before their eyes, caught me, carried me on board the ship and brought me to America."

There was a slight pause which Flossy improved by yawning. Then the same monotonous voice which had recited the story remarked, "But you have not been listening to a word I have said."

"I beg pardon," exclaimed Flossy rubbing her eyes, "I heard every speck—" but as she rubbed, the little figure at her side grew and grew, a long crape veil swept down from the bonnet on its head, the string of beads was changed to a pair of spectacles, and instead of the monkey she saw Aunt Toothaker, who complained that if they did not start for home soon they would be too late for tea. Flossy gave one glance toward the monkey-cage—the little black monkey from India was still there looking prêternaturally wise and solemn.

"O Kohinoor," she whispered, "did you or did you not tell me that story? At all events my spending money this month goes to the school for Hindoo girls at Madura."

Lizzie W. Champney.

THREE ENGLISH ALLEGORIES.

Our literature has produced three wonderful allegories, each the master-piece of its author. The first appeared five hundred and sixteen years ago, and the present year completes the second century since the third saw the light. For two hundred years after our earliest allegory was written no surpassing literary genius adorned English letters, but, in the midst of "great Eliza's" reviving reign, the second allegorist arose, wrote his name on the posts of the temple of fame as the poets' poet, and left his creation to influence his successor, for whose production time demanded a full century, though it was crowded with writers, hundreds of whom appear to us now much more eligible than the comparatively unlettered tinker who was chosen.

These three allegories furnish rich themes for thought, and in many aspects offer the literary man a profitable subject for his studies, if he take them separately and examine successively their purpose, their authors and the style in which they are expressed. They will bear the most minute examination, no matter in what way it be pursued, and it is our purpose now to look at them as a group, or, perhaps, rather as a succession of fruits of the English mind and heart.

The first was the life-work of an educated man of genius, who began to write when the long reign of Edward the Third was half over, at a period when the brilliant successes at Cressy and Poitiers had become historic events, and the minds of men were more occupied with the pestilences and storms that filled them with dread, and probably helped to lead so strong a thinker as Wiclif to believe and to argue that the close of the century was to be the end of the world. The prevalent sentiment favored looking backward to the former times and comparing them with the "unstedfaste" days in which men were suffering—a feeling that Chaucer expressed in his translation from Boethius, entitled *Ætas Prima*, and in the ballad that he sent the young king Richard, when the last year of the century had arrived and he was about to lay off the mortal coil himself, though *he* had evidently no idea that the end of all things was coming, for he had just taken a lease of his quarters at St. Mary's, Westminster, for a

term of fifty-three years. Here are his words on the times:

> "A blisful lyf, a paisible and a swete,
> Sedden the peples in the former age."

> "Sometyme this world was so stedfaste and stable
> That mannes worde was holde obligacioun;
> And nowe it is so fals and deseyvable,
> That worde and werke, as in conclusioun,
> Been noothing oon; for turnid upsodoune
> Is all this worlde, thorowe mede (bribery) and wylfulnesse,
> That al is loste for lacke of stedfastnesse."

The gay poet of the Canterbury pilgrimage was not the man to mourn over the degeneracy of the times without reason, and he had enough in his own experience, for his active years had passed, and when he wrote the last lines above he had hardly begun to rejoice in the short favor that marked his last year and crowned his career with a reward that was poetically just.

The allegorist was the first to appear of the three great literary men of his time, and though he differed from the other two, there are some marked points of agreement to be noticed in their writings. The three represent different classes and appeal to different readers. The allegorist speaks of the corruptions of the nobility and the court, of the clergy and the church, and depicts the oppressions and distresses of the common people, both in the rural and provincial districts and in the great metropolis, with both of which themes he seems to be equally familiar. Yet he is truly loyal to his pope and his king. The times were ripening for the rebellion of Wat the Tyler, which actually occurred before the third edition of his poem left his hand, and yet he never showed any sympathy with the stirrers-up of rebellion. He could satirize corrupt ecclesiastics, but he was ready to honor a good pope.

John Wiclif was at one with him in most of this, but was more willing to break away from the control of the pope, though they both agreed in making the Bible the ultimate authority in matters of faith. Wiclif spoke to the people, it is true, but he represented the University, which Dean Milman calls "the center and stronghold of the hierarchy," and such it was, for that which we know now as "secular" education was then unheard of. Wiclif honored truth, and so did the allegorist, who made it identical with God the Father, sending his pilgrims off in search of it and saying,

> "When all treasures been y-tried Truth is the best."

The same is true of Chaucer, the third of the group and the "latest left," who is profuse in his praise of "Sothfastnesse," especially in the poems of his old age, though if he had not borne the same sentiment in his heart he could not have written in his earlier days words so true to life and experience as those that shine fresh on his pages now, after the storms and vicissitudes of half a millenium have passed. It was not a new inspiration that incited him to sing,

> "Fle fro the pres (crowd) and dwel with sothfastnesse, ...
> And Trouthe schal delyvere, it is no drede."

He was the poet of the "gentles;" through his verse we learn how the times were judged in court circles, especially by those in whom the better sentiments begotten of the spirit of chivalry were still a living power. A man of affairs, acquainted with the ways of the world, Chaucer was not too conventional to love the gentle Marguerite, and to make a love of nature for the first time an important trait in the literary expression of the English mind, nor too careless to observe and hold up to scorn the worldly ways of hollow ecclesiastics. He was not a reformer, nor can he be called a religious man, and yet he was on the side of Wiclif and the author of Piers Plowman so far as they labored for political purity and freedom, and he was so familiar with the Scriptures to which they appealed that he illustrated his own writings by making constant quotations from them. His poems complement the cycle, and thus we have three phases of fourteenth century life laid before us by three writers, each of whom is a master of the department that he developed. Each was a man of education and power and our literature was not to give us their equals for two dreary centuries.

The political and social history of the time resounds with cries of distress sent forth by laborers, and with demands for reform openly uttered by all classes, to whom the prevalent corruptions in Church

and state were patent—almost intolerable. All of this we find reflected in the verse of our first allegorist who pleads for righteousness in deed and heart. He depicts for us the every-day life of the people, draws almost as many different characters as Chaucer does, and shows forth their strong and weak points with the power of genius. At its close we find the Castle of Unity, the stronghold of the Church, attacked by an army of priests and monks, who drive out Conscience and send her on a new pilgrimage to seek Piers the Plowman, then identified with the Savior—the only champion who can cope with Pride. We are taught that the search for St. Truth must never end, in this life.

The mantle of Wiclif had fallen on Huss and Luther and Erasmus, and the protests of the reformers were everywhere heard. Colet and More and Wolsey were exercising their wits in the new learning and in new literary works. Tyndale, Cranmer and Coverdale were making fresh recensions of the Bible, and the Puritan party was putting forth efforts for a reform in the Reformed Church. At such an era the writer of our second allegory arose—a man in the fullest sympathy with the spirit of his age, with a love for all that was best in the past, —and one of whom Mr. Hallam says that it may be admitted, "with the best judges of this and of former ages that his is still the third name in the literature of our country, nor has it been surpassed except by Dante in any other." In him the revived love of letters and the demand for religious purity both found worthy expression, nor was he behind the most patriotic in loyalty to his queen and fatherland.

The Faerie Queene is one of the long poems of our language, though it was carried to but half the length designed by its author. Spenser was as full of the spirit of chivalry as Chaucer and like him was a lover of nature; he sympathized with the reform that Wiclif began, and he emphasized the unity of the church, as the first allegorist had done, by incarnating that idea in a fair lady whom he named Una. Like his predecessors, too, Truth was the object of his aspirations. No one has more completely disproved the truth of the dictum of Dr. Johnson that religious subjects are unsuitable for poetry, for no poem in any tongue is at once so poetic and so fully imbued with the spirit of religion.

A hundred years after the halcyon days when Spenser and Raleigh were enjoying congenial communion

> "amongst the cooly shade
> Of the greene alders by the Mulla's shore,"

talking of "Cynthia, the lady of the sea," of "Phœbus' fiery car," of that "greatest, glorious queene of faerie land," and of all the knights, dragons, dwarfs, lions and sprites of the world of fancy, and making moral and religious reflections suitable to their mode of thinking and to the fashions of the day, the third English allegorist came upon the stage. The romance of adventure and discovery had passed away. To an age of "phantasie" there had succeeded one of hard knocks, of regicides and cavaliers, of Roundheads and conventicles. To that had succeeded a time of reaction, when, loosed from restraint, an intoxicated people followed an intoxicated sovereign into excesses of the most debasing and extravagant kind. It was at this period that a dissenting exhorter was confined for fourteen years in a jail at Bedford. He was a man of the people, acquainted with their habits and mode of thought, but he had also a vivid imagination, which he had excited by meditation on the scenes of Spenser's allegory; if indeed he had not also walked with the author of the Vision of Piers the Plowman through the streets of an earlier London, and dreamed with him of "the field full of folk" beside the brook which babbled over the stones on the declivities of the Malvern hills. For all the years of his imprisonment his mind worked actively and the creations of his fancy peopled his cell, becoming for him real persons. He drank from the pure stream of the Scriptures and grew more and more earnest in his desire to write something which should do good to the people of the England he loved. Before he was aware, indeed, the book was begun, and he says in his honest and homely verse that thoughts crowded for expression, so that when he had set down a score of them,—

"I twenty more had in my crown;
And they again began to multiply,
Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly."

John Bunyan wrote of realities. Mr. By-ends and the giant Despair were living and acting entities to him, and it is for this reason that they appear such to readers still.

It is interesting to notice the succession of authorship and see the realities of Chaucer following the allegorical procession of the Vision of Piers Plowman; to see the men and women of Shakespeare temporarily crowd out of men's minds the fanciful creations of Spenser, just as the Dreamer of Bedford jail has supplanted with his real embodiments of moral traits all the unreal dreams of allegorists who had preceded him. Thousands have shuddered at Bunyan's portrait of giant Despair, as he counseled the prisoners of Doubting Castle to "forthwith make an end of themselves with knife, halter or poison," who never heard of Spenser's

"Man of hell that calls himself Despayre,"

who essayed to overawe the stout-hearted champion of Una,—the Red Cross Knight,—

"And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose what death he would desire." [1]

So too in Bunyan's Vanity Fair we see a reflection of scenes in our first allegory. The jugglers, minstrels, goliardeys (buffoons), the apewards, beggars, and roberds knaves (Robin Hood's men), the friars, palmers, pilgrims and gluttons of the fourteenth century are, in fact, not a whit less real than the "jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves and rogues," the sellers of houses, lands, trades, titles, lusts, blood, silver, gold, pearls and precious stones, who crowded the fair in the town of Vanity in the seventeenth century. The elder Disraeli said that Bunyan is the Spenser of the people and we may add that he is likewise a modern counterpart of that daring, positive, picturesque and garrulous man of letters of whom we know nothing except that he devoted thirty years of his life to the production of our first allegory.

In earnest purpose our three allegorists stand upon a par, and they agree in emphasizing the beauty and value of Truth. Bunyan says of these writers who are careless on this point,

"If they abuse
Truth, cursed be they, and the craft they use
To that intent,"

and declares it to be his purpose to expose "Truth's golden beams," and

"Make it cast forth its rays as light as day."

He is the dissenter without poetic inspiration. How different is the praise of Truth as expressed by the graceful and chivalric Spenser, when he says,

"The blazing brightness of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshiny face
To tell, were as to strive against the streame.
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace!"

She seemed to him, when "forth proceeding,"

"As bright as doth the morning starre appear
Out of the East, with flaming locks bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long-wished light."

After he has apparently exhausted his powers of praise, he resorts to the simile so familiar to readers of Chaucer, and declares her to be

"So faire and fresh as freshest flowre in May."

Thus our three English allegories appear to be the same in soul and intent, though uttering the sentiment of different centuries,—though expressed in the words of the educated churchman of genius, or of the educated courtier,—though crushed out of the heart of an uneducated man of the people, who felt himself to be suffering from the oppression of those who considered themselves the embodiments of the culture and the courtliness of Spenser. Charles the Second called Bunyan "the illiterate tinker," and Cowper said that he dared not name him in his verse for fear of provoking a sneer, but now he is loved and honored by thousands who have never heard of Spenser or Milton or Shakespeare. A literature is rich that boasts three such allegories as those that have now had our attention. Their praise of Truth brings to mind the words of John Keats:

"'Beauty is Truth, Truth beauty,'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Arthur Gilman.

[1] See Lowell's "Among my Books." Second series p.174.

THE STILL HOUR.

ULTIMA VERITAS.

In the bitter waves of wo,
  Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
  From the desolate shores of doubt,—

When the anchors that faith had cast
  Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
  To the things that cannot fail:

I know that right is right;
  That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
  And a neighbor than a spy;

I know that passion needs
  The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
  Some sure reward will find;

That the rulers must obey;
  That the givers shall increase;
That Duty lights the way
  For the beautiful feet of Peace;—

In the darkest night of the year,
  When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
  That faith is truer than doubt;

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
  And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
  Have the uniiverse on their side;

And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
  Is a Love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars
  I shall see Him, and I will wait.

"Whatever you may doubt," says Martineau, *something* there is which you deem true; however much is common and unclean you have your gleams of what is surely holy; wherever you are weak, there is some matter on which your secret eye is clear and your foot is firm. Here then is the ground on which your moral life is to be raised. Whithersoever others may lead you, here is your native well-spring of faith and love; whatsoever others may teach, this is the divine oracle to you. Look deeply into this and be at one with it, worship it, live from it, ere you even try to know or undertake to do aught else." And when thus in all honesty you use the truth that you do know, you will find the range of your certainties widening daily; for faith is enlarged by fidelity, and doubt is always the child of disobedience.

"Notions about religion," says Thomas T. Lynch, "may grow up in people's heads as hair grows on them, without any feeling." Without any thought, either, he might have added. One of the Unitarian newspapers, in a sardonic item, reports a woman as giving the history of her own religious affiliations. "In early youth she was permitted to divide her Sundays between the Orthodox and the Unitarian churches of her native village. One thing finally determined her to the latter. She was fond of organ music, and the Unitarian organist always played the refrain at the close of each stanza, while in the Orthodox church it was omitted. But for this circumstance the lady thinks she might have been balancing till this day the question to which side her convictions led." Multitudes become attached to the various religious systems with no stronger reason and no deeper religious conviction. And these are apt to become the most strenuous partizans of their several creeds. One who thinks out his own religious opinions will be charitable toward those who differ with him; but one whose creed is an inheritance or a whim is sure to regard any variation from it as a sign of depravity.

We have in the Bible certain rules of conduct; but are we shut up in the direction of our lives to these rules of conduct, and such inferences as we may draw from them? Is there no way in which we may learn more immediately, from the Source of all wisdom, what is truth and what is duty? The Bible shows us men receiving light and guidance directly from God in almost every chapter. Did all that direct communication between God and man cease when the last word of the last book of the Bible was written? But, if we admit that God does communicate directly with men in these days, how shall we be able to reprove atrocities like that at Pocasset? How can we convince such fanatics as Freeman that the horrible things which they are "impressed" to do are not the commands of God? Only by insisting that no word of God can ever contradict the moral law. Every word of God must enforce

the moral law. God can never command any man to do wrong. Any "impression" that we ought to do an act which judgment and conscience refuse to authorize, may be the instigation of some evil spirit, but cannot be the voice of God. It is through such moral sense as we have that God makes himself known to us; his revelations never override the dictates of our moral natures, nor repeal what are to us the fundamental laws of morality.

THE punishment threatened against Tyre was not inflicted all at once; many generations passed before the last drop of the cup of retribution was poured out upon the doomed city. This is the ordinary method of the divine administration. Punishment does not come down in one stroke upon the transgressor; it is often slow in coming; it stretches over long years of disobedience. And because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily the hearts of the sons of men are often set in them to do evil. But they ought to remember that though "the mills of the gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small." The methods of retribution may be less dramatic and forensic than they are sometimes represented, but the fact of retribution is a fearful fact; it cannot be argued down and it is madness to ignore it.

WHAT the sinner will *suffer* in the world to come we know only in hints and shadows. But we know very well what he will *be* in the world to come. The law of the development of character is a law that we understand. It is easy to show its workings and to prophesy its issues. And if you can clearly show a transgressor *the thing that he is certain to become* if he keeps on in evil ways, the sight will deter him from transgression more powerfully than any vision of suffering that you can set before him. Of what is to be inflicted upon him you must speak guardedly; you do not know much about that; but of what will take place *in him* you can speak with perfect assurance, and his own conscience will bear witness to the truth of your words.

IN the vision of The Valley of Dry Bones, the life-giving word is not uttered by Jehovah himself; it is put into the mouth of a "son of man." So, in all the ages, God makes men the messengers of his truth and the depositaries of his power; the divine life is given to men *through* men. "Ye are the salt of the earth." "Ye are the light of the world."

"I KNOW not," says Dora Greenwell, "what should more cheer and gladden a Christian than to see his spiritual life losing everything of an exotic character; to have it set in the open air, welcoming the wind from every quarter." All true spiritual progress is toward unity and spontaneity of life. The religious experiences of the disciple come to be less foreign and more natural to him all the while; many deeds that spring from a religious motive and that have a truly religious character he does not think of as religious; they are the unforced expression of his own feeling. In the beginning of his Christian experience he often seems to have gone away from himself, and to be carrying on with some effort a course of life outside of himself; but in the progress of his Christian life this dualism of experience gradually disappears, the new life and the old are fused in his consciousness, and the divine impulse comes to be native to his thought. The prodigal that returns to his Father always comes to himself.

"BY grace ye are saved." Here is the Gospel in one short sentence, but how often its meaning has been perverted and lost by giving to the word grace a rigid and technical meaning! Suppose we understand it to mean simply help, and see if the theological snarls that have gathered round it are not in great measure disentangled by the definition. The grace of God is the help of God. We are saved by his help. That implies that we could not be saved without it. It means that we are in danger of being lost, and that we cannot save ourselves, and that it is by the divine interposition that we are saved. But it implies also that the work is not all done for us; that we ourselves have something to do. We are saved by help; we are not saved by main strength. God's power does not supplant our activity; it reinforces it.

"SPEAK thou the things which become sound doctrine," says Paul to Titus. And a summary of the "sound doctrine" which he is to preach is given in the rest of the chapter. This is the way it begins: "That the aged men be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, in patience. The aged women likewise, that they be in behavior as becometh holiness; not false accusers, not given to much wine, teachers of good things." And so on. This was what Paul called "sound doctrine." It *is* sound doctrine; the very soundest sort; and it needs to be preached in these days to Americans, as much as in those days to the Cretians by Titus.

"This day is salvation come to this house," said Christ to Zaccheus. It will come to any man's house who will do what Zaccheus did,—who will make ample reparation so far as he can of the injuries that he has done, and will divide his portion with Christ's brethren. "To-day," says the Master to every man who will do that, "I will abide at thy house." And so long as that mind is in the man Christ will be his guest.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE PROBLEM OF REVISION.

THE American Committee engaged in the revision of the present version of the Bible has issued a small volume of essays written by members of the committee to explain the work that it is doing and to show the reasons why the work should be done. It is a most instructive little book, and we wish that instead of being "printed for private circulation" it could be published and read by all who read the Bible.

One of these essays by President Woolsey gives briefly the reasons for the revision. Of these he mentions three: first, the fact that the old version contains quite a number of obsolete words, or of words whose signification has so completely changed since the Bible was translated that the ordinary reader is sure to be misled by them; second, the fact that a great number of manuscript copies of the Bible have been discovered since our translation was made, so that our knowledge of the text is far ampler than that which was possessed by the authors of King James's version; third, that the "translators of the seventeenth century, in a great many instances, misunderstood the sense." Of these three reasons the second is, no doubt, the most conclusive.

The fact that the true text of the Bible can only be known by comparing a great number of old manuscripts, and noting their agreements and their variations, and taking the reading which, on the whole, has the most authority in its favor, is a fact which is not universally understood. Many persons suppose that the good men who translated the Bible out of the original Hebrew and Greek in 1611, had before them a single copy of the Old Testament in Hebrew, and a single copy of the New Testament in Greek; and that all they had to do was simply to turn the Hebrew and the Greek into readable English. Instead of this let us see what the problem was that confronted them:

1. There were at that time in existence and probably known to the translators quite a number of Greek and Hebrew manuscripts, some of them several hundred years old, others of more recent date. No two of these manuscripts were alike; in many small particulars, and in some important ones, they differed one from another.

2. There were also in existence at that time several printed editions of the original text. Of the Greek text of the New Testament the translators had editions printed by at least four different editors. These printed editions had been made up by their editors from those old manuscripts. In determining what they would print the editors had been obliged of course to use their own judgment among the differing manuscripts.

3. The translators had versions of the Bible printed in Spanish, French, Italian and German which they were accustomed to consult.

4. Several English translations had already been made, chief among which were those known as the Bishop's Bible and the Geneva Bible. Indeed the work that our translators were commissioned to do was simply to *revise* the Bishop's Bible. The first of the rules under which they proceeded was this: "The ordinary Bible read in the church, called the Bishop's Bible, to be followed, and as little altered as the truth of the original will permit." Another of their rules was as follows: "These [English] translations to be used when they agree better with the text than the Bishop's Bible, viz: Tyndal's, Matthew's, Coverdale's, Whitchurch, Geneva."

Such, then, were the materials with which they went to work. Taking the Bishop's Bible they compared it with the other English translations, with the versions in the modern European languages, and with the printed Greek and Hebrew texts. If the English translations did not agree they looked at the printed editions of the Greek and Hebrew texts; if the editions differed, as they sometimes did, they probably referred to the old manuscripts, and when the manuscripts did not agree they were obliged to use their own judgment as to which was most trustworthy.

As the result we have a translation in many respects admirable, but which later scholarship has shown to be in many respects inaccurate. To correct these inaccuracies our present revisers are at work. What advantages have they over the translators, or rather the revisers, of the seventeenth century?

1. They know a great deal more about the Greek and Hebrew languages than King James's men knew. In many passages where the earlier translators mistook the meaning of the original they will correct the mistakes.

2. Instead of possessing a few "manuscripts, mostly of secondary importance," the revisers of the present day have a vast number of copies,

some of them much more perfect and trustworthy than any that were known to the scholars of the seventeenth century. The three oldest and best manuscripts of the Bible, the three upon which all scholars chiefly rely, were not in the hands of King James's men. To these the present revisers have access. Nearly a thousand manuscripts of the Gospels are now known to be in existence, and as many more for the rest of the New Testament. These manuscripts have been faithfully studied by scholars during the last hundred years; the variations have been compared, and some degree of certainty has been reached as to what the true reading is in most of the disputed passages. The result of this critical study has been, as Professor Abbot says, "a steadily growing agreement of the best critics" in regard to what is the true text of the Scriptures.

The first question, therefore, and by far the most important question that translators of the Bible have to answer is, What is the Bible? Where shall we find the very words that were written by prophets and evangelists and apostles? That was the first question that King James's men had to answer. That is the first question for our present revisers. And it is plain that the present revisers have within their reach the knowledge which will enable them to give this question a far more intelligent and satisfactory answer than King James's men could have given. It is no exaggeration to say that they know tenfold more about the whole subject than the earlier revisers knew; and it is no flattery to them to say that they are just as devout and conscientious in their work as their predecessors were.

It would seem, therefore, that those who really prize the word of inspiration and wish to know what it is, would rejoice in the work that these learned and godly men are doing. We know that they will make no rash changes in the text of the Bible; we know that they will not alter a word unless there is clear and satisfactory proof that it is the wrong word; but when they have such proof then they ought to make the alteration. What we want to know is just what Matthew or Paul or Luke or John wrote,—not what some blundering copyist of the dark ages reported him as writing. We shall not be absolutely certain, after we get this revision, that we have in every case the very word, but the probability will in every case be greatly strengthened.

DICKINSON'S ENGLISH.

One thing our Bible revisers know enough to abstain from attempting: they will not undertake to improve the English of the old version. The words of one of the most accomplished among them, the Rev. Dr. Chambers, would probably be assented to by all of them: "It is neither prejudice nor thoughtlessness which affirms this book to be the first of English classics. Indeed its pages speak for themselves. In simplicity and strength, in the union of Saxon force and Latin dignity, in idiomatic ease and rhythmic flow they have no superior."

This is not the narrow judgment of a devotee; literary men of all faiths and of no faith agree in pronouncing the Bible a model of literary excellence. Mr. Huxley, who is himself a master of style, says, "It is written in the noblest and purest English, and abounds in exquisite beauties of mere literary form." Lord Macaulay and Matthew Arnold are equally positive in their praise. Indeed not the least of the benefits that our English Bible has conferred upon the people who have read it is the influence that it has had upon the language, in preserving it from corruption. "Perpetually in the hands of the people," says Dr. Chambers, "used in public and private worship, resorted to in all controversies, employed in schools and education, in short, a daily companion from the cradle to the grave, it has so shaped the tastes and judgments of men that, however for a time misled, they were always in the end recalled to the older and better model, and renewed their adhesion to the pure "well of English undefyled."

The revisers will not, therefore, try to improve the style in which the Bible is written. They will change only those words that are clearly unauthorized and they will put in their places, so far as they can, words that they can find in the Bible itself; in all their changes, "they will preserve as far as possible the very form and spirit of the existing Bible."

The high estimate which is placed by them, and by most sensible men, upon the English of the Bible has not, however, been universally held. Now and then a tidal wave of euphuism or turgidity has swept over our literature, big words and stilted expressions have come into fashion, and the victims of this verbal epidemic have sometimes been filled with a great disgust for the simple Saxon style of the Bible, and have cried out for a new translation.

One of the worst cases of this distemper was that of the Rev. Rodolphus Dickinson, a clergyman of the Episcopal church in this country who, so long ago as 1833, made up his mind that the present English Bible was no longer to be endured on account of its inelegance, and set about making a new translation. This is the way he discourses about it, in his preface:

"The lapse of centuries has produced a revolution in the English language, requiring a correspondent change in the version of the Scriptures: and, I may add, that the errors in grammar and rhetoric, the harsh and indelicate expressions, dispersed through the generally adopted text, demand amendment. The style of that

translation, regarding either its propriety, or purity, is, to a great extent, obsolete. There is much inelegance and inaccuracy, in the selection of words, the structure of sentences, and in every compartment (*sic*) of composition. Elementary expressions, individual and complex phrases of various description, pervade it, unknown to the existing advanced state of literature. If they were admissible, at the period of that publication, it is sufficient to aver, that they are now exploded."

Mr. Dickinson now breaks forth in a panegyric upon "the existing advanced state of literature" and so forth: "The mansions of refinement are less haunted by the spectres of decayed or impoverished learning. Cultivated life extensively recoils from the familiar survey of relics that belong to the quiet of the tomb. They are fast ceasing to deface the exquisite elegance of the literary and theological landseape. Luminaries more effulgent enlighten and adorn the summits of the social state. A renewed lustre illumines the vales," and so on. As a consequence of this advancement, Mr. Dickinson thinks that it is high time we had a more melliflous and magniloquent Bihle. "While various other works, and especially those of the most trivial attainment, are diligently adorned with a splendid and sweetly flowing diction, why should the mere uninteresting identity and paucity of language he so exclusively employed in rendering the word of God? Why should the Christian Scriptures he divested even of decent ornament? Why should not an edition of the heavenly institutes be furnished for the reading room, saloon and toilet, as well as for the church, school and nursery? for the literary and accomplished gentleman as well as for the plain and uulettered citizen?" If "the train of selfish, ordinary composuists" (*sic*) should prevent this consummation, Mr. Dickinson predicts that "the heavenly halm will be extensively untried; and the deprivation may cause many a valuahle patient to be successively visited by the lethargy of spiritual death."

This dire calamity he will do what he can to avert. Therefore he offers his translation of the New Testament. A few quotations from it are quoted, hy way of showing the Revision Committee how not to do it.

"Broods of vipers! who has privately admonished you to fly from the approaching vengeance! Produce, therefore, the appropriate fruit of reformation!"

"When thou art heneficent, let not thy left hand be conscious of what thy right haud performs." "Contemplate the lilies of the field how they advance."

"Seek first the empire of God, and the integrity he requires, and these things shall be superadded to you. Be not, therefore, anxious for to-morrow; siuce that will claim correspondent attention."

"At that time Jesus took occasion to say, I entirely concur with thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, hecause having concealed these things from the wise and intelligent, thou hast revealed them unto babes."

"Then his disciples approaching said to him, Art thou conscious that the pharisees were offended when they heard this observation? But he answering said, Every plantation which my heavenly Father has not cultivated shall be extirpated. And Peter replying said to him, Elucidate this parable."

"His master said unto him, Well done, good and prudent servant! You was faithful in a limited sphere. I will give you a more extensive superintendence; participate in the happiness of your master."

"Now Jesus, replete with the Holy Spirit returned from the Jordan. . . . . And his renown pervaded all the adjacent country. And he instructed in their synagogues with universal applause."

"Salt is salutary; but if the salt has become vapid, how can it he restored?

"Moreover there was a Pharisee whose name was Nicodemus a senator of the Jews. He came to Jesus hy night and said to him, Teacher, we know that thou art an instruetor emanated from God; for no one can achieve these miracles which thou performest unless God he with him. Jesus answered aud said to him, Indeed I assure you that except a man be reproduced he cannot realize the reign of God. Nicodemus says to him, How can a man he produced when he is mature? Can he again pass into a state of emhryo and be produced? Jesus replied, I most assuredly declare to you that unless a man be produced of water and of the spirit he cannot enter the kingdom of God. . . . . Be not surprised that I announced to thee, ye must be reproduced."

"His hrothers therefore said to him, Remove hence aud repair to Judea that the disciples also may see the works that thou performest. For no one does anything in obscurity while he himself wishes to he in celebrity."

"For this the Father loves me, because I give up my life to be afterwards resumed. No one divests me of it but I personally resign it. I have authority to surrender it, and I have authority to resume it."

"There are numerous apartments in my Father's temple; if not I would have informed you."

"For corporeal exertion is of minor advantage; but piety is advantageous in all respects, having a promise of the present and of the future life."

"This is a correct remark that if a man ardently wishes a spiritual superintendency, he earuestly desires an honorahle employment."

"And he said to me, it is accomplished. I am the Alpha and Omega, the commencement and the termination."

These resplendent gems of speech have heen selected at random from the fascinating pages of this wonderful hook. Writing equally fine can be found in almost every paragraph. Of course the man who perpetrated this thing honestly thought that he was doiug the church a great service; he did not know that he was makiug of himself a laughing-stock. The Johnsonian inflation must have heen at its height when he was learniug to write, and his style is an extreme illustration of its ridiculous pomposity. Johnsouese had its day, but the people were soon as sick of it as they were of the Continental currency, and willing enough to come back to plain English. Aud while they have in their hands a hook like the Bible, uo stilted or tawdry fashion of speech can ever long prevail.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

"Say not in thy heart," quoth the wise man, "that the former days were better than these."

"But why not say it in the heart," demands our distinguished friend, Doctor Paulo Post, the Apostle of the Preterite, "and why not out with it too? for it is true."

Doctor Paulo is one of those theologians who have a great deal to say ahout helieving the Bible, hut who really helieve only the unpleasant things that they find iu the Bible. The hopeful and cheeriug words that it contaius are unto them "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument;" they hear them hut neither their heliefs nor their hopes are influenced by them. If they are true, it is only in some transcendeutal and far-away sense that they are true. Therefore such a word as this of the wise man is a stumhliug hlock to them, and they can only get rid of it as the good Scotch parsou was wont to get rid of the tough texts that he encountered in his expository sermons. "My hrethren" he would say, "This is au obscure passage,—a very ohscure passage. Let us look the difficulty holdly in the face—and pass on!"

Why is it that a great many good people like Doctor Paulo Post will persist iu helieviug that the days in which they live are the worst days that ever were? Is it a silly aud morhid vanity of experience that makes them think so? Is it the same trait of human nature as that which leads people to boast of their hurts and their ailments; that incites reformed inebriates to outdo one another iu picturing the degradations into which they had falleu? Is it a spirit akiu to that of the small hoy who, when a juvenile epidemic was raging in his school district, was chop-fallen enough until it had reached his home, and then came to school in triumph crying out, "*My* little brother's got the *mea*-sles!"

Whatever may he the source of this dismal doctrine, it finds little confirmation in history. Those good old times to which it is always pointing us prove, upon a more careful inspection of them, to have heen much less white than they are painted. In politics there was hribery and corruption; in war-times there were swindling contracts; in finance all mauner of knaveries; in the church grave scandals; in society shocking vices. Many of the patriots were only patriotic for a consideration, and there were scurvy specimens among the saints. Of course there were pure and upright men in those times; the world is never left without a godly seed; hut they were no better than the best men now-a-days, and the had elements iu our society are more than matched hy the had elements of those good old times. It is only by fixing our eyes on all that is evil in our social life and all that is good in the social life of former generations that we can hold fast to the faith of Doctor Paulo.

Let us test this pessimistic theory in a field where statistics can he furnished. It is hard to measure morals; the standards are not easily applied. But the devotees of the good old times always assume not only that the moral condition of society is worse now than in the former generatious, but that the race is degenerating physically; that our fathers lived longer and more healthily than we do. Of that the Church of the Preterite is abuudantly convinced. "Of course it must have heen so," they will tell you. "Our fathers lived much simpler lives than we live; their habits were more regular; they were not in a constant whirl of excitements; they were not addicted to the extravagances and luxuries that are destroying our lives; of course they must have lived longer. Besides they were hetter than we are; aud long life is not only one of the rewards promised to the righteous, it is a natural consequence of virtuous living; therefore they must have heen healthier than we aud must have spent more days upon the earth."

That reasoning seems entirely conclusive, no douht; hut it happens that there are figures at hand by which we can test it. Dr. Edward Jarvis of Boston—who is not a Preterist in any sense of the word, but who takes hold of the future with a faith that glorifies his gray hairs,—has heen at the pains to collect the statistics from old hills of mortality and life tables and annuity reports, and city registers, and here are some of them:

Not including the mortality from the plague, the annual mortality in London two hundred years ago was one in twenty of the liviug. Including those from the plague the deaths were one in twelve and a half of the living. Now the rate is only one in forty-two.

Iu France, iu 1781, the deaths were one in twenty-five. In the five years, 1861 to 1865, the annual rate was one in forty-three.

Eighty-eight years ago the mortality in Berlin was one in twenty-eight; it is now one in thirty-seven and a half.

The rate in Dublin was one in twenty-two in the beginning of the eighteenth century and one in thirty-eight in the middle of the nineteenth.

In England and Wales the mortality decreased two-fifths from 1720 to 1820.

In Boston, from 1728 to 1752 the deaths every year were one in twenty-one of the living: in the twenty years, 1846 to 1865, they were only one in forty-two.

We have neglected some of Dr. Jarvis's fractions and have sometimes condensed his language; but these specimen figures, out of a great mass of statistics which he furnishes, will give some idea of the truth respecting the increase of human life. It is proved therefore that in the good old times people were not so healthy as they are in these times and did not live nearly so long. And—let us see—what was that argument? That long life is a proof and a reward of virtue? But how does it apply to these figures? And what is the inference from it respecting the comparative morality of old times and new? We will not push this argument, for we do not think it would be fair; but we hereby serve notice on Doctor Paulo Post and the rest of the Church Preterite that they had better not use it any more. It proves quite too much for them. And it may be that if they will give a little careful study to the history of the good old times they will find that the belief in the superior morality of the men of a former generation is no better founded than the belief in their longevity.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF GARRISON.

In the career of William Lloyd Garrison one or two important lessons are conveyed to such as have wisdom to understand them.

The first is the truth that it is the idealists—the men of ideas rather than the men of expedients—who really move the world. It has become the fashion of late in certain quarters to ridicule ideas. What we want, say the critics of *The Nation* and their school, is better administration. The sentimentalists can do nothing for us; their day is past; send us men who can contrive better political methods; men who can revise the tariff, organize the civil service, reconstruct the election laws; if we are to escape from the ills that now threaten us it will be by the invention of new and improved political machinery.

There is much truth in all this. The need of wiser administration is obvious enough. Yet there is still and there always will be room for the men of ideas as well as the men of expedients. As Mr. Freeman writes in the *Princeton Review*: "The plain truth is that in order to be practical, in order to do real work in the world, a man must be what is called sentimental. That is to say, he must recognize the facts of man's composite nature. He must understand that men's feelings, their hopes, their memories, their loves, their hatreds, in a word their sentiments go for a great deal in human affairs, and that a policy which puts them out of sight is not a practical policy. He must understand further that man is, after all, a moral being, and that right and wrong are things which, to put it on no higher ground, cannot be safely left out of sight." The proposition to make of statesmanship a simple matter of machinery, and to send the idealists to the rear is not, then, a wise one.

The fact is that the men who bring about important changes in society are the men of ideas. Mr. Garrison was such a man. It may even be said that he was a man of one idea. That idea was the wrongfulness of human slavery. All that he did was to give expression to this idea; to keep saying persistently, incessantly, in season and out of season, that slavery was wrong, and that every slave ought immediately to be set free. It was an unwelcome truth, but it was truth; and by and by the people were forced to attend to it. Ideas will make their way, if only some one can be found to utter them. The fact that "the foolishness of preaching" is after all a mighty force in human affairs, never had a grander demonstration.

Mr. Garrison was no manager. He knew nothing of the machinery of politics. He knew very little about what are called the arts of practical statesmanship. But he stood by his ideas; and in his simple fidelity to them he has achieved more, and left a broader mark upon the history of our country than any dozen of the astute "practical" statesmen who have been his contemporaries.

Another lesson of his life is that great things can be done without the use of the ballot. Mr. Garrison refused to vote; not until slavery was abolished would he exercise the rights of a citizen. He was wrong in this; but his example shows that one does not need to be a voter in order to wield a mighty influence in the affairs of the nation. The women who demand the suffrage (and whose demand we do not oppose) may see in the career of Mr. Garrison the proof that they are not now destitute of political power.

Finally the truth contained in the last sentence of Mr. Freeman quoted above finds in Mr. Garrison's life an impressive illustration. The fact that man is a moral being and that right and wrong are the main things with which he has to do, was the fact that lay at the basis of all Mr. Garrison's work. He was not only a man of ideas, but he was chiefly a man of moral ideas. His moral intuitions were the source of his power. His message was the simple statement of the dif-

ference between right and wrong. It will be well for our politicians, and our theologians too, when they recognize the fact that the ethical test is the supreme test of all their theories and all their institutions, and that nothing can abide which does not endure this test. Systems of government and systems of doctrine which contradict the fundamental truths of morality are certain to be overthrown, no matter how firmly they may be grounded in historic precedent. No force is needed for their destruction but the clear word of some true witness for the eternal justice. And that clear word God will in his own time surely put it into the heart of some man to speak.

LITERATURE.

Dr. Warren has written a book[1] on what is commonly called the "Second Coming" of Christ that ought to be useful. The general term commonly employed in the New Testament to describe the "coming" of the Lord is the one that he has made the title of his book; and it means, as he correctly insists, the Presence and not the Coming. The doctrine of the book may best be stated in the words of the author: "The Parousia of Christ is his abiding Presence among men in the exercise of his Messianic offices of King, Life-giver and Judge. Those offices are three in their aspect only, as relating to different departments of his administration; in reality they are one, constituting that glory which he received of the Father in reward for his humiliation and sufferings. The Parousia commenced when, after his ascension to his throne he began to come or be manifested to men in the mighty acts performed by him. His threefold offices are executed simultaneously, running parallel with each other through all time. Their consummation will be the complete restoration of this world to holiness and happiness. Their duration will be forever."

Dr. Warren puts much stress upon the fact that Christ himself and all his apostles represent the Parousia as at hand. In a passage which describes this august event our Lord says: "Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled." And the fact that the apostles expected the immediate presence of the Lord is revealed in all their writings. The theory that they were mistaken about this Dr. Warren rejects with warmth; he finds their words fulfilled in his theory of the Parousia. Christ has been present in the world, as King, Life-giver, and Judge, ever since his ascension; literally present, too, and not figuratively; personally present, and not representatively. That he can be both literally and personally present without being clothed in garments of flesh the author finds it easy to believe.

To the objection that the terms of the predictions respecting the Parousia are not met by his view of the event, since they call for certain astonishing physical prodigies, Dr. Warren replies in a very interesting and instructive chapter on "The Costume of the Parousia," a chapter which we devoutly wish could be read by the plain people of all our churches who are so constantly ensnared by the imagery of the Bible, and who, in insisting upon "taking it just as it reads" are very apt to be led into all manner of extravagances. The following words, found in this chapter, are well worth transcribing here:

"I shall doubtless be told by those who have been accustomed to more sensuous interpretations of Scripture, that I am detracting from the awful grandeur with which they invest the coming of the Lord. But it seems to me far otherwise. For is not the spiritual even greater than the material? . . . To blot out the sun and stars; to display a shining form amid the clouds; to shake the heavens with crashing thunderbolts; to let loose the imprisoned fires of the earth and melt it again to ancient chaos, is but to exert a physical omnipotence, the lowest form of power; but to set up a kingdom of holiness in the hearts of a sinful race, a kingdom of ideas and principles regnant over the free wills of men, which in the face of every motive natural to the corrupt heart, or originating in an evil world, or urged by the presence of darkness holds on its conquering way from age to age, subduing not only individual souls but opinions, customs, laws, philosophies and all the forces that move society and the world, is to exert a grander power, an omnipotence of a higher nature and ampler resources and a more godlike beneficence. It is only because we are so much creatures of sense, and have attained to so little spiritual discernment, that we are ever most impressed with outward glare and noise."

When Dr. Warren undertakes to work out his scheme in detail, he finds it difficult to make room in it for all the Scripture which is generally quoted as bearing upon the subject; some of his explanations of Scripture and some of his interpretations of prophecy will be questioned, and in various minor points his theory will fail to com-

1 The Parousia: A Critical Study of the Scripture Doctrines of Christ's Second Coming; His Reign as King; The Resurrection of the dead; and The General Judgment. By Israel P. Warren, D. D. Portland: Hoyt, Fogg & Donham.

mand the credence of many of his readers; but in its main features it is so much more rational than either of the current theories of the second coming of Christ, that those who have not become partisans of these theories will be likely to welcome it as throwing a good deal of light on a dark subject.

ANOTHER compilation[1] of the papers of Dr. Hodge has been made by his son and successor. These are brief analyses of discourses doctrinal and practical delivered on Sunday afternoon to the students of the Theological Semiuary in which he was so long the most distinguished instructor. There are no less than two hundred and forty-nine of these "skeletons," and it is fair to infer that they cover the whole field of Christian doctrine and duty. Dr. Hodge's analytical method is well exhibited in them, and one can obtain from them a complete knowledge of the system of theology which he taught. The volume will have great interest for the students of Princeton and for those ministers who accept the type of theology which Dr. Hodge taught, and may be useful to those of them who have moral courage enough to refrain from appropriating ready-made "plaus." There is reason to fear, however, that the book will prove the innocent occasion of much laziness and larceny. Dr. Hodge's example should be a testimony against both these sins. He was an honest thinker and a faithful workman. His editor says of these discourses: "Although designed to meet no eye but his own these analyses are fully written out, and are complete iu all their articulations. And although his audience was completely changed every three years it appears that he never used the same preparation twice, but prepared, even after he had passed his eightieth year, a new paper for each conference." This is a remarkable example of conscientious industry. The man who works in this way will keep his freshness and vigor, as Dr. Hodge kept his, till the day of his death.

MR. JOSEPH COOK is marching ou. The sixth volume[2] of his series of "Boston Monday Lectures" now invites the reader, and there are, we suppose, not less than three more in preparation, the fruits of the last winter's work. Such fecundity is something marvelous; Sir Walter Scott in his most prolific period could scarcely have published so rapidly, yet Sir Walter wrote novels and did not undertake philosophy or science. These lectures on Marriage are, like all Mr. Cook's lectures, earnest and eloquent. With the end that he has in view, the purification of wedlock, and the protection of the family, no good man can quarrel; and the method that he takes to attaiu it is the method which it is natural for him to employ. For ourselves a treatment somewhat less dramatic would have been more convincing; we must own that Pliny's Villa ceases to be impressive before we see the last of it. But there are diversities of tastes, and the audience that heard these lectures, and that is again vouched for in the "Publisher's Note," was undoubtedly moved by this representation. It has occurred to us iu reading that if this method is a good one it might be made still more effective by the introduction upon the stage of a model of Pliny's Villa and of figures representing the various characters who are admitted to it. Mrs. Jarley could give Mr. Cook some valuable suggestions as to the management of this part of the entertaiument. Mr. Cook has several tilts with his critics in these lectures; once he kept his audience "after the doxology had been sung" to give one of them a roasting. The running head over the pages that contain this castigation reads curiously—"A Supreme Affection between Two."

Mr. NEWTON'S Essays[1] show us a busy alert and vivacious intellect taking hold of current questions with honest purpose, and giving us as the result, if not the fiual philosophy of them, at least fair working hypotheses for their practical management. Mr. Newton belongs to what is called the Broad Church party in the Episcopal Church of this country, a very different party from the one in England bearing the same name. His doctrinal views are substantially those called Evangelical, though some of the Orthodox tenets, as, for example, the substitutionary theory of the atonement, and the doctrine of endless punishment are not held with great rigor. The biographical essays, upon Savonarola, Edward Irviug, Lacordaire, and "Representative men of the English Church," of whom he names Keble, Marsh, and Robertson, are pleasing sketches, and the papers entitled "Causes of Heresy," and "The Narrowness of Breadth" are good tempered discussions of important topics of the time.

A FRESH and delightful book[2] is "Wild Life in a Southern Country." The title may mislead, for the "Southern Country" is in the south of England, and the book is devoted to a most careful and sympathetic study of nature in all the aspects which it presents in that locality. The writer takes his readers out of doors with him, and introduces them to birds and beasts and fishes and insects, to flowers and brooks aud clouds and fields and woods and plains, and to

[1]Conference Papers. By Charles Hodge, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[2]Marriage, with Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

[1]Essays of To-Day; Religious and Theological. By William Wilberforce Newton. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

[2]Wild Life in a Southern Country. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

the children of nature that he finds among the country folk. His observation is wonderfully sharp and accurate; the habits, the gestures, the movements of the living creatures are all familiar to him, and he teaches you to see and to enjoy the curious and wonderful things that everywhere offer themselves for study. Yet there is nothing pedantic about his teaching; his style is simple and straightforward; it is to the things that he is showing you and not to himself that he keeps your attention. Of course the book is of less value to American than to English readers; many of the creatures and plants that he studies are unknown to us; the larger number are, however, familiar,—some of them under other names; and in teaching the habit of observation the book will have great value. For summer reading in the country nothing could be better; the sharpening that it will be sure to give the perceptions of its readers will greatly increase the enjoyment and profit of outdoor life.

Mr. Stockton's extravaganza[1] will be a delightful summer book. The fun is irresistible; and although the humor has the American quality of exaggeration, there is method in the nonsense, and the various fortunes of green housekeepers in the country are hit off in a laughable way. Pomona is a decided character; her management of the house during the summer vacation was a triumph of domestic genius, and the story of her wedding tour is better than many of the tales of chivalry. This book puts Mr. Stocktou in the front rank of American humorists.

A wholesome English story[2] for children is "The Little Brown Girl," by Esme Stuart. The little folks who appear in it are real children, some of them bad enough to serve as impressive warnings but none of them incorrigible. The sentiment of the book is genuinely Christian, and it is not a love story; add it to your list for the Sunday-school library.

Miss Whately, an English missionary in Egypt, has written a little book[3] of Egyptian sketches, intended for children but not beneath the notice of their elders. It is an intelligent account, by one who has long been a resident of Egypt, of the social life of that land at the present time. The collectors of books for Sunday-school libraries are likely to be attracted by the low prices at which Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company, the publishers of this volume, are offering their publications. The books of this series, of from 175 to 300 pages, are retailed for sixty-five cents each.

[1] Rudder Grange. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[2] The Little Brown Girl. By Esme Stuart. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

[3] Letters from Egypt. By Mary L. Whately. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

Mr. John Esten Cooke is a good story teller, as the readers of the Sunday Afternoon know; and his last book[1] proves that he knows how to adapt himself to the younger people. Our oldest colony affords an ample field for the *raconteur;* from the days of Captain John Smith and Nathaniel Bacon down to the close of the Revolutionary War there is no lack in Virginian history of romantic and stirring episodes; and Mr. Cooke seems to have made a wise selection among them, and to have described them not only with spirit but with fidelity. It is an excellent book for boys, and especially for Northern boys, who must not be allowed to forget the patriotic record of the South in the War of Independence.

The verdict of Mr. Southey and the fine enthusiasm of Mrs. Gustafson both fail to convince us that "Maria del Occidente" was a great poet. Indeed the failure of the poem[2] now reprinted to attain popularity in its day does not appear to us anything wonderful; it would not be likely to meet a different fate if it were given to the world to-day. It contains good lines and fair stanzas; Egla's Song in the last Canto is fine; the passage quoted by Mr. Southey is poetical; but the greater part of the poem is rather dreary; the art is slipshod, the phraseology is stilted, the story is tedious. Mrs. Gustafson's ardent appreciation is contagious; she has done all that could be done to rehabilitate "Zophiel;" nevertheless, we do not expect to see the poem become a classic.

Two more volumes[3] of Mr. Gladstone's papers have been collected. The first of these is occupied with discussions of various important questions respecting the foreign relations of England. One article printed anonymously by the *Edinburgh Review* in 1870 discusses the relations of "Germany, France and England" in that crisis with great breadth and moderation. Two other papers—one upon "The Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Problem," and the other upon "Montenegro" will be found of general interest. The fourth volume contains discussions of matters historical and speculative, of which a long critique upon "Ecce Homo," and two controversial essays upon "The Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion" are especially valuable.

[1] Stories of the Old Dominion: From the Settlement to the End of the Revolution. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[2] Zophiel; or the Bride of Seven. By Maria del Occidente (Maria Gowan Brooks.) Edited by Zadel Barnes Gustafson. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

[3] Gleanings of Past Years, 1851–1877. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. Vol. III, Foreign. Vol. IV, Historical and Speculative. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

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RUTH.

I.

Although the sun had not set, Ruth lit the great lamp in the light-house tower at six o'clock that afternoon, for clouds had been piling up in the southern horizon for an hour, and little scuds were beginning to dance over the sea in a way that foreboded storm. As she went up the stone stairs she said to herself that her father's boat was sure to be in sight from the high windows. The light-house keeper had sailed with his wife over to Half-Moon bay just before noon with a load of escalops, and Ruth had been anxiously expecting their return since four o'clock. When she saw the wide expanse of waves unflecked by a single sail she had a moment of terror, then began to reflect that after all they might have been tempted to remain to supper at her grandfather's, and in that case were not likely to have set out afterwards in the face of a September gale. She lit the lamp, watched its steady flame for a quarter of an hour to be certain she had trimmed it well, then went down. While she was up in the tower the skies had grown more threatening. She now ran along the rocks to the farthest point and scanned anew the great heaving plain of waves for the object of her quest. Away in the south great fringed purple clouds had heaved up until they canopied the whole heavens, and beneath was an ominous black band which foreboded a squall. While she stood watching suddenly there came a great glare over the waters from the west; the clouds had opened to the sunset and the conflagration flared up to the zenith and sent a dull crimson flush over the sea. It had no effect of brightening the look-out, merely threw gloomier reflections into the unlit stretches of watery distance, and made the wild waste of ocean seem fantastic and strange. The illumination lasted but five minutes; then the leaden walls shut down again over the west and everything grew black and gray.

"I wish they would come," said Ruth, aloud. But there was no sign of a boat nearing her from the wild and tossing waves. Along the base of the rocks the surges began to roar, hoarse, loud and ominous, and the "sea-dogs" along the point threw off the spray as the swell broke over them.

"Oh, they will stay all night," Ruth exclaimed with decision. "Father would never let mother be out in such weather."

Suddenly, while she stood peering out to sea and thinking how swiftly the darkness was descending, her eyes, alert for the merest speck of white, caught sight of something shadowy and vague in the horizon. It moved; it must be a boat. Her father and mother were returning! At the same instant a puff of wind cooled her cheek; the waters beneath her felt it and became fiercely agitated; then began to hiss and roar. The increasing tumult of sounds brought a message of disaster. Ruth was frightened and would have run into the house, but felt that she must stay and dis-

cover whether or not it was her father's boat in the offing. She could not keep her feet, however; the squall burst so furiously that she was compelled to throw herself on her face and clutch at the jagged rocks with both hands. For a moment she believed it was all over with her, for she was deafened by the rush of sound, while torrents of rain came sweeping along with the gale, drenching her to the skin. It was just a question for a time of how long she could hold on; for besides the tempest and the rain, the surges broke over her with hissing masses of foam. She waited for a lull before she tried to move.

Presently the gale stopped, as if to gather breath. There was a long sough and only the waves thundered. She started up and stood terror-stricken and anxious, gazing out into the plunging waves. Was that a sound? Was it a cry? If that glimpse she had had of a white dancing speck in the distance just as the squall broke had been her father's boat, what had become of it? No boat could live in such a sea. She shuddered as she caught sight of the black depths between the plunging waves. It could not be that her father had actually ventured out with such a tempest gathering in the south!

But then came again that strange sound in the air which was not the wind nor the waves,—something not unlike a cry.

"Father," she screamed, "father, is it you?" Nothing but the deafening tumult answered her.

At this moment she heard a nearer sound, and turning saw her little brother Davy tottering along the rocks towards her. She went to him, gathered him up in her arms and carried him back to the house, while he wept as if his heart would break in his terror at having been left so long alone and in his joy at seeing her again. She tried to cheer herself by making an effort to comfort him. She shut the door and with it left behind her some of the angry roar of the sea. She changed his wet clothes, then sat down by the fire with Davy on her knee, telling him, over and over again, that she might convince herself, about her father and mother's staying all night at grandma's in Half-Moon bay, and about how they would return joyfully the next morning.

But all the while that sound she had heard like a cry found a strange echo in her heart and brain. Again and again she went to the door and listened. It was now dark as midnight; the storm still raged furiously in the blackness, and each time that she put her head outside floods of rain drove her back. She gave Davy his supper and put him to bed. When he said his prayers she bade him add a petition for the safety of his father and mother.

"But they are safe, Ruth, ain't they?" the little fellow asked with big eyes.

"Yes, they are safe, my darling," Ruth answered. "God holds them in the hollow of His hand."

But Davy had grown anxious, and she was obliged to comfort him with pictures of their father and mother sitting in the quaint parlor at Half-Moon bay with all grandpa's beautiful things that he had brought back from over the sea. At last the little boy dropped asleep, and Ruth went out again to listen for that voice in the air. The storm was abating. The rain came only in fitful gushes of great drops; the clouds overhead were parting and in the east could be seen the half disk of the full moon. The sea roared worse than ever, and the Lighthouse Point seemed actually to vibrate as the great thunders of the surges broke against the rocky walls on the south.

"I am so thankful father and mother did not try to come home," the girl said wistfully, terrors still clutching at her heart while she stood there gazing out and thinking what that cruel sea might have enfolded. It looked indeed like a black pall of death. But Ruth felt the wickedness of indulging fanciful fears. She went back to the house, sat down at her mother's table with the lamp on the window-sill and began to mend the pile of stockings lying in the basket. How the casements rattled! How the waves roared! It fretted her to sit still, but she resolutely forced herself to work steadily until the whole week's mending was finished. That accomplished, she had a sense of freedom to indulge the weakness of long-

ing and curiosity which had given her a constant impulse to go to the door and look and listen. She ran out.

The storm had passed. The gale had sunk to a zephyr. The moon shone, but the waves were doing their worst and still raged and roared and plunged like mad creatures. She seemed to see a black object in the shining line of the moon's path. Her heart hammered in her ears. Something there certainly was staggering in a drunken fashion in the trough of the sea; something not unlike the phantom of a boat with a trailing sail. She gave a terrible cry:

"Father! Father!"

Some indefinable sound came in reply. She had not a moment of indecision, but dashed towards the shed, drew out a pair of oars and a rope, and dragging them behind her hurried down to the little breakwater in the cove where the light-house keeper's skiff was kept. It was lying deep down almost to its gunwale and half full of water, tossing a little as it felt the pulse of the heavy swell. She drew it to the shore, found the basin and baled it out. It seemed an endless task, but she never paused. That done she laid the oars and the coils of rope inside, pulled up the anchor and jumped in herself, and in two moments more was rowing steadily in the direction of the mid-sea off the point. She could do little at first except to keep the boat righted, making it take the waves squarely as it rose and sank with them. Now and then it reeled and staggered and lost headway, but dashing the salt water from her eyes Ruth labored at the oars with her young, stout arms. She had not rowed for nothing all these ten years since her father made her a present of a little skiff of her own; and her head did not grow giddy with the heave of the bay. She felt besides the intensity of a resolute purpose, and could not have faltered while her heart beat.

Meanwhile, a young man, who had been upset in the squall and had clung for almost three hours to the edge of his boat, bruised, exhausted, with the waves rising and falling around him, began to feel that his strength was fast leaving him and his senses too. He had little snatches of sleep or trance when all sorts of visions came to his mind. When he was awake he forced himself to call out. At first he had cried with plenty of energy, but now his voice sounded hollow and faint in his own ears.

When he heard Ruth's cry it seemed an echo of his own. He listened dreamily. He did not see the boat until it was close upon him.

"Father! father!" cried the young voice. "Here's the rope. Tie it arouud you. I can't get any nearer."

He roused himself a little. He was a good swimmer, and now let go his drowning clutch and swam stiffly over to the skiff and the next moment clambered feebly over the side.

"Thank God! Thank God!" said Ruth. She dared not leave her oars. "Thank God! You're safe, father! Now tell me that you left mother in Half-Moon bay."

The young fellow had sunk down on the wet floor of the boat but now looked up and the moonlight struck his face.

"Why, it's not father," said Ruth gazing at him with amazement.

"No," he answered faintly. "I'm not your father. But I thank you—I thank you for saving me." His face was pallid and there was a cut across his forehead. It seemed to Ruth at first that she had made some terrible mistake and deserted her father to save this stranger.

Her heart fluttered and her energies sank a little. Then she remembered that her parents were certain to have stayed in Half-Moon bay. So she put her strength to her oars and rowed back again, wondering all the while whether the man who lay on the bottom of the boat so white and rigid in the moonlight, were indeed living and breathing or already dead.

II.

David Hadden brought his wife home to the light-house next morning an hour after sunrise. He was a prudent, sensible man, willing to trust his little girl in an extremity, and all through the storm the night before had looked out of the window from Half-Moon bay at Sickle's Point Lightfeeling,

sure that Ruth and Davy were safe in the stone cottage below. His boat danced on the short waves as he sailed back; a breeze blew out from the main-land and broke up the swell left by yesterday's storm, and the whole sea was bright with mad little white-caps chasing each other. Ruth stood on the little stone pier as he rounded the point, Davy clinging to her dress and waving his hand.

When the light-house keeper heard what had befallen his daughter in his absence he put his arms about her and blessed her, then looked at her in amazement.

"And father said in his prayer last night 'God save the poor fellows on the sea in this storm,'" he added. "I did n't know then—I did n't know."

"It seems so strange to think," said Ruth looking with some emotion, first at her father and then at her mother, "that if I had not been so anxious about you, he might have—"

"Yes," said David Hadden, finishing her sentence, "he would surely have been drowned. He could n't a' held on much longer by your account, and—"

"I want to see him," said Ruth's mother; and they all hurried up the rocks together.

The young man whose life Ruth had saved lay up in the little tower chamber where the boy cousins slept when they came from Boston to visit at the light-house. He had revived a little on reaching the shore, and had been able with the girl's assistance to creep up the bank to the cottage, and afterwards to get to bed unaided. But the long struggle in the water, the cold and wet, and above all the horrible ordeal of watching hours for help and seeing only death approaching had worn him out. This morning he was tossing with fever and his mind wandered, presenting confused and distorted images of his danger and suffering.

The hearts of the light-house keeper and his wife went out to him at once. He was a handsome young fellow of twenty-four, broad shouldered, long-limbed, blonde haired and blue eyed. The Haddens were all pale, thin, dark people, with melancholy faces lighted by intensely brilliant eyes, and the fair-faced stranger seemed a creature from a brighter world. They were simple people, the Haddens. David had been light-house keeper since the first year of his marriage, and thus living apart from the actual busy world, he and his wife and children knew and thought little about it, except as a congregation of evil-doers from which they were glad to hold themselves apart. Both David and his wife were Scotch Presbyterians of the most inflexible type, holding to the doctrines of original sin, fore-ordination, free-will and eternal punishment. Four times a year they went ten miles into the main-land to church; on other occasions David prayed, read the Scriptures and expounded to his family. His religious teachings, although perplexed and obscured by rambling illustrations, and somewhat over-enriched by quotations from Scripture, taught the everlasting security of those who fear and obey the divine will and the dangers of those who erred and went astray. Ruth had felt from her earliest childhood that the Almighty held her in the hollow of His hand, that His care and mercy hemmed her in on every side. This protection had been almost palpable and visible the night of the storm as she crossed the roaring seas in a mere cockle-shell boat to rescue this stranger. He was to her mind, and to the minds of David Hadden and his wife, the being for whose preservation Heaven in its providence had infused strength into her arms and energy into her heart.

When the young fellow gained consciousness he gave his name as James Keith. He had set out from ——— the day of the squall, he said, and had expected to spend the night at Half-Moon bay, when his boat capsized off Sickle's point.

Ruth used to look at him with a certain thrill of exultation and thankfulness as he grew better and gained strength to crawl out the door and sit on the stone steps of the tower. Occasionally in her dreams she had had a vision of Keith dead; his laughing blue eyes closed, his sunny hair tangled with sea-weeds, like a drowned man she had once seen washed up by the tide. But here he was alive and she had saved him! Every day brought returning color to his cheek as he breathed the invigorating breezes of the point, where, even on the stillest day, there is always a wind that strikes the face like a

blow and makes the blood tingle. He was silent and weak at first and cared to do little more than gaze at the wide autumn seas. All the sounds and sights at Sickle's point are of the ocean. The promontory stretches far out into the Atlantic, connected with the main-land only by a stony causeway over which in the highest tides the surges often break. Keith seemed to find a strange rest in watching the great heaving plain of waves which glassed every change of the upper skies. It seemed enough for him to remember that he was safe; the mere sense of safety was a kind of passion to be felt with grateful tears.

Ruth and he spoke little together in the early days of his convalescence. He was silent and dreamy aud the young girl was shy. He had more to say to Mrs. Hadden, whom he soon began to treat with a frank filial affection. The good woman busy among her household affairs found zest and pleasure in exchanging little harmless jests with the young fellow, whose health she watched with real maternal solicitude. He did not throw off the effects of his sickness at once and had a relapse after the least imprudence, so that she was justified in many a warning and prohibition. David Hadden was little at home nowadays but was busy oystering over at Half-Moon bay. When he did join his household he found a relief from the everlasting quiet and monotony of his life in having this frank-faced young fellow as an inmate. Two or three times Keith suggested that he ought to be leaving them, but the notion was received with such disfavor that he resigned it with a smile and a few winning words of his deep gratitude and thankfulness.

Keith was certainly a pleasant, engaging fellow, well-educated too and had seen the world. He seemed disinclined to say much about his past life, but when pressed by David Hadden told a frank story of his career. He had been left an orphan at an early age, had been sent to school by a maiden aunt until he was eighteen, then had taken a position in a bank in P——. This position he had kept until three months before, when owing to losses of the bank they had been compelled to reduce their number of clerks, and since then he had had nothing to do and had been staying at the seaside. He had been in the habit of sailing alone by himself, and the day of the squall had ventured out farther than usual, so far, that when the weather became threatening it seemed easier to run into this coast than try to return.

This account of his life broke down the last barriers to David Hadden's full interest and affection. Here was a young man, an orphan, a waif in the world as it were, with neglected religious education, and undisciplined by strict and rigid adherence to the infallible dogmas of the kirk. Keith listened with interest and respect to the light-house keeper's prayers and readings and discourses, and met every suggestion toward new aims and endeavors toward a Christian life with sincere wishes that he might become something stronger and better than he had ever been. He had, besides, once or twice, hours of deep abasement and a sense of his sinfulness which went far to convince the Haddens that it was a genuine change of heart that was moving him. In every way, thus, he appealed to their sympathies and their affections, and absorbed the greater part of their thoughts and enlarged their quiet, prosaic lives.

One day late in October Ruth had gone at low tide down the rocks after crabs. Davy was with her and, his legs bare almost to his waist, scrambled about the shallows with a little scoop-net which he worked with irrepressible hopefulness but the scantiest results. Ruth, too, had bared her feet, and stepping daintily from stone to stone, had picked up a basket-full of sprawling crabs from the mud. This done, she went back to the rocks, carefully dried her blue veined feet and put on her shoes and stockings. While she sat there Keith came strolling down the point and looked long and fixedly at the little creature. Her head with its short rings of dark hair was uncovered, and the breeze sweeping freshly over her played with the little curls, roughening them. She wore a dark blue woolen dress, cut in the plainest fashion by her mother, who had no guide to her scissors save the round lines of the girl's form, but

it fitted neatly over the slight, childish figure. She had grown pretty of late; Keith could see that. She was less pale than formerly, and the flushes, now forever coming and going on her cheeks, softened and brightened her whole face; her eyes were always beautiful, but had grown wistful in their expression; and her lips were more eloquent of sweetness than of old. When she saw Keith she looked up, smiling and coloring.

"I did find some soft-shell crabs," said she. "Mother said 'twas too late for them and that we could have no more this year. I am so glad—you are so fond of them."

Keith said nothing, only continued to look at her. At the full glance of his bold blue eyes a vivid emotion dyed her face. She rose hastily.

"Come, Davy," she called.

Keith, advancing along the rocks, came up to her and grasped both her hands.

"Ruth! Ruth!" said he gazing down at her, his own features alive with ardor. "Ruth!" he said again; "my savior, my love!" He stooped and kissed her on the lips. No words were spoken by either of them for a long time. Then Ruth said,

"I must go home now, Mr. Keith."

"Call me James," he returned with fond peremptoriness.

She looked in his face for a moment and smiled, then said firmly,

"Come, James!"

He took up the basket of crabs and led her along the rocks, holding her by the hand. When they were eating the crabs at supper-time, little Davy, by some association of the savory meal with his afternoon's sport called loudly,

"Father! Father!"

David Hadden had just returned from Half-Moon bay, and in a genial mood nodded encouragingly to his little boy.

"Well, Davy!"

"Father! Mr. Keith kissed Ruth on the rocks this afternoon," cried the boy.

David Hadden turned his rugged face first to his eldest child, then to his guest. His forehead began to furrow and his mouth to work.

Keith was on the other side of the table and now sprang up, strode to him and fastened his two hands on the light-house keeper's shoulders.

"Mr. Hadden," he cried, "give me Ruth for my wife. I love her! Ever since she saved my life I have worshiped her."

"Keep yourselves from idols," muttered David uneasily. "Do not talk of worshiping a mere creature. Besides Ruth is only a child."

"Oh, Ruth is old enough for me,—Ruth is a woman," said the lover.

"Ruth," cried her father, "is this young man dear to you?"

Ruth looked at her father with a steadfast smile.

"Father, I love him with all my heart."

David glanced over at his wife, his eyes filling and his lips puckering.

"Well, mother?" said he.

"I have seen it coming for many a day, father," Mrs. Hadden returned serenely. "Ruth is getting to be a woman, and if she marries why not give her to James whom God has sent to us for a son, and whom we have grown to love?"

III.

There was indeed seemingly the hand of providence at work in bringing these two young people together. Their love was as natural as the pairing of the birds in spring, and unused although David Hadden was to romance, the charm of the idyl touched him. The engagement was settled upon. James was to remain at the light-house until after Thanksgiving, and then would go to New York and find some employment. The marriage was not to take place until he was gaining a livelihood and had some substantial means to support a wife.

Ruth was strangely beautiful in these happy days. Her life had been all duty, silence, solitude and curious musings over the religious teachings which were all she knew of moral and social codes. She had never thought of personal pleasure, scarcely realized that such hopes and expectations could rightly belong to the scheme of a Christian existence. Yet all at once her life had become full of passionate joy and exultant anticipation. Under almost any other cir-

cumstances she might have been afraid of so much happiness and reflected that a snare was almost certain to lurk under such bright seemings. But this destiny seemed to be the one appointed for her; toward which all her life had tended, and for which her mind and heart had been shaped and fitted.

The two young people were so happy in their engagement and were so soon to be separated, that Mrs. Hadden allowed Ruth to idle away much time in James's society. Indian summer came early and lingered almost a month, and the two took the full charm of the hazy days when the sea lay calm and opal-tinted, stretching away into dim horizons on every side. Life hitherto had been a round of tasks to Ruth; so many hours over her Bible, so many hours over her house work, so many hours over her sewing, and scant intervals for outside duties which might have been called toil, only that they made the only recreation of the girl's life. Nowadays she and James sat for hours on the rocks, hand in hand, so happy that merely to be near each other and to look into each other's faces was of itself a vivid delight. Then in the evenings all the books in the house were brought out and James would read aloud to the little circle, who had hitherto known nothing of the charm of any stories save those found in the two testaments. Ruth, flushed, keen, eager, listened and felt that she indeed had begun to live. Her only sorrow was the thought of the separation before them; and even over the darkness of that played the rosy flames of hope, and allowed her to dream of a more distant future, when she should enter the charmed life that James had pictured for her many and many a time.

Thanksgiving was to be kept with ostentatious hospitality at the light-house this year. The grandparents were coming over from Half-Moon bay and the cousins from the town, to meet Ruth's lover and welcome him into the family.

The Saturday before, David Hadden ran his boat ten miles to the nearest market town with a cargo of the best oysters, and returned at sunset with a load of provisions for the approaching festival. All the family went down to the pier to meet him and each toiled up the rocks with hands and arms full of bundles and baskets. Ruth had the Thanksgiving turkey, swathed in newspapers, and coquetted all the way to the house with James who tried to take it from her. When they finally entered the house she stored the light-house keeper's purchases away for the Sunday, and called her lover to hang up the turkey on a high nail against the pantry cupboard.

"It was wrapped in six newspapers," she exclaimed. "You can read all the news to us after supper."

"Don't ask me to," said James, his face darkening a little, "I hate news and newspapers. What a happy place this is! I wish I need never go away. It does not seem to be in the actual world."

He took the turkey and hung it up, then looked at it and laughed.

"A noble bird!" said he; "How I long to taste it."

Ruth was silent and he glanced at her: she put down the newspaper she had opened and answered his look but did not smile.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, for she seemed to be staring blankly at him as if lost in a world of fresh thoughts.

"Mother called me," she said hurriedly, and ran away from him.

James was disappointed. He intended to have stolen one of his rare kisses in the pantry, but he went back to the keeping-room and sat down by the fire. The light-house keeper had been up in the tower and the great steadfast lamp was casting its beams far and wide above them. The young fellow had once quoted Portia's words about a light "shining like a good deed in a naughty world," and the charm of the idea, cheapened for so many people, pleased his unused sense of poetry and always gave him a feeling of having helped on the moral universe by lighting the lamp. So now he came in cheerfully, sat down, and began talking about the events of his day.

"Where is Ruth?" he asked presently.

"Ruth is crying up in her room," said Davy. "I asked her if she had been such a very naughty girl, and she said, 'I wish

I was dead. I wish we had both died that night!' "

Both David and his wife glanced at the lover as if curious to know if the two had quarreled.

"Nonsense, Davy," James exclaimed sharply, startled. "Ruth was in the pantry quarter of an hour ago happy as a bird."

Mrs. Hadden went upstairs and brought her daughter down. Ruth had a pale face and eyes which showed the effect of tears and sat silent all through supper. Not even James could induce her to speak or to fasten her averted glance upon him.

After the meal was over, David Hadden called for the papers he had tied around the turkey; the grocer had given them to him he said. Ruth brought five.

"I thought there was a clear half-dozen," said her father, but she remained silent.

"Read us something, James," said David. "They say stirring things have been going on these two months."

James felt curiously troubled and his heart was heavy with presentiment, but he read through column after column of the journals until nine o'clock struck. Mrs. Hadden brought the Bible and put it on the table by her husband, and he read a chapter, then falling on his knees poured forth his impassioned evening prayer.

When he rose he saw his daughter standing beside him. He looked at her in amazement. She was a slight creature but her face and form had suddenly gathered force.

"Father!" she cried. "Father!" and stretched out her hands. He grasped them strongly.

"Why, my daughter," he said, "what is this?"

She continued to look at him with great dilated eyes but continued silent. James Keith came up to her with anxious concern. She shrank away.

"What is wrong?" asked David Hadden. "If James has vexed you, my girl, he seems to be willing to make up again."

She shuddered.

"Father," she cried again in grief-stricken accents. "Help me!"

"God will help you, Ruth. As for me, I know not what you want me to do."

Ruth gave a sort of cry, and James, cut to the heart by her indifference to him, tried to put his arm about her and support her. She wrenched herself away, tottered across the room, and stood there. He followed her.

"Do not come near me," she cried warningly. "Do not come near me."

"Ruth, you are breaking my heart," cried the young man hoarsely.

She looked at him long and fixedly, her dark eyes blazing.

"If I knew," she said at last with a sigh.

"Knew what?"

"I loved you so," she exclaimed, "I did love you so."

"And do you love me no more?"

"Father," Ruth cried appealing to him forcibly. "Tell me something."

He waited, his strong rugged face turned towards his child.

"Father," she said humbly, "if I were to —to commit a great sin,—not only a sin but a crime,—would you cover it up,—or would you—"

David Hadden interrupted her by a gesture. His features had grown menacing and combative; there was a look in his face as if he would not be trifled with.

"Ruth," said he, "you are my own child, the first fruits of my marriage, but if you sinned against Heaven whether in the sight of man or of God alone, I should want you to be punished."

She uttered a cry and seemed to totter. He regarded her with an inevitable eye.

"'If thine eye offend thee pluck it out,'" he said in a stern voice. "And why should I shrink from—"

"Father," said Mrs. Hadden gently, "my girl has not sinned. 'T is not her own trouble but that of another she is feeling."

Ruth turned to her mother with a kind glance.

"Thank you, mother," she said softly. "Please take father away for a while. I want to talk to James."

David Hadden feeling a fever of excitement, anger and indignation, would have demurred but his wife insisted.

When James and Ruth were left alone

he came up to her with a look of deep, dreary self-abasement.

"What was it you saw in that newspaper about me, Ruth?" he asked her.

"I will tell you," she said in a clear incisive tone, although her voice sank to its lowest. "On the sixth of last September a young man by the name of James Cameron—"

A groan burst from his lips. He sank down in a chair his arms falling heavily by his side.

"A young man by the name of James Cameron," pursued Ruth, "altered a check from eighty dollars to eight hundred and had it cashed in the city. He put the money in his pocket. He took a boat and set off as if on a pleasure excursion. That night a terrible storm came in and next day the boat was found capsized in the bay."

"Ruth," cried James, "Ruth!" But she did not listen.

"Although the boat was turned bottom upward," she went on in a dull voice as if her strength was spent, "by a singular circumstance James Cameron's overcoat, neatly folded up, was found under the seat, held in its place by the ribs of the boat."

He uttered a cry.

"In the pocket," she resumed looking at him fixedly, "were the rolls of bills just as they had come from the bank, not one was missing."

"Oh, thank heaven!" he ejaculated. "Thank heaven!" In his relief he sprang up and paced the floor. He seemed to have shaken off a heavy yoke.

"It was supposed," said Ruth quietly, "that the young man had been drowned."

James went up to her.

"Ruth," he said, "I want you to believe me. It was but a momentary impulse—that crime. There were eighty dollars due me from a man—he had been hard to me, had never used me well. He was worth hundreds of thousands. . . . . The check was made out in a scrawling hand and the last letter of eighty looked like a mere flourish. I said to myself that—"

He broke off. Something in her look awed him. The task of explanation was something to falter at with those clear eyes turned on him.

"After all," he stammered, "nobody lost by it. It was a fortunate night for me in every way. You picked me up, Ruth, and —and—luckily the money was not on my person."

"You did not tell us your name was Cameron, James," she said quietly.

"No." He regarded her wistfully. "When I came to my consciousness my heart was heavy enough with my accursed sin."

Although she looked at him he did not seem to meet her actual gaze. The Ruth he had known,—the fond, loving little girl, dependent on his words, his glances, his caresses had vanished; in her place was a stern, pale-faced woman who was judging him.

"The longer this fraud has gone on, the more repulsive it has been to me," said he with an effort to regain his usual self-poise. "My own self-contempt deepened in proportion to the trust you all reposed in me. At first I constantly dreaded lest I should be followed and arrested. Then it all began to seem like a dream. It grew to be a possibility that I was actually safe,—that I might retrieve myself I had half a right to the name of Keith—it was my mother's family name. Once or twice my tongue has tripped in talking with you and I have called myself Cameron—"

"I know, I know. It was that recollection which made this story clear to me," said Ruth.

He felt helpless before her. Where was the old flash of love,—the keen desire to read his heart and meaning and answer his thought with her own,—the maidenly withdrawing of those rare eyes?

"Ruth," he cried with vehemence, "do you despise me for all this?"

Her face was an image of wonderment and wandering.

"Can't you forgive a crime like that? A crime that had no results,—that actually was no crime. It hurt no one. It never benefited me. You don't know a fellow's temptations, Ruth. I had been unable to find any employment,—of course I know it was wrong."

"Wrong?' echoed Ruth. "Wrong?"

"Of course it was wrong although it really amounted to nothing."

She turned upon him almost fiercely.

"Where is your repentance?" she cried.

"I have repented. I do repent."

"Did you begin to repent by confessing your sin and asking to expiate it—expiate it with sadness and pain and toil? Or were you thankful you had escaped exposure?"

He shrank from her words.

"Don't be too rigid, dearest," he said gently. "I have confessed my baseness now. What is there to expiate? They do not waut to punish me. They believe that I am dead, hence there is no danger of exposure. I wish, Ruth," he cried out, "that I had told you all this. Often and often when we have been out on the rocks together it has come into my mind to make full confession. I loved you so dearly I was almost ready to have you see my wickedness. And I hated my change of name so heartily! It has kept me awake at night thinking that when I came to marry you, I could not offer you my real name. I have had all sorts of schemes about it. Now, at least this much is gained—"

"Nothing is gained," she said brusquely, "all is lost."

"Lost? No. Nothing is lost." James was regaining his energy; he seized her hand and held it in spite of her struggles to be free. "I do believe, I shall always believe," he went on with strong feeling, "that Providence had me in its keeping that night. If anything else had happened to me, if I had begun a new life under any other circumstances—if—if—that—that money had remained with me,—all would have been so different. But thrown here among you good, simple people, separated from actual life, far away from temptation, I suddenly saw how faulty and wicked I had been. I wanted to be good—I wanted to be honest and pure that I might win you, Ruth. I felt your goodness. Often and often since we have been engaged I have wished that I could go on living here; I have a dread of going away without you; I—"

She kept her eyes fixed on his and there was a faint motion of the lips as if she wanted to speak.

"What is it?" he asked.

"You must not go on talking in that way, James," said she. "It is as if nothing had happened—nothing had come between us."

"And nothing shall come between us! Ruth, Ruth. Don't you love me?"

She wrenched her hands away from his and retreated, then looked at him and shook her head, but her lips quivered.

"Don't pretend that, Ruth. You do love me. You can't help loving me. Why, it would be monstrous for you to turn from me all at once like this, no matter what I was—even if I had been a murderer! Think how happy we have been together! I had never in all my life been happy before! Nobody ever really cared for me. I have been all alone."

She did not speak or move. He advanced a step. She lifted her hand to check him.

"I don't want to turn from you," she said faintly. "It is true I can't help loving you, but that is nothing. All the love in the world could not count now."

"Not count?" His eyes flashed and his cheeks burned. He spoke with a vehemence which shook him all over.

"You have committed a sin," said Ruth regaining some of her old decision. "I don't dare to think of anything else."

"Why, Ruth, no matter what you had done, I should think first of my love for you."

She recoiled again a step or two; slow, bitter tears welled up in her eyes.

"We don't think alike about these things," she burst forth. "I don't want to accuse you—but it is not enough for you to be safe,—to feel that your crime was the act of a moment,—that the impulse was nothing,—that since you did not profit by it, the wrong of it all ceases to exist. You can't think what I felt when my eyes fell on those few lines in the paper,—was it only this afternoon? It seems so long, so very long ago. I had been so proud of you—" Her glance rested on him with a touching expression of love and sorrow. "Now all at once this hideous evil had risen between us,—"

"Don't let it come between us, Ruth!"

She looked at him steadily.

"We will talk no more to-night," she said soberly and walked straight out of the room.

IV.

Sunday passed quietly at the light-house. James and Ruth sat apart listening to David Hadden's prayers and long rambling sermon. He felt, without being certain what it was, that a shadow hung over the household, and that this tranquil Sabbath separated them all from some event. Hence he dwelt with more than usual force upon the necessity of divine guidance; of clinging with energy to the foot of the cross and accepting the heaven-born strength which follows the entire surrender of individual wishes and individual will.

It was a sombre, melancholy day for James. After dinner was over he went out and walked along the shore, the high wall of rocks on the one hand and on the other the gray, misty plain of turbulent sea. It seemed to him a cruel trick of fortune that at this late moment, by a mere foolish chance, Ruth had discovered his wrong-doing. He wanted to extenuate nothing—defend himself in nothing. As he told her, he had been urged again and again by a frank impulse to pour the whole pent-up story forth. He had suffered a paroxysm of temptation which his undisciplined mind and heart had not rejected, but recalling those moments of bitter shame afterwards when a shuddering consciousness was upon him that he had done a felon's deed, and was in danger of a felon's punishment, he had always believed that such repentance as he sincerely felt might atone for much. Then his narrow escape, the new life he entered upon at the lighthouse, its joy and peace and hope made more vivid by its contrast to the settled despair of his mind on that fatal day; all these were clearly experiences so far beyond the common that he had not been slow to urge his claims to actual absolution. And since his heart was lightened by the news that those hateful, horrible eight hundred dollars had been found and that no one was a loser, it seemed a needless cruelty for Ruth to inflict this new dread and despondency upon him. Ever since yesterday he had felt when he looked at her as if cold, heavy mists interposed between him and the girl he loved.

"You need not have saved my life, Ruth," he said to her that morning when they chanced to be thrown together without listeners, "if you are to treat me like this."

She looked at him wistfully. In the first moments of her discovery she had been full of misery, horror and anguish. But now the Divine Presence seemed near; faith had given her wings to reach it, and her mood had changed into one of calm trust.

"I did save your life. Humanly speaking you had no other hope nor help that night except me."

"Don't I fully acknowledge that, Ruth? Answer my need now as well. I have been in deep waters to-day."

"Did you not hear father's prayer? It did me so much good. His prayers are like great, strong, white-winged angels and can carry mine up with them. I see it all now. I see it clearly. It is not hopeless, James. All may be well yet."

Her words helped him like a miraculous draught. He felt fresh energies.

"Yes," she said, "all may be well yet. The evil is not without a remedy. I see what you can do. The first thing is for you to confess your crime—"

"Confess my crime? To whom?"

"To the man who gave you the check."

James gazed at her in amazement.

"He knows it already," said he breathlessly. "You yourself told me that the money was found, so that neither he nor the bank had occasion to suffer."

"It is not that," said the young girl in her clear, quiet way. "But for your own sake. It is the only way you can ever get rid of that black, miserable memory. You can have no real strength and work no real goodness until you have expiated that. It is not enough to regret it; it is not enough even to repent of it. Unless you cast it off, you will always be in danger of doing more wrong,—of sinking lower and lower, and coming to the worst."

James stared at her half angrily. "You don't know what you ask of me," said he. "I am not sure what they can do now; perhaps imprison me. At any rate I should be disgraced. The matter has settled itself. The thing happened in an obscure New England city; nobody will ever know that

I am the man supposed to have been drowned. I shall have a fresh chance in New York. Let me begin again, Ruth. Let me have a new heaven and a new earth, and let me cast off that horrible past!"

Ruth clasped her hands tightly and looked at him while he implored with eager, questioning eyes and parted, trembling lips. Her father and her mother came in just then, and she had no more chance to speak that day. Next morning she told David Hadden the whole story. He had been aided by his wife's intuitions, and had already guessed that some fault in James had suddenly kindled painful presentiments in the young girl's heart.

David Hadden's mind was overshadowed by no half-visions. Ruth had been afraid to trust herself any longer,—James was so dear to her. She wanted to forgive him,—to find excuses for him. It was surrendering herself almost to heavenly guidance to give her confidence to her father, and now when she had told him all, she fixed on him a look of rapt expectation.

It was a sore trial to David. He liked James; even loved him for his brightness and his high spirits and manly good looks. He had too the sympathy of an older man for the hidden conflicts which claimed his pity in a wild, undisciplined young fellow. But he did not once falter or relent. James must go back to the old place, and so far as the irremediable may be mended, must redeem his fault.

"You show me no pity, none," cried James. "If Ruth loved me, if any of you cared for me, you would not force me to do this horrible thing. You send me out without a single hope into a world full of misery and temptation. You may destroy me body and soul; but none of you care,—not one."

"I care, James," said Ruth in a little tender voice. "You can take that thought with you—*I* care."

It seemed not only difficult to James, it seemed impossible that he should do what he called "this horrible thing;" he could not at first find the capability of wishing so thoroughly to cleanse himself from his fault as to throw himself as it were into a bottomless abyss. But Ruth had, after all, established a powerful influence over him which had never been weakened by any littleness or fault in her. He was bound to her by every sacred tie of obligation and gratitude. She had saved his life; did not his life then belong to her?

It seemed strange sometimes that this little creature, weak, ignorant of the world, should have this power over him. But the more she turned away, the more he longed to see her, not on the heights above him where he could never reach her, but by his side where they might go on with hands interlinked on the level ground of habit. But she would not come down to him and he must ascend to her. Hitherto in life he had learned little faith in the value of truth and virtue for its own sake and apart from external circumstances; but he began to believe in it now. He had always loved what was good and hated the vile, and had had no expectation of finding himself at home in dark places. But he had not fallen from the very heights.

So it was that James Cameron set out to expiate his crime. It was the influence of a pale-faced, dark-eyed little girl that had held him to his purpose, which was no easy one. Nor did anything fall out for him in an easy way. He had tried to wrong a hard man, and he was held to a rigid account for his crime. But the very act of free confession had ennobled him, and he loved the very struggle by which his redemption was accomplished.

It took him five years to win Ruth. Then he went to her, no longer so young, nor so handsome, nor so light-hearted as he had been in those early days of their courtship; but a stronger and a better man who had lived down the crime of his youth. Ruth had not been unhappy in waiting for him. Twice she had rescued him; first from death, next from a life of make-shifts and belittling aims. No wonder that James felt as if heaven itself was almost gained when he saw that white light of happiness shining in her face and knew that it was henceforth always to beam for him!

Ellen W. Olney.

ALONE AMID THE RYE.

Amid the golden stooks of rye,
In dreamy peace, content I lie,
  Steeped in the life-warm summer sun,
The equal heir of earth and sky.

The languid breeze that stirs the grain,
(Now gold, now bronze, now gold again,)
  Ripples the current of my blood,
And stirs quick fancies in my brain.

Sweet summer-scented wind-caress!
This tender touch, this gentle stress
  More deeply move than hands that cling
And passion-fevered lips that press!

My soul, doubt-strung, with questionings torn,
In shadowy conflicts wounded, worn,
  Leaves dreary quest, and longs to share
The golden sense of Life new-born.

The seed within the furrow strewn,
From blade to ear, from ear to corn,
  One life evolves, distinct and clear,
Through perfect sequence perfect grown.

But human hearts that burn, aspire,
The fruitage miss of strong desire,—
  All paths we try, yet wander wild,
Forever climbing, never higher!

O Heart! be still at Nature's feet,
O prisoned wings that ceaseless beat,
  Stir me no more with tender pain,
But leave me to her influence sweet.

Touched with thy fire, celestial Sun,
My tingling pulses swifter run;
  I bask and glow, with ardor filled,
And dream once more the contest won!

D. H. R. Goodale.

BLUE-EYED GRASS.

In the blind meadow, overflowing
    With sweet new life in every place,
Where ferns and lightest grasses growing
    Mingle in one harmonious grace,
Oh deeper than all conscious being,
    Still throbs the quickened pulse of Air,
For something lies beyond the seeing,
    Divinely fair!

Low down among the daisies lying,
Near to the great, warm heart of Earth,
My secret clue eludes the trying,
Merged in a new and larger birth;
I lose myself in holy union,
I cannot stand and gaze apart,
In that unbroken close communion
Heart learns of heart.

What impulse stirs the feathery grasses,
And dips along their wavering line?
While, as the sudden tremor passes,
Two strange, sweet eyes look up to mine!
Eyes with a more than human pleasing,
So poet-deep, so maiden-shy!
Till all my soul is drowned in gazing,
O rare blue eye!

My spirit-flower, my heaven-sent blossom,
I held your secret in my hand!
I caught and clasped you to my bosom,
I thought to know, and understand.
O fatal haste! thou hast undone me,
Yet, yet unsolved the mystery lies,—
They closed, and shut the wonder from me,
Those deep, dark eyes!

Elaine Goodale.

WHITE CLOVER.

The distant hills the long day thro'
Have fainted in a haze of blue;
The sun has been a burning fire,
The day has been a warm desire,
But all desire is over:
The lights are fading from the west,
The night has brought a dreamy rest,
And deep in yonder wood is heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
While here an evening wind has stirred
A slope set thick with clover.

The fields have lost their lingering light,
The path is dusky thro' the night,—
The clover is too sweet to lose
Her fragrance with the gathering dews,
The skys are warm above her;
The cricket pipes his song again,
The cows are waiting in the lane,
The shadows fall adown the hill,

And silent is the whip-poor-will,
But thro' the summer twilight still
You smell the milk-white clover

The glory of the day has ceased,
The moon has risen in the east,
The distant hills, the meadow near
Are bathed in moonlight, soft and clear,
That veils the landscape over,
And born of rare and strange perfume,
Pure as the clover's odorous bloom,
Dear hopes, that are but half confessed,
Dim thoughts and longings fill the breast,
Till lost again in deeper rest
Among the blossomed clover.

Dora Read Goodale.

THE GENTLEMAN HOSTLER.

It was in the summer of 186– that I, a student, sought a quiet retreat for a few vacation weeks in the mountain region of Vermont. A trunk full of books, a valise full of clothes and a fishing rod made up my simple outfit—the various portions of which found use, however, inversely as the square of the dimensions, for what student ever yet read the solid tomes he carried away with him for vacation improvement, or failed to bring them home wondering why he should have burdened himself for a pleasure trip with such heavy ballast?

It was a little country tavern, nestled under a great elm on which its swinging sign was bracketed, at which the old-fashioned stage coach deposited us (for I was not quite alone) after a delightful ride of twenty miles back from the shores of Lake Champlain. The house had been newly furnished, the beds were exceptionally good, the table neatly set, the food cooked fairly after the country style; all these combined at very moderate charges made this one of the most restful and invigorating retreats we had ever found. The drives were charming in every direction; the landscape full of changing beauty. One of the highest mountains in the state lifted its bald head, with hard granite face upturned as though it would outstare the sun, over against us. From its summit one of the widest and most varied outlooks in all New England met our unwearied gaze. We climbed the steep ascent week after week until the main features of that scene were indelibly fixed upon our memories.

But I had not been long a sojourner in this happy valley before I found a study from life, which was to me of deeper interest than the glories of the near mountain and the distant lake, of the rare sunrise and the frequent sunset. The appearance of my hero was by no means prepossessing. He would have passed easily for a man of sixty years, though his actual age was probably much less. His hair and beard were grizzly gray; his face was weather beaten and bore the marks of many hardships; one eye was sightless and disfigured, his well-worn clothes were variously patched, though as neatly kept and as free from dirt as the nature of his occupation would allow. An awkward limp in his gait completed the general ungainliness of the picture. He was the hostler of the tavern, taking care of the teams of the peddlers and travelers who passed that way, and sleeping in a bed made in an old piano box in a corner closeted off from the barn.

And yet, something very soon attracted my attention to the old Irish hostler. There was a dignified deliberation in his walk, lame as he was, which an observant eye could hardly fail to notice. The air of courtesy which marked his voice and gesture as he lifted his hat with a "Good morning, sir," was broadly contrasted with the clownish awkwardness of his employers and their neighbors, the natives of the New England village. There was an evident respect accorded him to which his position and appearance made no claim. He was "Robert" to his employers, but the servants of the house, notwithstanding his dress and work and box in the barn, always addressed him deferentially as "Mr. McGregor." The secret of all this disclosed itself before long.

One morning I had been out with a book —it was not one of the bulky ones, however—having found a shady spot by the side of a rippling brook where one could read and meditate (?), diverted meanwhile by the occasional darting of a fish or diving of a frog or by the not very exhausting effort of throwing a pebble into the water and seeing how far it would splash. After such a busy and intellectual morning, I was sauntering in through the so-called "office" of the "hotel," when Robert, who was sitting there, accosted me with his usual respectful courtliness: "Good morning, sir; and where might you have been spending the morning with your book, sir?"

"Oh, Robert," said I, "I have been up under the trees by the side of the brook."

"Ah, indeed, sir," replied he, "and if you had only had your flute with you, sir, you'd have been quite like Virgil's friend."

"Yes," I answered, scarcely thinking for the moment of the strangeness of such a reference from an Irish hostler, and muttering to myself almost unconsciously as I crossed the room:

"Tityre, tu patulæ recubans—"

"Yes, yes," cried Robert interrupting, "that was the very line I had in mind, sir," and repeated, his broad continental vowels contrasting with my flat English pronunciation:

"Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi
Sylvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena."

I started; it was a strange echo to come from such a source, but I felt it would be the height of indelicacy to express surprise at his acquaintance with the Latin tongue. so greatly had the gentleman in him impressed me. I stopped, however, in the room, and we talked on about the book and the country, and in a few minutes he made an English quotation, adding "As Goldsmith makes Tony Lumpkins say."

I made up my mind that I had found a jewel, and not an unpolished one either, and that though its outward appearance was rough, it was smooth to the touch. I cultivated Robert's acquaintance after making this discovery, and found him a most genial and accomplished gentleman. We used to sit together in the summer evenings on the bench of the piazza, and when he was at leisure through the day I often spent an hour with him in his home, the barn.

From him I learned something of the history of his early life. He was born in Ireland, and in a grade of life high enough to have secured for him education at a classical school, and until he had nearly attained his majority in Trinity College at Dublin. He had read more Latin and Greek than I had, or than was required in the course at Yale or Harvard; and had read evidently with more than the ordinary college student's appreciation of style and meaning. He was familiar with the English classics, too, and his remarks on Spenser and Chaucer, on Addison and Steele and other of the early writers were full of intelligent discrimination. His home had been near enough to the original of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" to have enabled him to verify the particulars of the poet's description. His acquaintance, indeed, with the whole rang of English literature up to thirty years before was that of one who had enjoyed the society of the best books and of well educated men.

This contrast between his cultivation and his condition in life was indeed a strange and an unnatural one; and yet there was an ambitionless air of satisfaction with his humble place and work which gave the impression that he had come to look upon it as a safe harbor after a stormy voyage. Not

a word fell from his lips during that summer of complaint at his humble place and distasteful work, or of comparison of his hard lot with what it might have been.

After our blood brotherhood had been established (see Stanley's "Across the Dark Continent") as members of the literary guild, I began to feel a certain delicacy about having my learned brother do such menial service for me as had been his custom; blacking my boots for instance, and once or twice when they were not in special need of such attention I neglected to put them outside my door at night. But I soon found that my considerateness did not at all meet the case, and that my "Trinity man" felt himself almost slighted and hurt by my neglect, and that when on his inquiring for them I said: "I thought I wouldn't trouble you with them last night, Robert," he would reply: "But it gives me great pleasure to black your boots, Mr. B., I assure you, sir." He fully accepted his position and his work.

As regularly as his obligations to others would allow him, he was an attendant upon the services of the Episcopal church, to which he walked several miles on certain Sundays of the year, and he always appeared to be a man of reverent mind and religious habit of thought. One bright summer morning soon after our mutual discovery, I had met Robert in the tavern yard, and stopped as usual for a few minutes chat with my new friend. Some remark led him to the respectful question: "Might I make free to ask, sir, for which of the learned professions you are preparing yourself? Is it the bar you think of entering?"

"No, Robert," I answered, "I am trying to get ready to be a minister of the gospel."

Never was I thrilled by a blessing, except from a dying father's lips, as when the old man took off his battered hat and said with all the dignity of a most solemn earnestness: "May the Lord bless you, sir, and make you very useful." It was the most Episcopal benediction I ever received, and when I reckon up my blessings, I always count in that I received from Robert McGregor, the Irish hostler.

As a rule his opinions were sound and his mind well balanced, but it would be strange if such a man in such a place should not have had some thoughts which were quite his own. Withdrawn from all the influences of current discussion except on the most prosaic themes, he had wrought out for himself some theories from the old material stored away in his mind so long ago. Especially was this true along some lines where he felt the need of constructing his defences. One Sunday evening when he and I had tilted our chairs back against the side of the house in the moonlight, he opened on a topic which was evidently to him of profound and practical importance.

"There is one subject, sir," said he, "on which I should like very much to ask your opinion, if it would not be troubling you too much."

"What is it, Robert?" said I.

"It is this, sir," said he speaking slowly and with great exactness. "Do you think, sir, that the fourth commandment was intended for any but the heads of families?"

"Why, yes," I answered, "I have always thought the commands of the decalogue were of all things in the Bible the most universal and impartial in their application. They are the very foundations of all the Scripture teachings of morality."

"I can't agree with you, sir, about that, so far as relates to the fourth of them," said my questioner, and with more than usual feeling.

"Why not, Robert?" I asked.

"I think I can show you, sir" he answered. "'Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work.' I've no trouble to keep that part of it here, sir, as you may well see; 'but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work;' Now see what follows, sir; 'thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter.' How can that apply to me, sir? The good Lord knows that I have neither; much less a 'man-servant' or a 'maid-servant,' 'nor thy stranger that is within thy gates,' and sure it's plain that I have no gates for any stranger to come within. What can it have to do with me, sir? It may bear on those in whose service I am. It may be their duty to keep me from labor on the Sabbath day, but what have I to do about it? It seems to me very plain,

sir, that this commandment is addressed solely to the heads of families and to employers, and has no relation at all to such an one as I am. I should be very glad to do no work at all on the Lord's day, but parties come here driving on the Sabbath, and it 's my business at call to take their horses and care for them; and if that is breaking the Sabbath day, sir, I think I 'm not responsible for it at all. I acknowledge my responsibility to obey the other laws of the ten; but I cannot see that the fourth has any relation to me at all." Without discussing the validity of his argument, it must be conceded that his defence was original and not unlawyer-like.

Vacation weeks are quickly gone. The time had come for us to leave the Happy Valley, where I had pitched quoits with every man willing and every boy big enough to handle the rings, and where I had preached my first sermon with most solemn feelings but amid most absurd surroundings. I had come to love the hills and rivers of picturesque Vermont—"very nice," to quote the language of one of the villagers, "for them as likes scenery;" but the one sad thought to me in going home was that I must say good-bye to my friend Robert. As we stood by the stage door, and I grasped his horny hand, the tears stood in his eye and in mine. I gave him a volume of Hugh Miller, with whose life and labors he was quite familiar, and a copy of Chaucer, a favorite author of his earlier days, to remember me by—a strange tip to the boot-black and hostler of a country inn.

"God bless you, Robert;" "God bless you, sir," were our last words together, and as we drove away I saw him looking wistfully after the only friend he had found in years perhaps upon the plane of his old lost life.

But you want the incongruity explained between the man and his place? So did I, and I was long in finding it out; for Robert's friends were loyal to him and concealed his fault as faithfully as they were able. I missed my new friend suddenly during our few weeks acquaintance. When he had been two days out of sight I became uneasy and inquisitive. At length, after many questions, I learned the secret, more sad than strange; the explanation of so large a share of the mysteries and miseries of human conduct. Robert—I almost shrink from telling the disgraceful story to this blank page—my Robert had been drunk. That simple sentence bridged in an instant the broad chasm between the earlier and the later life. Only at long intervals, they told me, the old temptation overcame his powers of resistance, and he would drink himself dead drunk. His friends, like Noah's elder sons, to hide his fall would keep him out of sight until he was himself again, when he would humbly resume his work. He was not willingly a drunkard. He had put himself, as he thought, under the best restraints and in circumstances of the least temptation. He had not the courage to give up the accustomed stimulus altogether; his stipulation with his employers included his three small drinks a day; and that they were to let him have no more on any account or under any circumstances was equally in the contract. Those who lived near him and who knew his weakness never tempted him beyond his, as he thought, moderate and indispensable allowance; but sometimes a stranger, taking his whisky bottle from his wagon, would offer him a drink, which if it chanced to be a time of weakness with him would waken the sleeping devil within him, and then he was a lost man for many hours. Oh, the demon of alcoholic appetite; how many wrecks line all the shores of life, lured on to pleasant harbors by syren voices, then driven on to dreadful rocks by storm and tempest! There were hints too of an earlier day, when the unfaithfulness of one to whom he had given his first youthful love had broken all his hopes and checked all his ambitions. Soon after he had come to this country as the companion of a young English gentleman, who left him in the city of New York promising soon to return, but whom he never saw again.

These are the glimpses of his life from which its history may be constructed. Born to a home of plenty, educated to scholarly tastes and acquirements, his first love trifled with, his next confidence misplaced, disheartened and despairing he sought the stimulus of strong drink, and so sank down

and down and down, like the poor prodigal in the far country, until he found his place, only one grade above the keeper of the swine, among the horses in the stable. The years which followed witnessed the struggle of a feeble will against a stronger appetite—a struggle never given up and never decided. Against his resolutions and his prayers he would fall now and then into the old pit which he had digged in his youth. Poor old fellow, I pitied him with all my heart; and with the whole story of his wretched failure of a life before me I could not withhold my respect for the remnants of intelligence, virtue and religion which made up the broken and not altogether perverted character of my gentleman hostler.

Was he a Christian man? I cannot tell. I remember what the truthful word asserts of the inheritance of the drunkard. I would not call the old man by that name; will God? If he had been a prodigal it seemed to me he had come back near, if not into, the old home of his childhood's faith; living, if not as a son, at least as a servant there, though he did sometimes fall back for a little into the habits of the alien life. But his heart was never in them. And I have always hoped that, when the children all are gathered home at last, to go no more out forever, I should find my old friend Robert McGregor somewhere within the many mansions of our Father's house.

George M. Boynton.

THE PHENOMENA OF INSPIRATION.

I.

Infallible inspiration is a corollary of ancient philosophy. It follows directly from the view held of old respecting God's relation to the universe. This view therefore deserves especial attention. For the thoughts of every age are woven into a network. It is not in the power of one man or of a body of men to so cloister up thought as to detach it from those ideas with which the whole intellectual atmosphere is charged. We often admit that the writings of theologians, ancient and modern, have been colored and toned by contemporary philosophy. The consideration of this fact is nowhere more important than it is to our present subject. For inspiration is an idea of such nature, that the conception we form of it as a mode of divine communication depends immediately on what philosophical view is held respecting God's government of the world, and on the science of man that prevails.

The ancients set God and the universe in opposition. They often ascribed the creation of the world to a being less perfect than God. They were unable by a higher synthesis to reconcile their conceptions of Deity with the evil and imperfection which they beheld in themselves and in the world around. Polytheism had made Deity an intimate and familiar presence, that too often shared human frailty and vice. It was the reaction of Semitic Monotheism to send God away almost into the region of the unknowable. It enthroned Him in far-off and inapproachable majesty and holiness. So jealous were the Semites of the idea of God's unapproachableness and unsearchableness that, though in the warmth of religious utterance He was said to have appeared, to have revealed Himself by some name or otherwise, returning to philosophic accuracy, they would speak of such manifestation as that of some emanating power or lower God, and would sooner lay themselves open to the charge of believing in all sorts of lesser divinities as mediatory powers than in the least to appear to make Supreme Deity capable of any representation whatsoever. Has He appeared, or uttered His voice, or named himself Jehovah? And would men hence presume to begin to predicate anything concerning His nature or mode of existence? He withdraws indes-

cribable and unnamable into His absoluteness.

While God thus dwelt apart, alone in the possession of all that is good, this gross world, its thoughts, works and imaginations were only evil continually. It was totally depraved. It had no self-restorative power. It had no innate ability to will or think anything that is good. Even what might appear as good works were not so in reality, but had without doubt the nature of sin. How then were goodness and truth to appear and shine on the earth? It could only be by an interposition of the far-off God; by lowering the celestial sphere to inspire or "breathe" its holiness into the earthly. This was effected by the communication of an angel or by the gift of a *daimon*. In these messengers God was efficaciously and infallibly present. This mechanical junction of the celestial sphere with the terrestrial was denominated inspiration. The conception of inspiration that inevitably followed was this: They who received these divine messages, i. e., *inspired persons, were universally regarded as pure mediums.* Undoubtedly. There was and could be no *human* element in the message. The whole was direct from heaven. The inspired were *possessed.* "The word that the Lord hath put in my mouth, that I must speak." That this logical inference was commonly made we take Philo out of a multitude as witness: "A prophet says nothing of his own, but everything which he says is strange and prompted by some one else. . . . He is a *sounding instrument of God's voice*, being struck and moved to sound in an invisible manner by him." Again: "When the divine light shines the human light sets . . . and this very frequently happens to the race of prophets; for the mind that is in us is *removed from its place* at the arrival of the divine spirit, but is again *restored* when that spirit departs."[1]

Since, then, ancient philosophy made the inspired person a pure medium, "a sounding instrument of God's voice," every inspired utterance must be infallible. On this dark background of essential enmity and separation between God and nature much of past theology has been outlined. Some of it has been steeped in this utter gloom. This ancient falsehood of man's total depravity and hostility to God yet hangs its sable pall over the theology of some. But our view of nature and of God's government thereof is now radically changed. We believe nature to be sacred and God immanent and transeunt therein, its hypostasis and conscious soul. Religion we no longer look upon as a wave come from some etherial and mystic sea to flood our godless valley with its healing waters. As we have concluded men to be, not children of the devil and of darkness by nature, but the sons of their divine Creator, we find religion to be a fact deeply rooted in their moral consciousness. The highest manifestation of the hiding God that can possibly be vouchsafed us, must after all but be divinely *human.* But if so, if the sublimest revelation of God to man must be a revelation of Him in and through man, then the germs of great truth and high capacity already reside in him by nature. A righteous life, then, is the result of *drawing out*, by all manner of education, the God-planted possibilities within him. But how was it attained, according to the ancient mechanical view? It was by first *driving out* and exorcising his old depraved nature and *bringing in* another in its stead. When a religious philosophy teaches that, in order to regenerate a race of helplessly lost beings, something must be literally *sent* from a literally *distant* God, it is evident that their regeneration must be by *opus operatum* and Calvinistic predestination; their inspiration must be infallible, since it communicates nothing but what is from above.

II.

We have so far spoken of the logical origin of infallible inspiration. Let us now glance over the actual facts and phenomena of inspiration as far as we are able to observe and gather them. The two factors in this product are the spirit of God and the mind of man. We conceive spirit as the very opposite of matter, but we name it by a natural force, or by a form of attenuated

[1] Philo's Works, Bohn's Edition, Vol. II., pp. 146, 147.

matter. We call it ghost, *gheist*, *ande*, *anima*, *pneuma*, *ruach*, *nephesh*, *neshama*. All these names signify breath, wind; and their verbal roots mean, to blow, to breathe.

The spirit of God, then, is named by a natural, physical force. It is true that no name more appropriate than "wind" or "breath" could have been given this power of God, unless a name had been purposely coined or revealed. But let us endeavor to enter into the ancient conception of the spirit touching its modes of operation and manifestation. The destroying and preserving forces of nature, such as light, heat, wind, flame, fire, vapor, steam, at the same time the most spiritual and the most potent of things natural, most strikingly revealed to the ancients the one conscious and divine force of the world. They awakened in them vivid and profound impressions. The energy of God was conceived as especially present in the heaven-mounting flame, the wrecking hurricane, the belching volcano, and the terrific thunder-storm. In the mystic hour of twilight (called by the Hebrews *nesheph*, which is the word *nephesh*, breath, soul, with two radicals transposed), in the torrent of rain, in the impetuous stream, in the bubbling fountain, even in the fetid lake and pool of bitumen. "No places," says Jacob Bryant, "were held so sacred as those which contained inflammable soil, and where there were fiery eruptions, uncommon steams and exhalations." The steams which proceeded from wells and fountains were divine breaths.

The Greek went down to the sea, and heard what Æschylus beautifully calls the *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*, the immeasurable laughter of its waves, that came trooping to the shore like horses. He felt himself at once elevated in spirit and imagination and thenceforth called the sea his genius of inspiration. The winged Pegasus became its symbol. And so to the Hebrews also the divine spirit had the attributes of wind and flame and water. "He came riding upon a cherub and did fly; he came flying upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his favorite pavilion was dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. He touched the mountains and they smoked, uttered his voice in thunder, shook the cedar trees, and divided the sea into roaring waves." So emphatic was this conception of God's special presence in an outward natural force, that we sometimes are at a loss to distinguish in their language between "wind" proper and what would be to us a more spiritual potency. As in the following: "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the spirit or wind of the Lord bloweth upon it;" "by the blast or spirit of his nostrils the waters were gathered together." The Chaldee translator of the Targum of Onkelos, understood the Spirit of God in Gen. 1:3 to mean a "wind:" "*Verucha min Kadam Yay menashba al appai mayya*,"—and a wind from the Lord blew upon the face of the waters. Nearly and perhaps all nations had the same conception of deity, and thought they most faithfully described it by such attributes as "cloud-compelling," "*pluvius et tonans*," etc. But Shemites went farther, and generalizing the divine utterances of nature, called God El, that is, force, power.

Now what effect have these natural forces on man? They enliven, exhilarate, renew and inspire his soul. That in this fact we have the origin of the idea of inspiration is proven by the word itself. It points directly to this fact as interpreted by the ancients. It is composed of two words to correspond to the double fact — in-spiration; "in," because the influence came from an *outward* natural world *into* man; "spiration" or breathing, because that influence came to the earliest mind either on a real breath of morning or evening, mountain or ocean air; or at the sight of the sublime, which in affecting the emotions sensibly affects the breathing, and so occasioned the belief that "breath" was added from without.

The divine force, operating in nature in the various ways above mentioned, acts on the human conscious force either through the medium of external nature or of man's own bodily or mental state, or of both combined. "There is a spirit in man," says Job, "and the inspiration of the Almighty (*nishmath shaddai;* in LXX *πνόη*, blowing; Luther, *odem*, breath) giveth it understanding." What are now the actual *phenomena* of inspiration? First, on the junction of

the divine and human forces, and since the divine approaches with great violence, we should expect on man's part an exhibition of agitated and abnormal conduct. We find this to be the case. The first phenomenon of inspiration is an unwonted exaltation of feeling more or less violent, which lifts the soul into the ideal world till it is doubtful whether it is in the body or out of the body. The laws of time and space disappear to consciousness. This ecstatic feeling verges sometimes on madness. Shakespeare's "eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven." Newton in an ecstasy of thought tells his servant to remove the fire-place. St. Paul feels himself caught up into paradise. Ezekiel is snatched by the spirit and carried away. Elijah is violently removed from Obadiah and Elisha; and the apocryphal Habakkuk[1] was believed to have been carried through the air from Palestine into Babylon. It is plainly seen that the ancient description of ecstatic feeling is directly due to the conception of the spirit as a wind that bloweth where it listeth.

But there is also violent and extraordinary preparation for receiving the divine afflatus. The Greek goes to the sea or climbs Parnassus, and with the Hebrew uses many other kinds of stimuli. The prophets mortify the flesh; Balaam falls into a trance, Abraham into a deep sleep. The Essenes dance about wildly until intoxicated with the motion of the dance, when they begin to speak in almost unintelligible and incoherent words. The prophets were called Nabiim, because they rapidly "bubbled forth" their words. David and the school of Samuel danced naked, and Saul joining in the divine dance was stirred into the prophetic spirit. Elisha must be exalted by a minstrel before he can be inspired to prophesy. That inspired persons as a rule acted strangely, violently, and even madly, Philo often declares. He says[2] that "the wind in a state of enthusiastic inspiration is no longer mistress of itself, but is agitated and drawn into frenzy by heavenly love;" "a more vehement sort of enthusiasm the race of prophets is subject to;" again, "a trance, which proceeds from inspiration takes violent hold of us, and madness seizes upon us." Thus, as violent preparation invited and paroxysmal effects followed a flash of inspirational force, it was universally and naturally inferred that all who acted madly were inspired. Thence severe sickness, lunacy or moral madness, were attributed to the action of demons or devils. Such is the condition and preparation of the individual at the moment of inspiration.

But let us note here the more important fact, that the quality of the effects of inspiration depended on a more solid, extended and often laborious preparation. And this fact precludes at once the idea of infallibility. For are all *equally* inspired? No. If unequally inspired, does the quality or weight of the revealed messages depend upon the arbitrary will of God? No. Facts emphatically prove that the degree of inspiration and the nature of the inspired message depend largely upon man himself. According as he is more or less full of physical, intellectual and spirtual force, either by original endowment or later acquisition, in the same proportion is he full of the divine conscious force, or is capable of inspiration; in the same proportion also, the weight and value of his message. Man must be as active an agent as God and by inward, self-generated impulse, rise to meet Him. Otherwise would the rudest and most ignorant not only be fit channels for divine truth but the most fit, for *taken possession of* they would less impede its free flow. The Puritans were therefore consistent. They not only took the Bible for a code of statute law, but asserted the infallible inspiration of their preachers. Article XIX of the English Church as it first stood, protested against those "who affirm that Holy Scripture is given only to the *weak and do boast themselves continually of the Spirit.*" No; inspiration in Scripture as in fact to-day supposes truth or force already residing in man. Newton and Leibnitz, well-endowed by nature and by study, are one day lost in profound and abstract thought. Returning from their ecstasy, the one utters the law of universal gravitation, the other the law of con-

[1] Story of Bel and the Dragon.
[2] Vol. II. pp. 107, 144, 147.

tinuity, whereby he prophesies the discovery of zoöphytes a hundred years in advance. The inspired person is invariably a person of genius and endowment, one of intellect and learning, or one of enthusiasm and indomitable energy, or one whose heart swells with some strong and noble affection. Look then at the writers of the Bible. Moses, the author of a considerable part, was a very learned man. So were Solomon and Ezra. The prophets were regularly trained in schools before they appeared in public. Amos, the shepherd prince, of a robust nature, had native talents. David was spiritual and sentimental; Peter passionate and penetrating; John amiable and full of the milk of human kindness, an inspiration in himself. Luke was an earnest and painstaking investigator of history[1]; and Paul, learned in Hebrew and Grecian literature, of irresistible spirit and unquenchable devotion, is also the man who wrote nearly the whole commentary of the New Testament. And not only does a man's character, intellect and knowledge determine the fact, quality and quantity of inspiration, so that the most learned men like Moses and St. Paul are sure to turn out here as elsewhere the profoundest and most voluminous writers, but his habits of thought, idiosyncrasies, style and vein of expression, fashion the truths of inspiration in their own mold.

III.

So much for the phenomena of inspiration as displayed in the individual. Lastly, what qualities in general characterize the inspired message itself as to matter and form? Let us first ask, what is the end and purpose of inspiration? To make great truth known to men that shall profit them for discipline, for instruction in all the provinces of life. "There is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth it understanding." What kind of understanding does inspiration give according to Scripture? Every kind needful for human progress. If theologians, poets, artists, scholars, philosophers, inventors are to day sometimes and justly spoken of as inspired, even so did inspiration make Bezaleel and Aholiab skillful architects; "the spirit mightily moved" Othniel, Gideon, Jephtha, Samson, and made them as he made Washington, valorous generals. The matter of inspiration is great, edifying and saving truth. "Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." "God is not a man that he should lie." "We are also God's offspring." "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." "We know in part." "Honor all men." "Do good unto all men." "The Lord loveth righteousness, His countenance will behold the thing that is just." "His eye is purer than to behold iniquity." But on this evident point we will not dwell. As we consign some writing to the waste-basket and flame because it does not contain truth, but platitude and twaddle, so did the maturing judgment of the church deal with the writings of her children. What was tame and destitute of force, or prolix and wearisome, as was the epistle of the Apostle Barnabas, was in time rejected and left to molder.

We turn to the more interesting question as to the general form of language which inspiration choses for its expression. A divine necessity demands that inspired truth, meant for the moral aid of men, shall be so clearly communicated that all shall understand it, so vividly portrayed that it shall at once arrest and fascinate the attention of the ignorant, who were indeed the vast majority in ancient time. But if so, what form of language ought it to assume in its utterance? Absolutely wherever possible, the figurative, the form of metaphor, of parable, of allegory. Because such form is pictorial; it is concrete life. It paints truth in living figures, and gives "shape to that that shape hath none distinguishable" to the ignorant and unlearned. Being the surest to engage their attention, the figurative form is the most direct, forcible and efficient in teaching them. It employs fewer words and hits the mark quicker. The inspired poet gives more truth in a few lines than an essay will contain. He leaps from physical to moral analogue and the track corruscates with burning

[1] In preparing his Gospel he says he had been "diligently dogging the heels" of facts— παρηκολουθηκοτι ἀκριβῶς.

thought. "Our little life is rounded with a sleep;" to speak the full meaning of this in pure prose will require ten lines. The painting of a Raphael, the sculpture of a Michael Angelo will in an instant of time awaken an impression that shall never die. We hate the abstract and the lifeless. Even the cultivated and the learned often shrink from wading into it. They would rather gaze on *life*, though it were to make an excursion with Satan "o'er bog, or steep, or strait, rough, dense or rare." We prefer the figurative and symbolic, whether we think, read, gaze or worship. The abstract is but a dull plough, a lever by which we rise to the concrete. It is only the particular image, a figure real or imaginary, that can fill us with delight. In the Mask of Comus the lady's song is so entrancing that "it smoothed the raven down of darkness till it smiled." The very madness of the prosopopæia here is contagious and flings us into a delirium of intellectual rapture. As we prefer figure and living form, so must we have it. We can be saved only by a living figure who has "wrought with human hands the creed of creeds in loveliness of perfect deeds." If this be true of the cultivated, how much more so of the ignorant. Moral truth, above all, must be "embodied in a tale to enter in at lowly doors." The multitude will learn more from Pilgrim's Progress than from ten volumes of sermons, and the former will find ten times as many readers. When poetry pictures life, as do the tales of Homer, it will be in the mouth of high and low; but when it sinks into Tupperian abstractions, no one reads it.

The form of eastern thought and language is such that it happily meets this universal craving after figure. Eastern teachers constantly employ it in setting forth religious truth, with what graphic beauty and directness of appeal we learn from the many parables of our Lord. So almost ineradicably fixed is this mode of utterance in the eastern mind that even Lord Beaconsfield turns back to it with native fondness and sets his "Lothair" in a frame-work of allegory. The eastern mind has not the creative power of the western, but this want is compensated by an exceeding fertility in the power of clothing *fact* in a thousand garments. Rabbi Meir is said to have known three hundred parables on the fox alone. This very richness of attire is partly due to the characteristic tenacity with which the easterns cling to *facts*. Pure fiction is of western nativity. Facts, though deeply covered, lie always at the bottom of eastern writing. But *covered* they are nearly always, and if by a meagre imagination, they recur with wearisome repetition; if by the fertile power of a Rabbi Meir, one fact has so many changeable suits of apparel as not always to be recognized. Eastern faithfulness to bottom fact, and unwillingness or inability to plunge into pure fiction is illustrated by the eschatology of the East. This is invariably found to be archæology, a repetition of the archaia, in a dress to suit the future. However, this vesting the future "end" in the facts of the past "beginning," is so far from being made through conscious unfaithfulness to truth, that, on the contrary, eastern philosophy, having long contemplated the principle of periodicity in human history, demands the implicit belief that the end shall turn back to the beginning, the serpent swallow his own tail, and "that which *hath been* is that which *shall be*," since, "there is nothing new under the sun."

We ought then to expect to find the Bible written in figure, metaphor, parable and allegory. First, because this is the general form of inspired language; it is the form which most quickly reaches and moves the common people. Secondly, the genius of the thought and language of the nation that wrote it is such as to lead us to certainly expect the Bible to be so indited. Thirdly, our Lord himself used chiefly this mode of uttering truth. Now, some portions of the Bible are parabolic at sight. But we ought not to be startled to find more allegory than first meets the eye. Yet of such allegories we shall surely find solid facts at bottom. In a religious and covenanted book like the Old Testament what boots it to the vast multitudes for whom it was written, whether ancient history is exactly and minutely reported? What part has history, as history simply, to play in such a book? None.

But as tales embodying truth, and expounding the absolute moral law, it is the very gist of scripture and must be there. If the inspired writers had desired to deeply impress moral truth upon the people they should have woven it into the lives of the honored men of the nation, patriarchs, prophets and saints. Nearly all the knowledge common people have of the Bible is of its figures and personal characters. From these they draw their life and solace.

And now, it would be entirely consistent with the purpose of inspiration, should we hereafter, by further criticism, discover that allegory is interwoven with biblical history; that, for instance, the person called Hagar, which name means "the proselyte," was really not a woman by that name, but a branch of Judaism of Arabian origin. The decided anthropomorphism of some parts of scripture serves to illustrate and prove our position. Had the writers themselves the crude conception of God which this anthropomorphic language would seem to imply? Certainly not. Were they literally understood by the people? Undoubtedly. But *we* have since learnt that all this is figure. Now Philo declares that the scriptural writers employed these anthropomorphic figures for the sake of the people, and they wished them to be literally understood. He says: "Why does Moses speak of the Uncreate as having feet and hands, and as coming in and going out? . . . To those who ask questions on this subject, one may answer, 'My good men, a man who would establish the most excellent system of laws ought to keep one end constantly in view, namely, to do good to all who come within his reach.'" "The writers knew that some men are very dull in their natures, so as to be utterly unable to form any conception whatever of God apart from the body; whom it would be impossible to admonish if they were to speak in any other style than the existing one." "These stand in need of physicians for lawgivers, who may be able to devise an appropriate remedy for the existing complaint. In the case of men who are afflicted with dangerous illnesses, the most legitimate physicians do not venture to tell them the truth. What man in his senses would say to a patient under his care: 'My good man, you shall have the knife applied to you, and cautery, and your limbs shall be amputated?' No man, on earth would say so. For if he did, his patient would sink in his heart before the operation could be performed. . . . Therefore, the lawgiver, being a most admirable physician of the passions and diseases of the soul, has proposed to himself one task and one end, namely, to eradicate their diseases."[1] But the wisdom, which with Philo we must thus ascribe to the biblical writers, would naturally have carried them farther. For the sake of the "dull natures" whom they wished to teach, they must have illustrated moral and religious abstractions by moral tales and religious stories displaying the special providence of God over His elect Israel. This Philo firmly believed; only he went altogether too far, and was too fantastic and transcendental in his allegorical interpretations. But surely it must be seen that he (and Philo was only the spokesman of thousands) could not have gone to this extreme, had he not had the *fact* of the allegorical nature of Scripture to start with. He would not have used strong language like the following, had he not confidently rested on the esoteric teaching and secret tradition of Jewish doctors. Speaking of the Garden of Eden, he says: "Now, to think that it is here meant that God planted vines or olive trees, or apple trees, or any trees of such kinds, is mere *incurable folly*. The sacred oracles say that in the paradise there were plants in no respect similar to those which exist among us; but they speak of trees of life, trees of knowledge, trees of the knowledge of good and evil. These must indisputably have been plants of a *rational soil*, which was a road to travel along, leading to virtue and having for its end life and immortality."[2] Indeed, the first Christian fathers, and all Jewish doctors, have believed biblical history to contain much allegory. Considering the *time* when Christian doctors believed it, and by *whom* this belief has *always* been held, the fact can have but one significance. Yet we persis-

1 Philo's Works, Vol. I., pp. 355, 356; Vol. II., p. 341.

2 Vol. I., pp. 422, 423. See also pp. 85, and 1 89.

tently refuse to weigh it. A strange fatality attends our reading and interpretation of the Old Testament. When we shall have completely inverted our present method, it will cease to be the enigmatical and sealed book that it is now. We now spiritualize and understand as figure what was spoken and meant literally and we understand as literal what was written in a figure.

We have attempted to give some of the facts and phenomena of inspiration, some of its cognizable antecedents and effects. Precisely what it is as an inward affection we do not profess our ability to describe. We suggest the following facts: Human reason has two poles. The lower dips in experimental and inductive thought, the upper moves in deductive and intuitional. Perhaps when thought ascends to meet the divine "spirit which does possess a Metropolitan temple in the hearts of poets" and other gifted men, it returns lightened with celestial fire and prophetic insight, with "high instincts before which our mortal nature trembles like a guilty thing surprised." Perhaps while every gifted Jacob is held in the embrace of deep reflection holy or learned, his thoughts like earthly messages labor up the ladder until they stand in fair view of the sea of universal truth, the grand synthesis, the deep fount of reconciliation, then having plunged into "the wondrous flood" return as swift-footed angels bearing with them credentials of divine authority. "When I will to reflect," says Malebranche "and by patient thought to find out the relations of abstract and universal ideas to each other, God makes known to me the truth."[1] Inspiration would then appear to be the divine illumination of the upper pole of human thought, a momentary contact of the human reason with the universal reason of the world.

Joseph E. Lindholm.

[1] Bowen's Modern Philosophy, p. 82.

CALVIN THE SINNER.*

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Un-cle Mitch-ell! Un-cle Mitch-ell!"

The curtains were down over Mitchell's corner, and when the curtains were down the corner was tabooed. No one could enter without express permission, and just now there was barely space to enter with express permission. Books, sheets of music, newspapers, caps and canes were scattered over the lounge and floor. A coat and magazine lay on the organ seat, and the table was filled with a heterogeneous mass that was a mystery even to its owner. The only intelligible things thereon were a pile of unwritten papers, an open inkstand, and a filled pen that Mitchell had held between his thumb and finger till the ink was quite dry. A written page slid from the table and sailed irresolutely to the floor. A page on which was written:

"It is not always easy for a Christian to feel that he loves God. If we could see Him, could touch Him, could make Him real, we could love Him; but He is so far away. It is easy to respect, to admire, to worship, for man instinctively worships; but to love,—that is not always easy, even for a Christian. We must know Him, somehow; we must make Him real; and I have found that the easiest way to make him real is to do something for Him. It is not possible to do voluntarily even for a person we have never seen, without becoming somewhat interested in him; there is a going out of thought and feeling toward him, and if the doing runs into a daily service, however slight, there is an ever increasing interest that makes him presently a part of our daily life, as truly as if we talked with and touched him. And if this be true of our service one to another, how much more true is it of our service to the divine

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father and brother. For one might do this for another and meet no response; but that is not possible in doing for God. Somewhere along that path, and not far from the beginning, He meets us and draws us. If only we put ourselves in position to be drawn, He draws us as the magnet draws the steel. Then we cannot help loving, oh how sweetly and tenderly! And by doing for God, I do not mean to do some great thing once in a life-time and let that suffice; nor necessarily to go out into the highways and byways in search of service, though that is eminently God-work; but the daily and hourly doing of the things that lie nearest us; the little things that make up our daily life; the giving up of an easier chair; the offer of the morning paper before you have read it yourself; the rendering of a thousand little services that we call courtesies; not to please a friend, not to escape a certain feeling of meanness, but 'for Christ's sake—for Christ's sake,' all the day long. There is still—"

Here Mitchell had paused to refill his pen, and having done that he fell into a wordless muse—gazing steadily at the gray curtain and seeing it not. The written sheet fluttered to the floor; the ink dried in the pen; the noise of the city, toned to a drowsy hum, came in through the open window; there was a twitter of disputing sparrows in a tree near by, an opening and shutting of doors below, and a patting of little feet along the hall; but he saw nothing and heard nothing till suddenly there piped a plaintive call:

"Uncle Mitch-ell! Uncle Mitch-ell!"

No noise was deep enough to shut out that call. He smiled, laid down his pen and parted the curtains. There stood a grave little maiden, looking wistfully in his face, with deep eyes very like his own.

"Well, little one, what is it?" he asked in a caressing tone, and she answered slowly, pausing between her syllables in an odd, old-fashioned way:

"Mam-ma is busy and Gus-sie ran away."

"And you came to Uncle Mitchell for comfort? Well, walk in, little one."

"The curtains are down," said she sorrowfully, without attempting to move.

"But if I ask you to come in, you can come if the curtains are down, can you not?"

She looked from his face to the curtains and doubtfully shook her head. She had been taught that she was not to enter if the curtains were down, and she had not learned that simple commands are subject to endless modifications. Mitchell laughed at the perplexed face, fastened back the curtains, and with an obeisance said:

"Please to walk in, Miss Barbara Birge;" adding mentally, "This puts an end to my morning's work; but it is one of the 'little things' for His sake, and it pays."

"What a look-ing place!" said she, daintily putting her feet among the papers on the floor.

"True, pet, true," answered he, fumbling in all sorts of unlikely places for the scarlet hassock that was Barbara's very own seat, and having found it he put it on one end of the organ in front of the stops, and perching Barbara thereon he began picking up and sorting the books, papers and miscellaneous articles scattered about the room. That perch was Barbara's throne; she sat there hours at a time, while Mitchell played, read or dreamed, for he was still a dreamer as well as a worker.

"Barbara, who made you a missionary to Uncle Mitchell?"

"Uncle Mitch-ell."

"Is that an echo? or are you a metaphysician, Barbara Birge?"

"Bar-ba-ra Birge, that's all," she said, soberly watching his movements about the room.

"You are a mystery or a metaphysician, it matters little which," said he, stopping with both hands full to look curiously at the quaint little figure, with its small, white face and large eyes, and old, odd look.

"I am on-ly Bar-ba-ra Birge," she said folding one small hand over the other, exactly as Mitchell had seen his mother fold her hands again and again.

"Well, Barbara Birge is only another way of saying, 'missionary, mystery, metaphysician.' It is all one."

"You are drop-ping your things, Uncle Mitch-ell," said she, watching the papers slip from his hands.

"I suppose so. I often drop things when I look at you, Barbara Birge; and they are usually things that I ought to drop, things that I am the better for dropping. But this," picking up the papers, written and unwritten, that had escaped his grasp, "this is my Sunday sermon, and the unwritten pages are the best pages. Ought I to drop them? Treasures of thought are on the unwritten pages. Shall I put them in the waste-basket? Say the word and it is done, Barbara Birge." And he waited.

"That would be waste-ful."

"Then I shall not put them in the waste-basket?"

"No."

"So be it. You know best;" and he laid the papers on the table and weighted them lest they should again slip away, and meditatively proceeded to put the corner in order. Barbara, perched on her hassock, with one hand folded over the other, watched him patiently as he went hither and thither, regularly putting things in the wrong place and taking them out again. A grave little smile sometimes parted her lips as if she understood it all; as if she were a woman and he were a child, and she could afford to pardon his little mistakes because of his youth and inexperience.

The corner was barely in order when there came a rush of flying feet up the stairs and through the long hall, and another child with panting breath and floating hair threw herself into Uncle Mitchell's arms. Barbara touched her small feet upon the hassock and gathered in her stray draperies as if a vigorous breeze were approaching.

"What little boy is this?" said Mitchell, standing the small object on the table and holding it fast by both arms, being warned by experience that there was more destructiveness in this one restless morsel of humanity than in an ordinary tornado.

The round, rosy face flushed hotly; Mitchell knew it would, and with a decisive stamp of the foot she broke out, "It is *not* a little boy. You know it and know it; I've told you millions and millions of times, Uncle Mitchell."

"So many?" said Uncle Mitchell, looking astonished. "Then I ought to remember; but when you come with such a rush and a roar I think it must be a little boy."

Gussie hung her head. Healthy, happy Gussie had her grievances. Though something more than a year younger than her quaint little sister Barbara, she was taller, larger, stronger, brimful of health and energy, and she longed to play ball and climb trees and do all manner of things that girls must not do, but when Uncle Mitchell called her a *boy*, her punishment was greater than she could bear. It was a crushing and final humiliation.

"Well, well," said Uncle Mitchell consolingly; "I see I was mistaken. It *is* a little girl, and a dear little girl. There, kiss Uncle Mitchell and smile again," said he trying to raise the fallen head.

A smile like sunshine broke over her face as she did as Mitchell desired. The smile reminded him of the grandmother Augusta Birge for whom the child was named, but that was apparently the only resemblance between the two.

The children Augusta Birge dreamed of the last time she was on the stairs were here, but they were not Mitchell's children. As Gussie ran away and Barbara came down from her perch and nestled in his arms, he folded her closely while he went back in thought to the second shock and surprise, after his mother's death, that told off another period of his life. It came one morning when Calvin told him that he had decided to marry. It was, as Mitchell knew, very lonely there since their mother's death. There was no such thing as a home without a woman's presence. The house and the servants needed a mistress. He believed it was right that he should marry, he said considerately, as if there had been a question in his own mind, and he believed that his mother would approve his choice. She would make a good wife, and he trusted that there were years of quiet happiness in store for them all.

"You have not told me who you are to marry," said Mitchell, not a little amused at Calvin's practical and unromantic way of stating the case, while he wondered greatly how Calvin came to such a conclusion; for his intercourse with ladies had seemed to be

confined to a passing salutation, especially since the marriage of Philip Cone.

"I thought you would not need to be told," said Calvin, surprised at Mitchell's lack of discernment.

"But I do need to be told; I have not the slightest suspicion," said Mitchell earnestly.

"And you know Relief Stanhope so well?"

"Relief Stanhope! Is it she?" exclaimed Mitchell in astonishment.

"Yes," said Calvin. His hand was on the door-knob and his back was toward Mitchell as he added: "I think my mother had some such anticipation, from a remark she once made, though I did not understand it at the time; and I find that she had intimated something of the kind to Miss Stanhope the day she died, and that was the reason that Miss Stanhope left us immediately after the funeral. It is a satisfaction to know that my mother will have her wish in the matter. But I must go to the office. Good morning, Mitchell."

"Yes," said Calvin when he had reached the street. "Yes, it will be better so. Mitchell needs a sister as much as the house needs a mistress or I need a wife. It is the wisest and safest thing that could be done." Why wisest and safest he did not attempt to explain, even to Bones. Who can sift out and separate the elements that go to make up a motive? Calvin Birge had done a great amount of self-searching the past two or three years, and if he shrank from it now out of very weariness, who could wonder? Then, too, he had reached the conclusion that introversion, like certain patent medicines, if taken occasionally and in small quantities, was highly beneficial, but if taken habitually and largely became deleterious to a final degree. He believed that an outward life, a life of action, propelled by an integrity of purpose, and a desire to do right though the heavens fall, to be the best life for him. His cry, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me," had brought him peace and a consciousness of pardon; and now he thought it was his own business to keep himself clean. He was not a man to depend upon any one for what he believed he could do himself. It was his duty to hedge himself about, and keep himself in the straight and narrow path. The trusting of all in the hands of the Lord is a hard lesson for a strong man to learn. Bones, however, had something to say, and Calvin had to answer before he reached the office: "Of course I love her, Bones. Why do you ask such a question? How could I help loving her? She is lovable, gentle, wise and good —too good for me; but she loves me, and I will be to her an honest husband, tender and true. Yes, I am doing right."

Bones had known for more than a week that Philip Cone was coming home, but he did not know that Philip Cone was coming alone, nor did any one else know this side of the Atlantic. And Bones knew, too, that Calvin's steadfast purpose was to turn his back upon the past, and to live evermore a life of conscious rectitude. "A burnt child dreads the fire." Calvin Birge would die sooner than he would go again through the fire of conscious guilt.

Mitchell stood where Calvin left him like a man in a maze. It seemed to him that scales had suddenly fallen from his eyes. How pleasant were the long hours he had passed with Relief Stanhope before his mother's death! how much he had missed her since then; and how often he had longed for her return, with her kindly presence and practical, helpful counsel. No one, not even his mother, had helped him so much as she, with her straightforward, unquestioning faith. He loved to revisit the places they had visited together, and he had fallen into the habit of talking with her when he was alone; of looking into her eyes in imagination, and of hearing her low, sweet replies. He had imagined her going about the house again, up and down and through the rooms in the old way, and of late he had begun to hope and to feel that it might be true that she would come again, but not as his sister; oh no, not as his sister. He saw now all too clearly what he had hoped and he turned fiercely upon Calvin as if somehow he had been robbed.

When Calvin came home, Mitchell had one of his sick-headaches and could see no

one. He shut himself up in his room to fight out a battle with himself, and curiously the thing that helped him to a final victory, was the memory of the one confession Calvin made before the fire in the library months ago. Calvin had suffered, and if at length happiness was within his reach it was not for his brother to say him nay.

And so he conquered. His first great victory was won, but it was a dear-bought victory. He knew that he could not stay in the house and see her there as Calvin's wife, not yet, not for a long time, perhaps; and he did not see his way out. But there is a way out of every strait, and Mitchell saw his way when Professor Brene proposed that they visit Europe together. The expense would not be great, Mitchell could manage that, and when Calvin brought his wife home, as he speedily did, Mitchell had already gone, and no one knew that there had been a battle and a victory; and if that victory had been followed by a truce or a compromise, as most victories are before peace is attained, no one was the wiser for that either.

Abroad he met the gentle but potent Mrs. Suavity, who was conducting Mr. and Mrs. J. Stubbs Smythe over the continent on their bridal tour; and with his opened eyes he wondered at his former infatuation for this woman. For at one time his admiration of Mrs. Suavity was nothing short of infatuation. A beautiful and cultivated woman may always be sure of the admiration of a man some years her junior, and it is probably the purest and sincerest admiration that she ever has, especially if the man be quite young. The complex nature of Mitchell Birge was largely æsthetic, and to this æsthetic element Mrs. Suavity ministered as no one had ever ministered before, or ever would again. It had been a rare delight, a dainty mental intoxication, to recline in one of Mrs. Suavity's beautiful rooms, and through the toned lights to see with half-closed eyes Mrs. Suavity sitting at a little distance; to watch her graceful movements and the fall of her harmonious draperies; to look into the soft, shy eyes; to mark the slow smile coming and going over the perfect lips; and to listen to the low melody of a controlled voice, that could be gay, pathetic, solemn or reposeful at will. Mrs. Suavity was a wise woman. She could, if it were worth while, minister to most people according to their need; and she knew that to make a man quite satisfied with himself is the subtlest and most potent flattery ever offered a human being. The only self-satisfied moments that Mitchell Birge ever knew came to him in Mrs. Suavity's presence. Such moments were the sharpest possible contrast to the rest of his life, which was then made up of his mother's commiserating looks, Calvin's fault-finding words, and the reproaches of his own restless conscience. What wonder then at his infatuation? But at length, by some inadvertence, he saw dimly a flaw in the porcelain, a fly in the amber; and after he came to know Relief Stanhope he discovered that a divine discontent is better than self-content. Something of the old spell came back as he looked at Mrs. Suavity now, but she was to his quickened eyes as a Peri,—beautiful, bewitching, wonderful, but soulless. It seemed to him no longer possible that he should be satisfied with himself, or with anything else. He did not then understand that dissatisfaction is to the soul what hunger is to the body, an indication of growth. "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness," was an assurance too far off to comfort him now.

At Geneva he met Mrs. Cone. She was studying music, incited thereto by the indomitable Miss Sedge, with a fervor and determination that marked a new era in her history. It was at first a sanative measure, but when she got earnestly at work she discovered an unexpected love and enthusiasm for her art. Under the careful handling of a *maestro* who understood his pupil she found the severest drill and discipline endurable. She was bending all her energies to her work and was growing gay and healthy. Mitchell knew that gayety and happiness do not necessarily go together, but if she appealed to his sympathies in a way that he could not quite understand, was sure that she was not really unhappy. No one can be long unhappy who works steadily and with a purpose.

This Cicily was not the Cicily of by-gone days, though he sometimes caught glimpses of the old, mischievous restlessness and perverseness; but she was wiser, stronger, more self-possessed and was growing bewilderingly beautiful. He did not wonder at Miss Sedge's devotion or Philip Cone's adoration. He never heard Philip Cone groan, and it did not occur to him that adoration is sometimes made up of longing and hopelessness; and he went on his journey with the impression that they were all reasonably happy.

After three or four years of severe study at Leipsic, during which many of his opinions underwent serious modifications, some being cast out and others established, he went home determined to finish his theological course of study and enter the ministry. Not that all his doubts were removed, but that he had resolved to perplex himself with them no longer, and to hang them up on pegs as problems that eternity would solve, if time did not. Meanwhile he would concern himself about things that he could understand, and with the earnestness and single-heartedness of a child he embraced the simplest, broadest maxims of Christianity.

Once at home he found an unexpected solace. Little Barbara, whom her younger and more vigorous sister had crowded from her mother's arms, went instinctively to Uncle Mitchell, and with the child's hand in his he began to tread a peaceful and happy way. She had been, as he that morning said, a missionary to him; and he folded her in a closer embrace and thanked God for Barbara.

Mitchell found that Calvin had become a zealous Christian worker, a man whom his pastor called upon if any particularly arduous work was to be done, in or out of the parish. And if he was somewhat severe and uncompromising in his opinions, he was perhaps none the less to be depended upon. He had little patience with doubt and less patience with wrong-doing, and he had a profound belief in the ability of man to help and hold himself if he would. It was the disposition, not the ability, that was lacking when a man or woman fell into evil ways; and he protested strongly against the sentimentalism which finds in environment and heredity excuses for all manner of sins, from drunkenness to betrayals of all sorts of trusts.

But a full tide covers with a smooth sea unseen shoals, and Calvin Birge was like a ship riding at anchor on a full tide.

CHAPTER XV.

Miss Sedge was considering, and when Miss Sedge considered she was in a rather formidable state of mind. Cicily knew the symptoms: the wide lips made a determined effort to close firmly over the full jaws; the large head, tightly bound in its iron-gray hair, wagged slowly from side to side; and when an affirmative conclusion was reached a short, decisive nod put a period to the vibration; and a negative was indicated by an equally decisive repellent gesture of both hands, palms outward. But Cicily was not present to note the symptoms this morning, and considering seemed a more than usually momentous proceeding. Miss Sedge had been hunting accommodations, and had made an exhaustive examination of places and proposals. Various plans had been rejected, till the consideration had narrowed down to two propositions: should she take the desirable suite of rooms at the Brunswick, or should she take that furnished house fronting the Park? At the Brunswick the rooms were pleasant, the attendance good, and the table admirable. On the other hand, the furnished house meant housekeeping with its endless cares, but there would be more room, more freedom, and more of the home-feeling; and that sunny east room would be just the place for Cicily's flowers and birds. Cicily had a passion for birds. At Geneva she had nightingales, thrushes and canaries, who delighted in her and she in them. They flew about her, chattered and sung to her, perched on her fingers and shoulders, crept under her chin and tangled their slender feet in her shining hair. Cicily must have her birds again, and she must have something to do; and probably housekeeping was the best thing for her, even if all the care and management fell upon Miss Sedge. Therefore that lady came to an abrupt conclusion. The Brunswick with all its luxuries was rejected with a sharp gesture,

and the furnished house accepted with a final nod.

A week later found Cicily settled in her new home, surrounded by birds, flowers, and sunshine. She had apparently all that heart could ask. Why should she not, for once, be happy and content? Alas, why not!

As she sat that morning, her drooping head resting in her open hand, the sunlight burnishing her light brown hair, and her black garments clinging about her, showing the fine curves of a lithe form as perfect as a sculptor's dream, she was a "joy forever," to others if not to herself. The beauty that Mrs. Birge had predicted when Cicily was a child and that Philip Cone had foreseen in her early girlhood was Cicily's now, rare and more perfect than either had imagined. Even Miss Sedge, unromantic Miss Sedge, who saw Cicily only with a woman's eyes, secretly called her a star. To suppose that Cicily was unconscious of her beauty would be to suppose her lacking the intelligence and discernment of the simplest child. She knew that she was beautiful, but she had given the fact less thought than most women would have given it, and her vanity had been held in check by the sterner fact that for her there had ever been, in one shape or another, a Mordecai at the king's gate. Then, too, with physical health and strength came mental health and strength, a new dignity and a desire for something better than herself that was an effectual barrier to the self-worship not uncommon in beautiful women.

Cicily, however, had no thought for her beauty this morning; it availed her less than nothing now. She was seeing with closed eyes that which she had seen almost constantly the past few weeks—a brave ship battling with winds and waves, giving and receiving blows; becoming mortally wounded in the affray, but outriding the storm and creeping on under sail, struggling desperately foot by foot, till there came a thick, rainy morning when the decks were crowded with the ship's people, straining their eyes to see through the gray dawn some sign of approaching help, or despairingly watching the fast settling hull of the ship that had ceased to strugge onward. A profound gloom above, a profounder gloom below, and a death-like stillness on the decks as they awaited their fate.

Presently there came a stir—the only remaining boat was over the side. Up to this time Philip Cone had stood holding Cicily wrapped in her cloak with her face buried in his breast. Now he drew away his arms, took from his breast-pocket a packet which he gave Miss Sedge, with hurried but definite directions; then deliberately put his watch upon Cicily, and wrapping her cloak about her, he pressed one kiss on her forehead, lifted her over the side of the ship and saw her received in the arms of the men in the boat. Miss Sedge followed and immediately the boat pulled off.

It was three or four minutes before Cicily understood what had happened. She looked up and saw with sudden terror the widening distance between the ship and the boat, and saw Philip Cone standing on the deck, looking steadfastly at her; and suddenly she realized that their final parting had come. Then she stood up and stretched her arms to him, and cried,

"Philip! Philip!"

Oh! the love and the grief that went out in that cry. He heard, and standing there, looking steadfastly, he smiled. Was it any consolation to know that at last—at last—she wanted him?

Strong arms pulled her to her seat; she was endangering the safety of every soul in the over-crowded boat that was being urged so as not to be drawn down by the sinking ship. A few minutes later, with a heavy sigh she went under. An hour later, a steamship came feeling her way through the fog, took up the survivors in the boat, and rescued the men floating about on fragments of the wreck. But Philip Cone was not among the rescued men.

That was the scene that came back to her in the darkness, through the long, silent hours when Miss Sedge supposed her asleep. It stared at her from the pages of books she vainly endeavored to read; it beckoned from clouds and clear skies; she saw it wherever she turned; and yet she was quiet, gentle, patient, not petulant nor tearful. Miss Sedge congratulated herself on Mrs. Cone's admirable bearing; but sometimes

she looked at her perplexedly, and was n't sure that it would not be a relief to see her in one of her old unmanageable fits of perverseness. This morning she was more perplexed than ever. When she called Mrs. Cone's attention to the birds she looked up and said absently,

"Yes, very pretty, Miss Sedge," and laid her face in her hand again. Miss Sedge was vexed. She did not often speak out, for she was a woman of few words; but now she felt moved to speak out.

"I say, Mrs. Cone, it's a sin and a shame for you to sit here like a mummy this bright morning, when the sun is shining and the birds singing and you have everything to make yourself comfortable and happy."

Cicily looked up quickly, for she was as sensitive as ever to disapprobation, and Miss Sedge had treated her very tenderly of late. How utterly weary and woeful the dry eyes looked!

"Oh, Miss Sedge!" said she huskily; "come here."

"What for?" said Miss Sedge.

"I want to tell you something."

"But I do n't want you to tell me something," said Miss Sedge. She had a horror of confidences; she thought troubles grew by talking about them; the way to get rid of them was to ignore them.

"I *must* tell some one."

"Well, if she must tell some one, it would better be me," thought Miss Sedge resignedly; and she marched up to Mrs. Cone like a grenadier facing a cannon.

Cicily looked in that strong face, hard and unsympathetic just then, and one of those swift alternations of feeling that often sent her to and fro like a shuttlecock made her say, "Go away. I do n't wish to tell you anything."

"There," chuckled Miss Sedge, as she hurriedly closed the door after herself, "she 'll do, now! I thought that streak of goodness could n't last much longer."

Immediately a caller was announced—a gentleman to see Mrs. Cone in regard to a matter of business. Again Miss Sedge congratulated herself, as the gentleman was shown in, that Mrs. Cone's face was not swollen and her eyes red with weeping, as they probably would have been if she had gone on talking and crying. As she passed through the hall a little later, she heard a deep voice saying:

"I regret to tell you, Mrs. Cone, that there is likely to be some difficulty in the settlement of Mr. Cone's estate. The necessity of deciding at once what course to pursue must be my excuse for troubling you with the matter at present."

"I know very little about business affairs," said Mrs. Cone, looking for a moment as if some hitherto unknown fault had suddenly overtaken her, "but Miss Sedge will understand. I will call her if you please."

"Certainly." The man's eyes followed her as she left the room, but he made no comment, mental or otherwise. Almost any other man would have thought, "What a beautiful woman!" This man thought nothing.

Miss Sedge came in and was presented to Mr. Birge, and he turned to her and entered immediately upon the explanation of his errand.

It appeared that, from some strange oversight, Mr. Cone had left *two* last wills and testaments. In both cases printed forms had been used, and Mr. Cone had filled out the blanks with his own hand. Both were executed the same year and signed by the same witnesses; but, unfortunately, the blank left for the month and the day of the month was unfilled in the will supposed to have been executed last.

"What difference does that make?" questioned Miss Sedge, who had seated herself opposite Mr. Birge, and was giving him her undivided attention.

"It is claimed by the contestant to make a vital difference; the will that is dated being legal and the other illegal."

"Who is the contestant?"

"Mrs. Suavity."

Mrs. Cone drew a quick breath and became interested at once. She cared little about the will, but she cared much about Mrs. Suavity. Her last interview with that worthy lady was one of the facts of Mrs. Cone's life. If Mrs. Suavity was the contestant, then Mrs. Suavity must be con-

tested. Miss Sedge did not know Mrs. Suavity personally, but she knew Mrs. Cone, and she knew that Mrs. Suavity's interests in this matter could not be identical with Mrs. Cone's interests; and, between the two, she lost not an instant in taking sides. Did not Philip Cone, standing on the deck of that sinking ship, put his wife in her care? She would have remained loyal to that last, solemn charge even if she had not loved Mrs. Cone better than she loved anything else on earth.

"What are the terms of the two wills?" asked this practical woman.

"The will in Mrs. Suavity's possession gives the bulk of his property to Mrs. Suavity's daughter. There is a bequest to Mrs. Suavity, and another to Mrs. Cone. Mrs. Suavity is appointed executor of that will, which was written previously to Mr. Cone's marriage. The other will is very short, and reads thus: 'I give and bequeath to my wife, Cicily Cone, all my estate, real and personal, for her sole use and benefit.' This will was found in the Company's safe with other papers belonging to Mr. Cone. The witnesses remember signing a will the day after Mr. Cone's marriage, which was probably this will.

"Who was appointed executor of this will?" asked Miss Sedge. Mrs. Cone had taken no part in the conversation.

"Myself," said Mr. Birge; "and that is what brings me here to-day. As this will is to be contested, Mrs. Cone's interests should be placed in abler hands than mine. With her permission I wish to resign," said he, looking not at Mrs. Cone but at Miss Sedge.

"Wait," said Miss Sedge leaving the room. Returning she placed in his hand an envelope addressed to Calvin Birge.

"That is your name?" she said.

"It is."

"Mr. Cone gave this to me with some other papers as we were leaving the ship. It may have something to do with this matter. I was intending to search you out to-day."

The envelope contained a note written in pencil, on a crumpled leaf torn from a diary after Philip Cone had abandoned all hope of saving his own life. Calvin Birge went to the window to read the scarcely legible words. As he read, his grave face grew graver. and when he had finished reading he looked out of the window, pained and solemn, as if he were looking in the face of the dead man under the sea—the face of the man he had hated, and whose life he had been tempted to take. Not for years had the memory of his guilt come back so vividly as it came now, standing with that crumpled paper in his hand. Neither Miss Sedge nor Mrs. Cone could know his thoughts, though both saw the strange solemnity in his face when at last he left the window, and confronting Mrs. Cone said:

"You must decide. I would gladly resign the trust to other hands, but if you wish me to act as the executor of Mr. Cone's will I must do so."

Mrs. Cone answered, "I wish it. To whom else could I go?"

Miss Sedge nodded approval. She was satisfied that this man would be just, honest and determined, the very man to push a difficult matter to a successful termination.

Thus Calvin Birge began a new era in his life.

Mrs. Suavity had an appreciative regard for money, and Philip Cone's estate was not to be despised; but if she loved money much, she hated Cicily Cone more. Under the influence of that hate she committed the one indiscretion of her life. She could never forgive Cicily that, and now Cicily should receive her merited punishment. How this will, which Philip Cone supposed had been destroyed, came into Mrs. Suavity's possession no one knew. Mrs. Suavity said it was left in her keeping. And as soon as she was assured of her brother's death this will was brought out. She set herself to work with a cool, still determination that half won a victory before the battle was begun.

Calvin Birge went into this fight with enthusiasm; he fought Mrs. Suavity with peculiar zest. The two were born belligerents; under no circumstances could they have harmonized; but just at present, whether he was conscious of it or not, he was in sore

need of a counter-irritant, and he made the most of Mrs. Suavity.

The weeks and the months went on, Calvin Birge worked hard, and outside of his regular business he lived to fight Mrs. Suavity. Mrs. Birge naively said that she was jealous of Mrs. Suavity. Mrs. Birge had called upon Mrs. Cone, and Miss Sedge had returned the call, and pleasant relations were established between the two households. Mrs. Birge regretted that her husband should always be engaged when Mrs. Cone called, and when she alluded, as she often did, to that lady's wonderful beauty, he never seemed to hear. Evidently he had no eye for beauty. Mitchell knew that Calvin went to Miss Sedge when the exigencies of the suit in which he was engaged with Mrs. Suavity demanded an interview with Mrs. Cone. Mitchell and Mrs. Cone fell readily into their old unrestrained habits of intercourse, Mitchell coming and going at will. He helped her train her birds, and grew as enthusiastic as Cicily herself over their accomplishments. He appreciated her rare beauty, her simplicity and her ever-changing moods, but he appreciated her voice more than anything else. The rarest pleasure he knew was to lie with closed eyes in the twilight, while Mrs. Cone sat at the piano and sang. All the tenderness and pathos that was in the girl as a child was in the woman intensified; and it came out in her voice as it formerly came out in her face. Mitchell Birge heard what no one else heard, for in those twilight hours she sang as unrestrainedly as if she were alone. She sometimes repented, confessed, and besought in her song. He needed not to hear the passionate whisper, as she dropped her face in her hands one night when she stopped singing: "Oh Philip, Philip! Do you hear? I am so sorry—so sorry!" to understand that most pathetic of griefs, the grief of the living over the wrongs and sorrows of the dead. He knew that at that moment she would have given all the world to have seen Philip Cone, if only long enough to have told him with her own lips that she regretted all her hasty words, that she knew how good he had been to her, and that she loved him more than he or she had known while he was living. At such times Mitchell stole away, feeling that he had no right there, marveling meanwhile over that inexplicable thing, a woman's heart. For evidently Cicily loved Philip Cone more now that he was dead than ever she would have loved him living.

Cicily herself would have marveled if she had been given to that sort of mental exercise. She would have marveled that she set herself to restrain her growing interests and happiness in people and things about her, and would have asked why she had lately taken the precaution of wearing Philip Cone's watch, as if it were a charm or a safeguard. It had not occurred to her as a distinct thought that she at all needed a safeguard. But there came a time when she understood that and many other, till then, inexplicable things; a time when she put the watch out of sight and hearing as if it were a living thing whose presence was a continual reproach. Had Philip Cone foreseen that such a time would come?

THE "AS IF" OF ATHEISM.

The rational look of the world is denied by no one. Eyes look as if they were made to see with. Ears look as if they were made to hear with. Legs look as if they were made to walk with. The nutritive apparatus looks as if it were made to keep the body in repair. The lungs look as if they were made to aerate the blood; and the blood and blood-vessels look as if they were made with an eye to their actual function. And in general, science every-where assumes that nature is rational and that everything is adapted to everything else. We must remember that science is not merely obser-

vation; but it is chiefly the conclusions from the observations. Science aims by the aid of reasoning to pass behind the phenomena and form some conception of the supersensible realities upon which appearances are based. But it enters into this hidden world only by thought; and it implicitly assumes, therefore, that the laws of thought are valid for all being. Science, then, is built upon the notion that the real is rational and intelligible; and it aims to grasp the rational system which is in things. If we should assume that the real is irrational, and hence unintelligible, all our science would perish. What would become of astronomy if we assumed that the flying planet is not bound by the rational principles of mathematics? The atomic theory and the ether theory are no facts of observation, but only rational inferences from phenomena; but if the real is not rational, of course these and all other scientific theories fall to the ground. We conclude, then, that there is mind back of nature which realizes in nature its preconceived plans and purposes.

Now the atheist objects to this. He says that nature does indeed look *as if* it were planned and controlled by a mind, but that does not prove that it is so. Eyes look *as if* they had been made to see with, but that is all. We are not justified, then, in saying that nature points to God.

At first sight, this seems quite conclusive. It is plain that the theistic argument is based upon an "as if;" and we must allow, therefore, that it is not a matter of demonstration. But before giving way to despair, let us look at scientific procedure in general. The geologist tells us that the earth was molten once; how does he know this? He was not there at the time. All that he knows and says is, that the earth now shows many features which look *as if* it had once been a fiery fluid. The physicist tells us of a world of atoms and ethers; how does he know of these things? The answer again must be, that matter acts *as if* it were made of atoms; and light and heat act *as if* there were an ether. There is and can be no other proof. How do we know that fossils were ever alive? We do not know it; but they look *as if* they had been. The atheist, of all men, should have no difficulty in believing that the fossils never were alive; for if nature be able, without any guidance, to produce a living animal, it certainly ought to be able to produce a lifeless imitation. The former is certainly the greater wonder. The evolutionist, too, has a certain theory of the origin and progress of animal forms; how does he prove his theory? Neither by observation nor by experiment, but by showing that the living orders look *as if* they had sprung from a common stock. The "as if" in this case is not very strong; for much as the different orders look as if they had had a common origin, still more do they look as if they had had diverse origins; but whatever force the argument may have, it is all based upon an "as if." In short, scientific theories, almost without exception, are based upon an "as if." The rocks look *as if* they had been in fire or water. Matter acts *as if* it were built of atoms. Light acts *as if* there were an ether. Nature also looks *as if* it were the product of intelligence. The argument is identical throughout. If an "as if" is able to prove a scientific theory, it is also able to prove the theistic theory. But if we are to reject the latter because founded on an "as if," we ought also to reject the former.

But, it may be said, the "as if" is a great deal stronger in some cases than others. This is true; but in which case it is the strongest can be determined only by observation and reflection. Does the rock show the marks of ancient fire and flood more clearly than the eye or ear shows the marks of mind? Is the telescope more plainly a contrivance than is the eye? Is there not exactly the same adjustment to meet exactly the same difficulties in both cases? But advantage will be taken of this last illustration to say that we know the telescope is designed, but we do not know the eye to be designed. And we take advantage of the objection to extend our criticism of the "as if" objection a step further.

No one has any direct knowledge of any mind but his own; all other minds are inferred. Mind is never manifested to the senses, but only to the mind; and it is recog-

nized only by its effects. How do we know that our neighbors are intelligent? How do we know that the forms about us enshrine minds? May they not be automata, without any inner life and sensibility? This doctrine has been held; since the time of Descartes some have taught that the lower animals, at least, are machines which only mimic the appearance of life and sensibility; and now some extreme materialists apply the doctrine even to men. They teach that all we do is a mechanical necessity; and our imagination that our thoughts and purposes have any effect upon our action is a sheer delusion. Of course we have no other proof of this proposition than a boisterous and continuous affirmation of it by its defenders; but still we must allow the opposite belief rests entirely upon an "as if." Brutes act *as if* they are sensitive; and our neighbors act *as if* they were intelligent. But if we could believe that no intelligence is manifested in the human body, it would be equally easy to believe that no intelligence is manifested through the body. If a blind and purposeless power could build the body, it could certainly control the body. If we are to be logical with the atheistic "as if," we must not only reject all scientific theory, but we must also doubt the intelligence and sensibility of our neighbors. And why should we not be logical? Is there any more reason for showing favor to an atheistic argument than to a theistic argument? Logic is no respecter of persons. Illogical atheology is no better than illogical theology. Mind, whether divine or human, is known, like every other force, only by its effects. But the marks of mind are at least as prominent in nature as they are in human action; and whatever discredits them in either realm, discredits them in the other. It is certainly a curious inconsistency to find traces of mind in a piece of irregularly-hacked flint and to deny them in the marvels of nature.

We asked a moment ago if the eye does not bear as many marks of design as the telescope does; and the answer was that we know the telescope to be designed, while we have no such knowledge with regard to nature. But now we see that we do not know that the telescope was designed. That belief is an inference only; and if we allow the atheistic position, we must next deny the soundness of the inference. For the atheist builds on the notion of a blind and necessary force; and of course there can be no such thing as freedom or self-determination of any kind in such a system. Hence our thoughts and purposes are products and not causes. Consciousness affects and effects nothing. It is merely an attendant upon the necessary on-going which underlies all phenomena, and which brings everything to pass. Our consciousness of determining purpose and action is, therefore, a pure delusion. The same tide which brought us hither bears us on. Our own acts, therefore, are not the outcome of design, but of that blind necessity which is the sole reality. Hence the telescope is not produced by design. If there is no design in nature, there is no design in man. To deny it there must result in denying it here. Conversely, if the telescope be really the product of design, then the eye is the product of design also.

It is curious how far logic will carry one, when once horsed upon it. The unfortunate rider, like John Gilpin, is glad to ride a certain distance, but when logic gets fairly a-going, it gallops fast and far. We began by distrusting the "as if" of theism, and fully expected to stop. But at once it became clear that the "as if" of science was no better off; and scientific theory fell a prey to scepticism. And even yet the doubt was not complete. The question of our neighbor's intelligence next came up; and though we had long held grave practical doubts in many cases, we were not prepared for a theoretical scepticism; but this too was forced upon us. One step remained to be taken, and inexorable logic compelled that. The doubt of our neighbor's intelligence was next changed to a denial both of his and of our own. We were sure the telescope was designed, for we had had experience in the case; and we denied design in nature because we had had no experience in that case. But the experience turned out to be a false inference in the case of others and a delusion in our own case. A theory

which does not recognize design in nature is forced, not merely to doubt, but to deny it in man. But if we are not prepared to ride thus far, we must allow the theistic "as if" to stand. We commend the subject to those speculators who make such short work with the design argument.

Borden P. Bowne.

AN AUGUST DAY.

Over the fields by winding ways
  We wandered on together,
Under the flashing azure skies,
  In a hush of August weather.
Round about us, afar and near,
  We heard the locusts humming,
And the asters starring the lonely path
  Laughed out to see us coming.

Bird songs out of the sunlit oak
  Fell rippling through the shadow,
Like a spear of flame the cardinal flower
  Burned out along the meadow.
Into our hearts the blithe wind blew,
  Its own free gladness giving,
And all things laughed in the happy earth,
  For the pure, sweet joy of living.

Two roamed on with their eyes alight,
  And their hearts too still for laughter,
Two in a revel of golden life,
  Looked neither before nor after.
One went dreaming with downcast face
  Through the hush of the woodland cover,
But one praised God from a trembling heart
  That the shadow of pain was over.

Alice M. Eddy.

THE BRASS ANDIRONS.

For thirty years old Eben Farwell had lived alone in his father's homestead. Its walls had grown grayer, its roof more sunken, its furniture blacker and more rusty, while he repaired nothing and added nothing. Now he was dead, and his two nieces, children respectively of his brother and his sister, were rambling through the house with the purpose of dividing the personal effects. They shuddered and exclaimed over the dirt in holes and corners, all the evidences of the old bachelor's careless, grimy life. But the solid old mahogany chairs, chests of drawers and tables which had been the property of his respectable mother had suffered but slight injury from dust and neglect, and were con-

templated by the thrifty heirs not without satisfaction. One of the young women was much more vivacious in her movements and exclamations than the other, and was apparently more deeply shocked by the disorder of the house. Her name was Lois Hewitt. The other, Sarah Lovell, accepted things more quietly. She had been better acquainted with her uncle's ways. She had penetrated his solitude during his latter days so as to be allowed some knowledge of his real life. She had entered no protests against his habits; exercising thereby a degree of prudence that would have been impossible for Lois, who could never come in contact with him without feeling an impatience of his stupid ways which she made little attempt to conceal.

Sarah and Lois were not only cousins, but had been intimate friends from childhood. They were dividing the various articles very amicably, till as they ascended the garret stairs Lois said:

"If you see anything you would like to set off against my grandmother's brass andirons, let me know. I want to keep those. Grandma used to say they should be mine because I had her name. She always set store by them."

Sarah colored slightly and looked perplexed. If you had been near her you might have seen a slight stiffening go through her whole frame, as if she were nerving her gentle yet very stubborn nature for a combat. She asked:

"Do you mean those low ones that used to stand in the room that was hers?"

"Yes."

Sarah made a little sound as if clearing her throat. She found it an effort to speak. "Why Lois" she said, "they are not here now. The fact is I bought them of Uncle Eben one day, two or three months ago."

Lois faced about upon her. "You bought them of Uncle Eben?"

"Yes, I saw them with a lot of old things tumbled into a closet and I asked him if he had no use for them if he 'd sell them to me, and he said he would. So I paid for them and took them home."

"And you never told me!" There was anger and chagrin in Lois' face.

"I—I—did n't think of it. How could I know you set store by them, Lois?"

Her words conveyed an untruth. Hers was a retentive mind, and quite clear among its memories was Lois's wish, accidentally expressed many years ago, to possess those andirons. She had remembered it when she bought them, and frequently since. But their shape and brightness had taken her fancy as well as Lois's; she had seen her opportunity and made the most of it. Lois with her keen gaze, suspected the falsity, and her sense of the unfriendliness of the act increased the anger caused by her disappointment.

"You did know!" she said. "It was just like you, Sarah Lovell. You took a mean advantage. What right had you to come here pretending to be kind to Uncle Eben, and getting away grandmother's things? I should like to know what else you bought of him?"

"You 've no right to speak so to me, Lois," said Sarah. "I bought nothing else; and I 'd a perfect right to buy those."

"You had not, without letting me know! And he 'd no right to sell them either."

"I don't see why."

"Because they were promised to me."

"But we did not know that, Lois."

"Well you know it now. I tell you, Sarah Lovell, I have n't expected to have those andirons all these years to give them up now. Since you 've bought them I'll pay you your price for them; but I mean to have them. I did n't have an open fire-place built in my best chamber for nothing. I always calculated to put those andirons there, and I mean to still."

Sarah looked very dogged, but she tried to expostulate reasonably:

"I don't see how you can compel me to give them up, Lois. Of course I bought them because I wanted them. I 've let you have your own choice here a great deal today. I don't see why you should fly out about such a little thing."

Lois looked at her, angered past all forbearance.

"You 've given me my choice. Well, you may take your own now. I 'll divide no more property with you, Sarah Lovell. Take

what you like, and leave what you like! I 'm sick of your underhanded ways; I 'm going home." And she hurried away slamming the door of the silent house behind her.

Sarah thus left alone stood still a moment, striving to satisfy what she felt to be the needless faintness of her good conscience. Though pained and somewhat heartsick she wavered not from any of her little purposes. She meant always to be just and justifiable. With quiet persistence she soon resumed her business. She had had the equitable division of Uncle Eben's things long mapped out in her mind. In her friendly labors with Lois this morning her plans had been followed quite closely, though unrevealed. She had known pretty well what things Lois would best like, as well as her own compensations. She could almost always manage her cousin. But Lois must be expected to "fly out" sometimes.

She finished putting her little chalk-mark on the things her husband was to bring away for her to-night. She took no advantage of Lois's absence, leaving perhaps a more generous share than she would have done if she had not been still resolved to keep the andirons. That night she sent to Lois the key of the old house with a little note which read as follows:

"*Dear Lois:*

"I send the key of the house. I was sorry to finish dividing the things without you, but I tried to consult what I thought would be your wishes, and if you feel dissatisfied about anything won't you let me know? I am sorry I made you angry, Lois, and that you were so disappointed about the andirons. I would like to give them up to you, but we have got used to having them, and Reuben likes them, and says he knows you will not think it unkind of us to keep them when you come to think it over. And I too feel sure you will not long cherish any hard feelings toward

"Your Friend and Cousin

"SARAH."

The smooth tone of this note was not at first without some effect upon Lois. But as she laid it down and her mind reverted to the circumstances of the quarrel, her anger rose again. Her grievance had a hurt in it beyond mere disappointment about the andirons. The touch of hardness and deceit she had felt in Sarah seemed to her something she could not forgive. "The artful, circumventing thing!" she exclaimed. "She thinks she can make it all right with fair words. It 's just like her!"

"What is the matter?" asked her husband, who heard the soliloquy.

"She won't give them up—the andirons."

"Well, I would n't think any more about it. You can get some as good somewhere else."

"No, I can't. They were my grandmother Farwell's, and she promised them to me, Besides it 's so mean of Sarah! It 's just the way she 's done over and over again all our lives. She 's always been having her own way with me in some underhanded fashion. I vow she shan't do it again. I 'll be even with her this time. I told her I 'd have them and I will. 'T will do her good through and through to be come up with!"

"But what can you do?" said her husband, smiling at the vigor of her tone and the sparkle of her eye.

"You 'll see what I 'll do," was the answer. "I don't see what she wanted of them," she continued after a while. "She never came to this town till after Grandma Farwell died; and I grew up in the house and used to play in her room half the time when I was a child. Many 's the time she tied a long apron round my neck and let me help her scour those andirons. And I used to sit whole afternoons roasting apples she hung between them for me, and watching the light flickering from the brass tops. I would have given more for them than for anything else in the house. They belong to me if she did buy 'em!"

If Lois's mind wavered from its purpose it was with reflections like these that she confirmed it.

The next day she asked her husband to leave the horse harnessed for her as she wanted to drive out on some errands. It was Wednesday afternoon, and she knew it was Sarah's habit to go to the woman's prayer-meeting on that day. Lois's movements as she went about putting her house

in order that noon, were over strong and decided. As she dressed her little boy, she jerked him into his clothes with such needless energy that the child rebelled and ran away into a corner, persisting that he did not want to go to ride with mamma. He was carried screaming to the wagon-seat, and only pacified by being told that he was going to see Cousin Clara.

Cousin Clara, Mrs. Lovell's three-years-old child, was climbing upon the gate of the door-yard beyond whose precincts she had been forbidden to go till her mother's return. Mother had gone to meeting, she said, when Cousin Lois and her little Farwell drove up to the gate. Clara was one of those preternaturally good and wise little ones who can be trusted with the care of themselves from their very cradles. She had been very happy playing in the yard alone, but she looked radiant when Farwell was lifted from the wagon to sit with her on the door-steps. Though Mrs. Lovell was not at home, Lois wanted to go into the house to look for something. She knew just where to look. In the spare chamber where one might want to have a fire occasionally without the trouble or expense of putting up a stove, there were the andirons—just where Lois meant to put them in her own house. With a sense of triumph she grasped one in either firm hand, carried them down-stairs and put them in her wagon. Clara looked surprised to see them go. But she was not old enough to mistrust that her elders could do wrong, or to know the "value of property."

"Tell your mother I've left a note for her on the kitchen table," said Lois. Then she picked up the reluctant Farwell, and drove away. The note ran as follows:

"I have taken the andirons because I have the first right to them, and you know it. I will pay whatever you think right for them; but *I expect to keep them.*"

And now the andirons stood upon the clean hearth in Lois's spare-room, just as she had in anticipation arranged them ever since she had a house of her own. Flushed with victory she took her husband up to see them that night. He shrugged his shoulders at her lawless proceeding, but as she stood, handsome, laughing, and triumphant, justifying her high-handed conduct with a fluent tongue, he said to himself, that a fine, strong woman like his Lois must be allowed to take the bit between her teeth sometimes.

"They'll be mad with you, Lois!" he said.

"They'll get over it," she answered. "It'll do Sarah good."

But if ever people felt they had just grounds for resentment those people were the Lovells. To have had their house entered in their absence and their property abstracted was an outrage indeed.

Reuben was more hurt and angry than his wife, and even talked of taking the law on the Hewitts. But Sarah's prudence restrained him from any such measure. "It's beneath us," she declared, "to say another word about the matter. Only," stiffening in the way peculiar to her when she felt her cause to be just, "I do not see how we can hold any more intercourse with them till Lois has made an apology."

"I'll give Hewitt a piece of my mind the first time I see him," cried Reuben; "and unless he sees right done we'll never speak to 'em again."

Now, Sarah had been pricked in her conscience at the prayer-meeting that afternoon by the little, little wrong she had done Lois in buying those andirons; a wrong so slight she thought no one but a person of feelings as sensitive as her own could have considered it as a wrong at all. Had she been left to her conscience she might have righted the grievance, which was now so outdone by Lois's outrageous offence that it seemed more than justified.

There was something else Lois failed to take into account when she said, "They'll soon get over it." That was her own "getting over it." A wrong done us may be forgiven, but how we may forgive those whom we have injured is a grave problem. If Lois felt hard to Sarah when aggrieved by her, she felt harder now that Sarah was to her the cause of self-accusation. She grew less desirous to have the Lovells get over it, for she soon felt that reconciliation implied not only yielding on their part, but some humiliating acknowledgments on her own.

There were some angry words between Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Lovell, and then the families who had been each other's most congenial companions; whose interests were wholly alike; whose lands touched one another's; whose children were bred in the same schools, and who sat in the same church and heard the same gospel of peace and good-will, maintained hardness of heart toward one another, and exchanged no speech for more than twelve years.

About the end of that time, one pleasant spring evening, Mrs. Lovell looked up from her sewing and saw her only daughter Clara, who had been with some friends on a walk into the woods, returning accompanied by Farwell Hewitt. She dropped her work at once, and first a look of alarm, then of resolution, passed over her face. This same thing had happened about a week before, greatly to her surprise and displeasure. She had then cautioned Clara against any companionship with her cousin; but the girl was gentle and sweet-tempered; rudeness was impossible to her, her mother thought, while Farwell had a firm and eager will, and was not to be lightly shaken off. Mrs. Lovell was resolved to take the matter in hand herself.

The grounds of her displeasure were not wholly, or indeed chiefly, in the long unfriendliness between the families. It was Farwell himself whom she feared as a companion for Clara. He had not a good name in the village. He was wayward and headstrong. His parents knew not how to govern him. He would not work or study with any regularity, but delighted in reckless feats of physical vigor, in the invention of wild and dangerous sports, and in the use of his personal power to fascinate or frighten children younger, gentler, and more conscientious than himself. In his childhood he had zealously shared his mother's feeling toward the Lovells, and had displayed it by making himself the very terror of Clara's life. But as years passed and that enmity sunk in his parents' hearts to little else than proud shame, it lost its force in Farwell's also, and was gradually disarmed altogether by Clara's gentleness and beauty. In their various places of meeting, at the houses of mutual friends, he had lately begun to seek her society more and more eagerly. Mrs. Lovell was now resolved to put an end to this. She went out to the gate, where the boy and girl were standing, bidding him "Good evening" very pleasantly.

"You are late to-night, my dear," she said to Clara, very gently; "and I think you must be very tired. You may go into the house now, for I want to say a few words to Farwell."

Farwell's keen gray eyes were fixed wonderingly upon her. She cleared her throat, and hesitated a little for speech. She would have liked it if hard things might always be done without being said.

"You have been home once or twice with Clara," she said, still very gently. "Of course you and she meet one another everywhere, and I do not desire that you should meet otherwise than kindly. But you know that our families are not upon friendly terms. And I do not think your father and mother would wish you to be intimate with Clara, on that account."

Farwell was blushing hotly now with rage and shame. "They have no right—" he began, but Mrs. Lovell stopped him.

"Hush!" she said. "I want to speak with perfect frankness, Farwell. I am consulting my own feelings as well as theirs. It would not be pleasant for me to have you visiting here when your parents do not."

"You have no right—" again cried poor Farwell, and again was overborne by Mrs. Lovell's gentle composure.

"I feel it my duty," she said, "to forbid Clara your company when you meet her anywhere. It will be best for you to have as little to do with her as possible, if you do not wish to force her to be rude to you."

Poor Farwell stood looking down in angry mortification. If she had told him plainly the truth of her motives, that it was himself she feared, she would have done less harm. Deep resentment toward his mother as the cause of this disappointment was rising in his mind. In spite of a strong natural feeling of loyalty to her, he wanted to make some plea for himself as not involved in her action.

"Because my mother—" he began; but Mrs. Lovell again interrupted him.

"I do not wish to talk with you about your mother," she said. "I feel no unkindness toward her. I hope you will grow up a good boy, and be a comfort to her. But I have said now all I wanted to say, and it would be useless for us to talk any more." And with that she bade him good night.

Farwell walked away with bitterness in his heart. He was not a happy boy, being so often in disgrace with himself and the world, and knowing less and less as he grew older what to do with his willful, moody temper. Only with Clara, who was so gentle and kind, he had been conscious lately of none but noble and amiable feelings; therefore with her he had been self-respecting and happy, and he felt now as if an inalienable right had been denied him in her companionship. He laid the blame wholly upon his father and mother. It was their quarrel in which he had been hurt. It was his mother's rash and wrong act that had now deprived him of the pleasantest thing in his life.

He said nothing of his special grievance on his arrival home. But one glance at his clouded face advised all of the temper he was in. His brothers, who would have reminded him of certain tasks that belonged to him, shrank away to perform these themselves. His mother very gently and timidly called him to his supper. He made no response whatever to her call. His father felt outraged by his disrespectful manner.

"Come here this instant and sit down at the table," he cried.

Farwell obeyed so far as to seat himself as directed, with an indifference more irritating than refusal would have been, and sat sullenly refusing to eat. His father eyed him with increasing anger.

"I will not bear this!" he cried at last. "Go upstairs this instant. You are not fit to be about among us, and I will lock you up till you can use better manners."

Now the place of solitary confinement in that house since Farwell could remember had been the spare-chamber. Many a time he had sulked himself to sleep on the floor of that cold, clean, dark room, or idled away the unrepentant hours following with his eye the vines upon the wall-paper, or counting the diamonds of the carpet pattern. He cared little to be shut up there now. He would as lief be there as anywhere. He knew not what he wanted. Certainly it was not the company of his family. He opened the window-blinds and looked over the meadows that lay toward the east of the house. They were still, empty, misty with the evening damp. The twilight faded more and more while he leaned there, fretting, and dreaming and arguing between the good and evil impulses in his soul. At last the moon rose, and her beams stole over the window-sill, across Farwell's idle hands, across the carpet, into the dark fire-place, where they made of the burnished andirons two columns of silver light. It seemed to Farwell that the moonlight designedly pointed them out to him, and how he hated them as he gazed at them. They stood upon the hearthstone with straddling legs and big heads, wearing an air of ugly possession and of conscious malice.

"How could my mother take them?" thought Farwell. "No wonder I am looked down upon, belonging to those who could do such a thing! It is a shame for us to have them here—a shame! I wish I could rid the house of them; I wish they had been buried in my great-grandmother's grave!"

Suddenly a new thought seized the restless boy. It was past ten o'clock now and the house and grounds were quiet. One after the other he hurled the andirons from the window. They fell each with a dull thud into the soft grass of the meadow below. Then Farwell reached out for the lightning rod which ran a foot or two from the window, and thereby he let himself to the ground. A minute later he might have been seen hastening away across the fields, bearing one of the glittering andirons over each shoulder.

That night was a sleepless one to Farwell's mother. She loved her oldest son above all her other children. There was often something winsome in his moody ways. Sometimes they were gay and affectionate, and when they were rough and passionate the very anxiety they caused intensified her regard for him.

But to-night his ungoverned temper seemed more alarming to her than it had ever done before, though she had often seen it in fiercer outbreaks. She had then tried to soothe away her anxiety for him. She had refused to look it fairly in the face. Now it had taken a new hold upon her mind. As she reviewed all the elements of evil and disaster at work in Farwell's nature, his future looked hopelessly dark to her; his peril seemed to wring her soul with anguish. All night long she lay weeping and pleading with God for him. She arose in the morning still in darkness as to what might best be done for him.

She glanced at him when he came down to breakfast, and saw that his angry mood had passed away; his face was quiet. She wished then to try to say to him something more serious than she had ever spoken before, and she gently asked him to come to the spare chamber for a moment, where she could talk with him undisturbed.

A derisive smile flickered over his face, but he consented, and led the way for her with an alacrity she did not understand. Once inside the door he pointed to the hearth empty of its glittering ornaments.

"Look there, mother," he cried, "I 've rid the house of them! You 'll never see them again. You brought them here to please yourself; I 've taken them away to please myself. I hated them; they were a disgrace to us."

A sudden light like a sharp sword shot through his mother's mind. She stood looking at the hearth, trembling, pale, thoughtful. This was what was needed then; the roots of her child's distemper must be plucked out of her own heart. Hurt and shamed by his rebuke she opened her penitent soul to receive it. Oh how mean, how hateful to her, were now the trifles she had coveted, and for which she had paid so much; even her child's soul it might be, dowered with indulged passions like her own, and degraded by her example.

As she stood silent tears of an infinite sorrow stole down her face. The boy watched her keenly, full of surprise at her gentleness and her grief. At last she put her arm about his shoulder, and drew him to sit down with her upon the bedside. There was a sweet, meek dignity in her manner he had never observed in her before.

"They *were* a disgrace to us, Farwell," she said; "though it was not for you to try to take it away. Try to understand me when I tell you I am glad you have seen it and felt it. I want you to see it all. I yielded to one moment's angry, injured feeling, and see what came of it; shame to me and mine, shame such as my own boy could not bear; a long unhappiness and discomfort in my own mind, and the loss of the dearest and pleasantest friends I had. Oh Farwell, I want you to see it. That is what it is to be wilful; we do ourselves and others harm; we bring ourselves some great regret; I want you to see."

She paused, perceiving the boy was not yet ready to be diverted from her to himself.

The keen, hard look was again in his face.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

Here was another step of the way pointed out to her. She hesitated but a moment, then took it meekly and steadily.

"I am going to Mrs. Lovell to say to her that I did wrong, and to ask her to forgive me. And we must take them back to her, Farwell. Whatever you have done with them, you must find them and take them back to her."

"Will she take them?" he asked.

"I do not know," cried the poor mother. "I may have made them hateful to us both. But oh, Farwell, I will ask her to forgive me as earnestly as I know how."

She did not know, being unconscious of the hurt he had received from Mrs. Lovell last night, what hope it was that now filled the lad's heart with gratitude and love to her. She did not know she was offering to take away the personal injury he thought the alienation had inflicted upon himself. His face lighted with gratitude and joyous affection.

"If you will do it, mother," he cried, "I will love you and listen to you always!"

Then was she more than repaid for what the repentance had cost her.

"Will you listen to me, Farwell?" she

said. Oh, listen now, dear boy. See what dear things, what priceless things we put in peril—love and honor and heaven—when we do not govern ourselves! It is always so. You have a willful temper like mine, and it frightens me to think of it. If I only knew you would take the lesson to heart! Will you, Farwell?"

"I said I would listen to you," he answered, "and I will."

He did not want to be driven too far from his boyish coolness and *nonchalance*, but she trusted that his words held a true promise.

Farwell had sunk the andirons in the deepest hole he knew of in the river that bordered his father's fields. But he brought them up with grappling-hooks that afternoon, and at evening he and his mother set off with them for Mrs. Lovell's. Lois had not spared to tell her husband and children what she meant to do, and the whole family, with serious faces, watched the two from the doorway as they departed.

It was not without some stirring of her old natural pride and resentment that Lois found herself approaching again her cousin's door. But with Farwell by her side, whose soul she seemed to herself to be trying to redeem, her repentance did not waver. And as her mind went back to the days before their quarrel, more than the old affection she had felt for Sarah revived in her heart.

Not so was it with the latter when she perceived who were her visitors, and saw from the andirons which Farwell held what was their errand. So great was her consternation that she would willingly have shut the door in their faces. She could not do that. Even if she had been quite ready to do it the tender, eager look upon Lois's face would have prevented her. There was a moment's silence before Lois could speak, and when she did so the tears were raining down her face.

"I have come to ask your forgiveness, Sarah," she said. "I did so wrong, and I have known it and hated it this long time. I want to undo it; I want you to forgive me!"

Sarah answered gently, but she drew back slightly as she spoke.

"I have long ago forgiven you, Lois," she said.

There was silence then till Lois made another effort.

"But won't you give me back your friendship, Sarah? I know I do not deserve it; I have been so wicked and caused such a long separation between us. But I did love you, Sarah, and I love you now. Won't you forgive me wholly?"

It was a searching question, and Mrs. Lovell quailed before it. But it seemed as if Farwell's presence paralyzed the good emotions struggling in her soul.

"I told you I had forgiven you," she said. "I feel no unkindness toward you. I could surely have no excuse for it after the way in which you have spoken to-night. But—I feel—that we have lived so long apart it would be difficult for us to resume any pleasant intercourse. The attempt would always be attended with constraint and difficulty. I think it had better not be made. You can feel yourself that our ways have parted."

"But I hoped it was not for always," cried Lois sorrowfully; "though I know I deserve nothing else. It is my own fault. You see," she said turning to Farwell, anxious that he should not lose the warning, "I cannot undo it all!"

These words, so innocently said, confirmed Sarah in her suspicion that Lois's repentance, however genuine, had been now expressed for the sake of gratifying Farwell, and removing her restrictions from his intercourse with Clara; and her fear and dislike of him hardened her heart still more. Lois would have pleaded more with her for kindness for their old affection's sake, but she was exhausted with all the emotion and effort of the day, and she seemed to have no more words at command. Only she pointed to the andirons saying humbly:

"We brought them because they are yours, Sarah. I am afraid I have made them hateful to you; but won't you take them, just to show that you forgive me?"

But Sarah shook her head. "I do not wish for them," she said. "You have had them so long, and valued them so much, I would on no account take them. They would only revive unpleasant thoughts."

Then as Mrs. Hewitt rose to go, the meek-

ness of her manner, together with the look of weariness in her face, kindled into flame the gathering indignation with which Farwell had listened to Mrs. Lovell. He turned upon her, his cheeks burning and his eyes dark with passion.

"I can see through you!" he cried. "You pretend to be good and pious, and you are—you are—"

But his mother had suddenly stepped between him and her cousin. "Hush!" she cried, and Farwell saw in her face the great terror and pain none but himself had ever brought there. "You shall not be angry!" she entreated. "You promised me that you would not. Remember, Farwell, remember! Trouble will come of it if you do not."

Farwell's face turned from red to pale; his clenched fists relaxed. Suddenly he knew that it was Clara's mother whom he had been ready to revile. He turned aud lifted the rejected andirons as if they had been talismans, and so left the house.

"What shall we do with these, mother?" he asked, after they had walked some way in silence.

"We will keep them for a warning," she said.

From that day a change passed over Farwell. It was not that he grew less moody, but instead of giving vent to the wild exhileration or strange vexation that might be reigning in his heart, he began to keep a check upon both. It seemed as if the keen eyes with which he had been so severe in judging others, were turned now upon his own soul. When his face clouded his brothers and sisters no longer needed to flee from him, for he himself forsook their presence, rambling off into the woods and fields. God has placed within our reach many sweet natural medicines for our spiritual distemper; the green woods—the brooks, and the wild places of the rocks were such for Farwell. They spoke peace to his soul.

One day when he had returned from such a ramble, he asked his mother if he might return to school, with a view to being sent to college. She was surprised at his request but she pleaded hard with his father to have it granted, and was rewarded by seeing him grow yearly more manly and diligent. He made the study of natural science his pursuit, and by the end of ten years it was known that he was likely to become a famous man.

Farwell did not seek Clara Lovell's company after the night on which he went with his mother to her house. The improvement in his character soon became known in the village, and reached Mrs Lovell's ears. For a long time she was incredulous; but Farwell's appearance as he returned at intervals from school and college testified too plainly in his favor. She began to regret that she had received Lois with such needless coldness and alarm. And now her changed manner when she met the Hewitts, her lingering to speak with them, her respect and cordiality, told plainly her altered feeling. Lois was too happy in her new hopes for her boy to care for a more explicit repentance from her. Gradually visits began to be exchanged between Clara and Farwell's sisters, and soon all the old barriers between the families had fallen away.

Thus it befell that in course of time the burnished andirons stood upon the hearth of a new home, Clara's and Farwell's. They stood there with no such malicious look as they had once worn to Farwell's boyish eyes. Rather they beamed upon the young couple benignantly and with the conscious yet kindly dignity of age and enduring worth. They seemed the commissioued representatives of the good-will of ancestors long gone. "As long as you are worthy of us, we will support your good cheer," they seemed to say. What more could they be expected to promise?

And Farwell and Clara, as they looked down into the generous fire they had built, promised to themselves that there should be no quarreling about their hearth-stone. And said Clara, for she knew both of Lois's and of Farwell's self-conquest, "We owe it to your mother, Farwell, that we dare hope for so much happiness and peace."

M. E. Bennett.

SOME OPINIONS ABOUT OPINION.

Two remarks shall serve as a sort of preface to what I have to say; first, the fact that certain truths are both obvious and old, affects neither their value nor the necessity of their repetition; second—fault-finding, sometimes known as criticism, is even easier than giving advice, Thales to the contrary, notwithstanding. The former remark justifies an article upon so trite a subject as opinion; the latter accounts for its character.

I have thought best, so far as possible, to fortify what will be said by the words of those who speak with some right to command attention; both because their statements have authority where my own would have none, and because when a thought has been once put in words—and what thought has not?—it does not seem necessary to attempt to say it again differently.

It will be well to glance at the meaning attached to the word "opinion." According to his translator, Kant[1] makes the three degrees of "holding for true" to be, opinion, belief, and knowledge; from this one would infer that the first is conviction lightly held. Usage, however, has given to the word a much broader meaning than is thus indicated; perhaps for the reason that in the world about us what is "knowledge" to one is accepted only as "opinion" by another. Whether a man hold to his beliefs with the tenacity of the proverbial Scotch Presbyterian or with the indifference which characterized a Greek skeptic, we speak of them as his "opinions." So I use the word in its broadest sense, as referring to every degree of conviction; and might describe opinion as the attitude of the mind toward that which *is*.

Surely there is no necessity for dwelling upon the importance of forming our opinions aright; of being cautious in both doubting and believing. No argument is needed to convince, that in everything we should covet truth. Indeed, Berkeley tells us that "Truth is the cry of all." He adds however that "it is the game of few." Human nature has not altered much in this respect since the days of the good philosopher; and George McDonald is evidently of the same mind as the bishop when he writes: "I know very few persons in any rank on whose representation of things I could absolutely depend. Truth is the highest virtue and seldom grows wild. It is difficult to speak the truth, and those who have tried it longest best know how difficult it is." It requires no very large amount of knowledge or observation to convince one, that a very considerable number of those with whom he comes in contact have not the habits of mind most conducive to an agreement between their beliefs and the truth. The moment, however, one attempts to discover some of those things which oftenest tell upon opinion, one gets into a region of very complicated influences, where reason is to be distinguished from feeling, yet where the emotions are continually acting upon the intellect and one opinion is ever modifying another. We will therefore content ourselves to be not too acute in analysis, not too metaphysical in definition.

If there were in existence a society to prevent the formation of incorrect opinions it would have not alone to do with instructing people in the laws of formal logic. Indeed this might be the smallest part of its labors, Macaulay[1] says very truly that "a man of sense syllogizes in *celerent* and *cesare* all day long without suspecting it; and though he may not know what an *ignoratio elenchi* is, has no difficulty in exposing it whenever he falls in with it; which," he adds, "is likely to be as often as he falls in with a reverend master of arts nourished on mode and figure."

The work of such a society would consist largely in preventing the effects of causes belonging quite outside of reason, and which like everything else having a proper sphere of action play the mischief when acting out of it.

Opinion is mental conviction, and the formation of opinion is—so far as such a thing

[1] "Pure Reason." Trans. Meiklejohn.

[1] "Essay on Lord Bacon."

is possible—a purely intellectual process; not to be influenced by any affection save a love for truth, not to be directed by any desire except a desire to know what *is*. In one sense all truth may be said to be lovely, —to commend itself to our nature,—and we are to approach it with no other bias. The emotions have their proper and grand sphere of action, but are worse than useless out of it. A man may not try a question of reason at the tribunal of his feelings. The test of truth is its truthfulness and its agreeableness. Yet one's affections are perhaps most powerful directly or indirectly biasing one's opinions; love of wealth, of friends, of self, of some end to be accomplished; nay even of some particular theory.

Pope,[1] who was certainly a student of human nature, tells us:

> "The ruling passion, be it what it will,
> The ruling passion conquers reason still."

Hare, in "Guesses at Truth," writes that "it is no way surprising that abstract truth should kick the beam when weighed against any personal prejudice or predilection." In that venerable and excellent work, "Kames' Elements of Criticism," we are told: "It is certain, though not very well known, that passion hath also an influence upon our perceptions, opinions and beliefs. The same argument by being relished or not relished weighs so differently as in truth to make conviction depend more on passion than on reasoning."

It would not be speaking rashly to say that almost any book of general reading will furnish instances that confirm these statements. I give some that "happen to my hand." On my table lies the November number of *Scribner's Monthly*, and in an article on "Our Patent System" there is this paragraph: "The moment an inventor ceases to invent and becomes a manufacturer . . . his opinion of the patent system may undergo a radical change. The moment the owner of a profitable patent is confronted by a man with a better invention which he cannot get control of, he is apt to become a little dubious." Near the magazine is a child's history of the United States, which contains, in connection with Revolutionary affairs, this rather delicious passage: "Then we must remember that there were other men, and often good men too, who felt very sad about all this and who thought it was very wrong to resist King George, and who tried with tears in their eyes to persuade the patriots to listen to reason. These were generally the rich and prosperous men, and those who held offices under the British government; in short, the people who had the most to lose by war in any case."

Personal experience will furnish each of us illustrations of the same kind. If we know that a man is fond of wine, can we not predict quite surely what are his opinions concerning the arguments against the use of stimulants? Good news is often readily accepted upon very slender evidence; our wishes magnify the probability of the event, as well as the veracity of the relator. Our estimate of personal character and behavior is often indirectly governed by our desires. If a man is an inconvenience, he does us a wrong. If he upsets some pet plan or in some way crosses us, his character grows black indeed. How ready we then are to absorb any evil report; how easy it then is to hold a small amount of *bad* so near the eye that it shuts out all the *good*.

The mystery we call "self" is so indefinite a thing that in every-day speaking we hardly make a distinction between "self-interest" and one's concern for life, riches, position, etc. Yet there is a stricter sense in which the word self-interest may be used. I merely suggest it by quoting a remark of Prof. Huxley,[1] which contains some truth and considerable asperity. Speaking of certain religious beliefs he says: "My only consolation lies in the reflection that however bad our posterity may become, so long as they hold by the plain rule of not pretending to believe what they see no reason to believe because it may be to their advantage so to pretend, they will not have reached the lowest depths of immorality."

The warranty of the soundness of a religious faith is not a sense of personal satisfaction. Many a one, to speak in figure, desiring for some reason to build his house

1 "Moral Essays."

1 "Lay Sermons."

upon the sand, by and by actually fools himself into the belief that sand is quite as good, if not a little better foundation than rock. Truth however is not what one may choose to believe, so when the winds and the rains come, the house on the sand goes down.

Verily as Hobbes saith, when reason is against a man he will be against reason; the more likely is it to be so, as the consequences involved are less immediate and less disagreeable than having one's house about one's ears. Certainly Faraday did not go too far when he wrote: "That point of self-education which consists in teaching the mind to resist its desires and inclinations until they are proved to be right, is the most important of all, not only in things of natural philosophy, but in every department of daily life."

Even the noblest and most unselfish affections are strong in their power over opinion. To the bachelor mind it is in no way surprising that "our baby" should always be the prettiest infant that Heaven has yet vouchsafed to earth; because to his uncultured eye all babies appear about alike. And even if on turning the matter over in his mind it seems strange, it is probably dismissed with the thought that love is *not* blind but very sharp-sighted.

Who of us has not been expected to admire the artistic genius of some darling boy as exhibited in a mis-drawn face, or in a piece of cramped perspective? It requires on such an occasion the ability of a Machiavelli to keep truth on one's side and not displease "Mamma," to whose loving eye the work appears quite beautiful. And in after years when her boy grows up to be, not an artist, but a disagreeable, it may be a dissipated man, how the mother shuts her eyes to his faults or explains them away.

Ah well, love *is* blind indeed! Who would have it otherwise? What an uncomfortable, unsatisfactory place this none-too-pleasant world would become if love were not blind to folly and quick-sighted for the slightest merit. The fact remains nevertheless that her estimations are for the most part valueless as to accuracy. Her logic too is often pathetically weak. This is brought forcibly to mind by such a passage as this from "Norwood:"[1] "Bereavement is a great heretic. I have found few persons who do not contrive to believe that *their* friends are saved. It is other people's friends that we remit to justice. Our own are, by some mediation of affection and grief, saved." All this will suggest many similar cases where opinions are unjustly influenced by some affection noble in itself; such as love of country or of some good cause.

A fondness for a particular theory is often the means of corrupting the judgment. Macaulay[2] said of historians that they had fallen into the error of distorting facts to suit general principles. The remark has a much wider application in these days of scientific hypotheses.

So much for some of the reasons why we do not see things as they are, but as distorted by the qualities of the medium through which they are looked at. This self-deception—if it should be so called—is most of the time real; most of the time, I suppose, unknown. A man may allow affections good and bad to blind his reason, and whisper away his conscience; may actually practice mental dishonesty, without being conscious of it.

But another thing which is naturally very potent in determining opinions claims attention. I refer to what is most concisely intimated by the two words—"bringing-up" and "experience," which so largely determine our customs and habits.

"Whatever be the cause," says Lord Kames,[3] "it is certain that we are much influenced by custom; it hath an effect upon our pleasures, upon our actions, and even upon our thoughts and sentiments."

Of considerable significance in this connection is that philosophy which accounts for the origin and character of all beliefs through experience, which teaches that when the experience is the same, ideas will be the same; that when the experience differs, then will ideas or beliefs differ, a philosophy that has either to reject or to

[1] H. W. Beecher.

[2] "Essay on History."

[3] "Elements of Criticism."

change any ideas which could not have been derived from experience, such as causation, infinity, etc., and which in its extremeness has, I believe, been shown to be radically weak.

But whatever may be one's estimate of this philosophy when offered as a complete solution of these problems of mind, no one can deny the influence of experience and education (which is a sort of experience forced upon one from without by men and things) in matters in which men may reasonably be supposed to differ; an influence which is much of the time extremely beneficial. This it is which to a very great degree determines our mental position and forms our manner of thought; later it is difficult to change the line of mental vision, the style of thinking; difficult to put oneself in the place of those holding different views. One is very unlikely to get out of the particular posture of mind in which one finds oneself.

Scores of facts meet us on every hand to illustrate the powerful and often illegitimate influence thus brought to bear upon opinion; so familiar are they that it seems almost idle to mention any.

Edward Garrett[1] says that it is seldom you find a man "who can receive a truth that does not fit in with his foregone conclusions, and who can follow a new chain of reasoning without a dead weight of prejudices dragging him back." It is indeed disheartening when one thinks how almost impossible it is to convince people that there *may* be some truth in the views of those differing from them. Take an extreme case. It is difficult and at the same time somewhat dangerous to attempt to convince a cannibal that it is unreasonable to like roast men, and to make his wife do all his work, because he may have grown up to believe that these things are perfectly proper. The danger of such an attempt was satisfactorily proved to six missionaries quite recently. The particular six I refer to were eaten.

This is certainly an extreme case. But is it less significant that a large majority of those brought up Roman Catholic remain Roman Catholic; that most people who are born Quakers die also Quakers; that a Presbyterian or a Methodist rarely changes his religious persuasion? To have one's thinking done for one saves much mental labor; often it might prevent much agony of mind. Charles Kingsley[1] once wrote to a friend: "If I wanted a proof of the corruption of human nature I could find no plainer one than the way in which really amiable and thoughtful people take up with doctrines which outrage their own reason and morality, simply because they find them ready-made to their hands."

It would seem that if there is one thing we can learn from history which is also taught by common sense, it is that if the human race is to make any progress in its thinking, it must be by giving up some old ideas for newer and better ones. We may be assured however that truth will conquer in the end, and this tendency to conserve "the old" in thought not only preserves the truth that is in it, but gives time to discover much that is false in "the new."

The fact is that very few of us work-a-day people have either the time, ability or inclination to hunt up and weigh the *pros* and *cons* of a disputed question. How much one must know about a subject in order to form a correct opinion concerning it, is a question no less important than it is perplexing. The sufficiency, of course, will vary according to the character of the subject. In many cases, however, it is much more than most of us think necessary. This comes home very forcibly when one remembers that it is the merest truism that no man can nowadays write with authority on more than two or three branches even of science.

One may arrive at a truth without even knowing of false objections which have been raised; but just as truly one may accept the false as truth simply because unacquainted with perfectly valid objections. Doubtless the inhabitants of Patagonia think themselves fully justified in believing that the sun revolves around the earth.

Such a precious right as that of unmolested individual judgment—a legacy obtained at such a fearful cost of blood—should certainly be appreciated and guarded most jealously. But even this good thing

1 "Premiums Paid to Experience."

1 "Life and Letters."

can be abused. A man has a right to his private judgment as to the proper manner in which his physician should treat his disease; and many a patient, I have no doubt, dies yearly from the exercise of this right. Indeed, so far as *right* goes, even if one insisted in the assertion that the moon consists of green cheese he would not be interfered with.

Now, while fortunately most of us are not inclined to abuse our freedom of thought in this particular direction, we are apt in many things to form opinions in a way that is just as indefensible. *Exempli gratia:* A gentleman who has never opened a book on mechanics or engineering in his life, informed me a while ago, without the slightest hesitation, that the East River suspension bridge will, when completed, fall of its own weight. The remark reminded me of the criticism upon the first locomotives,—that they could never move their own weight, as the wheels would simply slip around on the rails.

It is a glorious thing when giving an opinion to be untrammeled by any sense of how much study and experience the subject may involve. Opinion on most subjects, to be worth anything, must be the result of a careful study from a broad field of facts, and requires not only a knowledge of facts and principles but an ability to deduce correctly.

Nowhere is this necessity of mere technical knowledge so overlooked as in forming opinions about paintings. No one who has read Mr. Hammerton's "Thoughts about Art" can fail to see what a large amount of practical experience and special study—leaving out of account artistic spirit—is required to do this intelligently. One should be informed in the principles of drawing, of composition, of color, of technique, and a hundred other matters. And yet, as Mr. Hammerton says: "Painting seems so simple, that every one secretly believes himself competent to judge of it. . . . No one who has never learned mathematics ever dreams of setting himself up as a judge in mathematics. But when people are ignorant of art they are usually so to that degree that they are not even aware of their own ignorance."

And this brings us—after a somewhat disconnected ramble, I fear—to what is perhaps the most important part of the whole subject, viz., authority in opinion; for all of us have to rely on such authority in something either great or small, from the best methods of picking chickens to the merits of an oil painting or a Bach fugue.

Our opinions concerning most matters we must accept, as Mr. Froude says, "from able men who have given their time to special subjects." Mr. Froude[1] then states that "the ultimate authority at any given time is the collective general sense of the wisest men living in the department to which they belong." We may often have much difficulty to determine who are the wisest men. A learned English professor[2] quite recently wrote in one of the American reviews: "Nothing is more strikingly characteristic of the ignorance of even educated people than the way in which certain persons come to be regarded as authorities in literature or science. Lawyers laughed at the late Lord Brougham's law, but thought him great in literature and science; scientific men laughed at his science, but allowed that he was a master in law and literature; and the recently published Napier correspondence has shown in what hearty contempt he was held by literary authorities like Macaulay."

How much trouble is made to-day by unscientific theologians attempting to dictate to science, and by scientists untrained in philosophy attempting to deal with philosophic questions.

But to speak with authority upon certain subjects requires not only a particular knowledge and a good quality of reasoning power, but also a peculiar sensibility or quality of soul. Because a man may possess the abilities necessary to being a great banker, it does not follow (witness scores of parlors!) that he will be a judge of art. A person may even have faculties to appreciate a low form of art, such as light music, simple verse or elementary paintings, and still be incapable of appraising the highest forms of music, poetry and painting.

1 "Short Studies."

2 Prof. Tait, in *International Review.*

One might have all the learning and logical acumen of Mr. J. S. Mill, and be utterly without that "spiritual quickness" necessary for insight into the unseen and communion with the divine. It is as true, however, that a man who feels that he sustains intimate relations with the divine may be intellectually quite unable to judge as to the validity of Mill's objections to theism.

But the standard of opinion is not an arbitrary or undeveloped "bias of the soul." Lord Jeffrey says in one of his essays[1] that "all tastes are equally just and true in so far as concerns the individual whose taste is in question; and what a man feels distinctly to be beautiful, *is* beautiful to him. . . . But it does not follow that all tastes are equally good or desirable, or that there is any difficulty in describing that which is really the best."

In his "Art and Art Critics" Mr. Whistler complains that "Taste has long been confounded with capacity and accepted as sufficient qualification for the utterance of judgment in music, poetry and painting. Art is joyously received as a matter of opinion; and that it should be based upon laws as rigid and defined as the known sciences is a supposition no longer to be tolerated by modern cultivation."

Taste must—under the guidance of reason—develop; must become more correct, more delicate; must conceive higher standards, until it becomes "special culture;" "that well-digested knowledge and experience which go to form fine artistic fibre in an organization of naturally æsthetic proclivities."

This enlarged range of knowledge, this elevated standard which such special culture produces, is the occasion of much that appears incomprehensible and affected to amateurs in the work of artists and the writings of art critics. When a man has seized the idea that "Art is nature's child,"[2] but "with a *human* sense imbued," and believes that the impression of light, air and space, the sentiment of the scene, are the main things to be put into a picture—even if, as is often necessary, the details are sacrificed—and paints accordingly, his work is apt to appear incomprehensible to one who does *not* believe art to be something more than a mere imitation of nature, and who does *not* recognize the fact that form must sometimes be sacrificed for color.

1 "Alison on Taste."

2 Longfellow.

Opinions about music are affected in a similar way. Music consists of many elements, such as rythm, melody, harmony, counterpoint, thematic development. "It is the want of appreciation on the part of the average music lover of what may be aptly termed the evolution of a composition from a theme, and of the capacity of a theme for such organic development, that has given rise to the very common and at the same time most utterly false and groundless fling that is made at the cultivated musician by unthinking amateurs, *i. e.*, that the musician is capable only of a mere intellectual enjoyment of the music."[1]

While we may be able to detect prejudice, narrowness and superficiality; while we cannot but be conscious of high methods and standards, we cannot always hope to fully comprehend and sympathize with those who speak with authority.

Mr. Hammerton[2] says that the principal reason why artists do not write more upon art is, that if they were to say anything about their art it would be of no use, because the public could not understand it.

But "who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Who, indeed! After all has been said there remains the fact that Dr. Holmes[3] has so cleverly expressed: "Iron is always the same everywhere, but the sulphate of iron is never the same as the carbonate of iron. Truth is invariable, but the 'Smithate' of truth must always differ from the 'Brownate' of truth."

Human nature is such that there must be a greater or less difference of opinion on almost every subject. Any of our modern symposiums will convince of that, but we are apt to forget it at times.

When two honest, earnest, able men arrive at opposite conclusions on any question,

1 William T. Apthorp in *Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1879.

2 "Thoughts about Art."

3 "Breakfast Table."

who may condemn either of them? Yet how often is such a man, or one who is earnestly seeking for truth, not satisfied that he has found it; how often are such judged by those who have neither the quantity nor quality of mind to understand their difficulties, much less to appreciate them. We are told by Baden Powell that: "Points which may be seen to involve the greatect difficulty to more profound inquirers are often such as do not occasion the least perplexity to ordinary minds, but are allowed to pass without hesitation." The more a man knows about any subject the greater will be his charity for and sympathy with views differing from his own.

I. F. Lockwood.

ELECTION OF COLLEGE STUDIES.

College managers have long given large choice in studies to students in senior classes. Several years ago Harvard University extended the same privilege, within close limits, to students in lower classes. That it has not stepped backward implies that it regards the new movement a step forward. In May, 1878, the faculty of Michigan University took a longer step in the same direction. It greatly enlarged its list of studies, prescribed for students desiring certain degrees such courses as would occupy about one-half of four college years on the basis of fifteen lectures or recitations per week; and left the student his choice from the full curriculum of studies to fill the remaining half of his time. For example, it established that "five exercises a week during a *semester*, whether in recitations, laboratory work or lectures shall constitute a full course of study. The completion of twenty-four such full courses is required to obtain the recommendation of the faculty for the degree of Bachelor of Arts." Its prescribed courses of the twenty-four it distributed nearly thus: To Greek and Latin one-half; to mathematics one-quarter; to English, philosophy, physics and general chemistry the remaining quarter.

This new departure in college education has seemed to me a great advance in the right direction,—that of cultivating the intellectual individuality of the student and of making work, instead of time, the condition of graduation; and of inviting rather than repelling those earnestly wishing a specific kind and amount of knowledge but lacking time or desire to cover the entire college field. I accordingly addressed letters of inquiry to several of the Michigan faculty in March last, being soon after the close of the first half-year of trial. I thought that upon this debatable policy the logic of experience would be stronger than the logic of theory alone. And I find that Michigan's new experience and my own thoughts travel the same road.

Says President Angell: "Our impressions thus far are favorable; care and good sense are needed in working the plan." Dr. B. F. Cocker, professor of mental and moral philosophy writes: "My impression so far is that when the boys have elected their studies, they have done better work. It will not affect the classics much, but will help the scientific department wonderfully." Professor Moses Coit Tyler, the University's leader in English literature, adds this valuable testimony with reasons annexed: "Thus far my experience has been more than satisfactory. My students take my subjects because they want them; manifest an active interest in them; work harder and get more benefit out of the work than under the old system, wherein they studied what I had to teach them because they had been commanded to do so. I see no serious signs of fickleness in the choice of lines of work, but rather a greater development of reflection on the subject and of self-directing judgment."

These are tributes to the capacity of intelligent youth to convert responsibility

into decision of character—a great strength throughout life; a great want in many minds, led till they cannot walk without being guyed. These are tributes to the worth of youthful judgment, when free, in determining its own stature and what food it will best thrive upon. And this self-building—keeping self always in view as the stem and apex of the educational pyramid—I regard the highest aim of education, and education the proper aim of college. Thus is self raised to the largest possible power. And a supreme selfishness in the acquisition of knowledge will certainly amass the largest fund for later generous distribution among others. Young men and women should get in college a direction toward an individual development that later will help them to stand alone and strong, aloof from all gregarious props.

Fence pickets it is well to whittle into near likeness; with human minds it can't be done. Each soul has its clear-cut personality—its divine, peculiar germ that will bear most culture and yield largest returns. "No two alike" is truer of nothing else. Bringing that germ to best fruitage is the most profitable of mental industries. Forcing side-growths is to place crab-apples before pippins. And since every man has his best vein, it is not wise to give to the ten-per-cent ores equal time with those that will assay ninety per cent. Said a very eminent preacher turned lecturer, while on a late western tour: "When in the pulpit I stand on my feet; on the platform I stand upon stilts." In the latter case he was out of his best vein,—putting up a cheap intellectual shed "on stilts." You can't well build without bottom; you can't educate what is n't; nor can you educate a yard-stick to pass for a rod-pole; even a college degree can't conceal the three-feet fact. Fifty young men, having pursued identical college studies four years and graduated with gifts of like Latin parchments, (which most of them can't read under a year's rust,) are still alike in no respect but in having been stretched upon one book-rack. To many of them the process has proved a waste of time for better uses and a warp of faculties. Efforts to make all men equally efficient in all lines of knowledge involve efforts to grow oranges in Alaska and to strip seal-skins among the lagoons of Florida; for every brain is a climate very friendly only to certain pursuits and more or less hostile to others.

The cure for these evils in the old system I believe to lie in the new self-sovereignty accorded to students in the choice of college studies. There is upon every man after college the uncompromising necessity to think for himself, to choose for himself, to act for himself—or be a barnacle. This argues for his opportunity to begin to think and act for himself while in college. Election of studies is responsibility. And the earlier the young man comes to feel somewhat of responsibility, the earlier he begins a diet of strength. What but early responsibility gives so many poor young men pluck and resource to get through college? And does not the young man who works his way into college know pretty well what he wants? Some aim urges him thither. But if he needs counsel, he has always friends more concerned for him and who know better of what clay he is made than professors can. As for the frail pet who is pushed through college to keep up the "cultured" glory of his family, from a full list of studies he could hardly elect more incompatibles than are now assigned him. Indeed, I think he would be stimulated by the responsibility thrust upon him, and by the intelligent discriminations of wiser ones around him, to look into his own tool-chest and see which talents would best repay grinding, and which filing, and whether some would n't be most useful left blunt. Under the retiring dictatorship in college, the handsaw has been too often ground and the jack-plane filed. Responsibilities borne are the best of educators. Even the young child brightens and strengthens under responsibilities that seem large for him. And the average young man at eighteen, with the high-school behind him, is certainly fitted to have a voice in selecting the studies that shall stand before him.

I think the reflection that usually follows commencement day convinces the graduate that half his time has been given to things

he will never use, and that the things of use are at least as strong for discipline as are the useless. That was an immense accumulation by hard study which he threw away in his last outward passage of the college stiles. He had studied too many branches as tasks, too few as loves. But knowing before college that in college the choice of his studies is to be largely his own work, he and his parents will study more to know what gifts from nature he possesses, and will let the master forces lead, while the subordinates fag for them. Out of college and choice of life work made, the sensible student shuns all roads that do not lead into his highway to "Rome." Yet "too many irons in the fire" is as bad in college as out. Nor is "wrong irons in the fire" any better motto. It is lamentable how many students, good in special provinces, are annually spoiled or hindered by the effort to build them up into "symmetrical" men, with a pinch of putty here and a daub of varnish there, so they may all look alike and each look the same on all sides. It is time that progress relegated to history this embalming process—this college mummyism. True, specialists in learning ripen out of college, but there is no good reason why the work of life should not begin in college. Indeed, I think it is quite true that students, in spite of the omnibus prescription, do become specialists in school, going to the kernel of what they enjoy, scarcely shucking what they only endure. It is in the nature of men and things that education, no less than religion, must be personally experienced to be of largest benefit, and that subjection in study to the caprice or capacity of others must induce feebleness in results.

Under the elective system, as now pursued at Michigan, "classes" and "years" are abolished, while the individual is brought forward; the student steps into the college ranks just abreast with his attainments, and promotes himself just as fast, or just as slow, as he learns, not as fast as a class "kills time;" he follows almost any line of knowledge he likes, whether he be in his first or fourth year; he may remain ten years and cover several lines, or only one and supply a special want. True, if he hunts that mirage so many students are beguiled by as the chief end of college—the degree, half his studies are measured to him. But even this compromise with old customs will wear out. It will soon be confessed, as evidently already seen, that Greek and Latin are not essentials to "bachelorship in arts," but that without them one may be even *wedded* to many arts, and those not dead.

And now that co-education has become the wise and settled policy of so many colleges, I think they will find in election a correlative necessity. It will accommodate some differences in mental structure, wider differences in intellectual tastes, and the widest differences possible in the works for which, mainly, young men and women are to be educated. Thus will the field of college instruction widen, and the university become more nearly the school-room of universal knowledge, so accessible to all that each may satisfy his highest individual demand.

Another large blessing that blossoms on this elective stalk is good manners—a reform from college barbarism to intelligent civilization. Knowledge, not time, gives men their relative ranks. First and fourth-year men find themselves pursuing the same studies; and this association annihilates those odious year-class distinctions which have long bred hazings, rushings and young hoodlums. A peculiar hat and cane cease to be tags to tell the bearer's college age; the entire attendance becomes homogeneous, mutually civil and friendly; the class gives way to the individual gentleman. Yet, despite this loss of boorish "fun," the new plan is very popular with the Michigan students.

J. C. Ambrose.

"Some of our modern art cant seems to me excessively absurd," remarked Mrs. Decker. "Now what could be more ridiculous than conscientiousness applied to painting; or all this Ruskin-istical twaddle about truth in art, when the more strongly a picture suggests nature the more perfect a lie it becomes?"

"I think," suggested Hetty Crowninshield, looking up from her painting, "that Ruskin explains that somewhere in his definition of the word art and its distinction from artifice."

"Well, artifice is an art," replied Mrs. Decker; "and there is no harm in it, if it is only artistically handled. Dear me, what a dreary place the world would be without its little deceptions. I for one am very glad that 'now we see through a glass darkly,' and that men especially are a near-sighted race. There 's Mr. Featherstonhaugh, for instance. I never have to be particular when he calls to seat myself with my back to the light, for fortunately it is not considered etiquette to inspect a lady's face at a distance of three inches, and anything beyond that is a perfect blur to him."

Hetty's face flushed as deeply as the cardinal flower which she was emblazoning so daintily on Mrs. Decker's white satin *ménus*.

"And I am glad," she said, that we have the promise that sometime we shall see face to face; that there will be no misunderstanding, deception or doubt in the beyond."

Mrs. Decker shrugged her shoulders. "All very fine in theory but how uncomfortable in reality. You know Mr. Featherstonhaugh, do you not, Hetty? Whatever induced him to come to America?"

"He is interested in old paintings, especially in American portraits of the Revolutionary period, Copleys and Stuarts and so on. He spent last summer at the Centennial studying all that he could find there, and since then has been in Boston, where he has had access not only to public collections but has had a peep at nearly every family portrait in the city. Here in New York I have put him in the way of a good many old Knickerbockers, and there our relations end. I think he is making a catalogue of our Revolutionary art."

"But that is simply ridiculous," mused Mrs. Decker. "An Englishman, with his galleries of Gainsboroughs and Sir Joshuas and Van Dycks, comes to this country to study our poor little pictures. Depend upon it he has some ulterior motive."

"For instance?" suggested Hetty.

"For instance, some family reason, some great-great-aunt who had made a runaway match and come to America and whose descendants he is desirous of finding, in order to render back a portion of the family fortune. You have no traditions of an English ancestress, have you, Hetty?"

"Not of that period; our family line is a very direct one and leads far back into colonial days."

"Then I 'm afraid you can't claim the fortune," said Mrs. Decker as she fastened the silver clasps of her rich fur-lined mantle before her friend's tiny cheval-glass. "There, dear, good-bye; have the *ménus* done by Thursday. I 'll send Robert for them. No, I can't stay any longer, for the Loan Exhibition closes day after to-morrow and I have n't been in yet to post myself on what 's the fashion just now in bric-a-brac. Come with me, that 's a dear; I want your opinion about some draperies." Fifteen minutes later Hetty, who was always ready to oblige her friend, stood with Mrs. Decker, catalogue in hand, before a portrait at the exhibition. It was that of a girl of eighteen, dressed in the style of a century ago. It was evidently an old portrait and one highly valued, for though an oil-painting it was under glass; the tints of the rose-colored brocade were a little faded and mellowed by time; and the exquisite sweetness of the face, which had all the delicacy and grace of a Greuze, gained by its glass covering something of the mystery of a face reflected in moon-lit water. A dainty muslin cap sat with a coquettish air upon the light curls; a lace kerchief was knotted negligently under the peach-blossom chin. The eyes were full of coy fascination

and mischief; they seemed to feel a mocking satisfaction in their power to entrance and to elude. It was the spirit of coquetry perpetuated, a beautiful face that could never cease to enchant and would never droop its golden fringed lashes under the spell of enchantment.

As Mrs. Decker turned from the picture she caught sight of the subject of the morning's conversation passing abstractedly before some portraits at the other end of the hall. She crossed the apartment impulsively and greeted him with outstretched hand. The modest Englishman touched the widow's prettily gloved fingers with a grateful reverence at once odd and charming, and followed her meekly as she told him enthusiastically of the gem she had found and her own sympathetic admiration of old portraits. His eye kindled with admiration as it rested upon Hetty who was still standing before the painting.

"I am glad you like it," he said simply, "but perhaps you did not notice the owner's name."

Mrs. Decker turned the leaves of her catalogue rapidly and read, "John Featherstonhaugh."

"Why it is yours!" she exclaimed with surprise, while Hetty added; "I should certainly have thought it a portrait of some Puritan maiden."

"It probably is," replied Featherstonhaugh. "I have placed the portrait here hoping that some one might recognize it. I am very anxious to find her."

"But she must have been dead these fifty years," replied Mrs. Decker.

"Of course, of course," assented the other; "but she may have descendants, and I would like to find them."

"Do you know her name?"

"No, nor where she lived, only that she was an American and that I owe her a reparation. The portrait does not belong rightfully to me, and I owe it to my honor to find her heirs and deliver it to them."

"How interesting," murmured Mrs. Decker. She was consumed with curiosity to hear the entire story, but the taciturn Englishman did not seem inclined to go on.

"There are some fabrics in one of these rooms, I believe," he suggested. "That is a very rich brocade, and I have looked at the wedding dresses of many a great-grandmother, hoping to match its pattern; but have never quite succeeded."

"I have no heirlooms in the way of costume," replied Mrs. Decker, "but I have one or two family portraits that I would be happy to show you. We have one by West of my grandmother Yeomans, who was a Quakeress."

"Yes," replied Featherstonhaugh, regarding Mrs. Decker with the mild stare of abstraction, "yes; but you see I am not hunting for a portrait. I have that; it's the frame I'm after."

Hetty started, was it possible that he was mildly insane? Featherstonhaugh noticed her look and colored. "I see I must explain myself," he said. "There is no one in this room; if you will step this way I will tell you all about it."

Mrs. Decker seated herself, graciously looking Featherstonhaugh full in the face, a polite stare in which expectancy and a certain affable condescension were strangely mingled. Hetty fingered her catalogue shyly, and feigned an interest which she did not feel in the antique necklaces in the case on which she leaned. There seemed to her an indelicacy in listening to this bit of personal history, as though in some way she were forcing from him a confession or a secret. "I can not remember," began Featherstonhaugh, "the time when that portrait did not fascinate me. It hung over the mantel of a room in my father's country-house which we call my grandfather's study. How it came by such a name I cannot say, for my grandfather was not in any sense a student, and if there is a book in the room it was certainly not there in my grandfather's time. His sword lay on the mantel under the picture, a rack of ancient pipes hung beside it and his drinking can stood on the chest of drawers opposite. For a long time I supposed the picture to be a portrait of my grandmother, but my mother disabused me on this point. It seems that my grandfather served under Clinton, and much to my regret assisted in the attempt to put down American independence at the

time of your Revolution. I have another reason to blush for my grandfather; he was, so far as I know, the only member of our family who has ever committed a dishonorable action. While in America he was quartered at the house of some patriot family, who had vacated it for his occupation. This portrait hung in one of the rooms. I do not know that he ever saw the original, but he fell in love with the pictured face, and when the British left the country he cut the portrait from its frame and carried it with him. When my mother told me this I felt myself disgraced, and I determined that if the opportunity ever came I would restore the portrait to its rightful owners."

Mrs. Decker seemed lost in thought. There was a little pause before she spoke, but when she did she extended her sympathetic little hand again and there were tears in her eyes. Mrs. Decker's lachrymal glands were of the most obliging nature, sending down the glistening saline drops at the slightest call of sentiment.

"You are a man of honor, Mr. Featherstonhaugh," she said with a choked voice, and the little man regarded her emotion with mingled surprise and helplessness. He was very near-sighted and he took off his double concave eye-glasses, dusted them carefully and replaced the gold bows on the bridge of his aristocratic nose before he could quite believe his senses. Meantime Mrs. Decker had recovered herself, and drawn from her elegant card-case a card bearing her name and address with "Mondays" in the corner. Mrs. Decker had chosen Monday as her reception day because, as she expressed it, it was a day when "no kitchen scratchers" could make it convenient to call. She presented the bit of pasteboard with winning grace to the bewildered gentleman.

"Do come and see me, Mr. Featherstonhaugh," she pleaded; "perhaps I can show you the very frame you are in search of." Some one else entered the room as she spoke; and Mrs. Decker, with the most polite bow in the world, glided past him and was gone.

"What does she mean about the frame?" he turned to ask of Hetty. But that young lady had all the sensitiveness of a barometer to signs of moist weather, and at the first appearance of tear-drops had folded her waterproof about her and hurried downstairs.

On arriving at her private boudoir Mrs. Decker went through with a very singular performance. Before untying her satin bonnet-strings she snatched a damascened Spanish dagger, that had hitherto served the innocent purpose of a paper-cutter, and rolling the center-table directly in front of the mantel, mounted it and stood with a threatening attitude before the "old master," a St. Francis, which beamed upon her through its "ochreous mist" like mellow lamp-light. It was an exceptionally good copy, and Mrs. Decker had paid a high price for it in Florence; but she thrust the inlaid dagger through the canvas with a vicious stab and carried it around the edge of the picture in long irregular zigzag lines, until the saint, now doubly mutilated, fell from his frame.

"He will come," she said to herself as she rolled up the bit of canvas and regarded the frame with a satisfied air. "Curiosity is the ruling passion with men. He will come."

And Mrs. Decker was quite right; Featherstonhaugh presented himself at exactly half-past three on the following Monday, and was shown by the maid, not to the reception-room proper, but to the same little boudoir where Mrs. Decker had so savagely attacked the unoffending St. Francis. She had neglected to replace his saintship with any newer favorite, and the antique Florentine frame, with its scroll-work and arabesques of tarnished gilding and its mat of tattered canvas, was conspicuous upon the wall. Featherstonhaugh was standing before the empty frame as Mrs. Decker entered; as he turned toward her his face quivered with suppressed emotion. His dazzling eye-glasses caught the light from the opposite window, and their reflected glare completely masked whatever expression was hidden beneath. Mrs. Decker greeted him cordially.

"It is your turn now to be curious," she said, pointing to the frame, "and mine to be

confidential. We have a legend in our family, too. My grandfather resided in New York at the time of the British occupancy. One of the English officers was quartered upon him. My grandfather's sister, a young girl, resided with him, and between my grandfather's sister and the young officer a drama something like that of Hamlet and Ophelia was acted, for your grandfather—you must have already guessed that it was he—coquetted with the poor child and finally left the country, taking with him the pictured face that had attracted his fancy, but leaving the faithful heart that broke at his desertion; for she ended her days, sir, in a mad-house. My father would never suffer the frame to be removed from its place upon the wall. It is a very bitter legacy, but one that has been carefully cherished."

Featherstonhaugh turned his glittering optics toward Mrs. Decker; they were as pellucid as crystal, but London smoke could not have been more impenetrable. He seemed struck with admiration for the way in which she had told her story. "You did it much better than I," he said; "much better. You put more heart in it."

"Perhaps so," replied the little widow with her most fascinating glance. "Perhaps I felt it more."

Featherstonhaugh rose suddenly and began drawing on his gloves. "It is a remarkable coincidence, "he said. "I never heard of anything like it. The portrait is yours, Mrs. Decker; I will send it around as soon as the exhibition closes."

"Your grandfather owed our family more than the portrait," replied the lady significantly.

"Ah—yes—but excuse me, this part of the story is quite new to me and I do not exactly see my way clear—" which was very true, for his eye-glasses had slipped and he was fumbling at a door which led to a dark closet under the impression that it opened into the hall.

"I have a great notion to propose to that woman," he said to himself as he walked down the street. "She must love me or she could never talk as she did." He was opposite his hotel as he spoke but he walked on and on until he reached Hetty's studio. The door was locked, and he was turning away disappointedly when he met her in the hall.

"Oh, Mr. Featherstonhaugh!" she exclaimed, "I have just been out for you. I came across a curious old corsage of pink brocade this morning, and I fancied it was the one worn by the lady in your picture, so I carried it down to the Academy to see—"

"Was the garment an heir-loom in your family?" interrupted Featherstonhaugh.

"No, indeed," replied the young girl frankly; "I found it at a costumer's, where I was poking over a lot of old stuffs to find something in which to dress a little page who is to pose for me to-morrow, and I am very sorry to say the pattern on the brocade is exactly the same; indeed, the two bits of costume are quite identical."

"Why are you sorry?" asked Featherstonhaugh.

"Because the costumer tells me that she bought the corsage in New Orleans; she was tolerably certain as to the street and the name of the parties, and I have written both down for you. I was sorry because this seems to remove your search to another field."

"Yes," replied Featherstonhaugh, absently crumpling the address which she gave him and thrusting it into his vest pocket.

"This does seem to put a new light on it;" and he added to himself as he pursued his way disconsolately back to his hotel: "It proves one thing at any rate; she can't care two pins for me, for she had twice as good material to work up as the other one."

A few days later, feeling quite at loss for entertainment, he attended a church festival. Some tableaux were in progress, and he made one of the circle standing just outside the last row of chairs. A lady seated near the stage in a large, white Gainsborough hat, a hat which completely hid the performance from at least three people behind her, beckoned to him with a white feather fau to approach. It was Mrs. Decker, and he settled himself rather uncomfortably into the seat beside her. She began to rebuke

him volubly for his neglect, and her reproaches had a pleasant sound for he was homesick and lonely.

"If you will allow me I will see you home," he said. "I want to talk to you about—my picture."

Mrs. Decker smiled and the white plumes nodded like the crest of some giant cockatoo, the little bell jingled, some one at the piano began to play the Nuptial Song from Lohengrin, and just as the music was stealing over him like a charm the curtain rose and there was his picture. He could hardly believe that some one had not taken it from the Academy walls and placed it on the easel before him. One moment the illusion lasted and then he saw that the maroon drapery concealed more of the figure, that it was only Hetty in the rose-colored corsage, with plenty of old lace about the throat and a tiny cap on her curls.

"Excuse me a moment," he said to Mrs. Decker, "I will meet you at the door," and he stepped around to the green room hoping to speak with Hetty, but the ogress who presided over these dominions would not suffer him to enter and he returned to the spot where he had left Mrs. Decker. She had gone and he found to his confusion that he had lost his faithful eye-glasses. "Never mind," he thought, "I can tell that white hat without them," and he posted himself a sentinel at the door.

Ladies came and went. The greatest loneliness of all, the isolation that one feels in a crowd of unfamiliar faces, came over him. His heart was sick with its yearning for Hetty; a blind, hopeless love that would not be fought down. He was angry with himself for loving her as he did; what foolishness to throw away his happiness in fruitless waiting when here was another woman who he was sure did love him. He determined to strangle his love for Hetty as an unmanly weakness and to accept the gift which the fates seemed to offer him.

Just then a dark-mantled figure tripped from the dressing-room, a figure surmounted with a white hat and nodding plumes. Featherstonhaugh bowed and dutifully offered his arm, a tiny hand was slipped within it and they went out into the night together. The widow was unusually silent and she was not looking at him now; it made him uncomfortable to be looked at and he determined to seize the favorable opportunity. "I wanted to talk to you about that picture," he said. "I am willing to waive all further inquiries and to believe it is just as you say, for you know love is blind and I believe you,—that is I believe I love—"

"I know you love the picture," replied a clear voice at his side, not the widow's but Hetty's, and Featherstonhaugh's heart gave a leap as he recognized that he was escorting her home by a happy mistake. "Any one can see," continued Hetty, "that you have given all the devotion of your nature to that object. Some would call you morbid, and I am not sure but you are wrong in wasting so much real affection on the ideal. You know the lines:

> "'Oh! why to those who need them not
> Should costly things be given?
> How much is wasted, wrecked, forgot,
> On this side Heaven.'"

There was a very slight quaver in Hetty's voice, but she would not let him see that she cared and she went on bravely: "But if you really believe that I am right about the picture I don't understand why you are willing to waive all inquiries, why you don't go to New Orleans and look it up."

"Because," replied Featherstonhaugh, "because I don't care a copper about the picture. My grandfather never carried it away from America; my grandfather never was in America. I am not sure that I ever had a grandfather. I bought the picture at auction in Paris. I saw that you were interested in it that day at the Loan Exhibition and must confess to the mistake of trying to interest you by a deception intended to be momentary, the success of which tempted me into this foolish procrastination in explaining. I wish I had never attempted it. Can you pardon the blunder? Hetty, you are the one I have loved all this while."

And Hetty forgave the stratagem as she looked for the first time directly into the truth-telling eyes of the man who loved her, not this time "through a glass darkly, but face to face."

"I have done with deception now," said John Featherstonhaugh; "it is worse than concave glasses for getting one into a scrape. Give me truth after this and your dear face within focal distance—not more than three inches from my eyes—and I'll try to make no more mistakes."

Lizzie W. Champney.

THE HIGHEST CITY.

After a month of living at an altitude from nine to eleven thousand feet above the sea I have just returned to the plains. Tuesday was spent in Leadville; Wednesday morning I was high above timber line among the eternal snows of the Musquito Pass, and on Friday I descended through the Ute Pass to Colorado Springs. The sudden plunge from winter into summer has been delightful. The contrasts are tremendous in abruptly passing from the feverish rush and racket of the mushroom Leadville to the quiet and dignified city of the Springs; from the solemn evergreen shades which cover the high mountains to the intense fresh verdure of the plains; from the fierce dust storms of South Park to the warm winds that come to us from every cañon, laden with odors of the blossoming plum and willow shrubs. Every one knows how much more of delight there is in the suddenness of the northern spring than in its more gradual progress at the South: we notice far more a rapid than a gradual change of any sort. But until one has had the experience he can hardly imagine the full delight which it gives to keep aloof for a month while spring advances, and then suddenly descend into the brilliant color, the odors and the music of living and blooming nature in the full spring-time. About Leadville the first large mountain anemonies were just lifting from the sod their lavender buds on stems of gray velvet—huge as compared with our early spring flower of the East; the early ball-cactus was just donning its crown of satiny pink flowers; but on the plains there are flowers in a brightness, variety and quantity such as no eastern fields can boast.

Leadville stands ten thousand three hundred feet above the sea and is the highest settlement in the country claiming the name of a city. Eighteen miles away and two thousand feet higher is the almost inaccessible town of Kokomo, not yet six months old and already aspiring to be a city; but its charter is not yet obtained. This region is indeed the very heart of the Rocky Mountains. On all sides of Leadville the mountains rise to the regions of perpetual snow. Only a few miles to the north is Mt. Lincoln, almost the highest mountain of Colorado; and across the narrow valley of the Arkansas, in full view from every street of the city, is the great main chain of the Rocky Mountains, the continental divide, rising into many peaks which exceed fourteen thousand feet in height.

California Gulch, the valley in which Leadville is situated, opens toward the south-west into the valley of the Arkansas. The place had great fame about eighteen years ago as the seat of a gold-washing excitement, and was for a time one of the richest of gold-bearing gulches. A miner who washed for gold in the old excitement tells me, that they used constantly to come on water-worn fragments of the silver-bearing carbonate ores mixed with the gravel and, though they wondered at their remarkable weight, they tossed them all aside, little thinking that they indicated riches in the mountains a hundred-fold greater than all the gold of the gulch.

The gold washing has, I believe, been continued ever since the discovery; and now is carried forward on a large scale by a company. The gold-bearing gravel, though no longer very rich, seems to be of greater extent.

Our first approach to Leadville was made

on horseback in the face of a furious snow-storm about the middle of May. The party encamped two miles from town in Iowa Gulch, a valley parallel to that in which Leadville is situated. As it was evening we lay down in the midst of snow and ice and slept the sleep of the just before attempting to see the town.

This Rocky Mountain weather is a puzzle to everyone from the East. The days at this seasou are usually as warm as can be comfortably endured; but every night it freezes hard. Our first morning duty was always to break the ice in our water-bucket with an axe, for no lighter instrument would answer. In the midst of any of these sunny days, which are almost as warm as they are having in New York at this season, a black cloud may suddenly blow up from the mountains and shower down snow for an hour and then pass off as suddenly, leaving the afternoon as hot as ever. With such vicissitudes of weather in twenty-four hours it is not strange that all kinds of colds are prevalent and pneumonia very fatal. I should judge that every third person that one meets on the main street has his throat swathed. A Leadville swell no longer considers himself completely dressed unless his attire is set off by a strip of brilliant flanuel around his neck. It is the frequency of these severe and often fatal colds together with the numerous cases of lead poisoning among the smelters, which have given to Leadville its reputation for unhealthiness. I cannot discover that deaths from other causes are especially common there, unless it may be from overdoses of bad whisky.

The first mine of carbonate ore was discovered at Leadville two years ago. Last summer the population was numbered by hundreds, this summer by thousands. It is a place that fluctuates rapidly in numbers and is variously estimated as containing from twelve to twenty thousand souls. The town has started into existence so suddenly in the midst of a wilderness before inhabited only by the bear and panther and their wild prey, that the old inhabitants seem only half aware that their haunts have been molested. Seated at breakfast before our tent only two miles from the tumult of that intensely busy city, we watched a herd of black-tailed deer come bounding down the slope only a few hundred yards away and then vanish into the opposite woods. Antelope are very frequent visitors to the same place. Only last summer, bison, which are rare in all other parts of Colorado, were killed near at hand in the valley of the Arkansas. After a snow-fall the tracks of the mountain lion are often found by prospecters in the neighboring forest.

A hot morning sun was making short work with what remained of the snow when I left camp to get a first view of Leadville. These woods, which a few months ago had rarely been disturbed by the intrusion of a white man, now contain a population of many hundreds of men supplying charcoal to the various smelters and fuel to the city. We walked for two or three miles through sage brush and through woods half despoiled by the woodmen, catching only occasional glimpses of the town till we came to the very edge of the bluff on the southern side of California Gulch. There the city was almost at our feet. East and west of us through the length of the valley was a mass of bright straw yellow, almost dazzling under the high sun. All the roofs of the closely-built town are of fresh and bright pine shingles, undimmed by any weather-stain. Most of them have never been touched by a drop of raiu, for only snow has fallen hitherto. Here and there from the generally yellow surface rise the tall black chimneys of the smelting works, each tipped with its plume of smoke. Before us, at the very base of the bluff, is the desolated bed of California Creek, all overturned and filled with gravel heaps by the gold washing of many years. From the eastern side of the town rises a very lofty snow-capped mountain, on the lower slopes of which are numerous low buildings of bright, unpainted pine surrounded by the dark evergreen forest. These all mark the sites of mines, some of them of great richness, though many of the most famous are hidden from sight by an angle of the mountain.

The most repulsive side of Leadville life appears on the main street. There are seen a multitude of vicious loungers and shiftless

Micawbers, for whom a mining camp has especial attractions as a place in which something is very likely to turn up to make them rich without work. There are the great gambling halls, all carrying on their business with unrestrained publicity, each with a group of despairing faces at its door. But even in the midst of this rough crowd one meets every few rods a full-blown city policeman, a pleasant reminder of the well-organized government of the town. I often heard the remark from old prospecters that there never was such an orderly mining camp as Leadville.

The pleasanter side of Leadville is seen in the upper part of the town and in the side streets lined with tidy log-houses, some of them inhabited by families of wealth, and made attractive by feminine care and taste.

There are crowds everywhere in Leadville, and yet the most crowded places that I found were the churches on Sunday. The harvest was plenteous, but the laborers were few. The small Roman Catholic church, I noticed in passing, was not only filled, but round the door and all the windows were crowds of worshipers standing with uncovered heads. In neighboring buildings Protestant services were conducted by two lay preachers and were attended by large and earnest audiences.

All day long one sees quantities of wagons passing down the streets, loaded with a dark yellow sand mixed with lumps of crumbling rock. It is the precious carbonate ore on its way to the smelters. Far the greater part of it comes from the one group of mines huddled together on Fryer Hill. The Little Pittsburg, the New Discovery, the Little Chief and other famous mines are in that neighborhood. The ores from all the mines in this group seem to be about the same. Applications to visit the more important mines are usually met with a prompt refusal, but by the courtesy of the manager I was permitted to visit the mine which is, perhaps, the richest of them all, with his guidance to enhance the interest of everything. The commonest ore seems to be the sandy soft carbonate, looking to a careless observer like ordinary sand impregnated with iron. With it are found great quantities of hard carbonate and here and there masses of galena exceedingly rich in silver; one huge globular mass, bearing a thousand ounces of silver to the ton, I saw lying in the lowest part of a gallery where it was left on account of its great weight and the impossibility of raising it until the extension of the mine should provide some easier passage for its removal.

It is hard for one to persuade himself, in looking at this sand and rock, that he is in the midst of such boundless mineral wealth; but in visiting the smelting works, of which the city is full, it is easier to realize the quantity of silver which Leadville produces. Hour after hour the precious shining mixture of silver and lead is ladled out and run into ingots; and wagon after wagon comes up to receive as much bullion as two strong horses can pull. The silver is never refined in Leadville, and is transported much more easily and cheaply in the mixed condition.

A few days are enough to spend on the sights of Leadville, for it is neither a healthful nor attractive place for a long visit. Feeling a natural impatience to be off, I rashly started one afternoon to cross the Musquito Pass, a short cut over the range, used by pedestrians and horsemen during the summer in going from Leadville to South Pass. Knowing that horses had crossed the pass of late, I concluded that it would be possible to ride at least twelve miles over the pass before night. It was not until the passage was finished that people began to mention that the few horses that have crossed nearly perished in the attempt, and that several pedestrians have frozen to death on the pass since the Leadville excitement began. I found myself, when the last dim twilight faded out, alone on the pass nearly thirteen thousand feet above the sea, in the arctic regions above timber line, with my horse hemmed in by snow-drifts which he could not cross, and with a heavy cloud in the east threatening snow before morning. It was about six miles to the nearest ranch, many thousand feet below on the edge of South Park. It seemed doubtful whether I could keep the road in the darkness. A bivouac was impossible, for the last match was just gone from my pocket match-box.

Not caring to risk my life even for a pet horse, I left the poor frightened animal, with doubts as to whether he ever again would be seen alive, and shouldering my baggage started down the mountain. With feelings of great astonishment and thankfulness, after less than a mile of walking I suddenly came on a low log-cabin with a fire-light shining from the window. It was a deserted shanty, built the year before by men at work on a still incomplete toll-road. Two pedestrians, bound for Leadville, had camped in it for the night and built a fire. So I found rest and shelter, and recovered the horse in the morning, for the threatened snow-storm never came.

If you go to Leadville beware of the Musquito Pass, unless you go on foot and at midsummer; and yet the sunset view from the summit was no small compensation for the perils of the way, for it was the most sublime mountain view that I have ever seen. To the west and north the white summits of Mount Lincoln and the other highest mountains could be seen, perhaps to better advantage than from any other point. But even more beautiful was the view toward the east over the great South Park, spread out below and over the eastern ranges beyond. Everything was bathed in various shades of crimson and purple and blue, so brilliant and startling that an artist would hardly dare to copy them as natural. It was not color reflected from sunset clouds, but seemed to be caused by the low sun shining through air rendered hazy by a very windy and dusty day in the Park. This effect seems to be peculiar to the Colorado air. *Alfred Terry Bacon.*

ON THE BEACH AT MARBLEHEAD.

The waters roll up on the rock-strewn beach,
With a music too deep and sweet for speech:

Sometimes they are merry and glad and free,
And they dance and sparkle and laugh with glee.

Sometimes they are sullen and capped with white,
And they smite the shore with a fierce delight;

Through chasms secret and underground,
They press their way with a thunderous sound,

And they boom and break, and dash and roar,
In their wild and passionate rage with the shore.

But the dark, gray rocks on either hand
Ever like faithful sentinels stand,

Listless and cold when the waters play,
Dauntless and bold when the angry spray

Of the storm-driven waves dashes higher and higher,
And the ocean seethes in its mad desire

Now, once and forever, to break its bands,
And sweep in triumph the desolate lands.

So about our lives the currents flow,
Now wild and swift, now gentle and slow,

Now luring us on to soft delight,
Now smiting with almost resistless might.

God grant that we all, like these strong, gray rocks,
Unmindful alike of the tempest shocks,

And of sweet beguiling that smiles and sings,
May keep firm our hold on eternal things!

Frank Foxcroft.

THE HEBREW FAITH IN IMMORTALITY.

The writer has but lately met with the number of *Sunday Afternoon* for March last, and has read with deep interest the paper entitled, "Our Debt to Socrates." The present article is intended as a friendly remonstrance concerning the paper referred to—not that it does too great honor to a man who in much was a thinker for all generations; but that it overlooked somewhat of the Old Testament teachings, and (to some minds it must seem) underrated the Hebrew inspiration.

The writer of "Our Debt to Socrates" placed at the head of his article the words of Job (xiv : 14) "If a man die shall he live again?"—and proceeds: "Whether or not the patriarch could answer his own perplexing question it is hard to say." To us it seems that if his inquiry is simply concerning a future life he answered it immediately. "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come." Death would not be an end but *a change*. His inquiry, however, may be regarded as concerning a *resurrection*-life, of which he perhaps admits (verse 12) that he had no knowledge.

This brings us to notice first of all that the article in question has made (excuse the word) a jumble of "immortality" and "resurrection." For, while the two are inseparably associated in the Christian's thought, yet they are historically distinct. What we mean is that while the idea of a future and immortal existence was familiar to the Greek mind and, as will be here maintained, to the primitive Hebrew mind, yet the idea of resurrection was wholly foreign to the Greek and wholly original to the Hebrew; traceable also to a very early period. And thus when the article affirms that the words at Daniel XII : 2 are "probably the only text in canonical Scripture which directly asserts the doctrine of immortality," it is not only inaccurate in statement, but also in its confusion of two subjects.

Let us look at these two historically, not to separate them but to distinguish them, and to note their appearance in the Hebrew belief. For even though these doctrines do not take on didactic form in the Hebrew writings, yet if they appear in those writings as part of the early Hebrew faith they cannot be mere derivatives of the Socratic teaching.

First as to immortality, or the continuing personality after the present life. If we look at the book of Genesis through the Epistle to the Hebrews we find that Abraham and all the patriarchs had a clear expectation of life in a higher state of being beyond the grave. These all "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth, desiring a better country, even an heavenly." This fact, which is not distinctly affirmed in the Mosaic sketch of Abraham, was no doubt one of those well preserved traditions that had all the value of written history. else the Spirit of God would not have allowed the

writer of the epistle so to use it. Yet the writer of "Our Debt to Socrates" says that "with the ancient Israelite the grave, if it did not end all, at least allowed no hopeful outlook into the future." Why then did a psalmist write, "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel and afterward receive me to glory?" Where another psalmist writes, "Unto God the Lord belong the issues from death" he cannot be understood to mean simply that God knows and we do not what is the outcome of death. In the light of the context it is nearly certain that the expression meant to the devout writer what it still means to the devout reader; viz, that death is to us not an end-all but a change, and that there are issues from it effecting us personally that we commit unto Him who alone is "the God of salvation." When again we read (Psalm XVII: 14) that men of the world have their portion in this life, the inference is plain that men whose affections and hopes are set upon God and the heavenly world have their portion in *another* life. Accordingly note the following verse: "I shall be satisfied, when I awake with Thy likeness."

The writer of the really delightful article we are noticing gives us none too many of choice selections from Plato. But why when giving us the following from the Greek philosopher: "When death attacks a man the mortal part of him may be supposed to die, but the immortal goes out of the way of death, and is preserved safe and sound," and that the soul is "on its way to dwell with the good and wise God," does he not also give us from the Hebrew preacher, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it?" Why is he more ready to quote the desponding than the hopeful expressions from the Old Testament? This from the preacher, be it remembered, was some five or six hundred years before Socrates, and is as much like a Greek thought as a Hebrew thought could well be. We should remember that the typical Hebrew mind was not speculative like the Greek, but imaginative, burning, soaring, impulsive, and in its religious phase almost wholly devotional. So also when David says, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hades," he says of immortality all that Socrates was afterward accustomed to say. Though written expressly of Christ, the words must surely indicate the Hebrew belief in a future life. The soul at death is not dispersed, blown about, ended up. It goes out from the body and goes to hades. We are not now concerned with the *state* of being, a state that must be experienced to be known; but with the *fact* of being and of continuing to be; and with the condition only that it is one suited to a local habitation. This was held alike by ancient Greek and by more ancient Hebrew. But what Socrates taught as philosophy David expressed as matter of faith, and even matter of interior knowledge; for with him it was not speculation, it was *consciousness.*

If it be said that psalmists and prophets were exceptional men, it may be answered that so were poets and philosophers exceptional men. Hebrew and Greek were alike destitute of the printing-press and the Sunday-school; but they were *un*like in this, that the religious faith of the Hebrew was far more communicable to the common people than were the religious speculations of the Greek.

We return to our inquiry of the Old Testament, and notice [Prov. xiv., 32] Solomon assures us that while the wicked is driven away in his wickedness, the righteous hath *hope in his death.* Hope of what, at that stage of his experience, if not of immortality beyond? Yet here we confront the astounding assertion that "Over patriarchs, judges, kings, prophets and scribes, through all the Jewish dispensation, hung the dark cloud of uncertainty and gloom"! As compared with the Christian, we may indeed say yes, but as compared with the Greek we say emphatically no. This doctrine burned far clearer in the faith of Israel than in the philosophy of Greece.

When Solomon says again that "the wise shall inherit glory," it may be objected that he means an earthly glory; and—we may ask the objector to prove it. Meanwhile, we turn over to Isaiah LVII. 1, 2, and read that at death "the righteous is taken away from the evil to come; he shall enter into peace." So, turning again to the devo-

tional writings, we have the same faith in fuller utterance, the soul throwing itself upon the faithful Creator thus: "Thou wilt show me the path of life; in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand are pleasures forevermore." There is nothing in Plato equal to this. Yet our friend affirms that Socrates' doctrine was announced "two hundred and fifty years before any expression of belief in immortality appears in the Hebrew writings"! The Athenian sage being young as compared with the early prophets (later, indeed, than any save Malachi), it would follow that Moses and the prophets and the psalms are totally silent on the subject. The Alexandrian Jew, we are told, "received his first definite impressions of the immortality of the soul" from the Platonic writings. It would then be assumed that the expression of Simeon, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace," indicates that his faith had been clarified by Socrates. But we can with at least equal reason assume that it had been instructed out of the psalms and the prophets.

We may go further back, and listen to the voice of a gentile far earlier than either Socrates or Isaiah or David, preserved for us in the very most ancient of the Hebrew writings: "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his." Why, if the grave is all of it? If there is no wider or more enduring difference between the righteous and the wicked than between a docile horse and a vicious horse, why say let me *die the death* of the righteous? The only notable or desirable difference would be in *the life*, not at all in the death. What is this death of the righteous that is so much desired? Balaam himself, it is true, was not encumbered with overmuch righteousness. But his whole "parable" must be understood as having voiced for us the best faith of the truest religion, a religion of "one God and Father of all."

In view of the much that may be thus brought out from the Hebrew writings concerning the Hebrew faith in a future life, we cannot suppose that such expressions as "gathered unto his fathers," "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me," etc., are simply tropes and nothing more; forms of speech for lying down in the grave. If this be thought too purely inferential, the same cannot be thought of the word "forever" so often used in its relation to the agent; as in the oft-recurring expressions, "I will give thanks unto Thee forever;" "I will praise Thy name for ever and ever." It is certain that if Socrates, substituting the didactic form for the devotional, had said that he and other good men should praise God for ever and ever, much would have been made of it as clear testimony to a future and immortal life.

That this element of the Hebrew faith does not in the Old Testament assume the garb of formal doctrine only renders it the more vital, and the more evident as a matter of course in the religious experience of that people. That its several aspects were not formulated, as were moral principles, nor tabulated as was the law, nor exactly revealed as in prophetic vision, is only because it had been revealed from the beginning and was held tenaciously in accordance with the deepest instincts of human nature and the true poetic intuitions of the Hebrew soul. The tradition of Enoch's translation and the historic incident of Elijah's must have confirmed the belief that not only is there a higher realm of angels and spirits,[1] but also that the spirits of just men are made perfect. When, then, we notice that our Lord's portrayal of future realities in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus excited no surprise in the Jewish mind, the fact cannot without violence be attributed to the Jews' growing acquaintance with Greek philosophy. It is traceable to their indigenous literature, then already venerable, and to their national religious faith that antedates Hesiod and was groped after by Socrates.

When Socrates reasons from his conscience to immortality he reasons with sense and concludes with truth. But when he reasons from his fancy to pre-existence, to a knowledge of reminiscence, and on to a motley transmigration, must not his best admirers call him childish? Compared

[1] Witness the long succession of "visions of angels" peculiar to that people, from the days of Abraham.

with this, the supposed precipitancy of the Hebrew writers in their occasional affirmation that the dead know not anything is moderate and edifying. Such expressions may fairly be regarded as metaphorical, or at most as putting the thing that seems for the thing that is. We may apply to the case the thought of a recent writer in another connexion: "That which is popularly true may be scientifically false—as, the sun rises and sets." So a statement that the dead cannot praise God is true or not true, according to the stand-point. If I am looking at the human life as it has been known on earth, if I am looking at the human form, if I am looking into the grave, I speak correctly, and every one understands me. But if I am looking beyond the grave I say something else. So did the sacred writers: "The saints shall sing aloud in glory;" "O Lord, my God, I will give thanks unto Thee forever;" "Into Thine hand I commit my spirit."

Socrates did not bring immortality to light. At best he concluded that a man who died a philosopher may hope for divine society hereafter. The best of common souls may find their way back to the best of animals, or possibly to a repetition of human experience—not a very animating prospect. Only the philosophers who had withdrawn themselves from the claims of the body in the contemplation of abstract virtue could hope for a place among the gods. For example, take this from *The Phaedo*, Cary's translation, page 71:

> "Are not they the most happy, and do they not go to the best place, who have practised that social and civilized virtue which they call temperance and justice, and which is produced from habit and exercise without philosophy and reflection? . . . Because it is probable that these should again migrate into a corresponding civilized and peaceable kind of animals, such as bees, perhaps, or wasps, or ants, or even into the same human species again, and from these become moderate men. . . . But it is not lawful for any one who has not studied philosophy and departed this life perfectly pure to pass into the ranks of gods, but only for the true lover of wisdom."

We mean no defamation of Socrates when we protest that this reminds us of the Pharisees who thought that none of the species *homo* but Pharisees would enjoy the favor of God.

Let us put it fairly and squarely thus: Socrates and Gandama Boodha, or the Old Testament—which? From which of these shall the plain seeker derive most light on the one question of our relation to God and a future life? The comparison is not between the Old Testament and the New, but between the Old Testament and the wisest of the heathen teachers. And in reference to this one subject of immortality we affirm that the best glory of all those is not worthy to be compared with the glory that stands revealed in the Hebrew canon. The fact that the words "immortality" and "resurrection" do not occur in the Old Testament is nothing to the point. If the Old Testament were a system of philosophy we should look for statement, argument, proof, touching every one of its doctrines. But, being as much greater than philosophy as the heavens are greater than the earth, the reader is continually conscious of a mighty under-current of instruction deeper and stronger by far than formulated statements, and by which we know that it comes from God and leads to God. Statements there are, indeed, like phosphorescent crests upon the tide; but the strength of the tide is underneath. Those who have thought upon the Lord's name could not be his in that day when He makes up His jewels if there were no day in which He makes them up.

Regarding the doctrine of the resurrection, it is this aspect of the future life that is especially prominent in the later Jewish literature, or what are called the apocryphal books. The writers of these books are supposed to have been, and no doubt were, imbued with Greek modes of thought; but it is certain that they did not derive their idea of resurrection-life from any gentile source. Indeed, the idea is especially foreign to the Greek mind; at first, ludicrous and repulsive. "When they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked, and others said, we will hear thee again of this matter." It was startling by its entire newness and seeming extravagance. Paul seemed to the Athenian philosophers "a setter-forth of strange gods, because he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrec-

tion." But "why should it be thought with" either Greek or Roman "a thing incredible that God should raise the dead?"

The apocryphal writers had their doctrine from the martyr confessors of their day, who in their turn derived it, not only as matter of doctrine, but as matter of soul-sustaining faith, from the canonical Scriptures. It is well known that the Samaritans, who received only the Pentateuch as of divine authority, based their belief in the resurrection upon the single declaration in Deuteronomy: "I kill and I make alive" (xxxii., 39. So I. Sam. ii., 6; II. Kings v., 7.) Whatever may be thought of this as a clear statement or otherwise of the doctrine, it is certain that the Hebrew faith, from very early times, looked forward to resurrection rewards. The Epistle to the Hebrews is again in witness here. It affirms not only that Abraham looked for a city whose builder and maker is God, but that when tried by the call to offer up Isaac, he accounted that God was able to raise him up even from the dead. The further allusion, in Heb. xi., 35, to an ancient resurrection-hope may be thought to refer to the later Jewish history; but to a plain reader the construction of the sentence would preclude any such thought. However, if we turn to the prophets we may read (Hos. xiii., 14:) "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death; O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction." Now, in view of what we have seen of the hope of Abraham and of Moses and of the Samaritans, we need not suppose that the prophet's words conveyed a wholly new idea. It may be rather that the Divine Promiser has here crystallized and fastened in golden setting an idea long held in solution in the Hebrew mind. Other similar utterances are familiar, and will occur to the reader, as *e. g.*, Isaiah, xxvi., 19. Whatever the kindly critics may do to destroy the simple Christian's comfort in such declarations of faith as at Job xix., 25–27, or of prophecy, as Dan. xii., 2, it will not be denied that Jewish tradition held and Jewish Scriptures taught a resurrection of the body. We are ready to think that Isaiah (LIII., 12) implies what Psalm xvi., 10, formally declares—the resurrection of a slain Messiah. But the idea of a Redeemer risen and reigning without a redeemed people would be wholly unnatural; and the Old Testament would lead us to the very opposite conclusion. Accordingly, when Paul preached the sufferings and resurrection of Christ, he affirms that he was "witnessing none other things than the prophets and Moses did say should come, that Christ should . . . be *the first* that should rise from the dead."[1]

Our obligation to Socrates is great. It rests upon the exceptional evolution in his own experience of the finer intuitions that are in some degree common to all men; upon his clear perception of their transcendent import, and the gigantic facility with which he reduced them to axioms and even to scientific order. Our obligation may be said to be even enhanced by his heroic devotion to his perceptions of truth, and to what he considered his proper service to mankind. His well-used endowment, by which he became not only the gifted thinker but also the practiced reasoner, coupled with his singular faith in a divine goodness and deference to a divine will, these together mark him at once the wisest and the most child-like among ancient princes of philosophy. But we claim that the Hebrew perception of immortality was not only prior and independent, but that it was as much clearer as their knowledge of the one true God was more emphatic and authoritative. We may claim even more, and say that the Jewish apprehension of the future life, being free from superstitious and fanciful inventions, was not only more clearly defined than the Greek, but was also more vital, and therefore more true and satisfying and enduring. It was simply one element of a religion that on all sides was inseparable from morality. The conscious trust in the living God and the adoring approach to Him implies and conveys the consciousness

[1] Aside from the typical teaching of the sheaf of the first fruits, we are not aware that the resurrection of Christ is referred to in the Mosaic writings. In the prophets it may be noted as associated with that of His people, at Isaiah xxvi., 19; xxv., 8, and perhaps Zech. xiv., 5, l. c.

of participation in the divine nature and of citizenship in a hereafter. "My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever."

Nor should we forget that the Hebrew faith was a faith founded upon testimony. Its intuitions and convictions were progressively strengthened, deepened, enlarged, clarified, by defined knowledge of the divine character and will, communicated through miracle and prophecy as to no other nation. The advantage of the Jew was "chiefly that unto them were committed the oracles of God." It is not possible to suppose that a people the key-note of whose religion was the divine forgiveness of sin, could have been either indifferent or uninformed as to the life everlasting. Hence the allusions to it in their literature, though comparatively few, are to the point, and free from all speculation; full of ardor and of expectancy, being based upon the revealed sympathy and faithfulness of a holy and gracious God "Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth." A religion that could voice itself in words like these did not need a philosophy to clarify its faith in immortality.

Geo. Hopkins.

NOTE.—The words of God to Moses (Exod. iii., 6) might seem at first reading to point only to a continued separate existence of the soul; but they are emphatically given by our Lord to the Sadducees in proof of the resurrection of the body. In allusion to this a recent Christian apologist remarks that what is a pledge of immortality is a pledge of resurrection likewise, "because the body is necessary to complete the man, even in glory." And again that a moral resurrection and the resurrection of the complete man to glory "are not two lives, but two stages of the same life." "The process of recovery, like the fall itself, is from within outward." (The late R. W. Mousell, of Neuchatel.) G. H.

A BOOK WORTH READING.*

Mr. Hammerton, in his recent criticism on "English and American Painting," remarks apropos to Bridgeman's picture of a Nile funeral: "While fully admitting the skill and power displayed in this work, may I be pardoned for saying that I never could get up much interest in pictures of ancient Egyptian life. Ancient Egypt is very remote from our sympathies—much more remote than Greece and Rome—and beside that, it is awkward to deal with pictorially. Mr. Poynter, the English academician, made a hit with his 'Israel in Egypt' because the subject interested the public, but the material in the picture was very difficult to manage artistically, much more difficult than the Roman material in the 'Catapult' by the same artist. I can truly say that Mr. Bridgeman's picture seemed to me one of the least awkward representations of the ancient Egyptians that I ever met with; the artistic and poetic feeling of the painter prevented him from falling into mere archæology and the workmanship left nothing to be desired."

"Least awkward" may seem "faint praise" to Mr. Bridgeman and his ardent admirers, but most of us, I fancy, sympathize with the critic's torpid enthusiasm over ancient Egyptian—and perhaps ancient anything—life. At least one's heart responds more briskly to the joys and sorrows of one's own time and familiar scenery, than to the sublimest emotions and most gorgeous spectacles of a strange people and a forgotten age. But now and then a divine miracle is wrought and the dead Aaron's dead rod buds in fresh, immortal beauty.

When the young zealot of our household, just beginning her teens, looked up from a volume in which she had been absorbed since its arrival, and inquired eagerly, "Did you ever read much of Pentaur's poetry?" mamma after some moments of dazed introspection was forced to reply that her repertory did not include a line of Pentaur, and in fine that Pentaur's very name was unknown to her. The child's astonishment

1 Uarda; by Georg Ebers. Leipzig: 1877. In 2 vols. Bernhard Tanchnitz. Translated by Clara Bell.

and the mother's chagrin were equal, but the latter was somewhat mollified by the discovery that the poet in question was an Egyptian, contemporary with Moses, and the interest which the advent of a two-volumed Tanchnitz always inspires in her breast sank to zero at the prospect of such a very, very dead hero. For it is the poet-priest and his royal sweetheart, rather than the dumb slave's daughter, in whom the interest of this remarkable novel centers. Indeed, we can but think that the title of "Uarda" (Rose) was chosen chiefly in justification of the graceful dedication.

"Thou knowest well from what this book arose.
When suffering seized and held me in its clasp,
Thy fostering hand released me from its grasp,
And from amid the thorns there bloomed a rose.
Air, dew and sunshine were bestowed by Thee,
And, Thine it is; without these lines from me."

The youngling's enthusiasm was insatiable, however, and I in my turn am amazed if you, poor reader, are not well up in your Pentaur. Indeed I do not know why "Uarda" is not the historical novel of literature.

History and fiction, even when manipulated by a master, are apt to mingle after the fashion of the St. Lawrence and the Oswegatchie. It is stated that a tropical visitor to the junction of these antipathetic streams, now goes about the world declaring that by actual experiment she dipped a glass vessel over the boat side into the blue of the mighty river, and then on the other side she filled the remaining space with the tawny waters of the reluctant tributary, only to see them still preserve their opposite characteristics, with the dividing line as sharp within the glass as at the very outset their enforced flow within the two banks. But the St. Lawrence's rapids and Dr. Eber's genius unify the most stubborn incompatibles.

What Mr. Hammerton thinks Mr. Bridgeman has done "less awkwardly" than most men, our author has, it seems to me, wrought with supreme skill in his Uarda. It goes without showing that in "mere archæology" the director of the library at Sena, the Egyptologist and the companion of Lepsius in his researches, is unimpeachable. In his previous novel, "An Egyptian Princess" (an American reprint changes this title to "The Daughter of an Egyptian King"), delightful as it was in many respects, the specific gravity of the history was, on the whole, too much for the romance, and the lover of antiquities found more satisfaction than the novel-lover. But in Uarda the union is perfect; dividing lines of race and age are obliterated, and the absorbed reader becomes himself an Egyptian of the Egyptians, and awakens at last with a half homesick longing for the restoration of the kingdom of Rameses the Brave. The secret of Prof. Eber's success is declared by one of his German critics to be "that which constitutes the vital breath of every true and genuine poem, be it an epic or a drama or a novel—the exhibition and illustration of the *everlastingly human* amid the ever shifting scenes of life." Indeed, the author himself, in his preface to Uarda, frankly uncovers the "hiding of his power" when he says: "He who desires to paint the ancient Egyptians with truth and fidelity must regard it in some sort as an act of enfranchisement; that is to say, he must release the conventional forms from those fetters which were peculiar to their art and altogether foreign to their real life. Indeed, works of sculpture remain to us of the time of the first pyramid, which represent men with the truth of nature unfettered by the sacred canon. We can recall the so-called 'Village Judge' of Borlay the 'Scribe,' now in Paris, and a few figures in bronze, in different museums, as well as the noble and characteristic busts of all epochs, which amply prove how great the variety of individual physiognomy, and with that, of individual character, was among the Egyptians, . . . an industrious and peaceful people, passionately devoted, it is true, to all that pertains to the other world, but also enjoying the gifts of life to the fullest extent—nay, sometimes to excess. Real men, such as we see around us in actual life, not silhouettes constructed to the old priestly scale, such as the monuments show us—real living men dwelt by the old Nile stream, and the poet who would represent them must

courageously seize on types out of the daily life of modern men that surround him, without fear of deviating too far from reality, and, placing them in their own long past time, color them only, and clothe them to correspond with it." This courage and recreating power our poet possesses, and so it comes to pass that we are no less at home in the scenes of Uarda than in Vanity Fair or Middlemarch. Priestcraft and protectoratism in ancient Thebes are seen to be identical with priestcraft and protectoratism in middle-aged Rome and Germany and in young America. We become as thrillingly intimate with the *affaires du cœur* of an Egyptian mummy as with those of our pretty next-door neighbor, albeit her exchange of hearts is more equal and voluntary and less a crime, let us hope, than the ancients'. Scheran, the little dwarf, is far nearer and infinitely dearer to us than Tom Thumb and the Midgets. So fascinated are we by the stammering young doctor and insatiable naturalist, Nebsecht, and his hunt for the seat of intelligence, that we find ourselves furtively glaring over our shoulder in terror lest Bergh and his minions should get wind of his experiments and interfere just at the supreme moment of discovery, which seems close at hand. And our eyes are wet as at a brother's death-bed when a mightier spoiler snatches him from us and his eager quest, with the cry of the wisest of our own day upon his lips: "*If only I could prove—could prove—*"

And—shall I confess it?—the devotions of my own church yesterday are dim in memory and remote from my deepest sympathies compared with the prayer of Pentaur of the House of Seti, thirty centuries ago: "O Thou the One—though stars may fall from heaven in summer nights, still Thy eternal and immutable laws guide the never-resting planets in their paths. Thou pure and all-pervading spirit that dwellest in me, as I know by my horror of a lie, manifest Thyself in me—as light when I think, as mercy when I act, and, when I speak, as truth—always as truth!"

It may be admitted that now and then a little clap-trap appears in these volumes. They "mixed those babies up," for example, after the most approved "Buttercup" fashion, under the shadow of the pyramids, and Uarda's final identification as a Greek princess has a narrow escape from the proverbial strawberry-mark on the left arm. But these flaws, if flaws at all, rather increase the verisimilitude and vividness of the picture—its *everlastingly human* likeness; and, aside from its superior claims, historic, philosophic and poetic, it is amazing that as a mere sensational novel of the intensest nature Uarda should have escaped reprint by our hydra press. The splendor and *verve* of the final battle, when the Pharaoh rides forth conquering and to conquer, with the brave Mena as his charioteer and his trained lions raging through the enemy's ranks, can hardly be equaled, and one would fancy this scene alone would commend these volumes to the business and bosom of the caterers to the national appetite for highly-seasoned literature.

The Bible student, to whom Egypt is forever sacred as the foster-mother of the incomparable lawgiver of the Old Testament, and, in less degree, but pathetic attraction, of the divine testator of the New (as He found there "repose" after the flight from Herod's sword), will find rich material and fresh inspiration in this work, which makes real and instantly present the very time of Moses. I do not envy that Christian's toughness of fibre who can, without tingling of the blood and tightening of the heart-strings, pass over that sunrise scene on Mount Sinai [*vide* Vol. II., pp. 180 and 181], when for one moment the Egyptian poet-priest who aspires, stands face to face with the Hebrew poet-priest who has attained: "Seek Him, and you will find Him. On this spot, on such a morning as this, was He revealed to me." *Mrs. E. A. Walker.*

THE GRIMANI MISSAL.

Hidden away in the treasuries of the Ducal Palace at Venice, is one of the most famous books in the world, the Missal or Breviary of the Cardinal Grimani. Executed in the fifteenth century, during the reign of Pope Sixtus IV., and not improbably by his orders, it became in 1489 the property of Cardinal Domenico Grimani, who purchased it, as it is conjectured, of one of the artists employed in its decoration. The price paid was 500 seguins, or 6,000 francs; a sum which expressed in relative modern values, would amount to nearly or quite 5,000 dollars.

Of this Cardinal Grimani, who was patriarch of Aquileja as well, it is said, that besides being a man of pure life and devout piety he was a friend and patron of the fine arts, which he liberally encouraged, "thus introducing," as Morelli prettily expresses it, "into his own family the love and protection of the gentle courtesies of life." In his will, dated August 16, 1523, he commands that his nephew Marino Grimani, in whose favor he had vacated the patriarchship of Aquileja, should inherit the Missal, and keep it near him always until his death, at which time it should become the property of the Venetian republic. Marino died in Rome, amid the convulsions of the year 1540, and the precious book might easily have disappeared and perished with the other lost treasures of that period of storm and struggle, had not Giovanni Grimani, his successor in the patriarchy, with an infinity of pains and expense, traced and recovered it. The rarity of the work, and the trouble and money which he had expended in searching for it, moved the worthy prelate with a desire to keep it during his life-time. This favor was accorded him by the Signory of Venice, and accordingly it remained in his possession till just before his death in 1593; when, faithful to his obligation, he called to him Messir Marc Antonio, Barbaro Francesco, procurator of San Marco, and to him entrusted the Missal, with instructions to place it in the hands of the Doge Pasquale Cicogna, while in full conclave. This was done, and the book was deposited in the library of San Marco.

Many years later, to ensure its more perfect security, it was removed to the Basilica Marciana, at which time, by order of the council, its present superb cover of velvet and silver was added to it. So jealously was the Missal guarded and so seldom was it shown that its very existence was nearly unknown for more than a century, and there is almost no allusion to it in the works of contemporaneous writers on art. In the Memoir of Morelli, he speaks of seeing it for the first time on the occasion of the entrance of Gustavus III. into Venice in 1784; and of having seen it twice beside, but very secretly, by candle-light, and for a few moments only! At length, unable longer to endure that such a treasure should be hidden from the world, he set about entreating the authorities to remove the book to the Marcian library, of which he was at that time librarian. After "laboring and wearying for that purpose during three entire months," the petition was granted by the municipality of the day, and the Missal was transferred to the library, where it has remained since, regarded as "one of the most precious gems of human workmanship with which that famous depositary is enriched." Morelli did more than this; for being now able to examine the Missal at leisure, he undertook to make it known by carefully written descriptions and copies of some of the miniatures; and these notices, published after his death, served to announce to the world the existence of this famous masterpiece of Flemish painting. The miniatures have been again copied within our own century for reproduction in Paris among the illustrations of a sumptuous work, "The Evangelists, the Sundays and Fetes;" and Perrive, a photographer in Venice, has been permitted to photograph the entire volume, page by page, letterpress and pictures alike. These photographs are obtainable at his shop on the Piazza of St. Marco, either singly, or as a collection, enclosed in a cover

as nearly as possible duplicating the original binding.

To these modern facilities there has been added until very recently, the exhibition of the Missal to all who choose to apply for the privilege for one hour on one day of the week. So few travelers knew of this precious opportunity, that not one in fifty availed themselves of it, and of late the permission has been withdrawn—for what reason it is not stated or understood.

Going on the stroke of the clock, to make the most of the one brief hour, the visitor was apt to find that some party—British usually, for our English cousins are wise in their generation and have a happy knack at securing the best places and things—had got before him, bribed the *custode*, entered in advance of the clock, and entrenched itself firmly in the middle seats of the table on which the book was shown—the only ones where it is possible to see with comfort. On the outskirts of this firmly-planted garrison, a little cloud of people would gather, pushing, squeezing, craning their necks and eying their more fortunate neighbors with a melancholy distaste. Then a door would open, and the librarian would swoop in, bearing the book, a squarish folio, about twelve inches by ten in size, bound in crimson velvet, with ornaments in the corners and center of oxydized silver in raised work, gilded; on one side the arms and effigy of the Cardinal Grimani; on the other those of his father, the Doge Grimani; and on both an inscription in raised letters relating to the gift. Placing this on an inclined frame in the middle of the table, the librarian would turn the pages over, rather rapidly, as behooved a man who has 831 to turn, and only a short hour to do it in. Now and again he would slant the frame to right or to left at the urgent prayer of some baffled member of the flanking party, who found a half-glimpse for a half second at an acute right angle too tantalizing to be endured, and mustered Italian enough for the emergency to indicate his wish for more. Over and over and over; blues, greens, golds, delicious seconds of color and splendor; then the clock would boom the fatal hour, and the librarian, closing the Missal and bowing courteously, would turn away, leaving the *custode* to pocket his francs and see the strangers out. That was all; but it was possible to go again and yet again, and out of many peeps to construct a perfect view; or even with good luck on one's side to "head off" the inevitable English party.

The missal has 831 pages, as I have said, each a masterpiece of lettering and of the most sumptuous decoration. All the artists employed were Flemish, as it would appear. It was the heyday of early Flemish art, and the most celebrated masters of the time—Hans Memnling, Jan Van Eyck and Gerard Van der Meyer, beside other less prominent names—are fully represented.

The book, which has no proper frontispiece or title-page, begins with the tables of the calendar, each occupying a double page, with illustrations drawn from the rural occupations of the different months. The borderings of the spring calendars cluster with daisies, pinks, bluettes, strawberries, peas, lilies-of-the-valley, red lilies on gold, with shadows in gold-brown, fleur-de-lis, callow birds and nests of pearly eggs. On one a superb peacock trails his gem-like tail down the entire length of the page. September gives pictures of vineyard life and the grape press engarlanded with clusters of purple, white and pale-green grapes amid their foliage. For December there is a stag hunt. On the reverse page the boar is brought home, with jolly huntsmen and fanfare of horns; a woman heats the oven for the forthcoming pasty; a little child tugs courageously at the hind leg of the dead monster. All is revelry and rustic triumph.

Following the calendar are twenty-four superb miniatures by the hand of Hans Memling, and following these, the prayers, with sixty additional miniatures of the size of the full page. Beside these are eighteen miniatures of smaller size; and each page of letterpress is decorated with a lateral stripe or band, most beautifully illuminated and of an infinite variety of design. These emblazoned borderings are painted with wonderful fineness and fidelity to nature, and are examples of the boundless range of subject open to all artists who faithfully study natu-

ral effects. The meanest things as well as the most beautiful play a part in these borders. Caterpillars crawl and beetles fly; spiders weave their webs; cocoons swing from festoons of vines; there are fish, animals, bits of architecture and landscape; figures finished with the most minute perfection; flowers of every hue, fruits, arabesques in silver, in gold—in fact, nameless colors caught apparently out of the vanishing rainbow; jewels, statues, vases, cameos, medals: "all demonstrating," says Morelli, "the genius of the artists who could do all this without once incurring the risk of a repetition. Even the lettering of the prayers, and the initial letters, merit special admiration, being executed with singular care and an almost unattainable mastery."

The subjects of the miniatures are taken from Scripture or from the lives of eminent saints. There is an adoration of the magi, by Jan Van Eyck; stiff, gravely gorgeous, full of his peculiar and quaint seriousness. In other pictures the Queen of Sheba is brought to Solomon, her hair ablaze with a network of jewels; Sampson carrying off the gates of Gaza—on the reverse page, Christ is seen opening the gates of Death. There is the miracle of the Pentecost; the Tower of Babel; Abraham entertaining the angel visitants. Farther on, Paradise and Hell—Paradise dark blue, with the Virgin and Child and angels adoring above, Death chasing souls at bottom. On the opposite page, with a border of jewels and robin redbreasts grounded with a wonderful pale rose color, a funeral procession is displayed. The birth of St. John is balanced by the Wilderness. St. Peter in pontifical robes, a majestic figure, faces the equally majestic St. Paul in a background of clear pearl. St. George encounters a rainbow-tinted dragon, and St. Antonio is portrayed performing the miracle of causing his ass to bow down to the Host. St. Christopher, a massive and striking figure, holds aloft the fair Child-Christ. A band of pansies and rubies borders the group. St. Michael has strawberries and ripe cherries, with blue-and-white violets painted against gold. Another border shows roses and a fly with transparent wings on a background of clouded gray. Others reveal forget-me-nots, young owlets hooting in their nests, humming-birds, lizards; butterflies, white, blue, golden, brown, or velvet black, with bands and stars of vivid color. Opposite the death of the Virgin is her coronation, with an environment of exquisite boy angels swinging censers. Later she appears again, with a reverse page on which is blazoned her emblems and attributes, the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley, the enclosed garden, the fountain sealed, the glass of Justice, the tower of ivory. And I remember one wondrous page in which shone a magnificent black dragon-fly, with gauzy, transparent wings, which absolutely seemed to flutter and tremble against their background of faint, lovely yellow. The miniatures are of an almost incalculable perfection and value; but these delicious borders, with their wealth and variety, equaled them—nothing could surpass—in the power to delight.

"And what shall I say," winds up the enthusiastic Perrive, "of the fineness of the miniature painting, of the beauty of the coloring, and the truly sublime sentiment which pervades each part? Here is all that the Flemish school of that epoch possessed of the most beautiful; and Moretti was quite right when he affirmed that this manuscript was the most valuable in existence, and the most authentic and marvelous collection of miniatures which that school has ever produced." *Susan Coolidge.*

PRAISE.

I praise Thee, God the Father, for this good gift of life,
Else I had never known the joy that brightens Christian strife.

I praise Thee, Christ the Savior, for all thine earthly woe;
Hadst Thou not grieved and died for me, I had not loved Thee so.

I praise Thee, Holy Spirit, thy grace hath entered in;
Until Thy light fell on my heart, I could not see my sin.

I praise Thee, blessed Trinity, Creator, Savior, Guide;
O let the thanks that fill my soul forever there abide!

Charles F. Richardson.

THE PROBLEM OF INTEMPERANCE.

After all the efforts that have been made by the teetotal societies and other temperance organizations, and by prohibitory legislation; after all the invectives that have been hurled by the press and from the pulpit and the platform; the torrent of intemperance still surges through the land with increasing volume, and there are more intoxicating liquors sold and drank in the United States to-day, than at any former period of our history. We know it is claimed by the workers in the temperance cause that through their efforts a reform has been accomplished, and that wine and spirits have been banished from houses and homes where formerly these were thought to be indispensable; but this reformation, if any there be, has occurred mostly among the wealthy and refined, the upper classes, so to speak; and it still remains sadly, indubitably true, that among the laboring part of the population, the common people, intemperance is increasing. The statement we have made above is based upon the statistics of the liquor traffic. A reference to these discloses the fact that the amount of ale, beer and spirituous liquors manufactured and sold in the United States, and also the amount of wine and brandy imported from foreign countries, has steadily, year by year increased, and continues to increase, and that in a ratio far beyond the increase of population; so that the aggregate consumption must have also increased.

Granting, then, that a reformation has indeed taken place in the quarters claimed for it, quarters where the indulgence was most usually moderate, and where, although excesses were doubtless sometimes committed, they were not of frequent occurrence; in other words, in quarters where there was the least need of reform, is this all that the friends of temperance and total abstinence have to show for years of labor? If so, verily a mountain has been in labor, and has brought forth a mouse. Never in the history of human effort have the results been so out of all proportion to the exertions made. Why this is so has long been a problem with those engaged in the temperance reformation, and has caused a suspicion to arise in the minds of reflecting men, that there must be something radically wrong in our treatment of the evil.

The effects of alcohol on the human system, both physiological and pathological, are now well known. They have been much studied by medical men and definite conclusions arrived at. These have been made known to the public in numerous articles, essays and reviews. There is the treatise of Dr. Carpenter, for example, a prize essay for which he was awarded one hundred guineas, and which is exhaustive of the subject of which it treats. We have not now much further to learn on this head. These publications have been before the world for a long time, and no one can plead ignorance on that score. But the craving for strong drink still continues, and is as much indulged as ever. The causes of this craving and its manifestations, however, have not been so well studied. Intemperance has heretofore been looked upon rather as a perversion of the moral faculty than as a physical malady, having its origin in physical causes. We propose, therefore, in the present article, to treat this question in a somewhat different way—to treat it rather as a physiologist than as a moralist; rather as a physician than as a metaphysician; and in doing so we shall allude to some of

the causes, or alleged causes of this abnormal appetite; and shall then consider some causes that have not hitherto been generally regarded as such. We shall consider first certain causes which are universal, world-wide in their operation; and after that, some that are local, and peculiar to ourselves.

What then are the causes for this inordinate craving for spirituous liquors that is manifested by our people? Some there are who allege that the craving itself is merely an excessive development of what they term a natural love for things stimulating and narcotic, which inheres in the people of every clime and of every nation, civilized or savage. But does any such craving pertain to man in his normal condition? Is it true that while no single member of the brute creation manifests any such instinctive desire for these things, that man, a nobler creature than any of them, but, unlike them, endowed with reason, should be possessed with such a degrading appetite? This has always been a popular notion. It is true that swine have been taught to drink liquor, as a goat has been taught to chew tobacco; but such a phenomenon occurs only after the natural instincts of the animal have been perverted by persistent effort. When a glass of raw spirits, or even of beer, is put for the first time to the lips of a child, it is rejected with expressions of disgust. But by tippling every day with the leavings of rum and sugar in the bottom of its father's tumbler, this aversion is by degrees overcome, and in time the child becomes able to take its liquor "straight," and at last to like it. We know, too, that the young Teuton becomes fond of beer marvelously early in life. But this we think is more from the force of example than anything else. A child is apt to think that there must be something good in what his parents seem to value so much. Then again, some nursing mothers think it necessary to imbibe ale, porter or wine, in greater or lesser quantities, in order, as they say, to support their strength under the drain of lactation. Now it is a well-known fact that a nursing infant can be intoxicated or narcotized by alcoholic beverages or opium ingested by the mother. The process of making a drunkard is thus in many cases begun before the child is weaned; and it is not much to be wondered at, that such should on reaching manhood, or even sooner, develop an appetite for intoxicating drinks.

Another potent cause belonging also to the first category is the influence of hereditary descent, by which a predisposition to the use of alcoholic stimulants is received from the parent, transmitted from father to son, and from generation to generation. No physiological law is more generally recognized by men of science than that of the transmission of constitutional peculiarities and infirmities, physical, intellectual and moral by parents to their children—"Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." Holy Writ affirms it, all intelligent men assent to it, and all experience proves it. Peculiarities of form and feature, temperamental idiosyncrasies, and moral qualities, it is well known, are transmitted from parent to child. The predisposition to certain diseases, as gout, scrofula, consumption, insanity, etc., is also transmitted, and sometimes the disease itself. And may not the same be the case with regard to the appetite for intoxicating liquors? There can be no doubt that it frequently is. Dr. Carpenter says: "We should expect to find that the offspring of habitual drunkards would be especially prone to intemperate habits. That such is the case is within the knowledge of all who have enjoyed opportunities for observation." This fact seems to have been known to the ancients, for Plutarch says, "One drunkard begets another," and Aristotle remarks, "Drunken women bring forth children like unto themselves."

The late Mr. George Combe of Edinburgh, the celebrated phrenologist, in one of his popular works, relates that he once knew a gentleman who in the former part of his life had been somewhat intemperate, but who had afterwards reformed. He was a family man, the father of several children. Of those born to him before his reformation, every one, as they severally grew up, fell into dissipated habits. Of those born after his reformation, every one was, and continued to

be, strictly temperate. They were all brought up under the same moral and social influence, the wife and mother being a pious Christian woman. Inebriates of this class are always the most difficult to reform, just as gout and consumption are more difficult to eradicate where the subject has received some hereditary taint.

This much for causes of intemperance that are universal. We now come to the consideration of some that are local, and peculiar to ourselves as a race and nation.

Some lay the craving of our people for spirituous liquors to the climate. Our climate, it is true, is a fickle and changeable one. A temperate climate, or one that is moderately cool, is generally allowed to be more favorable to exertion, both physical and mental, than a warmer one. And some physiologists are of opinion that a changeable climate is more favorable to such exertion than even a cool climate that is more uniform. But the former also, and for the same reason, occasions more wear and tear of the physical frame. In order to compensate for this, and to repair to some extent the damage done, recourse is had to some kind of diffusible stimulant. The remedy is a bad one, but as it often affords temporary relief, it is frequently resorted to. We cannot, however, enter at length into this branch of the subject here, but we have no doubt that considerations of climate make up one factor of the problem; not a prime factor, but still a factor.

We note secondly the effect of our American life and habits upon the nervous system. We live in a fast age, an age of steam and electric telegraphs. Everything must be done with lightning speed. Everybody seems to be in a hurry; either in haste to accumulate wealth, or to secure elevation to some office of honor and profit. And in the race for riches, in the excitement of the stock exchange and under the pressure of active competition in business, in the hurly-burly of politics, we sometimes seem to need some extra stimulus to arouse our flagging energies and keep them up to the top notch of efficiency and available activity. Under such conditions, what more natural than to make use of wine as a ready means of relief?

Excitements akin to those noted have elsewhere been recognized by physicians as causes of intemperance. Dr. Richardson of Glasgow says: "There is a great connection between general excitement and the craving for stimulants, as may every day be seen during elections, public dinners, races, etc. It is also a fact well known to those who have studied the subject, that over-exertion of the brain leads to a desire for stimulants, which, however, are easily enough abandoned when the brain is at rest." In no country in the world are the causes here referred to more potent than in ours. Not to speak of our political system, with its periodical outbursts of excitement and their resulting evils, we live in a money-getting age. Fortunes are made and lost in a day, and many men have been rich and poor two or three times in the course of their lives. We have also passed through several commercial crises within the memory of men still living. At such times men are very apt to use alcoholic stimulants.

All these, however, we regard but as subordinate causes. We hold that the principal cause of the appetite for strong drink in our people, the chief cause, and one that has been hitherto overlooked, is to be found in the quality and quantity of the food which they consume. Ours is a land of plenty. Supplies of all kinds of food are abundant. The supplies of every kind of animal food especially so. Hence the Americans are the greatest meat-eaters in the world. Foreigners, too, on coming here soon fall into our habits; and many who in the old country thought themselves lucky to get a meal of animal food once a week, would here consider themselves ill-used did they not have their meat rations three times a day. And until a very recent period, the rewards of labor here were such as to allow even the poorest to indulge their appetites freely in this respect.

As long as the American people consume such quantities of stimulating and highly-seasoned food as they do, they will want to imbibe stimulating drinks. Stimulating food and stimulating drinks go necessarily

together. The one is the concomitant of the other. Many a man who seasons his dinner liberally with the contents of the caster excites in his system a thirst for something stronger than cold water. Not that cold water would not be the best thing with which to extinquish the fire he has kindled within the vital domain by the use of such hot, stimulating condiments; but that is too insipid. Having partaken of such highly seasoned food he craves a drink equally stimulating.

Inebriates, too, as a general thing are inordinate eaters. Mr. Parton in his Atlantic Monthly article: "Will the Coming Man Drink Wine?" makes the pertinent inquiry: "How could we dispose of the enormous amount of food we consume on festive occasions without the aid of some stimulus to digestion?" Inebriates the world over are great consumers of flesh meat, and they also make excessive use of condiments. Our attention was first directed to this fact in visiting at inebriate asylums and sanitariums for the cure of the intemperate, where were congregated large numbers of them; and eating at the same table with them for days, and in one case for several weeks, this feature was so striking and so universal that it forced itself upon our attention. And no one, we think, in the same circumstances, could fail to notice it. We have always observed that the inmates of these institutions were, most of them, hearty eaters, especially of animal food. Beef, too, was preferred to mutton and other kinds, as being the most stimulating kind of animal food. And this was usually seasoned liberally with mustard. Pepper was used abundantly with almost everything else. At the New York State Inebriate Asylum when Dr. Day was superintendent, he felt compelled to banish the Worcestershire sauce wholly from the table, owing to the extravagant use that was made of it. And during the incumbency of Dr. Dodge, his successor, the cayenne was removed from the caster for the same reason. Our attention being directed to the matter in this way we have, since the time of which we speak, whenever the opportunity offered, taken occasion to observe the habits of inebriates, and we have found the rule to hold good almost invariably.

Now, it is not true that every one who eats inordinately and of stimulating and highly-seasoned food is a drunkard, but I hold that such a one, by his manner of living, supplies a very important condition for becoming a drunkard. That he does not become one is, perhaps, because of a high moral principle, acting in conjunction with a great will power to restrain his appetite for diffusible stimulants; for we hold that in such a case, this appetite, to a greater or less extent, exists. The converse of this proposition, however, is true; that as a general thing, men who are fond of stimulating drinks are also fond of stimulating and highly-seasoned food.

On the other hand it was the opinion of Liebig, founded upon observation, that persons who live mostly upon farinaceous and amylaceous food cannot take wine; all kinds of alcoholic drinks seem to be repugnant to such. It is only those whose daily diet consists largely of animal food, who can relish spirituous liquors. Savage nations living in tropical regions, where they have subsisted mostly upon fruits and vegetables, the spontaneous productions of mother earth, have rarely, on coming into contact with the white man and his fire-water, fallen victims to intemperance like the North American Indian, who, living by the chase, has subsisted almost wholly upon animal food.

Thus there would appear to be a necessary connection between the use of stimulating food and the desire for stimulating drinks. If this is so, does not the remedy for the monster evil, and the abnormal appetite which leads to it, naturally suggest itself? Does it not seem absurd to attempt to reform a man's drinking habits, while leaving unchanged certain other of his habits upon which the drinking so largely depends? In the treatment of inebriates in sanitariums and institutions established for that purpose, should not these facts be recognized? Any one in charge of such an institution, if he have ordinary powers of observation, can, in a very short time, satisfy himself whether there be more of

fact or of fancy in the theory now put forth.

This view of the case as a possible solution of the problem of intemperance is already, as we are glad to notice, beginning to excite attention in England, where the experiment has been made of attempting the cure of inebriates by putting them upon a regimen consisting principally of farinacea and fruit, and with successful results. The initiator of this movement and its most active promoter, Mr. Charles O. Groom Napier, F. R. G. S., has recently published a little tract giving the names of persons, both male and female, in all walks and conditions of life, who had tried this plan with remarkable success.

Let not our readers imagine from the above that we are aiming to bring down the dietary habits of all mankind to a vegetarian standard, for we are not. But since, as has been already remarked, the American people are the greatest meat-eaters in the world, it strikes us that here is an opportunity for retrenchment and reform. By no means wishing to wholly banish animal food from our tables, we yet think there would be an advantage in reducing its consumption to a moderate allowance for people generally, and to a minimum where there is a tendency to indulge in stimulating fluids. There would be an advantage, too, in substituting the lighter and more unstimulating kinds of animal food, as eggs, fish, oysters, poultry, etc., for the beef and mutton which we use to excess. All this might be accomplished without any sacrifice of gustatory pleasure. But should a confirmed drunkard, one who has perhaps received some hereditary taint, and whose case is therefore desperate, find no other way out of his bondage than through a strictly vegetarian regimen, would this be deemed too high a price to pay for so great a boon?

Here then, we think, is where is to be found the long-sought solution of the problem of intemperance. Moral, social, and other influences have also their place in the treatment of inebriety, as they have in the treatment of other maladies where morbid appetites and fickle minds have to be dealt with. And such influences can be brought to bear with powerful effect as adjuvants to the plan of treatment here developed. But they can be only adjuvants at best; and if they alone are relied upon for the cure of the evil, to the neglect of the physical and physiological condition of the subject, the cure will never be accomplished. In proof whereof, we point to the experience of the past. *James Coulter Layard.*

ONE MORE LETTER TO MARY ANN.

Dear Mary Ann:

Since you and yours have taken so kindly to my first letter, I want to write you one more, with a few little practical suggestions as to the "calling wherewith ye are called," whenever you are ready to follow that calling. And I have a few words of preface to say. Some of you appear to doubt if you can decide for yourselves what your vocation in life is. Do not hurry. "Do the duty that lies nearest thee: the rest will follow." Learn to do well the simplest, commonest things; these all fit you for the future. And do not, above all, fall into that silly, childish cant of hating "duty," and doing things only for "love." It is the fatal weakness of these days that love is exalted, not merely above but in place of all other virtues; that self-denial, self-control, courage, endurance, are all set aside for the sake of love, which is perverted to mean indolence and self-indulgence. This is not the love of the Bible, but a counterfeit weakness out of which spring evils innumerable, even in the very bosom of our homes and churches. Duty is the very breath of God and the outcome of love to him, as surely as warmth is born of fire.

Adhere to this, and the path of life will unfold before you and the voice of the Lord say to your souls: "This is the way; walk ye in it." And by duty I do not mean great action, suffering, or sacrifice, but the petty detail of daily life; patience with noisy, quarrelsome, perverse children; obedience to parents; devotion to the comfort and pleasure of those about you; attention to your own health, temper and appearance; a study of economy and neatness in the household; and, when the in-doors duty is done, there remains always some lonely person to visit and cheer, some kindly, neighborly act to perform; some church-work to help in. Be faithful over these few things, Mary Ann, and the work of your life will find you out in good time and welcome you.

For this work there are two qualifications needful, thoroughness and cheerfulness. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Half-doing is undoing; if your work is to sew, do it neatly. I never shall forget my own childish tears and sulks over my sewing. My mother was a perfect fairy at her needle, and her rule was relentless; every long stitch was picked out and done over again, and neither tears nor entreaties availed to rid me of my task till it was properly done; every corner of a hem turned by the thread; stitching measured by two threads to a stitch; felling of absolutely regular width, and patching done invisibly; while fine darning was a sort of embroidery. I hated it then, but I have lived to bless that mother's patient persistence; and I am prouder to-day of the six patches in my small girl's school-dress which cannot be seen without searching than of any other handiwork—except perhaps my bread!

It may be objected that now machine-work makes good sewing by hand unnecessary; but no one can operate on a machine neatly who does not understand hand-sewing; and no machine can ever entirely compete in some things with the human fingers. I have made trial of more than one helper in my work of this sort, and have been obliged to substitute one for another through quite a list of needy women, till at last I have given up in despair, no one of them being able to sew decently; and I cannot afford to pay a seamstress and do her work over. I prefer rather to put up with the inconveniences of ready-made garments, which are cheaper and less exasperating.

Or, if you are a teacher, do not rest till your pupils know what they are given to learn; do not slur over recitations, or take it for granted that your scholars understand; a little thorough knowledge is worth all the surface wisdom in the world.

If you know thoroughly what you want to teach, do not rest till they know it as thoroughly. In the present frantic anxiety of parents and guardians to cram children with knowledge by wholesale, rather than to have them educated in the proper sense of the term, to do your duty in this respect is difficult; but it can be done, and "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," says the best of proverbs. If you are a shop-girl, be one with all your strength; do not treat the poor creatures who come to buy goods with such lofty superciliousness as to crush their hopes and send them away empty. Too many of this easy and ladylike profession forget that it is their duty to sell goods, not to put down customers. I never shall forget an experience of mine in New York—only one out of many. I went into one of the two greatest dry-goods shops intent on buying a gown, and was ushered by a courteous-enough youth into the ladies' department. Here the scene changed—courtesy did not rise to this story. There were six or eight elegant, languid creatures behind the counters, who instinctively knew I was from the country and not likely to be a great purchaser. I was a little frightened, but still civil, and quite bent on a cashmere suit, so I ran the gauntlet of these *demoiselles*, being received as an intruder—costumes dusty and shopworn pointed out to me on their pegs with an air of mere sufferance that at last became quite intolerable; and a general sense of my ignorance and inconsequence in the eyes of all this metropolitan elegance at last drove me out of the shop, with a vow in my heart never to trust myself in that palace again.

But I did want my gown, so in a meek and humiliated spirit I entered another less

pretentious shop, where I was taken in charge at once by a rosy, cheerful little German damsel, who served me with such alacrity and devotion, fetching everything from everywhere and "trying on" with such sunny patience, that I bought a suit I did not want at all, old-fashioned, gray instead of black, quite too tight, and deficient in various ways; but glorified to me for the time being by the bright and cordial perseverance of this girl who did her work well and thoroughly. I recommend everybody I know to go there and ask for Miss ——; and if ever I want another New York garment I shall find her out again; though I will not promise to let her pleasant manner blind my eyes as it did before!

But time would fail me to carry out this principle with illustration into every class of work, though there is none to which it is not applicable; it is the very essence of Christian faith and ought to be of Christian practice to work, "not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, pleasing God," and there is no thorough work without this underlying principle. Tested by this test, which of us can stand? Yet, thanks be to Him who giveth us the victory, we can try, even in the hourly trivial things of life, to do with our might that which He sets us to do, and rely on strength for our day even if it is to be made perfect in meekness.

For the second head, cheerfulness, the word to inspire us is this: "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Not merely a giver of alms, but of time, strength, help of any kind. There is a great deal said of the duty of courage, endurance, persistence in great things, among men; but little of those every-day graces that really make our lives as much as small troubles and trials mar them. The crown of thorns descended to Christ's followers as truly as any other of his sufferings; yet the thorns were small, very small things; but they are given us to wear meekly ourselves, not to bind about the brows of others. And it is as much, I think, a Christian duty to make those about us happy as it is to endure persecution or go on a foreign mission. I have no confidence in cross Christianity; it is not the Christianity of the cross; and it denies the Master as openly and effectually as ever Peter did when he said, "I know not the man." We may, we ought to glorify God in look and speech and act, right here in our homes as truly as in the fires; and the man whose wife makes his home happy is much more likely to commend religion to him than she who makes it dull or comfortless with grim looks and cutting words.

And if God loves a cheerful giver does not everybody else? Manner is one of the greatest engines of influence ever given to man; yet how little are we apt to value or consider it as a weapon for good! I once knew two women who come to my mind now as one among a hundred illustrations of this fact. One of them was intelligent, well-read, of thoroughly good principles, and desirous to do and be good; but her manner was so abrupt, her face so forlorn, that very few people liked her or welcomed her presence. Yet she was a person to be trusted and respected when you knew her well enough to get behind her very forbidding manner—if you had the faith and courage to try such an experiment! The other was not a particularly intelligent woman, nor yet well-educated; she had no more intrinsic beauty than average women, and was not truthful, or pretending even to any religious principle; yet her manner was so cordial, so bright, so winsome, that everybody liked her. She was selfish, to be sure, but she was cheerful; you could not rely on her word, but you always could on her gay laugh and cheery welcome. She was absolutely lovable from mere manner, while her counterpart was neither popular nor admired, for the same reason.

Be cheerful at work: whatever you do, do it willingly. Think what a difference in your own comfort has too often been made by a sulky servant or an irritable friend. Have you never seen a household where the master was a terror and a dismay to all the family from his ungoverned temper or querulous fretfulness? I have seen, known, lived in one where poverty, sickness and trouble were all made light by the unwearying patience and cheerfulness of its head; where no day passed without some word of affec-

tion or little kindly act that was like the very dew of heaven to one tried and despondent soul. It is a terrible contrast in the light of God's intention in our creation: He meant us to live for Him, and in Him is the fullness of joy. If we do not shine with some of that fullness it is not in us, and can not lead others to Him or make our work acceptable to our fellow-creatures.

Dear Mary Ann, you and I are women, and we hear a great deal about women's rights. I have lived a long time, and looked at these things much and often, and I believe women have no greater right than to be blessings and comforters in their own immediate spheres; their works are not of so much importance as their ways, and they can serve God in the outer court as effectually as at the altar. I have spoken to you and yours as if you were all enlisted in that service of God which alone is perfect freedom, and which gives us sure rules for guidance in every position we hold among men. If you are not of this fold, you will still find that my advice to you is also that which worldly wisdom would dictate; if there were no divine authority in the Bible, it is nevertheless the very treasury of that uncommon sense which is called common among men, and its godliness is profitable for all things in the most literal meaning; though in losing its highest power to mold and guide your lives you lose also the strength and consolation that are its most precious gifts; the hope that is full of immortality; the peace that passeth understanding; and the power that worketh mightily in us. Yet to all and each of us, those who have tried all other things and found them wanting, or those who are full of young rashness and headlong inexperience, this book of books says with equal voice: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might: for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."

Thanks be unto God that some of us can respond, "O grave, where is thy victory?"

Rose Terry Cooke.

MY BIRD AND I.

The day is young and I am young,
  The red-bird whistles to his mate;
He sits the tender leaves among,
  I swing upon the garden gate;
He sings that life is alway gay—
  "A day so fair can never die."
I laugh and cast my flowers away;
  We are so happy, he and I.

Deep wading through the yellow wheat,
  My sheaves unbound within my hand,
I sink, to rest my tired feet,
  And noonday heat broods o'er the land;
The red-bird falters in his song,—
  We fear the day will never die;
The minutes drag the hours along—
  We are so weary, he and I.

I stand alone; my work is done;
  The bird lies dying at my feet;
There 's promise in the setting sun;
  The evening air blows soft and sweet.
My binded sheaves I lay aside;
  The day is dead; I too must die.
When stars come out at eventide,
  We shall be resting, he and I.

Kate St. Clair Greenleaf.

THE "PEOPLE'S PRAYER:"

A REMINISCENCE OF EASTERN RUSSIA.

There are few more dismal regions in Europe than the basin of the lower Volga; and those who have ascended it from Astrakhan to Tsaritzin, can hardly wonder at the deadly epidemics which the Russian Mississippi is so constantly sending forth. Drowned forests, whose tops peer gauntly above the thick, leaden stream; broad patches of black greasy mud, festering in the sun; winding channels of gray, sullen water, half choked with huge reeds; boundless wastes of hideous morass, above which the rank, unwholesome green of the bristling spear-grass betrays the fathomless depths of oozy slime that lie hid below—all these, seen beneath the deepening shadows of coming night, have a wild, lonely, dreary aspect absolutely appalling.

It is quite a relief to escape at length from the hot, pestilential river, into the buoyant freshness of the great plain that extends unbroken from the Volga to the Ural—equally picturesque, but in a far different way. From the silence and loneliness of the unpeopled steppes, you burst suddenly into a populous village, with its tall painted church-tower and rough-hewn log-huts and wide, dusty streets, up and down which you rattle till you reach the quaint little post-house with its striped door-posts and its tiny black board, marked with the distances to the last and the next station. You jump out, shaking off the hay upon which you have been lying, and give your *podorojnaya* (traveling-pass)[1] to the big yellow-haired postmaster in his sheepskin frock; and he shouts for fresh horses, and wants to know whether you will have a tea-urn heated, and hints at possible fresh eggs if you care to buy any. And your old driver goes off to display his *pourboire* to his cronies of the stable; and your new driver comes shambling up, struggling into his tattered frock; and the low-browed, sallow villagers crowd around to stare at you, as a kind of event in their stagnant existence; and the postmaster's children clamber about your knees and hold up their little brown faces to be petted. And presently the horses are put to, and away you go again to repeat the same program—steppe, village, change of horses,—*ad infinitum.*

In this fashion do I emerge, about ten o'clock on a fine morning in the earlier part of June, upon a vast green plain, whose unbroken level appears doubly desolate after the endless ridges of the "rolling prairie" which we have been traversing so long. The little village in its midst is, to all outward appearance, an exact copy of its predecessors; but my first glance tells me that there is something wrong.

The streets are unwontedly silent and deserted. The few faces visible wear a set-

[1] This is quite distinct from the passport, being merely a kind of official voucher, required to get post-horses.

tled gloom which contrasts weirdly with the careless, boyish merriment usually seen upon them. Even the postmaster himself appears moody and abstracted, copying my pass in a dead silence most unnatural in one of his garrulous race, with whom ten minutes' chat with a passing traveler supplies the place of both letter and newspaper. My new driver, too, takes his seat without a word; and this universal gloom, together with the unnatural emptiness of the streets and the dreary plague-stricken look of the whole village, recalls to me with ghastly vividness the aspect of Central Russia during the destroying sweep of the cholera in 1871.

But here the calamity is of another kind. Just as we get clear of the village the plaintive music of a Russian hymn comes floating upon the still air, and I see a few hundred yards to the right a crowd of peasants moving in slow procession, and in their midst the long dark robe and flowing hair of a native priest, with the crucifix glittering in his uplifted hands.

"What 's all this?" ask I.

"We're praying for rain," answers my driver, in the dull, weary voice of a man without hope; "but it never comes. God is angry with us and we must just suffer. What is to be, *will* be."[1]

"Are you fearing for the harvest, then?"

"Ah, master! how can we help fearing for it? Twice already our crops have failed, and now, this third time, there 's been no rain for weeks together and the ground is as hard as iron. If the harvest fails again *this* year, God help us all!"

And then, in a few simple, touching words he tells the dismal story. Two bad harvests in succession; seed-corn growing dear—dearer still—and at length failing altogether; food purchased at exorbitant rates from the harpies who are never wanting to fatten upon the misery of provincial Russia; men scattered over the whole face of the country in quest of work to keep them from dying of hunger; wives and children starving by inches at home; long weeks of grinding misery, sinking at length into the apathy of despair. And all the while he is speaking the mournful cadence of the "people's prayer" rises and falls like the moan of a distant sea, and the poor creatures turn their longing eyes to the clear, bright, merciless sky that looks down upon them as if in mockery.

I would gladly say a word of comfort to him if I did but know how; but there are calamities in the presence of which consolation is dumb. All that I can do is to give him a compassionate shake of the hand and a few silver pieces, which the poor fellow receives gratefully, but with a settled despair in his face that is pitiable to see. And so I leave him.

Sadder spectacle no heart could conceive; and any one who had seen it might well have prayed, as I did, for the coming of that time when sound knowledge and true religion shall go hand-in-hand among these brave, simple souls, teaching them to combat the destroyer with other weapons than the childish mummeries of Slavonian superstition.

David Ker.

SWEET-BRIER.

Rose, with a fragrance diffused,
Of crushed gums and spicery bruised,
  Through petal and stem and leaf,—
Thou art as the presence of one
Through deep glens of Paradise gone,
  Far beyond reach of my grief.

[1] The Turk himself is not a more confirmed fatalist than the Russian. The words, "It was so written for me at my birth," are forever in the latter's mouth.

Thy soft lamp illumines the dell;
The gray granite smiles in thy spell,
  Pink torch of the brown pasture's gloom.
Thy lithe boughs, that gracefully sway,
Thy delicate odors, to-day
  Restore me her womanly bloom.

Wild buds awoke under her hand;
Rare blossoms would rise and expand
  In the heaven of her eyes' blessed blue;
And her heart and her being were flowers
That lit up the desolate hours
  And, storm-beaten, lovelier grew.

Spirit, that madest earth sweet,
Across barren hillsides my feet
  Go seeking thee, missing thee still;
Yet thy love in my life doth remain
A perfume that pierces to pain,—
  A memory, a pathos, a thrill.

If a blossom from heaven could lean,
A rose-blush, a glory of green,
  Trailing over the blank wall of death,
I think it would bring back to me
A waft of fresh woodlands, and thee,—
  Sweet-Brier, her soul in thy breath!

Lucy Larcom.

THE SHADED POOL.

My friend, who loves the minstrels of the air,
  Places in shadow for them such a pool
As birds most love, under green branches, where
  They find its waters clear, and fresh, and cool:
  Nor know I whence she learned it, in what school
Of hard affliction or of feverish care,
That thus she answers the unspoken prayer
  Of God's parched creatures by His golden rule.
But thou that hearest, unto thee I say:
  Take thou good heed of poets, as they pass
Bright with the dawn of fame, or sad and gray
  With fading hopes and thirst of soul—Alas!
Thou knowest not the gladness of the day
  Which shows some sweet pool in the shady grass!

Samuel W. Duffield.

THE STILL HOUR.

"How, O Lord, shall we follow Thee?"
I heard one sadly say;
"Whither Thou goest we cannot see;
How can we know the way?"

"I am the way," the Shepherd said;
"He that dwelleth in love
Dwelleth in me, and shall be led
Safe to the fold above."

THAT old Catholic woman, of whom Mr. Stevenson tells in his "Travels with a Donkey," who said to him that there was no difference between Protestants and Catholics "save that 'wrong was more wrong for the Catholic' who had more light and guidance," came very near telling a most important truth. That was all the difference that the good old saint herself knew, and if there were other distinctions whose import she did not quite grasp, who shall deny that she clearly stated the only lawful claim that one religion can have for pre-eminence over another. If my neighbor's religion makes "wrong more wrong" and right more right for him than my religion does for me, then his religion is for him a better religion thau mine is for me. A religion that does not deepen the moral convictions and strengthen the moral purposes is good for nothing; and all religions are to be valued in proportion as they bring forth in their votaries this fruit.

"EVERY one of us must give account for himself unto God;" but "none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." The responsibilities of character are utterly personal; yet the man who undertakes to keep his religion all to himself will speedily find that he has none to keep. In one sense no one can share your religious life with you; in another sense you can have no religious life if you do not share it with others. For judgment we stand alone; for work, for prayer, for consolation, for growth we stand related in a thousand ways to those who are round about us.

WHAT law is that from which one jot or tittle shall not pass until the whole be fulfilled? It is not, surely, the Levitical law, for many of the enactments of that law had often, by the divine approval, been disregarded before Christ came to earth. The law expressly forbade the Jews to have any dealings with the Moabites; no member of that nation was ever to be admitted to "the congregation of the Lord." The statute ran, "Thou shalt not seek their peace nor their prosperity all thy days forever." Yet Ruth the Moabitess, with the blessing of all the elders, in the gates of Bethlehem, was married to the chief man of the city, and became the ancestress of David and of "David's greater Son." What divine honor is here put upon the disobedience of this law! The history has many other instances of such authorized deviations from the letter of the statutes. And when Christ came he expressly set aside several of these statutes as obstructive and misleading. "Ye have heard that it hath been said of them of old time, ... but I say unto you," is the formula with which he distinctly repeals certain of the Levitical laws. It is not, then, these specific commandments of the old legislation that are to be literally enforced. The only law that is irrepealable is the law of love. That law cannot change; that law must be fulfilled. And whatever is inconsistent with this is not really a part of God's law, whether it be found in the Pentateuch or in the Koran. "If there is anything," says Dr. Mozley, "which goes a certain way but not the whole way—as in the imperfect law of marriage, in the imperfect law of love, in a law of retaliation—it is assumed [in the Sermon on the Mount] that the *essence* of the law is *not* all this." The only law that cannot fail is the perfect law of love.

"AN impersonal faith," says Mr. Alcott, "will not satisfy. A personal Mediator, uniting the human and the divine, alone suffices. Only as the Word becomes incarnate is the religious sentiment fairly addressed, the revelation cordial and complete." Surely this is wholly true. It is impossible to conceive of moral qualities except as inhering in a person; and it is impossible to love or to confide in any being that does not possess moral qualities. You may believe a fact, but yon can have faith only in a person; you may admire a law but you can love only a person. An impersonal religious faith is therefore a solecism.

THE words of Mr. Lecky in his "History of European Morals," more than once quoted, are worthy of being placed on record in many places by those who serve and honor Jesus Christ as

their Lord. "It has been reserved for Christianity," says this historian, "to present the world an ideal character which, through all the changes of eighteen centuries, has filled the hearts of men with an impassioned love; has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments and conditions; has not only been the highest pattern of virtue, but the highest incentive to its practice, and has exercised so deep an influence that it may be truly said that the simple record of three short years of active life has done more to regenerate and soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and all the exhortations of moralists. It has indeed been the well-spring of whatever is best and purest in the Christian life. Amid all the sin and failings, amid all the priestcraft and persecution and fanaticism that have defaced the church, it has preserved in the character and example of its Founder an enduring principle of regeneration." If all these things are true Paul was not astray when he said that he was willing to count all things but loss that he might know Jesus Christ. The knowledge of him that Paul craved, the knowledge that springs from loving friendship and faithful following, will bring to any man as it has brought to all the world more of mental culture and of moral uplifting "than all the disquisitions of philosophers and all the exhortations of moralists."

"NOT for that we would be unclothed," says Paul, "but clothed upon; that mortality might be swallowed up of life." It is a thought that has stirred in the breast of many a devout disciple. No man wants to be divested of his personality, nor of the form which limits and reveals it. When this earthly house of his tabernacle is dissolved he does not wish to be a vagrant sprite in the eternal spaces; he longs to be clothed upon with his house which is from heaven. So Tennyson sings:

"That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul

"Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside,
And I shall know him when we meet."

"LET not your good be evil spoken of." But how can you help it, Paul? There are plenty of people who will speak evil of your good; who are bound to misunderstand you and misrepresent you, and make scandal of your best endeavors. Men will tell lies about you; they will put bad constructions upon your truest and wisest words; prejudice, bigotry, partisanship will find occasions enough of turning your good into evil. You yourself, O brave apostle, suffered in this way, over and over again. Was not your good evil spoken of? And was it otherwise with your Master? What is that beatitude which he has left us? "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." But, of course, we understand your meaning. You do not mean that we should never let our good be evil spoken of, for that will be beyond our power so long as there are bigots and liars in the world; you mean that we should take care never to *give occasion* to such people to speak evil of us; you mean that we should seek to commend our conduct to every man's conscience in the sight of God, so that no man can speak evil of us unless he does so wilfully and maliciously. That we will try to do. And we will try also to remember and believe that we are blessed when the bigots and the liars say all manner of evil against us falsely, though that is sometimes very hard to believe.

How much easier it is to dogmatize than to worship? How ready are we all to seize upon the theological bearings of a verse of one of Paul's epistles, forgetting its spiritual meaning! Take the last twelve verses of the eighth chapter of his letter to the Romans,—a passage which fairly thrills with emotion; a passage utterly lyrical and devotional—and yet how few people ever find anything more in it than an occasion for a dispute over the doctrine of decrees. This passage has but just been studied as the lesson in thousands of Sunday-schools; if a complete record of all the words that were said about it on that Sunday could be written, we imagine that it would be dreary and discouraging reading. If we could only put ourselves in Paul's place and catch the spirit that uttered itself through these fervid words of his, we should soon stop quarreling over predestination and free will.

WHO shall teach us the safe medium between fretfulness and apathy; between the eagerness that never rests, and the sluggishness that never wakes. Complete resignation is not an unmixed good, for there are some things to which we ought not to be resigned, some mischiefs that we ought to mend and not tolerate. We have seen men who were too well contented; there is a divine discontent that ought sometimes to invade and stir us all. Others again are always pushing, fuming, straining to achieve the impossible, to conquer the invincible; they never know the meaning of quiet or repose. Somewhere between these extremes of stress and stagnation there is a golden mean in which the divine impatience never degenerates into the human restlessness, and the stupor of sinful sloth gives place to the peace of God.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE COLLEGES AND PUBLIC MORALS.

SINCE the last issue of SUNDAY AFTERNOON the annual crop of diplomas has been harvested and some thousands of graduates from High Schools and Seminaries and Colleges have finished the period of preparation and gone forward to the serious work of life. The festivals of the schools have been attended, as usual, by enthusiastic and sympathiziug throngs, the newspapers have been filled with glowing reports, the perennial panegyrics have heen pronounced, and the callow alnmni and alumnæ have gone home to see what kind of work they can do with the tools that they have spent so many years in fashioning and furbishing.

Those who have learned to reflect are led to do a great deal of sober thinking, as they participate in these festivities. Beyond a doubt these young people now going forth from the schools ought to he the leaders of society, the rulers of the state. But will they be? It is for this that they have been trained, and if they do not achieve this, wisdom will not be justified of her children; yet there is too much reason to fear that many of them through indolence or fastidiousness or cowardice will fail to take the rank that belongs to them. The connection between the higher education and the puhlic service is not quite so close as it ought to he; the aristocracy of learning do not always comprehend that their sort of nohility more than any other carries with it sacred and inalienahle ohligations. We do not assert that these graduates will have no influence upon public life; many of them will enter heartily upon a most unselfish service of their fellow men; we only say that their influence will be less direct and positive than it ought to he; that while the great body of educated men and women do make themselves felt in society and in the state, their iufluence is only a fraction of that which they are able to exert and bound to exert. And one may see in the schools from which these graduates come, some causes for their failure to identify themselves with the highest puhlic interests.

In many of these schools the things that are least, as dress and external display, are allowed too large a place. The spectator at the Commencement exercises is often struck with the elaborate wardrobes of the principal performers. Many a "sweet girl graduate" spends more time and thought upon her Commencement gown than upon her Commencement essay; the latter is, all too plainly, quite a secondary matter. In most of the principal colleges an unwritten custom, which has almost the force of law, requires every speaker to appear in a full dress suit. These are signs of a state of things in the higher schools that ought not to exist. Learning is profaned when it is thus dragged at the heels of fashion and made the bond slave of style. The young men and women who get their education iu an atmosphere where such sentiments prevail are not likely to be deeply penetrated with the obligations of a self-denying puhlic service. It may be said that the schools are not to blame for this state of things; that this devotion to externals is not taught in the schools, but learned outside of them, and that the school authorities cannot meddle too much with the personal hahits of pupils. All this is true; yet it would seem that some restrictions might well he laid upon the display which often accompanies these festivals. If in all the public exercises of the Colleges and Semiuaries a severe simplicity in dress were required, and all profuse and expensive decorations were forbidden, a great point would he gained. It might be well to adopt the fashion of the English Universities and prescrihe a regnlation rohe to be worn at public performances. The prohihition of the vulgar ostentation that is now so often seen in the Commencement exercises would react healthily upon all the habits of the students, and would tend to correct that frivolous superficiality which weakens the influence of the educated classes.

Another unpleasant symptom which is observed at all the Commencement performances is the exaggeration in which people who take part in them are wont to indulge. This is the fault, not so much of the teachers or the students, as of the visitors, nearly all of whom are prone to eulogy. The words of those who speak on these occasions are seldom weighed; glorification is the order of the day. As often as the students are brought into contact with the outside world during their college course, they are made to feel that the outside world is an inflated and unreal world; and that discrimination and sincerity are

not among the virtues that it cherishes. It may be said that these are occasions of festivity, and that fault-finding on such occasions is an ungracious business. But they are not altogether occasions of festivity; they are times also for the consideration of important public interests; and such discussions call not merely for words of laudation, but for words of truth and soberness.

The matters to which we have referred are, however, of small consequence, when compared with one great fault to which most of the colleges are addicted. It is a notorious fact that rich rascals who give them money are petted and flattered; that they have the highest seats in the synagogues and the chief rooms at the feasts; that doctors of divinity and professors of moral philosophy make haste to do them reverence. One of the graduates in a commencement speech the other day expressed the opinion that the notorious Fisk, Junior, would have atoned for all his crimes, if he had lived, by liberally endowing some College or Theological Seminary. The cynicism has quite too substantial a basis.

Of course it will be said that the money of a rascal is just as good as the money of a saint, and that the colleges would not be justified in refusing the good gifts of bad men. But if, in accepting his gifts, the college commits itself to a recognition and an apparent endorsement of the man, then the college pays too large a price for its money. This is what the rascal wants; this is what he expects to purchase with what he calls his donations; if he gets it, the college makes a bad bargain, and the students who look on and see the transaction consummated do not reap much profit in the observation. The lesson which it teaches them is that no man needs to lose caste on account of villainy, provided he makes money by his villainy; that the freebooter who will dispense his plunder judiciously may walk through the world in state, with a divine for his escort on the one side and a professor on the other. It is not a good lesson for the College student to learn; and the fact that there are so many opportunities of learning it furnishes one reason why college graduates do not exert a more positive influence in behalf of public morality.

REBELS AND REPROBATES.

It is often assumed in political discussions that every rebel in the late civil war was a reprobate; that the fact of rebellion is *prima facie* evidence of moral obliquity. Every intelligent man who was found fighting of his own accord in the armies of the Confederacy must have been a false and wicked man. This theory is accepted by many honest persons at the North, and is diligently disseminated by many others who care less for justice than for political success.

So long as such opinions prevail at the North it is impossible that there should be real and lasting peace between the two sections. If the people of the North believe the people of the South to be a mass of perjured traitors, who have proved themselves false to the highest obligations, they cannot treat them with respect or bestow upon them their confidence. Every movement at the South will be regarded with suspicion; every profession of loyalty will be listened to with sneers, and every political campaign, in which the interests of the two sections collide, will be the occasion of an outburst of taunts and reproaches on account of the ancient perfidy.

If the people of the South are as base as many northern politicians are trying to make out, it was a great mistake ever to resist the dissolution of the union. Why should we wish to have any political relations whatever with a people who have proved themselves destitute of honor and fidelity? If this is their true character we ought either to have welcomed secession, or else to have subjugated or exterminated them. The restoration of political rights to such a people as some northern statesmen now represent the southern people to have been, was a gigantic blunder. If they were all such perjured scoundrels as you now say, gentlemen, and if you knew it all the while, as you now say you did, why in the name of all that is holy did you ever give them back the suffrage? Why did you not banish or disfranchise the whole race forever, as soon as they laid down their arms? If rebellion was the sin that you now represent it to be; if it was a proof of utter moral depravity; if it so blackened a man's character as to render him unfit to be honored or trusted by his fellow-citizens forever after, what right had you to clothe that man with political power?

The fact is that rebellion was not, with the great majority of the southern people, in any sense of the word a sin. To have been a volunteer in the armies of the Confederacy fighting against the union is not a proof of moral obliquity. Multitudes of the intelligent men who were in those armies were as upright, as conscientious, as honorable as any of the men against whom they fought. Neither were they in any true sense of the word traitors; on the contrary they would have been traitors if they had not been just where they were.

The prevalent political doctrine at the South before the war was the doctrine of State Sovereignty, as the prevalent doctrine at the North was the doctrine of Nationality. There were believers in the national supremacy at the South, as there were believers in state rights at the North, but these were exceptions to the general rule. The great majority of the educated southerners held the theory of State Sovereignty. They regarded the Government as only a confed-

eration of sovereign states, and they thought that each state had the right to withdraw at pleasure from the confederation. The northern man thought that his supreme allegiance was due to the Government of the United States, the southern man gave in his allegiance to his own state. The northern man, when he was in Europe, called himself an American; the southern man called himself a Virginian, or a South Carolinian, or a Georgian. This was not merely the dictate of local pride, it was the language of the deepest political conviction. From their earliest years the southerners of this generation had been taught this doctrine, and they believed it just as heartily as the northern people believed the opposite doctrine. Those of them who took the oath to support the constitution of the United States took it understanding that the oath was only binding while their states remained in the Union; and that when their states withdrew from the Union they would no longer be citizens of the United States.

Holding this political theory they came to the question of secession. Some of them were in favor of secession. They thought it would be both right and expedient. Some of them were opposed to it, not because they doubted that their States had the right to secede, but because they deemed it a foolish and injurious policy. But when by a formal vote of its Legislature his State had seceded from the Union, the southern man had no longer any doubt as to where his allegiance was due. Stonewall Jackson was a citizen of Virginia; he was opposed to secession; but when Virginia had seceded, he was still a citizen of Virginia and he was no longer a citizen of the United States; it was to the Old Dominion that his supreme loyalty was pledged, and when the Old Dominion declared war against the United States and called him into the field, it was loyalty and not treachery that made him gird on the sword and rush to her defense.

A great multitude of the people of the South—the educated people, the leaders of opinion—were in the same case. They were not, consciously, traitors to their country; their country was their State; it was to this that they had always been taught to pay their highest allegiance; and they followed their convictions, as brave men should.

If the northern man, who believed in the supremacy of the National Government, had done the things that the southern man did, the northern man would have been a traitor; but he ought to remember that the southern man's fundamental theories of the Government were wholly unlike his own, and that the southern man's acts must be judged by a reference to the political principles which he honestly held. But for this pestilent doctrine of State Sovereignty, the war could not have occurred. That doctrine the war uprooted; it is settled now that this is a nation, and not a confederation, and the obligations of loyalty must henceforth be understood in the northern and not in the southern sense. But they were not so understood at the South before the war, and therefore the fact of rebellion is not a proof of moral depravity.

The readers of SUNDAY AFTERNOON will pardon a discussion which savors of the primer. We have thought it worth while, in the interests of peace, to devote a little space to such a study of the question. From a failure to comprehend these elementary principles, many northern people judge their southern brethren harshly and unjustly. It is now more than fourteen years since the last battle of the war was fought, and it would seem that by this time there ought to be some approach to harmony between the sections. The politicians will do their best to prevent this, of course, so long as they can gain anything by keeping up the quarrel; but the northern people at large do not mean to be unjust, and many of their harsh words would be withdrawn if they could put themselves in the places of the southern people and understand all the motives that influenced them in the great civil war. We ought to be able to see that the people of the South did not forfeit their own honor nor our respect by their rebellion against the United States; that it is unjust to taunt them with treachery on that account; and that it is asking too much to demand of them that they grovel at our feet as conscious miscreants whenever the war is mentioned. If we are to live together as one people, it is high time for both sides to cease from unjust reproaches, and to study with all diligence the things which make for peace.

THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

THOSE who go down to the sea in ships find their enterprise much less perilous now than it used to be. The dangers of the sea have always been thickest along the shore; mid-ocean is safer than the coast in a storm; and the wonderful provisions that have been made all along our coasts for the protection of ships and the rescue of the shipwrecked are among the clearest signs of Christian civilization. Once the mariner, sailing in a storm at night along a rocky shore, was blind and helpless; he could not tell how near he might be to the breakers; if his ship were stranded there was too much reason to fear that piratical wreckers would pounce upon him, destroying his life and plundering his treasure. The coasts were infested with a hardy race of ruffians who made the sailor's extremity their opportunity.

All this is now changed. Here and there along the coast, at short intervals, the friendly lighthouse shows the sailor where the danger is; and

he knows that if his ship is driven ashore he is almost certain to be greeted not by a band of murderous wreckers, but by a company of gallant and skillful men whose calling it is to save life and not to destroy it.

The Life-Saving Service, as organized and administered by our Government, is one of the highest results of applied Christianity.

Along the coasts of the oceans and the lakes in the most daugerous places throughout the stormy season of the year the life-saving stations are open, in each of which a well-drilled crew of surfmen furnished with the most admirable appliances for their work of mercy, wait to save the lives and the property of those who are cast upon their shores. The stations number now something over one hundred and fifty; but there are not so many of them as there ought to be, for in some exposed places the distance between the stations is so great that no proper patrol of the coast can be secured. It would seem, also, that economy is pushed a little too far when these stations are closed for six months in the year; for although it is during the winter months that most of the disasters at sea occur, yet such things are not unknown in the summer and the United States ought not to grudge the additional expenditure of one or two hundred thousand dollars a year to keep the stations always manned.

In spite of these unfortunate limitatious the service is most efficient. Last year, upon the coasts of the United States, 171 vessels were driven ashore, 59 of which with their cargoes were wholly destroyed; the property thus imperiled amounted to $2,624,735; and of this no less than $1,097,375 was saved; the number of lives imperiled was 1,557, and of these 1,331 were saved. Of the 226 lives lost 98 were on the Huron which was wrecked on the coast of North Carolina a few days before the life-saving stations on that coast were opened; and 85 on the Metropolis, on the same coast, but in a locality where the stations were twelve miles apart. The discovery of the wreck was not therefore made for some time after the vessel struck, and the distance from the station was so great as to cause much delay in bringing up the appliances for the rescue. If the station near Nag's Head had been open when the Huron was stranded, and if there had been an intermediate station where the Metropolis struck, it is likely that uearly all of the lives thus lost would have been saved.

During the previous year there were 134 disasters, imperiling just 1500 lives, of which but 39 were lost. How greatly the chances of escape from shipwreck along the coast have been increased by this service will be seen by a few figures. When the service was re-organized in 1871, it was stated, again and again, by two members of Congress, that more than a thousand lives were lost annually upon the coasts of New Jersey and Long Island alone. No doubt this was an over-statement. No careful account of the losses upon these coasts had ever been kept; it was known, however, that during the twenty-five years previous to this time, 512 persons had perished, an average of twenty-five a year; and it was also certain that many more had been lost of whom no record had been made. During the five years beginning with 1871 only sixteen persons were lost upon this coast, an average of but a little more than three a year. "In other words," says the report, "where twenty-five persons were annually lost (and doubtless thrice that number) there are now only three. Such a record as this" the General Superintendent has a right to say, "has never been surpassed in the annals of efforts for the mitigation of marine disaster."

Such are some of the results; what are the means employed to secure them? At each of these life-saving stations is a keeper and a crew of six surfmen. By these the beach is steadily patrolled at night, men going out in both directions from each station, until they meet the patrols from the nearest station on either side. Each patrol is furnished with a red head-light, which he burns on discovering a ship in danger, to alarm the crew at the station and give notice to the wreck that relief is at hand. Then he hastens to the station to help in bringing up the apparatus for the rescue. A metallic life-boat and a small cedar surf-boat are waiting there to be used when the conditions will admit; there is also a neat little mortar (the pattern of which was designed by Lieut. Lyle, of the Springfield Armory), by which a shot-line may be sent over the wreck if it is not more than five or six hundred yards from the shore. The line carries out a hawser, and upon that the people on board the vessel are carried ashore, when the water is so rough that the boats cannot be managed in it. The principal conveyauces that travel by the hawser are the breeches-buoy and the life-car. The buoy is sufficiently described by its name; it is suspended by a pulley to the hawser, and one person at a time is carried ashore by means of it. The life-car is "a covered boat, having a few air-holes in the top (these perforations being made from within to prevent, by their raised edges, the water from readily entering), an interior capacity for receiving from two to four persons for its load and a ring at each end to which are attached the hauling-lines that enable it to be pulled to and fro through the water between the shore and the wreck." Besides these are life-rafts, and cork buoys, and those life-preserving suits in which Captain Boyton has performed so many wonderful exploits. A mediciue-chest contains stimulants and restoratives, aud the crew are thoroughly trained in Howard's method of resuscitating the drowned.

Thus equipped and qualified, the surfmen hasten to the scene of the wreck, and go to work energetically and systematically to rescue the perishing. The courage and judgment displayed by these men are often wonderful; they are as sturdy a set of heroes as can be mustered anywhere, on sea or land. Many a ship goes ashore upon our coast from which not a soul would be saved but for them, but from which, because of them, not a soul is lost. The reports of the work that they have done, made every year to the Secretary of the Treasury, to whose department the Bureau belongs, are stirring reading; and they make us feel that all who venture upon the deep, and all who anxiously wait on shore for news from the voyagers, owe many thanks to Mr. Kimball, the energetic chief of this Bureau, and to the brave and willing men who work with him, for what they have done to lessen the perils of the sea.

LITERATURE.

MR. FROUDE calls his Life of Cæsar a sketch;[1] he might properly have called it a plea. An advocate, rather than a historian, Mr. Froude always is; and, having taken a brief for Cæsar, he serves him as attorneys are always expected to serve their clients; he makes out as good a case for him as it is possible to make upon the evidence. Mr. Froude does not conceal or fabricate evidence; he brings out a great many damaging facts about his hero, just as he did about Henry VIII.; but having presented the facts he sets himself to work to make them tell in favor of his client, or to break the force of such of them as prove intractable to his purpose.

The mental characteristics of Mr. Froude are not unlike those of our two American historians, the Reverend Joel T. Headley and the Reverend John S. C. Abbott. For learning and penetration neither of these writers can be compared with him, of course; but in their habit of hero-worship they are worthy to be named along with him; the two Napoleons and Frederick the Great have received at their hands treatment analogous to that which Mr. Froude accords to the second of the Tudors and to the first of the Cæsars.

It is unfortunate that so partial a portraiture should have been so vividly and entertainingly presented; it is likely to be read and it is sure to mislead. The boys and girls who are studying the Commentaries of Cæsar and the Histories of Suetonius and Dion Cassius, and the Orations and Letters of Cicero will find this sketch interesting and in many respects helpful; it will throw a great deal of light upon the pages of these familiar classics; but inexperienced readers will need to be put on their guard against too confidingly accepting Mr. Froude's estimate of the character of Cæsar, and especially against his depreciation of some of Cæsar's contemporaries and rivals, to whom in his eagerness to serve his hero he does scant justice.

After all has been said, however, it remains true that Julius Cæsar was a wonderful man, and that the student who magnifies his achievements may claim some indulgence for his enthusiasm. Mommsen is scarcely less ardent than Froude in his appreciation of this great Roman.

The sketch begins with the days of the Gracchi, and the social and political conditions that led to the downfall of the Republic are rapidly but strongly pictured. Into the politics of this tumultuous and dissolute period Cæsar entered when a mere boy; and the steadiness and prudence with which he bore himself through it all show the strength of his character. Cæsar was great in more directions than almost any other man of history; he was a great general. a great lawgiver, a great politician, a great writer and an orator of no mean quality. Mr. Froude does not make him a saint. He owns that he sometimes resorted to bribery, but that, in him, seems to have been a venial fault: "If Curio was purchasable, Cæsar would not have hesitated to buy him. His habit was to take facts as they were, and when satisfied that his object was just to go the readiest way to it." His unscrupulousness in the use of instruments Mr. Froude is inclined to regard as a proof of his great ability. His readiness to profit by the operations of the man who had sought the dishonor of his household is narrated without any sign of repugnance on the part of the historian.

Cicero fares hardly at the hands of Mr. Froude, and it must be owned that the exhibition of him made in his own letters does not elicit our admiration. Pompey, too, hccomes less illustrious as this story proceeds; Brutus stands before us as a perjured conspirator, Cato is a jealous scold, and in general it may be said that shadows enough are thrown upon the characters of his contemporaries to exhibit the character of Cæsar in a very strong light.

Some of the great events of this history are described with much power. The career of Sylla, the conspiracy of Catiline, the return of

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[1]Cæsar: A Sketch. By James Anthony Froude. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Cæsar from Gaul, the campaign in Greece with the battle of Pharsalia, and the final tragedy of the assassination, are skillfully narrated.

Mr. Froude seems in his first chapter to have a political object in view. The parallel which he draws between the condition of the Roman world in the century before the birth of Christ and the present condition of the civilized world is a striking one—more striking, perhaps, than accurate. But a strong likeness exists, and it is the object of the historian to show that the popular governments of England and America may fall as that of the Roman republic fell, undermined by skepticism and license and luxury. "Popular forms of government" he writes "are possible only when individual men can govern their own lives on moral principles, and when duty is of more importance than pleasure and justice than material expediency." The times of Cæsar furnish an impressive commentary upon this weighty saying.

In the closing passage of this clever biography Mr. Froude's enthusiasm runs away with with him. It may be admitted that Cæsar yielded less to superstition than most men of his time, but when we are told that "his own writings contain nothing to indicate that he himself had any religious belief at all," and that "he saw no evidence that the gods practically interfered in human affairs," we understand Mr. Froude as trying to make a picture which shall be attractive to the materialists of his own day and generation rather than as stating the plain facts of history. Cæsar did again and again offer sacrifices on the eve of battles; he was anxious about omens and signs; he looked sharply after the haruspices on the night before the battle of Pharsalia, and vowed a vow that he would make a great festival in praise of Venus if he gained the victory. Mr. Froude himself has told us only a little while before that in the morning of the day on which he was assassinated "the sacrifices were again unfavorable," and that "Cæsar was restless." No doubt the great warrior was skeptical concerning the religion of his people, but the attempt to show that he had no religious belief at all is wholly gratuitous.

The final paragraph, in which Cæsar is likened to Jesus Christ, is a monstrous rhetorical perversion. "Each was denounced" it is said "for making himself a king." But Cæsar *had made* himself king, in everything but the name; he was an absolute despot; by force of arms he was ruling the civilized world, having waded to dominion through rivers of blood. Was there not a little more reason for denouncing him than for denouncing Jesus Christ on this account? "Each was maligned," Mr. Froude goes on, "as the friend of publicans and sinners; each was betrayed by those whom he had loved and cared for; each was put to death; and Cæsar also was believed to have risen again and ascended unto heaven and became a divine being." But if every demagogue whose friends have proved false to him and who has been put to death were to be likened to Jesus Christ historical comparisons would surely become odious. If Mr. Froude had contented himself with rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's he would have escaped extravagance and sacrilege.

To the current discussion of Eternal Punishment another small volume[1] is contributed by a venerable and distinguished clergyman of the Episcopal church. Professor Henry is the author of a book which a few years ago was widely read and enjoyed, "Doctor Oldham at Greystones." His active service in the ministry is ended but from his quiet retreat he keeps up a sharp lookout upon men and things, and this little treatise shows that he has not lost his power of vigorous thought and clear statement. Its form is that of a letter to a friend, and while it does not therefore enter into the intricacies of exegesis or the profundities of philosophy its free handling of the subject is far from being superficial. Dr. Whiton's Essay is repeatedly referred to and quoted from; the author says that for twenty years he has held the same view that Dr. Whiton presents of the teaching of the Scripture respecting future punishment. The view to which Dr. Whiton inclines, of the ultimate extinction of the incorrigible, he does not, however, adopt, as the title of his book indicates; he hopes for the final redemption of the whole race, and finds nothing in Scripture or in philosophy to contradict this hope.

Whatever may be thought of the soundness of Dr. Henry's arguments, no one can complain that his spirit is not reverent or that his temper is not Christian; and those who undertake to forbid studies like his, and to cast out of the synagogue the men who pursue them will find that they have committed themselves to a difficult enterprise.

In the appendix some modern representations of what is called the orthodox doctrine of future punishment are exhibited, the study of which may be instructive. The idea, once familiar, that "the joys of the blessed were to be deepened and sharpened by constant contrast with the sufferings of the damned" is presented in several quotations. Witness this utterance of Jonathan Edwards: "The sight of hell torments will exalt the happiness of the saints forever. It will not only make them more sensible of the greatness and freeness of the grace of God in their own happiness; it will give them a more lively relish for it; it will make them prize it more. *A sense*

[1]The Endless Future of the Human Race. A Letter to a Friend. By C. S. Henry, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

of the opposite misery in any case greatly increases the relish of any joy or pleasure!" And this from Dr. Samuel Hopkins: "The smoke of their torment shall ascend up in the sight of the blessed forever and ever, and serve as a most clear glass always before their eyes to give them a bright and most affecting view. This display of the Divine character will be *most entertaining* to all who love God, and will give them *the highest and most ineffable pleasure.* Should the fire of this eternal punishment cease it would in a great measure obscure the light of heaven and *put an end to a great part of the happiness and glory of the blessed.*" There is no pulpit in New England to-day from which the man would not be driven who ventured to express such sentiments as these. And yet we are told that no material change has taken place in religious opinion!

A BRISK and rattling sketch of travel is this little book[1] by Mr. Stevenson. The region which it brings home to us is one not often visited by the book-makers; the by-ways which it lays open to our vision are pleasant for travelers at home, albeit they must have been somewhat rough to the feet of our enterprising pedestrian. The Cevennes, in the south of France, are the scene of these sketches, and among these mountains dwell a simple folk whose ways Mr. Stevenson helps us to see.

His donkey, Modestine, carried not the traveler but his effects; his pleasantest nights were spent out of doors; and his adventures which are merrily told, were many and curious. Mr. Stevenson's love of nature is keen and intelligent; and some of his pictures, though he is not given to *making* pictures, show you the scenery in a very effective way: "Mount Mezenc and the peaks beyond St. Julien stood out in trenchant gloom against a cold glitter in the east; and the intervening hills had fallen together into one broad wash of shadow except here and there the outline of a wooded sugar-loaf in black, and here and there a white irregular patch to indicate a cultivated farm, and here and there a blot where the Loire the Gazeille or the Lausonne wandered in a gorge." Occasional touches of this kind reveal the spirit of the artist. The accounts that we get of the earnest efforts of Trappists and other zealous religionists to convert our traveler are piquant; underneath the playful narrative is a sober vein of religious philosophy. Here for example, is a bit of reflection that may not be altogether just, but which is worthy, nevertheless, of being pondered, not only by sectarian believers, but by the sect of unbelievers: "It's not only a great flight of confidence for a man to change his creed and go out of his family for heaven's sake; but the odds are—nay the hope—is that with all this great transition in the eyes of man he has not changed himself a hair's-breadth to the eyes of God. Honor to those who do so, for the wrench is sore. But it argues something narrow, whether of strength or weakness, whether of the prophet or the fool, in those who can take a sufficient interest in such infinitesimal and human operations, or who can quit a friendship for a doubtful process of the mind. And I think I should not leave my old creed for another, changing only words for other words; but by some brave reading, embrace it in spirit and truth, and find wrong as wrong for me as for the best of other communions."

[1] Travels with a Donkey in The Cevennes. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE "No Name" Series holds its own. *The Colonel's Opera Cloak* (Roberts Brothers) is not so strong a story as "Signor Monaldiui's Niece," but it is very bright and clever, just the sort of book to read in a hammock, or under the shade of a spreading elm on a country hill-side. We are afraid that its sale at the South will be limited, for the southern family that it introduces is not a model family. Their general shiftlessness and slovenliness, coupled with their lofty contempt for everything northern, are made sufficiently ridiculous. The author must be a great skeptic concerning the superiority of the southern type of civilization, and we will trust that the St. Johns are not a typical southern family. The manœuvres of Mrs. St. John to marry off her niece at the seaside are well told; all the doings of that watering-place society are feelingly described. Tom Douglas is just the right sort of fellow, and Leslie is the sweetest girl in the world; we follow their fortunes with plenty of amusement over the queer complications in which they become involved, and in which the Colonel's opera cloak plays so conspicuous a part, but without any misgivings about the issue of the story; it is all coming right in the end, of course. Mrs. Whitney has been named as the author of the story, but that is a wild guess. . . . . The author of *Just One Day* (George R. Lockwood) is a woman and a mother, who is thoroughly disenchanted with existence, and takes this method of letting the world know what a tiresome and unprofitable thing life is for a married woman with the care of several children. The cares and worries of the mother for "just one day" are here set forth in a minute and graphic sketch, beginning with the first waking of the baby in the morning, and ending with the departure of the husband and father for his club in the evening. It is a very painful and pitiful story, and who shall say that it is not true? Children are troublesome and exasperating creatures; servants are stupid; husbands are careless of the comfort of their wives and wholly absorbed in their own

[1] Cartoons: By Margaret J. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

interests and diversions—who doubts it? It is vain to try to regulate this evil; the only remedy is a prohibitory law, by which children shall be abolished and servants banished and marriage made a felony. With such a law the world might get on very well for "just one day," and perhaps a little longer. . . . . In *Old Creole Days* (Charles Scribner's Sons) Mr. George W. Cable has collected a number of short stories, the scenes of which are laid in New Orleans and its neighborhood. A people as peculiar as the Creoles of Louisiana, and a civilization as exceptional as theirs, afford a rich field to the story-teller. Mr. Cable is a very good story-teller, and he seems to be well acquainted with the ground over which he takes his readers, and with the people to whom he introduces them.

It would have been a loss indeed if that early poem[1] of Mr. Tennyson's, which has so long been hidden, had been altogether forgotten. The unkind friends who have disregarded his wish in giving it to the world have done him a good service and have added something to the world's store of beauty. Their motives may have been bad enough, but in their deed the Providence that watches over all things precious has restored to literature a possession of which it ought never to have been defrauded. The note with which the poem is prefaced states that it was written in Mr. Tennyson's nineteenth year, and that two of the three parts then written were printed, when the poem was withdrawn from the press. One of Mr. Tennyson's friends, however (by report, Mr. Arthur Hallam), distributed some uncorrected copies of the poem among their common associates of that day, and from some one of these privately-circulated copies the fragment has been reprinted in England without Mr. Tennyson's consent. "Seeiug," he says, "that these two parts have of late been mercilessly pirated, and that what I had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die, may I not be pardoned if I suffer the whole poem at last to come into the light, accompanied with a reprint of the sequel—a work of my mature life—'The Golden Supper'?"

"The Lover's Tale" shows marks of immaturity, no doubt; the touch is less firm, the style is less clear, the fancy is more profuse and the sentiment more exaggerated than in the "Idyls;" as we pass from the parts now first published to "The Golden Supper" we are conscious that the hand of a greater artist has grasped the pen; nevertheless, there are many passages of great beauty in this tale: it would make the reputation of a new singer. Take a strain or two:

"For how should I have lived and not have loved?
Can ye take off the sweetness from the flower,
The color and the sweetness from the rose,
And place them by themselves? or set apart
Their motions and their brightness from the stars,
And then point out the flower or the star?
Or build a wall betwixt my life and love,
And tell me where I am? 'T is even thus:
In that I live I love; because I love
I live; whate'er is fountain to the one
Is fountain to the other; and whene'er
Our God unknits the riddle of the one
There is no shade or fold of mystery
Swathing the other."

This makes us think of The Gardener's Daughter:

"Never yet,
Before or after, have I known the spring
Pour with such sudden deluges of light
Into the middle summer; for that day,
Love, rising, shook his wings and charged the winds
With spiced May-sweets from bound to bound, and blew
Fresh fire into the sun, and from within
Burst through the heated buds, and sent his soul
Into the songs of birds, and touched far off
His mountain altars, his high hills, with flame
Milder and purer."

Here and there are lines of great sweetness and power:

"So that hour died
Like odor rapt into the winged wind,
Borne into alien lands and far away."

"Gleams of the water circles as they broke
Flickered like doubtful smiles about her lips,
Quivered a flying glory in her hair,
Leapt like a passing thought across her eyes."

Here is a strain that is the prophecy of many that have followed and no less sweet than they:

"Had heaven from all her doors,
With all her golden thresholds clashing, roll'd
Her heaviest thunder, I had lain as dead,
Mute, blind and motionless as there I lay:
Dead, for henceforth there was no life for me!
Mute, for henceforth what use were words to me!
Blind, for the night was as the day to me!
The night to me was kinder than the day;
The night in pity took away my day,
Because my grief as yet was newly born,
Of eyes too weak to look upon the light."

The nineteen-year-old boy who could frame such verse as this, all compact of music and strong pure passion and the keenest spiritual insight, had the promise of greatness in him—something better than the promise, indeed; and the words of the critics who thought to extinguish him with their sneers only survive to show us how much supercilious stupidity can sometimes dwell in the breasts of those who assume to be the rulers of Parnassus.

[1] The Lover's Tale. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. III.——SEPTEMBER, 1879.——No. XXI.

CRIS-CROSS.

Miss Lydia Crane was an old maid, there could be no mistake about that; not in virtue of her age merely, for she was only thirty-five when Mr. Sylver came to Lyndon to preach, and many a woman has become wife and mother after that age; but Miss Lydia was a born old maid. Her parents died during her early childhood, and she passed into the care of three maiden ladies, daughters of old Parson Beach, whose place Mr. Sylver afterward filled in Lyndon church; and the three trained her in true spinster fashion, her inexpansive nature falling readily into their ways.

She had a little money of her own, and a small house with a garden and orchard pertaining to it; and as all three of her guardians died before she came of age, when that period arrived she gave notice to her tenant that she wanted that house herself. And then what a reign of expurgation began within the four walls! All that soap, sand, chloride of lime, hot water, paint and whitewash could do, was done there, by the aid of strong arms and stronger will. The house was much like every other house in Lyndon; white, oblong, bedecked with green blinds, and having a kitchen at the back; but no other house was ever so speckless, so sweet of scent, so fearfully clean.

It was kept dark to be sure; no sunshine allowed on the premises; and it was bare of ornament, for pictures and brackets and vases gathered dust; but it was clean, and Miss Lydia devoted her daily energies to keeping it in this condition.

She had money enough to live on, but her nature was frugal and industrious; so she took in fine sewing, and made shrouds and coffin trimmings for the Lyndon manufactory, till her bank account grew visibly from year to year, and she was more and more respected as a person of "means."

She had but one relative, a half-brother living in Ohio, who had been sent to his mother's relatives when their father died, and was scarcely a memory to her personally; yet they kept up a feeble correspondence, and she cherished a shocking quartet of daguerreotypes in her drawer as representatives, in the oldest style of the art, of Joseph and his wife, and their two children, John and Mariette.

With assured comforts, luxuries if she needed them, and no real trouble, Miss Lydia ought to have beeu a happy woman; even her heart, such as it was, had so long been idle that its eapacities for joy or grief seemed dulled forever, and spared her the aching and throbbing that so disturbs the peace of her sex generally; but the very absence of genuine causes of suffering made her take for grievance all the lesser ills of life. There is a curious tendency in human nature to crave sorrow in a hidden and unconscious way, that does not need or find words, but betrays itself in actions. It is like the physical longing for salt; pure joy and peace are savorless without this pungent flavor of tears; there is no relief to sculpture without shadow, no delight to the eye like dawn, and yet dawn implies darkness, inevitably.

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So Miss Lydia found her own troubles, and used them well; petted, cherished, and made the most of them. Her neighbors had hens, and the first and strongest tendency of hens, as we all know, is communistic; they want to and will share all the property about them; their cackling souls knew no reason why Miss Lydia's garden was not for them to scratch up as well as the rest of creation's attainable face. But this "bloated property-holder" objected, and after years of skirmishes, routs, reiterated charges and fresh repulses, screams of battle and clamors of victory, she defended her rights by a seven-foot paling all about the garden; which cost twice as much as all the hens had destroyed since their earliest trespass, but effectually discomfited them, and added another to the long list of the triumphs of capital over labor.

Then there were boys in Lyndon, as usual; boys are an obstinate fact everywhere; we thank kind Providence that the Indians are exterminated in these regions, and plume ourselves on the fact that the last of the Mohicans pointed a moral and adorned a tale long ago; but do we ever reflect on the host and hordes of boys that are still left? I think Miss Lydia would have preferred the Indians.

However, boys seem to be a necessity in the scheme of man, "mighty maze" as it is, and it seems to be an equal necessity to boys to steal apples. Miss Lydia's orchard was tempting as the Hesperides. Early summer apples bedecked it with great crimson spheres and balls of gold, juicy and fragrant enough to have beguiled a deacon; and when the winter crop bent those gracious boughs with all sorts of fruity splendors, blushing Peck's Pleasants, rich dark gilliflowers, the striped Northern Spy, red as rubies, and enormous yellow pippins, glowing beside Roxbury russets, the Quakers of the tribe, and honest Newtown pippins, better far than their exterior promise; how could any boys resist them? Yet to see one urchin pick up an apple through the bars was agony to Miss Crane; she would have given them pecks for the asking, she was not stingy,—but she knew her rights and wanted them respected. But what fun is there in asking anybody to give you an apple when you can just pick it up? It was almost an adventure to steal "old Lyd's" apples in the face of her watchful eyes and alert ears; the fence went for nothing, boys will

"—find out the way"

to fruit, over more obstacles than Love in the old ballad; so here was a good, steady affliction, coming every other year as surely as the apple crop. Then there were the flies. But flies are an exhaustive subject, not for the brief limits of this article; I can only say in passing that if Miss Lydia had pursued Satan with half the energy, truculence, and untiring persistence with which she hunted flies, he would have fled from her atmosphere and left her to peace and saintliness very early in life.

Besides these special and recurrent grievances, there were the daily "happenings," as we call them, of all human experience; times when the soap would not "come," do what you would; when the chimney smoked, the spout leaked, and crockery slipped from her fingers without rhyme or reason; when pork grew rusty in the barrel in defiance of precedent, moths got into the carpets, and mice into the garret;—in short, days when everything, to use her favorite expression, went "cris-cross."

Now Lydia Crane was not naturally inclined to be querulous or selfish; she had been duly converted in the progress of a revival in Lyndon, and joined the church during Parson Beach's life-time. She read her Bible daily; said her prayers—I use the phrase advisedly—and was a punctual attendant on all the means of grace. She was the head and front of the church sewing-society, and secretary of the Foreign Mission Circle, yet in the living of her life she had become, at the age of thirty-five, fretful, self-centred, opinionated, and domineering; but perfectly certain that she was an exemplary Christian. Charity, sympathy, tenderness, do not grow in such a solitude as hers; it is not good for man or woman to be alone; and if to be a Christian is to wear the image of Christ, as the gospel seems to imply, there was very little obvious likeness in Miss Lydia to the Master whose name she wore.

Yet she was a thoroughly honest woman,

anxious above all things to do right; ready to give to every "object" that impelled the long-handled contribution boxes, with deacons at the other end, through every slip on every other Sunday, though she had not even a kind word for the beggar at her door; for begging implied "shiftlessness" and that was unpardonable.

But just before Mr. Sylver was settled in Lyndon Miss Lydia received a letter from her niece that amazed and disgusted her. It ran this wise:

"*Dear Aunt:*

"If you see me some of these days walk in at your door, don't you be surprised. If pa don't stop I shall run away. I certainly shall, and I have n't got anywhere else to go. You see I want to marry Alf. Peck, just the nicest fellow you ever saw. I don't care if he is poor, he 's *awfully* smart; but pa has got a kind of a prejudice against him; he won' t let me see him, if he can help it; but you better believe he can't lock me up if he tries! So anyway, if he gets too mighty I 'm going to run for it, and I know you 're real good, everybody says so. Just write a line to say you 've got this and direct it to Alf. Peck for me. Don't for anything let pa know, but I don't believe you will. Good-bye.

"Your affectionate niece,

"MARIETTE."

The impudence of the thing took away Miss Lydia's breath. *She* give shelter to a runaway girl! the idea was monstrous. She had a great mind to inclose the letter directly to her brother; but the bell rang for preparatory lecture just then, so she tied on her bonnet and went to church, and after she had slept that night on the matter, she resolved to delay any action at present. A dim sort of sympathy made her unwilling to betray Mariette to her father; an *esprit du corps* that she would not have acknowledged to herself, for Lydia never had a real lover: two or three elderly widowers had made prudent advances to her in vain; but no tender sentiment had ever stirred her chilly heart. Yet after all she was a woman, and shrank from violating this girl's confidence, however she disapproved of it. Several weeks passed and her fears vanished; she took no notice of the letter, determined neither to "make nor meddle" in the matter. In the meantime Mr. Sylver had been ordained to the church, moved his family into the parsonage, and commenced a round of pastoral visits. It was one of the loveliest of all June afternoons that he stood at Miss Lydia's door knocking for admittance. The white roses that clambered up to the chamber windows were thick set with bloom in every stage of beauty, from the swelling bud folded in green wrappings to the full-blown trembling blossom in whose glowing heart a dew drop quivered; sure token that the night-wind had parted those pure leaves and dropped a tear of foreboding over their certain fading. Beds of pinks scented the fresh air with spice, and the early cinnamon roses were dull with half-finished and half-dead flowers, sending a sickly oriental odor of attar across the perfume and honey that freighted every breeze.

Miss Lydia herself came to the door: her usually calm and rigid face was flushed with some trouble evidently, and in her hand she held the yellow cover of a telegram; but she was glad to see Mr. Sylver; he was the minister, and the new minister; it was a duty to be glad to see him. As he seated himself in the prim, cold parlor, he opened the conversation with a remark on the weather, that sure and safe first step.

"Yes, it 's good weather," allowed Miss Lydia. "We generally do have the best of weather in June. I wish't sometimes 't would last right along through the year."

"Perhaps we should not enjoy it as much if we had it all the time," quietly answered the minister.

"Mabbe not; but I can't say I like cold weather; it makes such a sight of dirty work. Wood is trying enough; always droppin' everywhere specks and slivers; but coal—coal is a heap worse."

Mr. Sylver smiled. "But June is dusty."

"Yes; there 's trouble every-where. Seems sometimes as though you could n't pass a day without it."

"Yet one would think, Miss Crane, that you had very little; you have a lovely home here, and no family cares or sorrows."

"Well everybody has their own troub-

les,"—her mind reverted here to the list we have already chronicled, and she felt rather unwilling to confide them to the minister, so she wound up with a glittering generality. "I have mine as well as other folks; there's a good many days when everything under the canopy seems to go cris-cross with me."

"Then you ought to be blessed indeed," gravely answered Mr. Sylver.

Miss Lydia stared, but he went on: "I mean if you fully entertain the meaning of that word; it is only a contraction of 'Christ's cross.' Surely if you bear His cross daily, you are an unusually privileged woman."

"I don't know what you mean," she answered, with rude honesty.

"You are a Christian, Miss Lydia?"

"Well I should hope so! I've been a professor near about twenty years."

"But I mean a Christian," insisted Mr. Sylver.

Miss Lydia darted a keen glance at him, but it sank before the clear, cool, penetrating look of his gray eyes. She moved uneasily on her chair.

"Why, I suppose I am. I mean to be."

"Then if things go with you according to Christ's cross every day, it is well with you, certainly."

"I didn't know as anybody liked crosses."

"No; but there is a wide difference between the cross we carry for ourselves and that we bear for Christ; there was Simon of Cyrene, you know; 'him they compelled to bear the cross.' It was harder for him, no doubt, than it would have been for John, who loved the Master, and would have rejoiced to save Him from even that burden."

Miss Lydia's face grew interested; intelligence and honesty quickened its worn lines; she did not understand, but she began to suspect there was something in the gospel she had never understood, and desired to know now.

"I don't believe I sense you yet," she said, more gently.

"It is very simple, my friend, if you look at it; it is merely taking Christ's cross instead of our own; that is, taking the troubles He sends and bearing them as He bore his own, because we want to be like him. Cris-cross ought to be the great blessing of our daily life."

"I don't know as I ever,—well, yes; I do know I never thought on't in that light before," said Miss Lydia gravely; "and I don't think I know now jest exactly how to work it."

"I can tell you how I have tried," answered Mr. Sylver; "and it has been a mighty help to me. Take the Bible and study the gospels; read them over and over. You know already what Christ endured; hunger, cold, thirst, temptation, the loss and the desertion of friends; can you find one place where he fretted or complained over these troubles? He does not even allude to his crucifixion as a thing terrible to himself. He did not go about telling all men how dreadful his sufferings were and would be; what little we know of them is recorded for our benefit only, for our instruction in the way of life. Did you ever think, Miss Lydia, why Christ chose to be poor and lonely, when he might just as well have been a temporal king and still undergone death for us?"

"Well, I never did. I never thought on 't much. I read the Bible, too, considerable; but seems to me somehow as if it was n't like other reading."

Mr. Sylver understood; formalism was his special dread in dealing with just such people; people who "say" their prayers and read their Bible daily and dutifully, but simply as a duty, without apprehension of the divine depth and sweetness in either practice, if only it be done with the heart, not with the head.

It is this which makes the conversion of the heathen an apparently easier matter than the conversion of many church members; the gospel is new, fresh, living, to the ear that has never heard its tender appeals and loving promises before; but where it is simply a ceremony to read the Word of God, and done ceremonially day after day, the pathetic words of the prophet become the modern preacher's adopted utterance "And lo! thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument;

for they hear thy words, but they do them not." For it is not the poetry, the splendid images, the lofty moral tone of the Scripture that makes it a two-edged sword; but its living truth, and its practical application.

Mr. Sylver went on: "I don't think you are alone in that feeling, Miss Lydia; but think a moment. How could Christ have given in any other way such abundant force and help to us as by suffering all things that we suffer, even the lowest and the poorest of us, so that we can never say 'I cannot carry daily troubles to God; he is too great to understand them.' You know what Paul says to the Hebrews: 'For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are;' and this for the very purpose of making known to us his sympathy and power to help in all things. This was part of His cross; the cross on which He lived; perhaps as hard to endure as that on which He died."

Miss Lydia looked strangely moved; her religion had been that of form and routine; a "desire to be as good as she knew how to be," and a very honest desire, but so far it had not led her, as every such intent will lead sooner or later, to the foot of the cross.

"It 's as good as three sermons to hear you talk, Mr. Sylver," she said. "I see how blind-like I have read the Scripter along back; but it does seem, nevertheless, as though there was some things that pester you amazingly, that are too small to talk about in that solemn kind of way."

"Then they are too small to be troubles at all," said the minister, smiling; "anything that is a real trouble, and can be borne cheerfully, silently, bravely, because Christ sends it to us to bear, will certainly turn into a blessing to ourselves or somebody else; it will be Christ's cross instead of cris-cross."

Miss Lydia's mind had been dwelling on the hens, the boys, the flies, and all her minim troubles before, but while these last words dropped from the minister's lips her eye fell on the yellow telegram.

"Well," she said, "I thank you kindly, Mr. Sylver, for your talk. I'd thank you a good deal more if you would just give me a word about some trouble that came this morning. I'll fetch the letter first."

While she bustled away the minister looked at his watch; it was late; he was tired; he had much to do that morning; he did not know how to spare Miss Lydia another moment; but he was a man who had learned to be afraid to preach without practicing, and for a long time it had been his habit in any doubtful matter to ask himself, "What would Christ have done in this place and these circumstances?" and act accordingly. Not that he could alway certainly know; but he read the gospel so much that it seemed to him he could generally tell what would have been the Lord's course of action, and being naturally a considerate, just, and deliberate man, not blinded by impulse or passion, and one who prayed fervently for divine guidance, it is to be presumed the result of his judgment was as near as humanity can achieve to the Master's example.

This was the secret of Mr. Sylver's great usefulness; he was not a very brilliant or eloquent preacher, but he believed the Word of God with all his heart, and acted on it in all his life; and nobody who knew him doubted or caviled at his religion, for it was his daily living.

Miss Lydia came back directly with the letter from Mariette, and in her hand also the telegram whose yellow envelope still lay on the table.

"There," said she, "read them if you 're a mind to. I think that is nigh about a real trouble, Mr. Sylver."

"I think it is," he said, as he glanced over them.

"Well, what had I ought to do about it?"

An unconscious sharpness toned her voice as she asked the question.

"What do you think the Master would do, Miss Lydia? Here is a young girl, headstrong, evidently, regardless of her duty to her parents, and 'in love' as she would call it, with a young man probably quite unfit for her."

Miss Crane looked disgusted.

"But see here; she throws herself on to your protection; you are her only relative, and she has heard you are 'real good.' You

have a character to keep up, my friend, a Christian character. It may be the turning point of this child's life,—the way in which you receive her; as you act she will judge your religion. Should you like to bring reproach on the gospel?"

An indignant warmth, strangely sweet and novel, seemed to elate the good woman's heart.

"Why you know I would n't!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Sylver's cool eyes glowed. "I thought not. Then comes in the first consideration, what would Christ do with her? We need not seek that knowledge far; think of the patience, the forbearance, the tenderness with which he treated individual sinners; worse sinners a great deal than this silly, willful girl. Here is a real cross, coming right into your house; may it prove Christ's cross to you truly!"

"You 'll come again, won't you," said Miss Lydia, a strange dimness in her dark eyes; "come and see Mariette."

"Yes, indeed I will!" And so the good man departed, having done his good work.

Miss Lydia took up the telegram again. "Coming on four o'clock train," it said, over Mariette's signature. She looked round at her neat and orderly house, and groaned in spirit; habit was strong and the words sprang to her lips, "How things do go cris-cross!" but scarcely had they been uttered when she checked herself with a feeling of shame.

Like many lonely people she had a habit of talking aloud to herself, and now she went on: "I never did! I've forgot already! If I had something or another to kind of remind me. I'm as dumb as a child about learning. I had ought to be ashamed of myself. I wonder what there is to sort of jog me when I forget?"

She hunted up an old-fashioned ring, but hard work and rheumatism had swollen and knotted her joints; the ring would not go on any finger. Then a bright thought came to her. She went out of the door and cut the crossed end of a fir twig from the great green tower of a Norway fir that guarded the north door: she tied the cross pieces straight to a bit of wire and hung the symbol above her mantel-piece; a simple reminder of her duty, touching enough had any spectator seen it gathered and placed there; but to her humble, simple soul just the help she needed.

Years after, when grace had ripened and softened her still more, Miss Lydia would never allow any scorn or ridicule to be poured upon the symbols of other sects before her.

"Mabbe it helps them greatly," she always said. "Such things do sometimes; I've been helped by 'em myself."

After this was pinned and tacked safely, she went about her preparations for dinner, and when that was over made up a bed for her guest in the spare chamber, and then tying on her bonnet went to the cars. Lyndon Station was a lonely platform, half a mile from the small village, and she was the only waiting woman; so when the train stopped it was no wonder that Mariette at a glance threw herself into Miss Lydia's arms crying out:

"You *are* Aunt Lyddy, ain't you? Oh you dear, *dear* thing!"

Miss Lydia was taken by storm; never in her life had she seen anything like this pretty child, for Mariette was small of her age and only seventeen at that; her face was pure red and white as the fragile petals of a sweet pea, and the hazel eyes and red-brown hair curling in countless rings and waves about her pretty head, betrayed an excitable temperament that the clinging arms and chattering tongue did not belie. Miss Lydia could not help folding her arms about the little thing and giving her a kiss that was almost motherly; there was something so bright and sweet and childlike in the girl's aspect nobody could help petting her, and Miss Lydia convoyed her home in a state of shame-faced triumph that surprised herself.

This however was the beginning; a hundred times a day the tiny green cross helped Miss Lydia to bear the daily annoyance that this pretty spoiled child brought into her quiet home; yet as often as she looked at it, and remembered for whose sake she must be patient and gentle with this burden that had come on her, just so often she

took a step forward in the divine life, and learned to know the Lord who led her. For "if any man will know of the doctrine" let him first put it to the test of practice; the work that Christ reveals to us, also reveals Him; if we love Him we keep his commandments, and in keeping them learn to love Him more and more. It is true that the habit of a life-time was not at once broken; day after day when Mariette's disorderly, careless, idle habits manifested themselves, Miss Lydia did more than once snap at her, and more than once the old word of "cris-cross" rose to her lips, but that worked its own remedy; the primitive meaning of her favorite expression rose up and confronted her every time, and she had again to bow her head in shame and ask grace to help her.

Yet with all the minor trials of her presence, Etty, as she learned to call her neice, grew dearer daily; youth and beauty and gayety seemed to illuminate the formal house like an incarnate summer; and though at first Miss Lydia even rebelled at the flowers which were gathered to deck the parlor shelf and the sitting-room table every day, she opened her heart to them before long, as she had to Etty.

For a few weeks Mariette was restless and expectant; evidently she wondered and grieved because her lover neither followed nor wrote to her. Aunt Lydia had let her parents know of her safe arrival in Lyndon, but even from home no answer came. At last the poor child's reticence gave way; she leaned her aching head on the spinster's shoulder, and poured out her girlish sorrows and profuse tears together. It was a strange office to Miss Lydia, that of comforter; but she did as well as she could, and perhaps better than she knew, by assuring Etty that no doubt Mr. Peck was a great scamp and had never loved her at all. This naturally made Mariette angry, so angry that she forgot to cry, and called Aunt Lydia a heartless old maid, in good set terms; so arousing the ancient Adam in that good lady's breast that she scarce refrained from boxing Etta's ears, and did call her a "little minx" on the spot.

But the next day's mail brought a letter from Mariette's father which vindicated Miss Lydia's penetration into character. He had gone at once to young Peck when Mariette could not be found, and demanded his daughter, but the fellow denied all knowledge of her, and after a time, under threat of personal chastisement, and warned in the most impressive way that Etta never would have a cent of her father's money if she married him, he had promised solemnly to let her alone for the future and had even left town and gone West.

Till he had disappeared Mr. Crane resolved Mariette should not come home, and therefore did not write; now he was ready to receive and forgive her if she was ready to repent and return. But Etta did not want to go. She loved Aunt Lydia, and she had become attached to Mr. Sylver who had kept his promise to her aunt, and helped her guide and guard the wayward girl. Besides, she did not like to go home and face the gossip of the village, and the end of the matter was that Aunt Lydia asked her brother to leave Etta with her for the next year at least. It was surprising, even to Mr. Sylver, to see how Miss Lydia took his words to heart, and lived up to them. He had not reckoned on the extreme honesty and simplicity of her real character, or the readiness of the good ground to receive and fertilize the truths sown in it, but they did indeed bear fruit a hundred fold.

It was her aunt's life that proved a living epistle to Etty: when a few years after some one asked her under whose preaching she had been converted, she smiled and said, "Under Aunt Lydia's practicing."

For Etta never left Lyndon. Before her year's visit was over she had formed a very intimate acquaintance with a well-to-do young man who kept the village store, to whose character and principles even her father could not object; so it turned out that she came to live close by Miss Lydia, who blessed the day many a time that she had so dreaded,—the day of Etty's arrival at her house.

The boys profited by Miss Lydia's re-conversion; grace, like sunshine, warms even the corners of life.

She let them freely now into her orchard

to pick up the abundant windfalls, and when they were so free to come there was no fun in coming. So this, like many other of her minor trials faded utterly away; for when our eyes are fixed on the mountain tops we do not see the pebbles under our feet, or if now and then they cause us to stumble, we are hardly conscious of it in the absorbing splendor of those radiant heights where our home is.

As years went by patience became a habit, and peace an abiding guest: she forgot to say that things went "cris-cross" and she entered more and more into the meaning and service of Christ's cross. Old age came, and decrepitude; but the Master she had served cared for her still; as she had grown into His image friends had also grown up about her, and were glad to make her last days easy with affection and sympathy; her life was hid in the deepest sense, with Christ in God; and when it passed away from this world it was only to be found in another and a better, redeemed and glorified. If she had lived an eventless and quiet life, at least she left behind her one lesson that is the greatest any of us can learn—that "cris-cross" means, and is, Christ's cross.

Rose Terry Cooke.

POPULAR "LITERATURE" FOR THE YOUNG.

A first attempt at the solution of any social problem is always met either by the cry of bigotry and fanaticism, or by a calm indifference, which of the two is to be most dreaded. This may be accounted for in two ways; by the zeal of the advocate leading into a waste of too passionate rhetoric, and frequently to the statement of untenable propositions as logical facts, and the opposition of society at large. By the latter I mean, not only those whose interests are directly involved, but the majority of men satisfied to run in the moth-eaten grooves of a respectable ancestry, without pausing to notice new routes of travel, introduced as the accompaniments of the railroad and telegraph.

This latter I conceive to be the most stubborn obstacle in the path of the modern reformer. His own over-zealousness, the interested opposition of those with whose business he is interfering—these are cogent forces against which he has to struggle, but which for obduracy and resistance are by no means to be compared with the indifference, the contemptuous coldness of the great public, whose good alone he is presumably seeking. The study of the problem considered in this article is no exception in the hackneyed course of events. It has hitherto had few enough advocates; but little or no interest has been taken in the discussion. Occasionally an editorial paragraph or stray magazine article invites the public attention to the lamentable condition of literature for the young, and there the matter ends. With these rare exceptions, the subject remains untouched; the trade in cheap and filthy literature increases, and that *laissez faire* principle of our easy-going American social code restrains parents from a too close examination of their children's mental food; the clergy are silent. If this is an abuse in fact, and is to be remedied, it seems to be full time that it was begun and carried on with the energy its importance justifies.

The question with which I propose to deal—and its seriousness as a social problem can scarcely be denied—is by no means now agitated for the first time. Within the recollection of this present generation powerful attacks were made upon fiction and fiction writers, by those divines, principally of Puritan adoption or descent, who denounced all light reading in the form of novels, tales and romances as pernicious, and advertised them from the

pulpit as the gaudy attractions of Satan. This was all nonsense, to be sure, and the emanation of sincere though sadly warped prejudices. To class all fiction as meretricious because certain writers choose to prostitute their talents, is as unjust as to deny all the facts of astronomical science because some self-denominated philosopher proclaims a theory that the sun moves around the earth, or that the moon is made of green cheese.

This "flash" literature of to-day is a reactionary production, and may be compared to the licentious freedom of Charles II. and his court after the stern rigidities of Cromwell and the protectorate,—both to be deplored.

The grim teaching of our forefathers that fiction was a work of Satan, and fiction writers and readers his chief agents, was hard, unsatisfactory and rebelled against. For a long period, however, fiction was under the ban, and read in secret corners. Boys curled shiveringly up in the haymow lost their sense of cold and "chores" in the wonders of Sindbad, Aladdin and Gulliver; girls endangered health and the safety of paternal roofs by long hours of candle-light indulgence in the forbidden woes of Frederic and Clarissa.

But gradually a new element grew up; in the liberal light of later days, the old orthodoxy softened some of its hard lines, and a kindlier feeling toward the warm, bright-hued plants of fiction was so openly encouraged that they were transplanted, one by one, from the hot-houses of a few radicals, and found shelter amidst the fir-tree, ground pine literature of Puritanism. But the tide, once setting inward, swept on remorselessly; the longed-for freedom has given place to a hateful licentiousness, and the result is seen in the present prevalence of sensational literature, born of intolerance, and nourished on the very wretchedness it breeds.

Thus in their zeal to suppress one evil, the old-time persecutors of fiction fell into another, which in time led back to the original grievance; they would have kept back from the social body a great deal of pure and healthy nourishment, in order to drive out a less amount of adulterated matter. Their failure was as complete as it was deserved. After years of teaching such doctrine and swallowing such belief, the inevitable reaction set in, and for a few years we have been fairly deluged with in a torrent of cheap literature, pernicious, corrupting, debased; so that even responsible publishers father periodicals that but for a wordy gloss, and the quasi indorsement of clerical contributors would fall under the head of very undesirable publications at least.

In what I have to say upon this subject, I propose to deal only in facts—facts that I believe should be earnestly considered by the fathers and mothers of this land. It is in the early morning that the right or wrong color is given to the matured life. Let the source of a stream be pure, and no matter how numerous its windings or steep its descent, it will always be the same sparkling water that left the maternal spring; there may some vile things mingle with it for a time, but these it bears away upon its surface, and is the brighter, better, purer for the contrast. Let the earlier days be sown with good seed; let pure reading alone be admitted to the family circle, and a purer tone will characterize our social code, a more healthful circulation will find its way through the veins and arteries of society at large.

It seems proper at the beginning of our investigation to consider the legitimate functions of fiction, and thus gain an impartial standard whereby to judge the pernicious popular literature of the day.

Three functions of fiction I conceive to exist:—*Instruction*, rendered more palatable than it might otherwise be by a coating of figure and strophe; the conveyance of *moral teaching*, by means of the oldest known form of illustration, the fable, by which the mind is attracted to the entertainment, or at least consideration, of truths arranged in pleasant garb, from the bare presentation of which it would turn away in indifference or disgust; and *amusement*, pure and simple. Let it be here remarked that people are too apt to esteem this last the only or at least the most important function of fiction.

These are no arbitrary distinctions; the first two are founded on Biblical precedent

and authority, for our blessed Lord made use of fiction in the conveyance both of instruction and moral teaching. Witness the parables of the talents, the virgins, the fig-tree, the sower, Peter's vision of the sheet, the drag-net and the grain of mustard seed. The third function, while I would not esteem it the greatest, neither do I lessen its importance as compared with the others. The mind of man can no more keep up a strain of labor without cessation, than his feet and hands can be bound, Sisyphus-like, to unremittent tasks. So instruction must interchange with amusement, and to lead a healthy moral and intellectual life our reading should be chequered after this manner.

Such then I apprehend to be the functions of fiction. All that it is, I am willing to concede; all that it has been and can be, I am ready to grant. It is not against fiction in any one of its pure and legitimate forms that my voice is raised; but against the abuse of its noble aims and wonderful capabilities, against the misuse of it which more and more prevails, and with but an occasional remonstrance.

Now what are the characteristics of this miscalled popular "literature for American youth"? How does it perform all or any of the recognized functions of fiction? If upon fair trial it is found wanting in this respect, and at the same time works incalculable harm, we must claim that it has no proper place in the world's library; reputable publishers should give it no chance of going before the public; Christian people should frown upon it; clergymen denounce it; and if in addition to this, when stripped of an outside veneer, many prints are found to be indecent, then the law should be put into effect, and the black stream of deadly stuff that is poisoning the minds and blunting the morals of so large a number of young persons should be cut off at its fount. We may better appreciate the demerits of "flash" literature, I think, by considering it together with its effects.

In the case of both sexes, its moral effect is the same. The moral nature is stunted, dried up, and withered. For the gentle sex, love is made the basis whereon is built a great mass of distorted architecture. Between the ages of say fourteen and twenty, girlhood always forms a romantic ideal, the reality of which does not and cannot exist. Youth and immaturity will not believe this, and trusts most thoroughly in the imaginative vision; the result is easily seen. Prosaic every-day life fails to supply the hero and heroine of romantic imagination, and our young reader finds them without a very difficult search in the overwrought, glowing tales of popular literature. To innocence the characters are all real; the silk and velvet-clad courtiers; the furbelowed and jeweled dames; the fascinations of aristocratic society; the glib conversation of the nobility; the thrilling adventures of Don Stephano; the frescoed miseries of Lady Isabel;—all these seem flesh and blood realities, actual facts and events. Wrapped in such a web as this, a young girl's life (especially if she belong to the lower or middle classes, so-called) becomes a dreary existence, incomplete without the accompaniment of her unreal companions. Unconsciously she begins to measure her friends and acquaintances by the fictitious standard she has set up. Practical modern life can scarcely stand such a test, and the victim of *romanciana*, grows more disconsolate and dissatisfied at every attempt to get the graceful cone of idealism into the plain square opening of every-day life. Dissatisfaction breeds discontent; the discontented one feels abused; like the hunchback king, the victim feels that she has come before her time into the world. Such a girlhood, lived while the body and soul are forming the enduring woman, can result only in a sadly distorted womanhood. Impossible ideals have been the ruin of more men and women than will acknowledge it; they are the "hope deferred," in its bitterest intensity, "that maketh the heart sick."

This is one of the results of a certain style of romantic literature, and if there were not others, by far worse, it seems bad enough to warn young girls from the indulgence in mental poison, that tends to dwarf and embitter their lives, and render them unfit to fulfill the duties of a busy life. There is another effect, however, of which the sensational story is the cause; and this

is of such a character that in this age of reforms and reformers it seems wondrous strange no voice has been lifted to bring it into prominence. Possibly this neglect may be accounted for in the fact that this is a "reform" movement with no pecuniary considerations attached to its advocacy; then again, I may be uncharitable. Perhaps a more reasonable explanation is found in the mawkish modesty of a chaste public. If the truth, however, is worth anything, it is surely worth being allowed to stand on its own merits, unaccompanied by the gentle platitudes that please society; and the time has come at last, let us hope, when the truth may be spoken, even though not arrayed in flowery metaphors to conceal disagreeable facts.

The language, thought and style, of a large class of sensational literature, is impure; not absolutely so in expression, but directly so by implication. Writers play at hide and seek, as it were, with their readers' modesty; inciting still greater eagerness and unwholesome excitement by the thin varnish of a semi-moral tone: through the palings of respectability, set very far apart, we catch a teasing glimpse, now and then, of vice made fascinating, and the natural result follows. An innocent creature is at first shocked by covert insinuations of acts, of the very names of which she ought to be ignorant. The plot of the story is "thrilling," however, and a young person sees no harm in reading that which is read by the elders, and so the first step is taken. Very soon the constant repetition of what was at first disgusting and shocking renders the reader indifferent, and young girls come to read of shameful deeds, smothered in a luxuriousness of description that dazzles and delights, with no more thought of blushing than if she were engaged in some household task. Her moral nature is blunted; her taste lacks refinement. The first fragrance of innocent maidenhood is lost. Her finer ingrained morality, whereby she is the superior of man, is roughened, made coarse. The woman is dwarfed, and the animal nature is developed. The lessons learned at this time of life are not easily unlearned in after life. Diseased taste in youth produces intellectual barrenness and inferiority in maturity; stunted morality ends in indifference to religious life.

And now with regard to the other sex. As love is presumed to be the key unlocking the curiosity and attention of girlhood, so romantic adventure is held up as the wrecker's light to lead boyhood upon the reefs and shoals of pernicious literature.

Boy heroes are almost invariably runaways from home or school, or else belong to the lowest orders of street hoodlums and vagabonds. Robber chieftains are made the *beau-ideals* of boyish longing; a sea-faring life, dressed out in the picturesque horrors of piracy, is held up as a noble object of ambition; runaways are made the martyrs of domestic tyranny, and lauded for their "pluck" and deviltry; boys are lured by the glitter of a gambler's career—on paper; they sigh for a trapper's life among the mountains of the west, and the recklessness of a miner's career, dashed here and there with a heroic rescue, or a brilliant stabbing affray. Boys at school are encouraged in rebellion against their masters; blackguardism is treated as courage and spirit; every one in authority is held up to ridicule; parents, teachers and employers.

These are the pictures that are conjured up for the delectation of our American boyhood, served hot and spicy in innumerable illustrated periodicals, that attract the eye on every city news-stand. Vice is represented at par, and often at a premium, while virtue is at a tremendous discount, and its upholders denominated "lambs" and "milksops." Vulgarity, profanity, and thinly-veiled indecency are the constituent part of this mass of pernicious stuff, labeled, "Literature for American Youth."

The effect of all this is bad, incalculably bad. Boys are steeped in these tales of crime and disobedience, and go out into the world with a glamor of wickedness in fascinating form clinging to them. The daily papers are full of the results of such an education. In numberless cases, dime-novel reading is given as the first step of a series that leads downward to the prison-yard. Ask the boy who has run away from home, and sought the hardships of the sea, or the

danger of the plains, what caused him to leave ease, and freedom from care for these poor substitutes, and in nine cases out of ten the true answer will be that his ideas were taken from the glowing literature that upheld the disobedience of the act as meritorious, and the result as far different from what experience proves. So it ends in disobedience to lawful authority, dissatisfaction with good homes and loving parents, culminating in misery to those principally concerned, and grief to those by whom they are beloved. The details of these flaring fictions are drawn with a minuteness that excites surprise, and in this characteristic lies the secret of their effect upon youth. The steps leading down to the commission or attempted commission of a crime are made fascinating to young minds by appeals to the lowest instincts of nature. The passions are unduly excited; the very gloss of wishy-washy morality that is wrapped about such tales deceitfully smooths the way to their perusal. As a class, then, this literature is vulgar, indecent, profane; and in view of what has been brought forward, how does it fulfill all or either of the legitimate functions of fiction already laid down?

First, do novels built upon a basis of entirely imaginary, and in most cases impossible plots, padded with most improbable adventures, fulfill the first mentioned function of fiction—instruction?

Second, does a literature which depends for its circulation and support upon the excitation of the lower passions, interspersed with profanity and vulgarity, tend to the conveyance of any moral teaching?

Third, is there amusement to be derived from this stuff?

The first two questions I must conceive to be self-answered; the last is open to argument. I have been told that the amusement and relaxation given to the minds of (especially) working boys and girls, are as necessary and as much to be sought after as any living necessity; if they find amusement in them, it is argued, why should they not be let alone to indulge their taste?

Let them be amused, innocently, by all means; but indulgence in such literature, I make bold to claim, is productive of neither amusement nor relaxation. The regular patrons of these journals, not confined to the youth, by any means, suffer literally from a disease. Their minds are steeped in pen-pictures of crime, extravagance, and a noxious sentimentalism, until they become the victims of a mania. They can be induced to read nothing else; they devour their chosen mental food in eager haste, not for instruction or amusement, but as the unhappy victims of a disease that is eating its way to the heart of many a young life that might otherwise be honored and honorable in the world. If this may be tortured into "amusement," I yield the point, until the opposite is proven. I hold from the self-afforded evidence of this literature that it is neither instructive, productive of moral teaching, nor useful as an agent to relax the mind, and hence stands without the pale of recognized and legitimate fiction.

In this article I have made no attempt to suggest remedies; I have merely stated the present condition of a great mass of current literature and its threatening attitude toward the young people of our day. The true and only remedy, I believe, lies in the home training of the boys and girls. One hint of an underlying truth may, in conclusion, be offered.

The supply of any article, by a perfectly plain law of political economy, always has been, and always will be, of the nature of the demand; and nothing is truer than that if people would cry out for less trash and more high-toned reading, if the public would repudiate publishers and writers who pander to the low and vulgar, the bottom would fall out of this cheap and nasty literature, and the gap be speedily filled with wholesome and substantial material.

Beverley Ellison Warner.

ESTHER AND RUTH.

There are two books in the Bible which bear women's names—Esther and Ruth. Different in their cast and their scenery, they possess in common one striking peculiarity,—in teaching the most important religious lessons without any profession of doing so.

The peculiarity of the book of Esther in omitting all mention even of the name of God, has been suggested to my mind in looking over the map of North America. Wherever the Spaniards settled, we find such names as *Vera Cruz*, or "True Cross;" *Trinidad*, or "Trinity;" *Santa Fé*, or "Holy Faith;" *Santa Maria*, or "Holy Mary;" and a multitude of saints' names, as *San Francisco*, or "Saint Francis." Wherever the English settled, on the contrary, we find mostly only unconsecrated names, secular or of heathen origin; only here and there a name like Salem or Providence. But when we look for religion, we do not find it chiefly where the religious *names* are found. The *thing*, as contrasted with the name, we find not in Spanish but in English America.

The Jews, for reasons of their own, hold the book of Esther in high esteem, according to an old saying of the rabbis, that when all their other sacred writings have perished the book of Esther will remain.

May we not also accord a high rank to this book in the sacred volume for its teaching a lesson so needful at all times, and still as needful as ever, against that tendency to be influenced by names more than things, which is the bane of religious life? It strikingly illustrates God's control of events without mention of His commandments, or even His name. It is held by theologians to be an inspired book, while looking precisely like any piece of secular history. In fact, Luther condemned it as full of "heathen unnaturalities." It carries none of those phrase-marks by which it would nowadays get into the "religious department" of a denominational newspaper, rather than the "secular department." And yet it is a part of Holy Scripture.

Such a book reads us the lesson to depend less on labels and more on conscience; to read the lessons of religion in all history and all science as well as in manuals of devotion; to recognize religious truth outside of the catchwords of our own creed. Precisely in the vein of Dean Stanley's thought is the impression made by this book: "Whatever is good science is good theology; whatever is high morality and pure civilization is high and pure religion."

In the light of this book the common distinction between "sacred" and "secular" is worth remarking on. This is a proper enough distinction, if properly used. "The law is good, if a man use it lawfully." But in the nature of things this distinction is accidental and temporary, serving merely to educate our thought to penetrate the profounder realities, where all secular things become sacred, as all controlled by God, working under his providence toward ends divine, and sanctified in the regard of religious souls. And yet how easy to forget the educational intent of this distinction, and to use it for a permanent mark between what is God's and what is not God's. So men give the name of "divine service" to stated exercises of worship, but not to their daily calling. They put religion apart from business and recreation, in a way that makes heathen through six days, and hypocrites on the seventh. They regard the church as consecrated by and for stated public worship only, and desecrated by the admission of any innocent and wholesome entertainment; making curious distinctions between the degrees of sacredness which belong respectively to the lecture-room and the main auditory, as formerly to the Holy Place and the Holy of Holies in the Jewish Temple. They even insist that we are not a Christian nation, unless we will adopt an amendment to the national Constitution expressly acknowledging the fact.

Against this false discrimination, against the human tendency to place the distinction between sacred and secular in forms, phrases and names, the book of Esther utters so strong a protest, that we might

well pronounce it, on that account alone, worthy of its place in the Bible.

The main lesson of the book of Ruth chords well with this key-note of the book of Esther.

In Ruth we see the closest constancy of affection beautifying a relation against which the satirist often directs his bitterest jibes. We see the hardest times brightened by the flowers of the purest love. We see a virtuous self-help sensibly accepting a trying situation, and honestly winning its due recognition and reward. We see the providence which feeds the sparrows aiding the pious and industrious poor. This is just such a story of common life as would instruct a rude people in some of the primary lessons of morals and religion; just such a story as a divinely guided prophet might have written for such a purpose. In the primitive age it was a lesson which the divine teaching of the race could hardly have failed to give in some form or other. Common as is the lesson now, it is not yet well learned. It is common life, domestic life, not among rude Hebrews merely, but in all times, that needs just such sanctifying as an example like Ruth's. This world, our homes, our daily work, make the circle where just such examples need to shine.

Now, whoever carefully reads church history finds that, while Christianity was in its primitive age chiefly a matter of pure morals, it has been for a large part of the time since a matter chiefly of orthodox theology, or of church connections, or of sacraments, or other forms and externals of various kinds. The book of Ruth is a standing protest against the besetting error of putting religion in doctrines, institutions, ceremonies. Ruth insists on its being put into the life, the home life, the work life, the social life, in all pure and sweet morality. In view of the fatal facility with which men forget this, we may well believe that our divine teacher, the Spirit of God, secured such a book its place in the glorious company of prophecy, gospels and revelation. For so we are taught that the sublime doctrines of an incarnate God and an opened heaven are of no avail except we embody the spirit of religion in the fitting form of moral beauty, amid whatever burdens and trials God calls us to glorify Him by well doing.

In such lessons these two books, however diverse in special coloring, blend in impressive harmony. We find their details in similar accord, in exhibiting the spirit of piety in practical and moral forms, rather than devotional and religious.

Compare, for instance, the dutifulness of Esther toward Mordecai, even after she became queen, and the dutifulness of Ruth toward Naomi. Compare again, the combined energy and prudence of each in her time of need, Esther employing all of woman's tact in conducting her perilous and delicate part with the king and with Haman, Ruth (in concert with Naomi) declining the privilege of the law of inheritance until she had established her character by industry and filial piety.

Compare each again in her relation to those unknown elements in the hands of providence which are the reliance of the righteous and the dread of the wicked. Of Ruth, as she went to glean, we read that "her *hap* was" to light on the field of Boaz. Concerning Esther we read, in combination, the singular postponement of the fatal day by her adversary's superstitious use of the lot, and the unexpected blasting of Haman by the sudden disclosure of the fact that his revenge had ignorantly struck at the queen.

Peculiarly intense in coloring is the picture of providential control as it appears in Esther's record. Wrath fell on Haman as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, when Esther in her supreme moment simply said, "The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman." The fact, to him before unknown, that the queen was of the race he had struck at saved them and destroyed him. How striking this suggestion of the unknown elements by which providence operating through law destroys the wicked and delivers the godly! The success of any selfish scheme depends on an indefinite number of particulars, some of which he cannot know, and any of which, when reckoned in, may change the whole result. Hence he is ever at the mercy of the unknown elements by which the omniscient disposer of events controls the issue.

The unknown elements in human calculations! Never forget them. These are the avenging and recording angels by which every soul is made, sooner or later, to realize that the snpreme power works for righteousness.

The very position which these books respectively occupy in the Bible between those which precede and follow carries the analogy between them still further. It is singular to find the book of Esther, so intensely secular in its form and its phraseology, inserted between books so intensely religious in external expression as the books of Ezra and Nehemiah preceding it, and the book of Job which follows. Equally singular, though in another point of view, is it to find that peaceful scene of rural innocence and piety, which the book of Ruth depicts, between the book of Judges and the books of Samuel, so full of bloodshed and mourning, and fierce struggles and wild cries of victory. It intervenes like the even-song of shepherds in a lull of battle-drums and trumpets. It teaches us the comforting belief that even in calamitous times earth's happiness has not all been spoiled. The world's past is not so dark as history pretends. Our thoughts may always turn from that record of strife and crime and suffering, which it often seems the chief task of the daily newspaper to spread before us, to contemplate those unpublished ministries of virtue and goodness which are covered from the eye of the reporter to smile in the sight of the recording angel.

In exhibiting the analogy between these two books this feature ought not to be omitted, that each is the story of a good woman in a hard place. Less need be said of that here, because that seems to be a characteristic of most Bible biographies,—stories of good people in hard places, the moral victories of constancy and faith amid sore trials. In this respect the account of Esther demands especial notice. She held only the rank of the best loved one in a polygamous household, whose arrangements were as repugnant to *our* moral sense as is the odious peculiarity of Mormonism. To Esther's moral sense—confessedly noble as was her character—it can hardly have been thus repugnant, with the polygamous precedents set in her own nation by sovereigns from David's time, and equally common in the foreign land of her birth. Such is the revelation of moral progress which the Bible history gives, by incorporating such usages of the best men and women of earlier times, in the same record with the teachings of Him who made known to later times the divine intention of the fact, that the first family consisted of a wedded pair.

To conclude: the lesson of *inclusiveness* which Esther gives by ignoring the outside distinction between "sacred" and "secular," Ruth gives in another way by ignoring the distinction elsewhere recognized between the chosen people and the heathen. Moses had pronounced a curse on the race of Moab, which after a thousand years Nehemiah kept in force. From this accursed race, and against the prohibition of inter-marriage with them, came "Ruth the Moabitess."

The Jewish church, as narrow and exclusive as any church that ever existed, was obliged by the necessities of its position to be such. The feeble light amid fierce winds must be within a lantern. Something was needed to offset this, and to show that this was not the divine ideal, but a temporary arrangement for an exigency. Hence, in remarkable contrast with the exclusiveness of the people and their institutions, the repeated testimonies of the prophets to the truth which we find embodied here in the living example of this woman. The name of the foreigner from the accursed race is here inscribed in the national record beside the names of Moses and Samuel, as a silent testimony that God is the God of all mankind, and that all have an inheritance in him Thus, side by side with the exclusiveness of temporary religious forms, the Old Testament places the inclusiveness of the abiding spirit of religion. While the Moabite was debarred from the national sanctuary, the Moabitess is enrolled in the holy volume which that sanctuary enshrined. And so long as creeds and sects and religious forms estrange men's sympathies, so long will her story repeat the timely lesson, to seek in the religious spirit the inclusive bond, the essential unity.

It is not unworthy of notice that the two books of the Bible which bear women's names are wholly occupied with present duties, and things near at hand in a narrow range, while over all there plays the light that comes from afar and from above. Nowhere is the great consequence of some little things more impressively displayed than in the incidents of these books—the king's sleepless night saving Mordecai from the gallows; Ruth's casual entrance of Boaz's field conducting her to the place in history which is hers. Nowhere is the supreme worthiness of uprightly, dutifully, and bravely living the lot which providence assigns more persuasively set forth. What worthier lessons could women, or men, teach mankind than the lessons of these books, in which the distinction between royal Esther and humble Ruth is lost sight of amid the light that glows in the simple goodness of both?

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well thy part; there all the honor lies."

"What shall I do to be forever known?
Thy duty ever."

James M. Whiton.

A BIT OF NEW ENGLAND.

It was not until the rich alluvial valley of the Connecticut about Hartford and Windsor had been occupied by the earlier colonists, that the rugged and mountainous country, lying further west invited settlement. The pioneers who drove the first stakes in this wilderness were descendants of the Pilgrims, and with indomitable industry they cleared the best of the land of its dense growth of forest timber, and laid the foundations of homes that united in the strength of Christian communities have exerted a world-wide influence. The character of these men is suggested by the Bible names which they gave to the towns as they were incorporated, making almost a modern Palestine of the hills and valleys of northwestern Connecticut. In a clear day from a mountain elevation within easy distance of Litchfield, the county seat, may be seen the encircling towns of Bethlehem, Judea (now Washington), Sharon, Canaan and Goshen.

It was in Bethlehem that Dr. Joseph Bellamy, one of the theological giants of the eighteenth century, spent his long ministerial life. When but a youth of eighteen he supplied the pulpit of the recently-formed parish, and preached with such power and persuasive eloquence that a general religious interest spread through the community. The field was sparse and small, but the invitation to settle among them was pressed by the people with such urgency that he decided to accept this retired pastorate. During the two years succeeding his installation, in the spring of 1740, he devoted his entire time to his parish duties; but as the tidal wave of the revival known as "the great awakening" swept through the churches of New England, he felt constrained to engage in evangelistic efforts, and with the consent of his people made several extended tours in which his preaching was attended with remarkable success. These itinerant labors were continued until he saw the dangerous spreading of a fanatical spirit, when he again returned to his pastoral duties and wrote the book entitled, "True Religion Delineated," which did much to extend his influence and reputation. From this time onward he received into his family young men who were pursuing a course of theological study preparatory to the ministry. The students held him in high esteem for his scholarly attainments and pulpit ability, and some of those under his tuition were afterwards called to occupy prominent positions.

Dr. Bellamy was a man of large and commanding presence, with a prodigious voice and an authoritative and dictatorial manner that made him seem cold and reserved to those who were unacquainted with him, but

it would appear that some of his parishioners were not afraid to turn his sharp thrusts back upon himself. Preaching once upon the subject of temperance, he stopped in the course of his argument and abruptly exclaimed: "I don't want anybody who has the rheumatism to tell me what has brought it on—it is cider; and the way to cure it is to stop drinking." It chanced that very night that Dr. Bellamy was seized with a severe pain, which before morning had increased to such a degree that he had to send for the family physician. The physician, who had heard the temperance sermon and was well acquainted with his pastor's temperament, very gravely examined his patient and with a solemn shake of his head said: "Ah, doctor, I see what ails you—it is the rheumatism. I 'm afraid you 've been taking a little too much cider."

Dr. Bellamy was the acknowledged leader in ecclesiastical matters in this region and often showed excellent judgment and tact in their management. It is related that having been invited to attend the ordination of a friend, he found that one of the most prominent men in the parish was opposed to his settlement. Soon after the opening of the council he managed to get by the side of this old gentleman and he expressed to him a deep interest in the welfare of the parish and also in the success of their pastor-elect whom he knew to be a young man of great promise. "I hear," said he, "that there is some little lack of unanimity in respect to his settlement. Now as you are an influential man here, and of course have the welfare of the society much at heart, I would suggest to you the importance of bringing your influence to bear upon this state of things, so as, if possible, to secure entire harmony." The old gentleman was easily caught by the device, and set to work in good earnest as a peace-maker and ever after was a warm friend of the minister.

Although a learned man and accustomed to grapple with the profoundest themes of theology, Dr. Bellamy was a practical and suggestive preacher and teacher, and enforced his thoughts with apt and familiar illustrations. A young minister who had been his pupil, upon engaging in active work, cultivated a severe style of preaching which soon became very offensive to his people. While visiting his old teacher he complained that his efforts seemed to be followed with meager results, and was inclined to put the blame upon his parishioners. "Why," said Dr. Bellamy, "the reason is obvious enough, and if you will correct your error, go and learn wisdom of the fisherman. He does not go boisterously to work, as if he expected to bring the fish to his hook by giving them a regular scourging beforehand; but he casts in his lines silently, and waits patiently for a bite; and whenever a fish comes to his hook, he is watchful to take advantage of the right moment for drawing it up; and he is thankful if he gets a few, and perseveres in the hope of getting more. If you would adopt this same course as a fisher of men you would have less reason to complain of the want of success."

About eight miles due north from Bethlehem, upon a hill-top which affords a magnificent view of the surrounding country, lies the village of Litchfield, with its broad, elm-shaded streets. It was here in the early part of the present century that Lyman Beecher, then in the flush of his young manhood, entered upon his pastorate of the Congregational church. Although an inland town of comparatively small population, Litchfield at this period was a village of considerable fame and influence. The law school under the direction of Judge Gould and Judge Reeve was in the zenith of its popularity, and the young ladies' seminary conducted by Miss Pierce had gained a reputation that attracted the patronage of many of the wealthiest and best families in the country. These two flourishing institutions with these cultured teachers formed the nucleus of a social circle widely famed for its intelligence and refinement. Mrs. Stowe relates that when in Paris she was often visited by an aged French count who in youth had spent some years in Litchfield as a student in the law school. Although accustomed in his native land to move in the highest circles, he dwelt with enthusiasm on the society at Litchfield, which he declared was the most charming in the world.

In entering this field of labor Dr. Beecher was in no danger of burying his talents in a country parish, but in earnestly prosecuting his work he exerted an influence that had as wide and free a sweep as the winds that made the parsonage creak in blustering March days. It was an excellent place in which to rear a family; and we can but think that the wholesome diet and good air of Litchfield hill, is to be credited with part of the compliment which Theodore Parker once paid Dr. Beecher when he said, "He was the father of more brains than any man in America." The home life of the Litchfield parsonage throbbed with activity. The minister in his study energetically worked according to methods that were peculiar to himself. Meditating long upon the topics that engaged his attention he waited until the moment of inspiration came when his thoughts began to crystalize, and then his mental powers worked under a high pressure of excitement. In order to let down the tension of the overexcited nerves he took long rides to the outlying districts of his parish, or explored the trout brooks with hook and line. In study or recreation everything had to move at a sharp pace. His fertile mind was ever busy with projects and plans that looked to the general welfare of the churches, and his country parish was like a high tower from which his eyes swept a wide horizon. Children came to make his home glad and cheery with their presence; an exuberant life, which felt in every motion the influence of the gifted and devoted mother, who early died at Litchfield and was buried in the cemetery east of the village. Her memory was an abiding and sacred influence, the blessedness of which was enhanced by the character of the noble and cultured woman who afterward came to fill the vacant place, with a solicitude of affection that won all their hearts.

It was in the early part of his ministry at Litchfield that Dr. Beecher sounded that clarion note of alarm against the sin and crime of intemperance, the echoes of which have not yet died away. The famous "Six Sermons" which he preached on the nature, signs, evils and remedy of intemperance, were the flaming forth in mighty power of a fire that had long burned in his heart. It is difficult to realize the lax views which prevailed at this time, among ministers and laymen alike, regarding the use of ardent spirits. It was considered not only an indispensable necessity on festive occasions, but as an every-day beverage. The laborer on the farm and the mechanic in the shop expected their regular rations, and the well-filled decanter was to be found in the office of the lawyer and physician, and in the study of the minister. It was freely dispensed from almost every sideboard and proffered at weddings and funerals. As might have been expected, this universal habit of using intoxicating drinks produced an increasing harvest of misery and shame, and cursed the churches with its blight.

Soon after the arrival of Dr. Beecher at Litchfield he was called to attend the ordination of a pastor in an adjoining parish. At the dinner, which was provided at the parsonage, a decanter of spirits stood upon the table, and another upon the sideboard, that was used, during the afternoon and evening, to such an extent that "the sideboard looked and smelled like the bar of a very active grog-shop." This, and a similar experience not long after, aroused the alarm and indignation of others beside Dr. Beecher. Some four years previously the young minister in the parish of Judea, a few miles from Litchfield, had been shocked one cold winter's day by discovering a man lying dead in the snow, with a bottle of spirits by his side. Taking as his Bible text the eleventh verse of the fifth chapter of Isaiah and the fate of the poor drunkard as a leading illustration, he preached a sermon that was afterwards published by the American Tract Society, and attracted considerable attention. Committees were appointed by the local and state associations of ministers to consider the best way of meeting this growing evil. In due time the committee of the General Association reported that while deploring the evils of intemperance, they were obliged to confess that they did not perceive that anything could be done. As soon as the report was read, Dr. Beecher sprang to his feet and moved that a new committee be appointed to report at that

meeting what could be done to avert the tide of intemperance. The committee was promptly named, with Dr. Beecher as chairman; and the paper which he presented sounded the bugle notes of a temperance campaign, that banished the decanter from ministerial sideboards and arrayed the churches against the giant evil that in some instances had threatened their very life. It was not long after this that the famous sermons were preached in the Litchfield pulpit, that have proved so effective in the aggressive work of temperance.

The memory of Dr. Beecher is reverently cherished by some, living at an advanced age, who often listened to his preaching in the old church with its quaint sounding-board and box pews. "Ah," said one of these veterans, "you should have heard Lyman Beecher in his grandest moods. He was a lion then; none of his children can equal him."

The three towns that touch the northern boundary of Litchfield have a vital and romantic connection with the history of foreign missions. In the Torringford parsonage, which, with the neighboring church was the spiritual center of a scattered farming community, Samuel J. Mills was born and spent the years of his early childhood and youth. Like Hannah of old, his devoted Christian mother, with prophetic vision of the future, consecrated her child to foreign mission service. It was here that he early passed through a religious experience which from a season of great spiritual darkness and depression passed into a clear and vivid consciousness of the divine love. The feeling that prompted his interest in the cause of missions, while a student at Williams college, was born and strengthened amid the influences of his secluded country home, where the faith of his parents reached out in prayer and thought far beyond the limits of the little parish in which their own lot was cast. But for the teachings and encouragement of that Torringford home, we may believe that the prayer-meeting by the haystack at Williamstown would never have been held, nor the name of Samuel J. Mills so nobly identified with the history of missions. He was one of the four young men who, as their studies at Andover drew to a close, offered themselves as missionaries of Christ to the heathen; a consecration that led to the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

The first meeting of this society, whose influence is now felt in almost every part of the habitable globe, was held in the town of Farmington, a few miles east of Torringford, in the house of Rev. Noah Porter, the father of President Porter of Yale college.

Again taking Litchfield as a starting point, a carriage ride of ten miles brings us to the top of the range of hills which overlooks the valley of the Housatonic, whose charming and diversified scenery has long attracted the admiration of artists and tourists. The view from some of the highest points includes not only the cultivated valleys that open in every direction, but stretches far away to the misty Catskills in the west and the rugged hills of Berkshire on the north. In one of the most secluded of these delightful vales nestles the village center of the town of Cornwall; a spot historically linked in a romantic way with distant lands. Soon after the formation of the American Board of Missions it was decided to start a school in which heathen youth might receive a Christian education, and then return to their native homes in the capacity of teachers. This school was established in Cornwall, and for a time proved very successful. In 1826, the period of its greatest prosperity, there were gathered here natives of Sumatra, China, Bengal, Hindostan, Mexico, New Zealand; of the Society Islands and Marquesas Islands; of the isles of Greece and of Azores, besides members of North American Indian tribes. Among this strangely mixed group of pupils was one whose life is full of sacred and tender interest to those who love the cause of missions. Henry Obookiah was a native of Hawaii, the most important of the Sandwich Islands. When but a lad he saw his father and mother, who were related to the royal family, killed in one of the intestine wars that raged in the island. He was taken prisoner by the murderer of his parents, but rescued soon after through the

efforts of an uncle who treated him as his own child. This uncle was a pagan priest, and it was his earnest wish that his nephew should enter the same service; but Obookiah had already conceived a horror of these heathenish customs, and, an opportunity offering, he came to this country in 1809. The vessel in which he sailed was destined for New Haven, and by the time the long voyage was completed he had gained considerable use of the English language. Wandering through the streets of the city he was finally noticed by a Christian gentleman, sitting lonely and tearful upon the steps of one of the dormitories of Yale college. A kind word elicited the story of his forlorn condition, and the conversation resulted in his being taken under the care of Christian friends. The story of Obookiah and his desire to obtain an education led in part to the founding of the mission school at Cornwall, and from its inception he was connected with it. Having made a public profession of faith in Christ, his life ever after was consecrated to the work of preparing himself to return as a missionary to his native land. He made rapid progress in his studies, and had already translated portions of the Bible into the Hawaiian language, when he was suddenly stricken with a fever and died after a brief illness. His last breath was spent in prayer for the salvation of his benighted countrymen, and some of those who stood by his dying bed have lived to see these islands of the Pacific numbered among the Christian nations of the world.

Among others who attended the mission school were two intelligent young men of the Cherokee tribe of Indians. One of them, known among his people as Weite, received the name of Boudinot, from Elias Boudinot once governor of New Jersey and for a long time president of the American Bible Society. The young Indian, naturally gifted with a pleasing address and manner, was welcomed into the best families of the village. His frequent calls at the home of a prominent resident in time gave rise to some neighborly gossip, but the social life of the parish, usually so quiet and placid, was stirred to a fever heat when news spread far and near that he was about to marry one of the fairest and most cultured daughters in the place. Against the wishes of her parents and friends she persisted in her choice and the words were spoken that linked their fortunes for life. The companion of Boudinot, the son of a Cherokee chief, was also enamored with the beauty of a maiden living near the village, and was equally successful in his suit. These love affairs seriously disturbed the feeling of the community, and hindered the progress of the school. The Indians with their brides returned to their nation, then occupying a portion of Georgia. Boudinot became conspicuous among his people as a scholar, edited a newspaper, and during the administration of Andrew Jackson took a leading part in the arrangements by which the tribe were removed to Arkansas. Ridge, then one of the chiefs of the Cherokees, was in sympathy with this movement, but a strong party was opposed to leaving the burial places of their fathers. The disaffected portion of the tribe after the settlement in Arkansas denounced Ridge and Boudinot as traitors and untrue to the traditions of their people, and in their bitterness they clandestinely murdered them.

In returning from Cornwall to Litchfield, by taking a circuitous route over the Warren hills and skirting the shores of the lovely Waramaug lake, a visit can be made to the birthplaces, in the parish of New Preston, of Jeremiah Day and Horace Bushnell. President Day was the son of the pastor of the Congregational church in New Preston. Fifty years of his life were spent in the active service of the university, of which he was the honored head for twenty-nine years. Gifted by nature with a clear and penetrating mind, and a temperament placid and harmonious in its action, the life of this eminent educator was a noble illustration of the gentle but irresistible force of a character chastened by affliction, strong in faith, and unselfish in its aims. A grander eulogy could not be spoken than fell from the lips of Dr. Woolsey, who said at the funeral of his venerable predecessor, "I suppose that if the nearly 2,500 graduates of Yale college who were educated here under

President Day were asked who was the best man they ever knew, they would, with a very general agreement, assign him that high place."

The childhood and youth of Horace Bushnell was spent in the parental home that nestled at the foot of the sloping hill, upon whose summit was the parsonage in which President Day was born. In boyhood he developed those self-reliant and resolute qualities that characterized his manhood; and the strong current of his impulsive nature, like the streams that flow through the mountain gorges near his early home, was borne onward with impetuous and eddying force against opposing rocks and over swift descending cascades. Some of those who knew him in these early years, recall the eager zest with which he was always ready to discuss the knottiest questions that then engaged the public attention. Before entering college he made a Christian profession, but it was not until after the close of his collegiate course, that he passed through the spiritual experience which turned him aside from the chosen profession of law and led him to enter the ministry. The record of his Hartford pastorate is one of luminous usefulness, but his influence was destined to go out into all the world. "He being dead yet speaketh," and another generation will be better able than the present to tell the measure of his power. His thoughts were full of a leavening force that is still working with mighty energy.

Our sketch of the historical associations of these hill towns has but briefly touched their religious life and influence. The materials are equally rich in other directions. Within the bounds of Litchfield county have been born and reared eminent citizens whom the public has delighted to honor, in every walk in life. Among these names appear those of the gallant General John Sedgwick, the members of several cabinets, fourteen United States senators, and judges in all the higher courts of the land. The men who planned and built the Central Pacific railroad were born among these hills, and every summer merchant princes from the great cities come hither to live over again the scenes of their boyhood.

E. B. Sanford.

THE LITTLE OLD CHURCH.

I went to the little church to-day
  Over the brook beyond the hill:
It looks as it looked when I went away,
  Green-yarded and white-paled still.

I was a youth when I crossed the sea
  To wander in foreign lands; and lo!
Now there is gray in my beard. Ah me!
  Can it be so long ago?

There used to be in those far-back years
  A little girl with a happy face,
And a sweet, strange fashion of smiles and tears,
  And a young fawn's agile grace,

Who sat each Sunday serenely there
  In that little church, where the sunlight fell
Through the windows over her yellow hair,
  And over her face—ah well!

Ah well! And I—Oh, that little maid;
  I loved her truly. Each Sabbath day
I'd go there, and watch how the sunshine played
  In her hair, ere I went away;

Ere I went away; that was long years back,
  And now I am middle-aged, forsooth;
It is hard that a brave, strong lad, good lack!
  Must give up his brave, strong youth,

While a little church for years can seem
  Unchanged. Why, to-day they sang that strain
That they sang long ago,—it was like a dream
  Of my dead youth come again.

I sat in a dim, back-corner pew
  Where I sat when a boy; and I closed my eyes,
Till thoughts of the past and the present grew
  Into solemn mysteries.

I dreamed I was young again—that there,
  In the seat three paces in front of me,
The sunshine was dancing on yellow hair,—
  And I thought: "Can this thing be?

"I went to her grave 'neath the church-yard tree
  On this very morn ere I came in here,—
Where I thought of the things that used to be,
  Till I felt on my face a tear;

And now to think if I open my eyes
  I shall see her kneel in that pew and pray,
With a soul that is ready for Paradise,
  As she did ere I went away!"

I opened my eyes, and I looked; but lo!
  The pew was empty; the sunlight strayed
Up and down on the cushioned seat, as though
  It sought for the little maid.

A butterfly drifted in, and flew
  For a moment about, then out again;
"Into my life she came like you,
  And went," I faltered in pain.

And the preacher read: "Even as water spilled
  On the ground that cannot be gathered again
Are the children of men;" and the sad words filled
  My soul with a sadder pain.

When lo! the butterfly fluttered in
  Once more; and the preacher's lips then read,
"As little children are, free from sin—"
  "She is gathered to God," I said.

And I said: "You went, but you have returned:
I shall see her again in the years to be,—
In the years to be!"—and my sad heart burned
By the wayside there, in me.

I had not entered for many years
A church of Christ as I did to-day;
Till this morning my eyes had not known tears
Since the time when I went away.

I think I shall go to this church always
Till they carry me out to the grave-yard tree,
For the sake of that dear girl's sweet young face
And the days that used to be.

A. C. Gordon.

BETHANY.

It was nine o'clock of a summer morning. From the pretty iron bridge at the head of the village street the long cool vista of overhanging elms was refreshing to see. The butcher's cart, with its white awning, had just stopped at the parsonage gate. Under the trees in front of the stately old Byrd house, some children were nestled in the long grass, curling dandelion stems and hanging them behind their ears. Across the street, the doctor was issuing from his drive-way, chirruping to his already tired horse in a thoughtful and preoccupied manner. Further down the post-office and various "stores" constituted a business center of more or less activity, and numerous wagons from the remote rural districts revealed to an experienced eye the fact that it was Saturday.

A woman had been standing on the bridge for some minutes, leaning on the railing, and gazing down into the sparkling brown water. She carried a large, irregularly-shaped bundle on one arm, and a covered tin pail in her hand. Her head was sheltered from the sun by a black straw hat, round which a wreath of impossible flowers had been fastened, and a pair of curious gray eyes looked out from the thin, middle-aged face beneath the broad flat brim. A newly-made but ill-fitting dress of black alpaca, with a cheap, stiff "ruche" at the neck, finished in front by a prim bow of red ribbon, completed her array, which was evidently of unusual magnificence. Her large hands were encased in light gray cotton gloves, much too short, leaving an expanse of weather-beaten bony arm for the eye to traverse before reaching the plaited cotton lace which bordered her sleeves.

"Wal, *wal*," she soliloquized presently, "*this*'ll never buy the baby a frock." She seemed to give herself a vigorous mental shake as she spoke; and getting a firmer grip of her bundle, and wiping her eyes carefully with the ends of her gloved fingers, she set off briskly down the street, murmuring in an intense undertone, "For got my hancher."

In and out through the beautiful lights and shadows went the tall, angular figure. Not for an instant did she swerve from her direct course. With the air of one whose face is set towards Jerusalem, she sped swiftly past the ancient residences so discreetly and unwholesomely shaded from the common gaze, into the bright sunshine of the busy little public square. Suddenly she stopped before a narrow doorway, tramped heavily up the steep flight of stairs, with shoes whose squeaks testified to

their newness, entered an open door, and planted herself squarely in the center of a spacious, chintz covered lounge.

It was a long, low room, with two windows fronting the street. A rag carpet covered the floor, and before the table, which occupied the space between the windows, lay a large braided rug. Another of these mysterious products of Yankee thrift admonished the careless feet of visitors at the door, and a third spread its wonderful variety of madder-red and "otter-color" and rusty black before the lounge aforesaid. Fashion-plates from various authentic sources were displayed upon the walls, while every available spot was decorated with tissue paper patterns of all hues of the rainbow.

Certain modest domestic properties were visible through the open doorway of the adjoining apartment. A tiny cooking-stove was flanked by a miniature sink, with bright tin wash-basin and dipper and spotless dish-towels hung above. There was a little table with the leaves down, and a white table-cloth folded upon it, while the half-drawn curtain of some cupboard shelves showed the carefully kept fragments of breakfast. This floor was as clean as thick yellow paint and recent mopping could make it, and an air of exclusive feminine occupancy pervaded the two rooms.

The white blind at one of the front windows was drawn down, and near it stood a customer "trying on" her dress.

"There, Miss Purse, the back sets good now, 'n' if you stand natural, 'n' when I've took up the shoulders a little more, and cut it out round the neck,—so,—'n' loosened those arm-scyes a *leetle* more,—there, you'll look 's if you 'd jest bin melted 'n' poured into that bahsque."

The dress-maker, who was a small, slight blonde of thirty or thereabouts, spoke with inconceivable rapidity, and kept up a pianissimo accompaniment to her words with a pair of sharp scissors. They twinkled round the neck of the victim in threatening nearness to her jugular, snipped a thread here, and pared off an excrescence there, reminding one of nothing so much as the famous sword-dance of the East.

"Wal, Lorindy Hackett," remarked the unnoticed occupant of the lounge, "mebbe 'f you' d footed it from English's 'n the blazin' sun, you 'd know what bein' melted 'n' poured inter yer cloes *meant*. Where's Bethàny?"

"Why, Car'line!" said the dress-maker, with a bird-like flutter, and darting a look at her visitor that took in every wrinkle and crease of the black alpaca dress, "be *you* there? How beat out you look! There 's a fan; what *have* you bin doing to that pollynay? It set like a glove before 't was sewed. Bethàny 's gone over to the car to have a tintype took,—there, I was n't to tell, but I 'm always blurting out things, 'n' now I *have* told might 's well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, 'n' the long 'n' short of it is she says this morning, 'Lorindah,' says she, 'can you spare me long enough to go 'n' get a tintype for Aunt Car'line 'fore she goes away?' 'N she has n't bin gone two minutes. I wanted her to put on my white jacket with the Wattoo fold in the back, 'n' fix up a little; but she laughed and said she wasn't going to have her back took and she guessed she 'd better go jest as she was. She had on that calico you like, white grownd 'n' a set brown figger, you know, 'n' she said she *did* wish she had some flowers to put in her dress."

"You don't say!" answered Caroline, with a little tremble about her mouth; "the pretty creeter! Gone to git a picter to give *me!* Why here I've brought her a whole mess o' flowers, rose-buds 'n' sringys 'n' everything. Say, Lorindy," she went on, starting up, "I'll jest step over t' the car, 'n' hand her a bunch on 'em. *She* won't care. Might 's well take the pail right along, I guess." She stopped outside the door to look back over her shoulder and say, "They's some pie plant 'n' reddishes 'n' a chunk o' rye 'n' Indian bread in the bundle fur ye," and then squeaked hurriedly down-stairs.

At this moment a stout, dark-eyed woman emerged from unknown regions into the little inner sanctuary. With remarkable deliberation she placed a large pitcher of water in the sink, hung her gingham sun-bonnet on its appointed nail, and advanced slowly to her seat by the farther window.

"Mary Baist," said her coadjutor, now keeping time to her shrill and rapid speech with a swift movement of her sewing-machine, "Car'line's come 'n' brought us something for dinner. Won't you put it away 'n the cupboard 's quick 's you can, 'n' come 'n' tell me how that overskirt was trimmed that you saw up to Miss Luce's? Was it ruffles or folds or bias pieces or scallops or *what?* 'n' if it was scallops, what *was* they bound round with? Miss Purse 's in a hurry for her dress, 'n' she do' know what she wants, but she wants something that nobody else haint had, 'n' so she 's gone 'n' left it to me. I never saw *nuthing* like Car'line. To be sure, Bethàny 's her own sister's child, but it aint every aunt that sets by a niece like that. I let out, before I thought, that Bethàny 'd gone to Adams's car to get her picture, 'n' nuthing would do but Car'line must traipse over there in the hot sun 'n' carry her some flowers."

"Yes," said Mrs. Baist, serenely and solemnly, taking up her work after a prolonged interview with the bundle, "it was scallops And they was beound reound with the same cut bias, 'nd the bahsque had a kind o' cutaway fixin', 'nd that was cut in scallops 'nd beound reound, too, 'nd the pocket was beound reound, 'nd the cuffs on the sleeves, 'nd the fleounce on the sham skirt was gethered skimpin', 'nd *that* was cut in scallops 'nd beound reound. 'Taint strange, when you come to think of it, Lorindy, that Car'line sh'd hate to leave Bethàny. There aint a smarter or better-favored girl in town, be they upper-crust or what. 'Nd she 's ben a lovin' child to Car'line."

Her voice rose loud and slow above the racing sewing-machine, and her large hands manipulated the work on her cutting-board with very substantial results.

"There aint no other way, 's *I* see. Car'line can't seem to make a livin' here, 'n' she aint one o' them that 's willin' to hang out more cloes 'n' they wash. 'N' down to Jefferson she can earn eight dollars a week in the print-works, 'n' 's long 's Bethàny's mother 's so pindlin', she 's got to be took care of. 'N' Car'line knows we 'll be good to 'em both."

"Yes," shrieked Lorinda, taking a fresh start at her machine, 'n' Bethàny 's getting to be a real help to us. Everything she touches has a kind o' stylish look, 'f taint nuthing but a calico apron. But I 'm free to confess I 'm glad Car'line went over. I don't think much of Issachar Adams, 'n' thay 's no telling what he might take it into his head to *say* to Bethàny."

"You need n't borrer any trouble about *that*," retorted Mrs. Baist, in her most ponderous tones. "I 'll resk Bethàny Gould *anywheres*, 'n' I 'm ruther astonished to hear ye speak so, Lorindy."

Meanwhile, the girl who was the subject of so much tender thought was seated, somewhat ill at ease, in the photographer's faded green chair of state. The narrow confines of the "car" were made the most of. A curtained recess at the further end served for chemical purposes, and a cunningly adjusted sky-light produced the "Rembrandt effects," which were just then in fashion. Numerous evidences of Mr. Adams's skill adorned the walls, chief among which was the portrait of an elderly gentleman, finished in water-colors with a pink and white complexion that Bethany herself might have envied. A whole galaxy of stony-faced and moon-faced babies occupied a territory by themselves, and conspicuous among these "specimens" was a sweet little girl face, repeated many times in a corresponding variety of attitudes and surroundings. She was looking up, she was looking down; she was standing by a chair, she was leaning over the arm of a sofa, and there, just beyond her numerous counterfeit presentments, sat the real child herself. She might have been seven years old, and in spite of her shapeless plaid dress and a lack of the pretty belongings that show a woman's care and pride, was a child of wonderful beauty. An extreme shyness enveloped her like a cloud, but she glanced at Bethany once or twice with evident pleasure, and at length went timidly to her side, and put back a stray curl that fell over the pale cheek.

"Pretty hair," she said, and then ventured to lay her mite of a brown hand upon it.

"Why, you dear little thing," said the girl, impulsively drawing the child closer.

"Do you like me? I thought you were afraid of everybody."

"Go and set down, Agnes," said Mr. Adams, suddenly and sternly. "Miss Gould, I 'll thank you to turn your face this way, and histe your chin a leetle grain; there, that 's it, don't move now, your just right." And giving her one more keen look from under the black cloth, he hurried into the "dark room."

"Wal, wal, I guess I 'm just in the nick o' time," said Caroline's cheerful voice. "Here 's some posies for ye, child. Where 's Adams? Stepped out, I s'pose. Haint been cross to ye, has he? He 's a good-hearted creeter 's ever was, naterly, but somethin' or nuther 's soured him, 's you might say, 'n' now his hand 'pears to be against every man, 'n' every man's hand against him. But I alwus did b'lieve in him, some way."

She had opened her pail with difficulty, for the cover was tight, and now emptied its fragrant contents into Bethany's lap. "There, pick out the ones you like the best. *I* think some o' them little red roses that aint quite blowed out 's the most like ye."

Her back was toward the recess, and she could not see that the photographer stood outside of his curtain, looking at her with blue eyes that had a trick of smiling on their own responsibility when the rest of the face was grave. He was a strongly-built man of thirty, careless in dress and speech, but with a certain sincerity and directness of manner which may have accounted for Caroline's belief in him.

"Much obliged for your good opinion, Miss Chedel," he said, presently, stroking his heavy blonde moustache in some embarrassment; "I don't s'pose I *be* quite so black as I 'm painted. I calc'late to be honest, an' treat folks 's well 's they treat me, an' mebbe sometimes a little better. But I *haint* got no meetin' religion, 'n' what 's more, I don't want none. 'N' that 's why you pious ones are so down on me. Guess you 're right 'bout the rose-buds; I 'll fix 'em for ye, Miss Gould."

He selected two or three half-blown roses, arranged them rapidly, and bending over Bethany was about to place one in her hair. But he stopped abruptly, and spoke to his little sister:

"Here, Agnes, you know how."

The child came swiftly, as if accustomed to such service, and with deft fingers fastened a rose at the girl's fair throat, and another in her dark curls, and went back to her seat without a word. Caroline, by this time had recovered from her astonishment, and was contemplating her darling with admiring eyes.

"Land o' Goshen," she now found voice to exclaim, "who 'd a thought *you* was there, Issachar Adams? I did n't mean to hurt yer feelin's, but I don't see 's I can take back what 's the gospel treuth."

"*That 's* all right," said Adams, with a curious expression of anxiety in his face; "but I expect I 've scared Miss Gould with my rough ways."

"I don't care for that, Mr. Adams," said Bethany, "but I can 't bear to have you say that you don't want any religion."

"I did n't say so; I b'lieve I do want to be good, but I said I did n't want no *meetin'* religion."

He looked at her so steadily that her lily face began to rival the roses she wore, but she answered with spirit:

"If you don't believe in going to meeting, Mr. Adams, you ought to be a great deal better than most folks, so as to show that you don't need the help of other Christians."

He winced visibly at this keen thrust, and said in a sullen tone:

"You 're a hard judge, like all the rest of 'em. I 'd oughter known you 'd be. But this aint business."

"No," said Caroline, making a grab at the flowers in Bethany's lap, "that 's a fact. You 'd better git through here 's quick 's you can, Bethany, for y'r mother most likely 'll want ye to home; 'n' I 've got to go in the stage 't 'leven o'clock."

"Yes, I 'll come right away, Aunt Caroline; but don't take the flowers, please, I want to give them to little Agnes."

The tintype was speedily and successfully accomplished. Adams brought it out, and placed it on the black velvet rack for inspection, but he did not speak, and Bethany thought she must have offended him.

"I should think it was a very good picture," she said gently, drawing out her little purse. "Don't you think so, Mr. Adams?"

"Yes," he replied, taking it in his hand, scanning it critically, "it 's a good likeness. No, Miss Gould, you need n't pay me no money; I sha n't take it, if you do; but 'f you don't mind givin' me one o' them red roses, 'twould pay me as money could n't."

"Why, of course, Mr. Adams," said the surprised girl; "you may have *all* the roses. I was going to leave them for Agnes, any way. I did n't s'pose you cared anything about flowers."

"I don't want *them*," returned the man, with a curious quiver in his voice, and pointing with his thumb to the roses in her lap, "I meant the one she put in your hair, or mebbe,—that other one. But 'f you don't want to give it to such an outsider as I be, why you need n't. It 'd be a means o' grace, though, 's your ministers say."

Bethany's Puritan ancestry rose up armed and equipped for the emergency. Her starry eyes flashed fire. "*Of course* I shall pay for my picture," she said. "Won't you take the price out of this dollar bill, please. And I don't think it would be right to give you—my flowers. But Agnes may have the others," she went on, softening a little, as she saw his darkened face, "and I don't mean to be cross, Mr. Adams, but I *could n't*, you know."

The photographer counted out the change silently, and laid it in her hand, but as she turned to go he said humbly:

"I 'm sorry you take it that way, Miss Gould. You had n't ought to forgit that I 've known you ever since you were like Agnes. Good morning."

Bethany had nothing to answer, but hurried away. Adams, from his post at the window, saw her graceful figure crossing the street, with his little sister running at her side. There was nobody to hear him, and he groaned aloud. "That 's the way it had ought to be," he muttered. "If I had a good woman like her to love me 'nd the child! But she 'd never come to me, never. She knows, and they all do, how bad 'n' reckless I've been. Think of her givin' *me* that little hand o' hern! I aint fit to look at her. Yes, I might be different, 'n' the very thought of her makes me want to begin all over again. It 's got to be a clean place where thoughts of such as her come to stay, 'n' they have come to stay."

He turned away from the window, and there upon the floor lay a rose that Bethany had dropped in her hasty departure. She had given it to him, after all! And it was not the one she had worn in her hair; it was the one with two buds that Agnes had put in the lace at her neck. He picked it up reverently, regarded it a moment in silence, found a piece of paper, in which he wrapped it carefully, and taking out his pocket-book, put the little packet into an unused compartment.

"There 's *that* much between her and me, 't any rate," he said to himself, as he went forward to receive a customer.

By this time, Bethany had left the child at her own door. The pretty, shy creature glanced wistfully up to her face as she turned away, and on any other morning Miss Gould would have stooped at once to kiss her. But now, in the tumult of her anger and surprise, she hesitated. How could she bestow the caress which the sweet eyes had asked for? "Good bye," she said, in a voice that sounded hard and unnatural even to herself; "I must hurry," and she quickened her steps toward her mother's cottage in the next street. The distance was very short, but she had time for a good deal of anxious and troubled thought concerning the events of the morning. She had scarcely left the little girl before a revulsion of feeling swept over her. "It was too bad not to kiss her, it is n't *her* fault, and I do love the child dearly. I've a good mind to go back now, —why, no, of course I won't do any such thing. *Mr. Adams!* of all people in the world to be thought of in that way. *That* way! *What* way? I will *never* think of him so, I will never speak to him again. Oh how I wish it had n't happened. I must tell mother all about it, and what will she think? But I do love Agnes. She seems to belong to me, somehow. She 's in my Sunday-school class too. He would n't ever let her go before, till I asked him. Oh dear! And he is n't even a professor of re-

ligion. But what difference would it make to me if he was?"

She opened the familiar gate into the narrow yard full of gone-by cinnamon roses and lilacs, paused an instant on the broad stone steps as if to get rid of some troublesome thought, and then went into the house, leaving the door open to the sunshiny summer air. Her mother's chair in the small sitting-room was vacant, but her sewing lay on the table, and Bethany passed through to the kitchen to help about dinner. "I guess it 's later than I thought," she said; "but I wish mother 'd waited 'n' let me do it all." Why, what could it mean? The kitchen was empty too. There was no fire in the cooking-stove, and a strange stillness seemed to brood over the house.

"Mother, *mother*!" called the girl, now thoroughly alarmed. "Why, mother, what *is* the matter?" Mrs. Gould lay motionless and speechless across the bed in her room adjoining the kitchen. Her eyes were half-closed, and no response came to her daughter's tender questioning. Bethany ran out of the house in an agony of remorse and despair.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried. "I hadn't ought to have left her. It's come, as we were all afraid it would, and the doctor must see her right off." She flew to the corner of the street, and looked eagerly up and down. To her great relief, Caroline's tall figure came trundling towards her apace. The doctor was brought, but, the poor woman was beyond the reach of his skill. In that heavy stupor, midway between life and death, she lay with no recognition of the loving care which surrounded her. The neighbors came and went, bringing all manner of impracticable delicacies, and Mrs. Baist and Lorinda volunteered as "watchers" for the night. But the two who were nearest to the dying woman could not leave her. The "stage" had gone its appointed ways, minus one passenger, and the new alpaca dress was cautiously turned wrong side out and hung in a closet.

Sunday morning came, clear and cloudless, with a reviving suggestion of coolness afloat in the atmosphere. While the first bells were ringing for church, the mystery and majesty of death settled down upon the little cottage, and the troubled countenance of the sick woman grew peaceful and even smiling, as her soul went silently out of bondage into freedom.

When it was all over, and the hand which Bethany had held in her own, grew cold and lifeless, Caroline came gently and took her away. The girl was so worn with grief and watching that she allowed herself to be taken care of.

"Come 'n' lay down here on the leounge in the settin'-room, 'n' I'll cover ye up, 'n' mebbe ye can git into a doze. 'Taint goin' to help things none for *you* to get sick." Bethany obeyed in a helpless, mechanical sort of way; but when her aunt had shut the blinds with a series of slams, and closed the door with an energetic bang, she could not sleep. The fresh wound of bereavement was full of pain, and a sense of her desolate condition overpowered her. Now and then a remembrance of yesterday's occurrences darted through her mind, only to be thrust aside. "Why, how dreadful it is for me to think of him now! But I know he would be sorry for me. I can see just how he would look. I wish little Agnes would come to see me. Oh how wrong I am. I don't care, *of course* I don't care anything about him. And I wanted to tell my mother!"

During this time, by the singular freemasonry of village life, the sad tidings had traveled fast. By half-past ten, when the loud peals of the second bell collected the people in crowds, most of the church-goers knew of Bethany's loss. Mr. Adams had no sooner heard the news from a passer-by than he put on his hat and walked over to the Gould cottage. Caroline, with tear-stained eyes, and hair awry, answered his knock. He briefly explained that he was at their service.

"You needn't tell *her* that I've been here," said he, "but I wanted ye to know that I'm ready to do anything I can. 'N' if you're short o' funds, Miss Chedel, I,—I wish you'd let me help. I thought a sight o' Miss Gould. She was good to me when I was a little shaver, and I haint forgot it."

"I thank ye kindly, Mr. Adams," said Caroline, understanding him, "'n' I know you mean wal, 'n' 'f they's anything you can do for the child I'll let ye know. But she can't see nobody this morning, she's wilted down jest like a posy, pretty creeter!"

"'T won't hurt her none," said the photographer in a husky voice. "She's one o' them kind that's picked out to bear things."

He took his leave, and Caroline, glancing into the sitting-room, saw Bethany lying asleep as she thought.

"Wal, I'm glad the child's forgot her troubles," she mumbled to herself, "What on airth makes her cheeks so red? Expect she's feverish. I'll bile up some boneset 'n' give her byme-by." But Bethany had heard every word of the interview.

Mr. Adams strolled slowly through the village till he reached the old church known as the "brick meeting-house." The utmost quiet reigned, and the place might well have been the original of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Here and there a solitary invalid sat at an upper window, or some ne'er-do-weel of a half-grown boy slouched by in a deprecating and sidelong fashion. Far down the street, a runaway child was wrestling with the nurse who had just captured him, and close at hand a late straggler or two were going stealthily up the steps of the sanctuary. Presently, however, all was still, and Adams had the field to himself. Although he was no church-goer, he could not help feeling the "Sunday sense" of rest and blessing. The music of the organ stole softly out to him, and the choir were singing these words:

> "Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
> Bind my affections to the cross.
> Hallow each thought, let all within
> Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean."

"That's like *her*," he said to himself. "Them little white clouds over the tops o' the elum trees ain't cleaner than she is. Other days she 'd be singin' in there with the rest of 'em, like a bird. But now she's in trouble, 'n' I can't help her. I haint no business even to think of her, anyhow, but I must. She's in my heart for good, God bless her, jest like some o' them white figgers in the old country, where they keep lamps burnin', 'n' folks go to pray. Wal, I don't see 's they's anything I *can* do for her, 'thout it is to make a man o' myself, for her sake. And mebbe, sometime—" His face grew pale, and the train of thought went on. "No, she won't,—never. 'N' its a mean way to treat the Lord too. Here I've ben all these years lettin' of Him alone, 'n' livin' like a brute critter. 'N' if He's what they say He is, 'n' reely loves a feller like me jest,—wal, jest as I love *her*, I needn't have waited till I was thirty odd, before I remembered Him. The square thing 'd be to behave on my own hook, 'n' *I'll do it too!*"

The singing had ceased, and now he heard the clear tones of the young minister, reading the morning chapter:

"Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He said unto him, Feed my lambs."

"That's it," said Adams, getting up from the corner of the step where he had been sitting, "that hits me right on the head. Goin' to meetin' or not goin' aint nothin' 'thout a man takes hold to help. I don't s'pose I'm to blame for gettin' a sight o' the Lord through that girl's sweet ways, but I'll enlist now for the rest of the campaign, neck or nothin'. 'N' taint none o' *my* business if some o' the church members do keep all their goodness for Sundays. They's bad eggs everywhere." He took out his pocket-book, and was about to open it, but checked himself.

"No, I won't; I won't look at the flower she's wore, till I've begun in earnest." And then he went his way.

The next week, a committee of ways and means convened in the little sitting-room, Mrs. Baist and Lorinda presiding. A black dress for Bethany was the ostensible cause of their meeting, and they were all busy according to their various gifts. The two dress-makers occupied the vantage ground at the windows, Mrs. Baist being solemnly employed on the skirt of the garment, while her brisk partner was fiercely grappling with the difficulties of the "bahsque." Caroline sat a little apart, meekly "covering cord,"

and Bethany, with a shawl over her pretty shoulders, was waiting to repeat the process of "trying on."

"There don't appear to be nuthing of ye, Bethàny," began Lorinda, "I calc'lated th't this 'd be a snug fit, 'n' now I've took in half-inch seams everywhere. 'Taint going to do for you to be running down this way."

"Oh, I'm well," said Bethany, with a little impatience of manner; "there isn't anything the matter with me, but I wish I knew what to do."

"Yes, she's well," put in Mrs. Baist. *I* was jest as slim as a knittin'-needle before I was married. But that puts me in mind,—I see *his* brother from Pawlet, this mornin', 'n' he wanted to know if *I* knew of a school-ma'am for their deestrict school. The girl they hired was took down with typhoid fever, 'n' they can't seem to git hold o' nobody else. I declare, Bethàny, I never thought o' *you* till this minnit, but couldn't you keep school? Square Snow always boards the teachers, 'n' 'twould be a good home, for ye. What do *you* think, Car'line?"

"I want to know," broke in Lorinda. "Well now I've got the piece that fits right on to that, 's you might say. My brother-in-law wants to hire a little place this summer, 'n' bring on his family; 'n' he'd like nothing better than to take this house 'n' garden, Car'line, 'n' he'd pay you well for it too."

"Oh yes," said Bethany, with brightening eyes, "I should like to go, Aunt Caroline; and I 'm sure I could pass an examination. But what 'll *you* do?"

"Don't you worry about *me*," answered Caroline, reaching out for the scissors. "I hate to have ye away from me, but 'twont be fur, 'n' you c'n come down Saturdays, 'f you want to. The girls 'll be glad to put up a bed in the back chamber for us, 'n' I 'll help 'em enough to make it even."

The "girls" both signified their cordial approval of this measure, and so it came to pass that the next week found Bethany beginning her new duties. The tintype went into active service, after all. Caroline decided to stay with Lorinda, and give Mrs. Baist a chance to visit "*his* folks," and the two women looked at the picture perpetually, as it hung in a wonderful card-board frame between the front windows.

Mr. Adams had been heard from only in the way of sundry substantial reminders. Certain choice cuts of steak, and "messes" of asparagus, and a magnificent string of trout testified to his continued kindly thought of them. But Bethany had not met him since her mother's death, and felt sure he had not forgiven her anger and alarm at his request. She began to have a strong desire to see him again; "just once before I go," she said in one of the frequent conversations which she was in the habit of holding with herself. "I don't want him to think that I feel above him, and I don't suppose he cares anything about me at all. I have been so silly, and mother would n't have thought it was right, I know. Perhaps it 's best I should n't see him, though, for somehow I can't help liking him better than I did, and I *do* love little Agnes. I should think *she* might come to see me."

As if in answer to her unspoken thought the child appeared then and there, coming toward her where she sat on the door-stone.

"I wanted to come and see you before, Miss Gould," said she, shyly, "but brother would n't let me, till to-day we heard you was goin' away, and then he said I could come; and he picked these flowers for me to bring you." She had a bunch of fragrant syringas in her hand, and now held them out timidly. Bethany took the bouquet, and made room for Agnes on the broad stone beside her. She was astonished at her own satisfaction in the offering, and in the presence of the little girl. Not once since her great sorrow had any human comfort come so near her, and the relief was so complete that she could not question its antecedents. She put her arm about the happy child, and the two sat there in most loving companionship until the gathering twilight warned them both.

"Oh, I must go home," said Agnes, springing up. "You 've been so good to me, Miss Gould, and I wish you had n't got to go away. Won't you let brother bring me up to see you sometime?"

"Yes," answered Bethany, without stopping to think, and furiously angry with her-

self directly for the permission. But the little visitor was gone, and leaning over the gate to look after her, the girl saw Mr. Adams walk leisurely up from the next street to lead her home. Her pride rose. So he had seen them together, and would not come near her, when he knew she was going away. It was plain that he was still angry. But there were the flowers. With a sudden resolve, she went into the kitchen, where Caroline was getting supper.

"Bethàny," said the faithful soul, "won't yeu throw in a hahnful o' them chips? I 'm goin' down suller after the butter 'n' milk, 'n' I expect the griddle aint quite hot enough."

The chips went into the glowing fire, and after them the sweet white flowers, and Miss Gould ate her supper of griddle-cakes and maple syrup with mingled feelings of regret for her loss, and a somewhat self-righteous enjoyment of the sacrifice.

Two months went by, and the young teacher was thoroughly at home in her new sphere. Her gentle firmness had won the respect and love of her scholars, and the bracing air of the hill-country had brought back the bloom to her cheeks. Lorinda's half-inch seams had dwindled to the narrowest proportions possible, and Bethany, with the elastic tendencies of youth in her favor, was busy and happy in spite of herself. Motherly Mrs. Snow, who had a trio of blooming daughters of her own, left no stone unturned to amuse and divert this "other daughter," as she called her, and many were the picnics and "berryings" out of school hours. Caroline had just come up for the first time, to spend Sunday, and in all the glory of her alpaca "pollynay," she now sat beaming with satisfaction in Bethany's neat little bed-room.

"The biggest piece o' news," she began, "is about Issachar Adams. It 's town's talk, 'n' I declare, I can't skurcely believe it myself, now. But, Bethàny! How rugged 'n' chipper you look. Miss Snow 's took good care on ye, haint she? Lemme see, what was I sayin'? I 'm so chock full o' things to tell ye that they git all mixed up."

"You began to tell me about Mr. Adams, Aunt Caroline," said Bethany, in rather an unsteady voice. "I hope it is n't anything bad. And how 's little Agnes?"

"Oh, she 's well, 'n' hahnsomer 'n' ever. She 's just like a little sweet-brier rosy. *Bad*? wal, no, not very. All they is of it, he 's a converted man. Naterally he can't be like the common run o' Christians, 'cause he 's *Adams*, but he 's done a sight o' good in his way, 's' much 's the minister, forzino. He haint made no profession yit, 'n' says he sha n't for a year, till he sees how he 's goin' to hold out. But he 's took a slip in the meetin'-house, 'n' he 's ben 'n' got at all his old friends, the rummies 'n' them kind. 'N' it 's an amazin' sight to see old Jim Crane 'n' Peter Goby, 'n' them wild Blood boys a settin' in meetin' clothed 'n' in their right minds, 's it ware. 'N' he 's stirred up the new minister till *he 's* as fierce after all the poor critters 's Adams is himself. 'N' they both go up to Harmon's Mills two 'n' three times a week, 'n' talk to the folks. I haint heerd Adams speak yit, but they say he 's in dead earnest, 'n' mighty powerful in his talk. Oh yes, 'n' I met him this mornin', there by his car, 'n' he was askin' 'f I 'd heerd from you lately; 'n' I says, says I, 'I 'm goin' up to see her, Issachar.' '*Be* you?' says he, kind o' eager-like. 'Won't you tell her,'—'n' then he broke off short 'n' said, 'No you need n't say nothin' to her. Mebbe sometime I 'll see her again.' Why! what team 's that, Bethàny?" she continued, hearing the sound of wheels, and craning her neck to look out of the bedroom window. "Who 's that spruce lookin' young man? He 's gittin' out, 'n' comin' in."

"That 's Mr. Redington, who boards here,' said Bethany, in some confusion, "and he 's come to—to take me to ride, I guess, Aunt Caroline. You don't care if I go, do you?"

"Law me, no, child, g' right along. Wal, I must say for 't, they make a hahnsome couple," she soliloquized, as the young people drove off down the road. "He must be that risin' young lawyer Square Snow was talkin' about. I *hev* kinder thought that Bethany 'n' Adams 'd make a match of it sometime, but I dunno 's I could ever see 's she hankered after him any, 'n' he *is* ruther rough for a mild-spoken, pretty creature like her. He 's a grand man, though, 'f he haint

got no fine feathers. But young folks' fancies is a thing that can't be calc'lated on. Guess I 'll go down 'n' set with Miss Snow a spell."

John Redington's heart gave a quick bound of delight as he seated the slender, black-robed figure by his side, and turned his horse's head toward the "mountain drive." It was by no means the first time that the two had enjoyed it together. Bethany liked it because it lay in the direction of her home, and she was also quite ready to appreciate the bright and earnest conversation of her companion. It had opened a new world of thought to her undeveloped mind, and the books he had lent her and read with her had helped on the process of mental growth. Propinquity had its inevitable effect, and her remembrance of Adams had been growing dim and shadowy by the side of this new and charming companionship. But Caroline's words had smitten the rock of her indifference, and a great overflow of feeling gushed forth. She scarcely remembered where she was, and certainly did not comprehend what poor Redington, out of the depths of his heart, was trying to say to her. Oh, could it be true? Did Mr. Adams really love God, and try to serve him? The joy of the angels in heaven over the sinner that repenteth was hers. He was so strong, and could help everybody so. And Agnes would be so happy. "I don't care if he *has* forgotten me," she thought, "I'm so glad; I'm so glad!"

A sudden bend in the road brought them in sight of two men lounging lazily among the daisies and buttercups by the dusty wayside. Red faces and bleared eyes and disreputable garments told the story of their lives. At that moment John was saying, "You must have seen, Miss Gould, how much this friendship means to me—" when to his amazement, Bethany, with her whole soul in her shining countenance, broke out as follows:

"Oh, Mr. Redington, what a grand thing it must be to save such men as those; to help them to be clean inside and outside again, and give them a chance to live as God meant they should. What work in the world can be better worth doing?"

The disappointed lover may well be forgiven for replying, with some asperity:

"They're nothing but brutes, Miss Gould. What do you care for such cattle? There's no use in trying to help them. They always go back to their vileness, and are worse than ever."

"I don't believe it," said the girl, with a sort of triumphal ring in her voice. The thought of Adams in his pew at church with just such men as these for company, was before her.

"Won't you drive me home, please, Mr. Redington? Aunt Caroline is there."

"But, Miss Gould,—Bethany, won't you hear me? Don't you know what you are to me?"

Bethany looked him solemnly in the eyes. "I'm very sorry; I didn't know *myself* till this minute, but I belong to,—to some one else, Mr. Redington."

And so he lost her, and hurried off to the city next morning to bury his chagrin in hard work. The weeks sped by. The haying and harvesting were over, and the "last day" of school came. It was five o'clock in the long afternoon, and the little old schoolhouse was at last deserted. Bethany had gathered up the various quaint testimonials of affection, bunches of flowers, marvels of rural fancy-work, etc., and now sat on the low platform by her desk, not knowing whether to be glad or sorry. The pleasant summer was over, and now she and Caroline were going back to the cottage again, and their joint earnings would insure comfort for the winter. Not a word had she heard from Adams or his sister, and the remembrance of the confession which her exalted mood had forced from her was hard to bear.

"I suppose he cares so much for his new work that he never thinks of me," she murmured, secure in her solitude, "but it *seems* as if I could have helped him. Oh dear! I don't know how it will be when I go home. It can't be quite the same. And Aunt Caroline is very kind, but I want my mother, my mother!"

The thought of her loneliness brought the great tears to her eyes, and then the quiet trust in Providence which belonged to her by inheritance and education came

to her relief. "I can do my duty, anyway," the brave soul said, and looking up, a little comforted, she saw Agnes before her.

"Why, my child, my child! Where did you come from? How did you get here?" she exclaimed, quite off her guard, and falling on her knees she clasped the little girl in her arms and wept for very gladness.

"Oh, brother's outside in the carriage. We've wanted to see you awfully, Miss Gould, both of us. Why can't you come to our house and live? We love you better than anybody else, brother says so. And oh, Miss Gould, he's so good now. He talks to me just as you used to."

"Hush, Agnes," said Bethany, rising, and speaking with authority. "You don't know what you are saying. I'm going home tomorrow, and then you can come and see me."

"Brother," sobbed the child, turning to where Mr. Adams now stood in the doorway, "she don't love us; she won't come!"

Bethany saw him, and consternation seized her. "I'm sorry,—I mean I'm glad to see you, Mr. Adams," she managed to say, advancing a little, and holding out her hand. But he did not approach her, and a moment's strange silence intervened.

"I expect it's true," he said at length, "'n' it aint to be wondered at. Why should you care for *me?* I didn't s'pose I should ever ask ye,—I aint good enough. But now, the child has given me a chance to say that I do love you. A man has a right to say that, 'n' 'twon't hurt ye none to know it. I've tried to be an honest man because I love you, 'n' the Lord himself knows that you've showed me the way to Him, 'n' them that He died for."

While he spoke, a new hope came into his heart, for Bethany had drawn nearer to him, and now laid her light hand upon his shoulder. Swift blushes chased each other over her fair face and neck, but she could not speak. Adams stood as one in a dream, gazing on the heavenly vision, but saying no more.

"O brother, she does, she does! She'll come, don't you see?" spoke watchful Agnes, rapturously. Then their eyes met, and Adams at last dared to hold out his arms.

"Yes, you *know* I love you," he whispered; "but 'taint possible the Lord is goin' to be so good to me as this."

"Mr. Adams," said Bethany softly, "you 're better than I am; I'm proud of you. I didn't suppose I could ever love anybody so. I think the Lord is good to *me.*"

Elizabeth W. Denison.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND NATIONAL CULTURE.

Our public schools have not yet reached that stage in their growth and development when they no longer need our watchful care, if, indeed, that condition of their existence be attainable under any possible circumstances. They have thus far survived the open and covert assaults of an aggressive ecclesiasticism, and the impending danger has served to rouse the heedless and inert into an active and earnest support of them. Bnt there are other influences that are equally inimical to our system of public education, which impede its progress if they do not threaten its vitality, and they are manifested in the acts and utterances of those who declare and really believe themselves to be its friends, as well as those who are appropriately classed among its enemies.

We have had a long season of unusual stringency in money matters, and there is now everywhere apparent a commendable effort to lessen public and private expenditures, and to make them bear a closer and stricter comparison with our means and necessities. Nostrums of all sorts have been freely prescribed for the alleviation of our pecuniary ills by currency quacks, and the same kind of physicians are already prepared to aid us in the period of convalescence that we

have reached in spite of them, with prescriptions of an equally questionable character. Advantage is taken of our straightened circumstances and our sincere, although somewhat impulsive and irregular desire for retrenchment, to urge the adoption of economical measures which are short-sighted where they are not sinister. For that is an unwise economy, if not a wretched and culpable parsimony, which would by the abolition of an important part of our educational system, seriously impair its efficiency as a whole, when that system is so intimately connected as it is with our national well-being.

The importance of the high schools as a part of this system may be understood and appreciated, without any special or intimate acquaintance with the details and statistics of their operation. It may be said, in general terms, that they are designed to occupy a place between what are called the grammar schools and the colleges or universities, and, that the purpose of their establishment is frustrated by their becoming either more or less than equal to the requirements of this intermediate position. The schools and colleges are together parts of a symmetrical whole, and they ought to be co-ordinated with each other. They are terms of an ascending series which begins with the primary schools and ends with the colleges. The rejection of any part or term destroys the integrity of the system and mars its symmetry; the loss of one is an injury to the whole.

There may be some defects in the management of the schools; the curriculum may need re-adjustment; there may be unnecessary expenditures for them in one way and another, and a need for retrenchment; but the remedy for these ills is not in the abolition of the schools or any part of them. The surgeon who recklessly amputates every wounded limb that comes under his treatment, is not so much a benefactor to suffering humanity as the one who carefully and conscientiously strives to preserve the limb, and removes it only when amputation is absolutely indispensable for the preservation of life, and as the last resort. It is unfortunately true, that in this country we frequently deal with public measures very much after the fashion of the reckless surgeon. If one of the laws upon our statute-books becomes obnoxious for any reason, relief is commonly sought in the absolute and unconditional repeal of it; if one of our institutions be objectionable in any way, the objections are usually met by a proposal for its complete extirpation. We do not often stop to consider the propriety of modification or amendment; the heroic treatment is the one we deem most suitable for the ills of the body social and politic.

This rash and indiscriminate mode of dealing with measures and institutions is the fruitful source of many serious blunders in legislation, and grave errors of government. The true method of dealing with them when they become defective in any way would be to ascertain exactly where the defect is; to amend where amendment is possible; and to destroy only when the defect is inherent and ineradicable, constitutional instead of functional, and is itself destructive to the organism. There are few measures or institutions that do not have some good in them, and it should be our study to save the good while we reject the bad, and thus by a process of social and political evolution, and a survival of the fittest, we may ultimately attain good government and, humanly speaking, perfect civilization.

If there be irremediable defects in the organization and conduct of the schools, or any part of them, that are destructive of their vitality as a whole, an excision of the defective part will be justifiable only when this condition of things is made to clearly appear. But in the meantime we ought to combat any and all arguments that are or may be urged against the principles upon which our system of schools is established, under the pretense of an assault upon its abuses only. The principle, the *raison d' être* of the public schools is sound and wholesome to the core, and it should be protected from the assaults of their opponents.

There is a foolish, un-American and anti-republican notion growing among us, that the education of the masses beyond narrow and arbitrary limits is an injury to them and to society. But "the masses," what-

ever may be thought of their natural capacity, have the most votes in this country, and they are its rulers; they make the laws and execute them; and just in the proportion that they are educated and intelligent their sway will be just and beneficent. If this proposition, which has been generally regarded as an axiom in our politics, be really false, and the converse of it be the truth, we may rest assured that our form of goverment must and will eventually prove a melancholy and disastrous failure. We cannot, if we would, go back to barbarism, or the enforced ignorance that prevailed outside the courts and monasteries in the middle ages; the tide of civilization cannot be turned back or even stayed, and we, the creatures of our age and its influences, and the victims of our institutions, must go onward with the tide to our sure destruction.

This notion that the education of the masses ought to be restricted is not indigenous to our soil. We are indebted for it to the Old World and its almost out-worn traditions of social and political organization. Although it is in its decadence there, it is still entertained by some European writers of note who, no doubt, believe that the perpetuity of their institutions depends upon its adoption as the policy of the state. Among these is Mr. James Anthony Froude, who has been led, by an excessive love for ingenious and elaborate paradox, into the maintenance of many theories that are now very generally perceived to be untenable and absurd. His estimate of Henry VIII., while it is unquestionably striking, and, consequently, was for a time much in vogue, has not perceptibly modified the opinion in which that monarch was previously held, and certainly is not now accepted as the truth of history. His own position at this time is paradoxical, for he is at once the strenuous upholder of authority and paternalism in government, and the fanatical opponent of the established church; intensely conservative in politics, and intensely liberal in religion, in a country where the alliance of church and state makes religion a part of its politics. No less an authority than Mr. Edward A. Freeman says, in a late contribution to the *Contemporary Review*, that historians who have lived and made their homes in the ages in which Mr. Froude shows himself only as "an occasional marauder," are now disposed to ascribe his "vagaries of narrative and judgment to an inborn and incurable twist, which makes it impossible for him to make an accurate statement about any matter;" and again, that they "cannot welcome him as a partner in their labors, as a fellow-worker in the cause of historic truth." In considering the views of Mr. Froude on popular education, proper allowance should therefore be made for this "inborn and incurable twist" which so affects his apprehension of facts and the formation of his opinions. It should be also specially remembered that he is so much the foe of free institutions, that the amount of liberty permitted under the English constitution seems to him excessive and dangerous, and that he is an advocate of its restriction. Bearing these things in mind, one is not surprised to read in his essay on "Progress" that "general knowledge means general ignorance, and an ignorance, unfortunately, which is unconscious of itself. Quick wits are sharpened up. Young fellows so educated learn that the world is a large place, and contains many pleasant things for those who can get hold of them. Their ideas doubtless are inflated and with them their ambitions and desires. They have gained nothing towards the wholesome gratifying of those desires, while they have gained considerable discontent at the inequalities of what is called fortune. They are the ready-made prey of plausible palaver, written or spoken, but they are without means of self-help, without seriousness and without stability. . . . Their literature, which the precious art of reading has opened out to them, is the penny newspaper; their creed the latest popular chimera which has taken possession of the air. They form the classes which breed like mushrooms in the modern towns, and are at once the scorn and perplexity of the thoughtful statesman. They are Fenians in Ireland, trades-unionists in England, rabid partisans of slavery or rabid abolitionists in America, socialists and red republicans on the Continent."

These, according to Mr. Froude, are some

of the dire results of a general diffusion of knowledge, and he has elsewhere repeatedly expressed equally grave forebodings as to the destiny of popular government. He is thus entirely consistent, for free education and free government are inseparably united, and wherever there is an antipathy to the one it must necessarily include the other. His remedy for the evils of both is through the increase of authority and paternal methods of government. Those who accept his estimate of popular education must accept his estimate of popular government, and they must also be prepared to accept the remedy which is prescribed for the evils that are discerned to be incident to both of them. But the choice of a form of government is no longer open to us. Whether good or bad ours is, as Mr. Lincoln said at Gettysburg, "a government of the people, by the people and for the people," and there can be no such fundamental change in it as that recommended by Mr. Froude without revolution. Even though in may not be "the best the world ever saw," as our enraptured orators sometimes declare it to be, it is our true policy and plain duty to make the best of it that we can, and this may be accomplished, not by diminishing the sum of popular intelligence, but by enlarging it, and by qualifying the citizens and rulers of the state for the virtuous and capable discharge of their important functions.

According to Mr. Froude, the only education that the "masses" need or ought to have is such as may be gained by the apprenticeship to a trade. An industrial education of this sort might be made obligatory on the subjects of a government conducted upon the principles advocated by him, and it might be sufficient for their wants, but under our form of government its enforcement would be impracticable and its scope would be inadequate. There are yet, in the laws of many of the states, provisions for apprenticeship whose operation was always more or less restricted, and which long ago became obsolete. Apprenticeship became odious as a sort of servitude, and was in its decline when the trades-unions arose to inflict upon it the death-blow. These laws, it may be added, required that the apprentice should be taught reading, writing and arithmetic, as well as the trade to which he was apprenticed.

Education is not the cause of communism but it is a cure for it; and it is not only a cure, but a prophylactic against it and the other disorders of the body politic mentioned by Mr. Froude. The experience of Leonard Fairfield, in "My Novel," affords a convenient and familiar illustration of the truth of this proposition. He was one of "the masses," with a mind eager and athirst for knowledge. The means and opportunities within his reach for satisfying its cravings were meager and limited. Endowed as he was with a strong natural predilection for the good rather than the bad, had the knowledge of both been equally accessible to him and recognizable by him, the good would have been inevitably preferred. His choice under these circumstances would not have been in accordance with the law of his nature only, but the result, as well, of the training and influences of home, by which that law had been strengthened. But he still needed what neither nature nor home-training can quite bestow, and what it is the office of organized and systematic education to supply, and this is intelligent direction. The thirst for knowledge in such undisciplined minds is so intense that, if there be no fountain of clear, healthful, invigorating water, at which it may be slaked, it madly seeks to be quenched at the turbid and poisonous pools. Thus, when Sprott, the itinerant tinker who seemed to think that the flaws of society could be as well and as easily mended as those in the pots and pans that were soldered by him, and who was the sturdy propagandist of views of this sort, opened for the inspection of Leonard the bag of pinchbeck literary wares, the youth was easily induced to buy them. He, moreover, found the communistic tracts, with which the tinker's bag was chiefly filled, very attractive reading for a time, although the nurture and admonitions of home were a safeguard against the gross atheistical tendencies of many of them. And, whatever may have been their formative influence upon his young and plastic mind, it was subsequently removed by the

access of sound knowledge that he gained from and through the aid and counsel of his learned friend Riccabocca. Here, then, is one office and end of education; to prevent the adoption of unsound opinions of government and society by the masses, by giving their minds intelligent direction; or, where the preventive has not been applied, or has proved insufficient, to remove them by an increase of knowledge. Riccabocca was the antidote for Sprott, as Adam Smith and David Ricardo are for "Brick" Pomeroy and "Sam" Cary.

The man who has learned reading, writing and arithmetic and nothing more is an easier prey to the specious schemes and theories of charlatans, than the man who has progressed far enough beyond these rudiments to learn their application, and their affinity to the world about him, the relations of himself to society and the universe. He does not know the rudiments well who does not know more. Considered as mere implements they are very ineffective in his hands, for they are implements of which he does not know the full use. Huxley's illustration is better: "Teach a man to read and write, and you put into his hands the great keys of the wisdom box. But it is quite another thing whether he ever opens the box or not. And he is as likely to poison as to cure himself, if without guidance he swallows the first drug that comes to hand. In these times a man may as well be purblind as unable to read—lame, as unable to write. But I protest that, if I thought the alternative a necessary one, *I would rather that the children of the poor should grow up ignorant of both these mighty arts, than that they should remain ignorant of that knowledge to which these arts are means.*"

But it is at this point—the acquisition of these rudiments—that many of those who favor the abolition of the high schools would have popular education stop. One of their arguments for this limitation of its range is that the great majority of persons have no practical use for anything more; that with this equipment they can make their way in the world; and that the means to this end is all that the state should provide. It is not by arguments of this sort that educational provision by the state can be justified. The state owes no man the means of earning a livelihood; it is under no obligations to furnish the carpenter with plane and adze, or the farmer with plough and harrow, or either of them with the intellectual tools needed in his vocation. Such arguments are based upon an utter misapprehension of the functions of the state, as well as the more important purposes of all education. The state seeks to promote by the education of its citizens their moral and intellectual elevation and advancement and, as a resultant of the spiritual forces thus evoked and energized, its own stability and puissance; its rank and prestige in the general assembly of nations—place and influence

"In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

"The thing is not," says Wilhelm Von Humboldt, "to let the schools and universities go on in a drowsy and impotent routine; *the thing is to raise the culture of the nation ever higher and higher by their means.*"

Our growth in culture is seriously hindered by the prevalence of that notion of scholastic education, which rates it solely according to its practical utility in the line of a trade or vocation of some sort. Among those persons who wish to be considered supremely practical merely because they know little or nothing outside the limited range of their own calling, the worth of what is taught in the schools is generally thus estimated. In their opinion the time spent in classical studies is shamefully wasted, and the acquisition of modern languages is justifiable so far only as they serve to increase the facilities for trade and traffic. Foreign languages ought to be learned, in other words, simply to meet the exigencies of business and in quantities to suit the demands of customers; and the choice between Choctaw and the language of Plato or Goethe ought to be governed solely by commercial considerations. Only such a knowledge of physics or metaphysics as may be turned to account in selling dry goods and groceries is necessary or desirable; and the higher mathematics are worthless beyond the limits of their application to such humble purposes as those

enumerated in the lines which describe the accomplishments of Sir Hudibras:

> "For he, by geometric scale,
> Could take the size of pots of ale;
> Resolve, by sines and tangents straight
> If bread or butter wanted weight;
> And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
> The clock does strike, by algebra."

The practical or commercial theory of education neither specially belongs to this age nor is its origin so recent as many of its advocates seem to believe. Like many other theories, social and political, that we are forced to encounter from time to time, it has been fully discussed and thoroughly tested in the experience of older civilizations. Instead of adopting the hasty and absurd generalization which is sometimes employed by ignorant and unscrupulous politicians, to resist the application to our politics of those principles of political economy and civil administration which are the results of this experience, that our government and institutions are so novel and unique there can be nothing gained by a study of the opinions and precedents of the Old World, we really need to consider them more attentively, and to accept their guidance more often. By so doing we might be frequently spared the tuition of a painful experience of our own.

As early as the seventeenth century efforts were made by John Amos Comenius to reform the old methods of teaching in various ways, to reduce the preponderance of the classics and to adapt school studies to the wants of practical life. Similar efforts were made in the next century by Rousseau in France and Basedow in Germany. Although there was not much accomplished by any of these efforts, the ideas by which they were inspired continued in existence and finally resulted in the organization of the *real-schulen*. The first of these schools, which are designed to satisfy the demands for what is called "useful knowledge," was established by Christoph Semler at Halle in 1738. It did not last long but was succeeded by others, the most conspicuous of which was the one at Berlin founded by Johann Hecker in 1747, which did not begin to thrive, however, until 1822. In 1832 the *real-schulen* began to receive the attention of the government, and in 1859 a definite plan and course was framed for them. But the course of study in these schools now embraces Latin, English and French, geography and history, natural science, mathematics and drawing. Originally it was said that by their establishment "opportunity was to be offered to every pupil to learn according to his free choice, in the shortest and easiest way—to the exclusion of all that is superfluous or unpractical—whatever he needed for his future special calling;" and in the "manufacture class" of Hecker's school lessons were given in the leather trade, and illustrated by a collection of ninety pieces of leather of the size of an octavo page! But it deserves to be specially noted that as long as the *real-schulen* were dominated by the practical view of education they languished and fell into disrepute, and only as they were emancipated from this dominion, and as the range of their studies was widened and made to approximate that of the *gymnasien*, did they begin to succeed. The principle of mere utility had to be renounced, and the object of the *real-schule* is now declared to be, like that of the gymnasium, to "afford a general scientific training as a foundation for future study." In the *gymnasien* the main purpose is to form the mind of the pupil and his powers of knowledge, without reference to the practical applicability of what he studies. "It is expressly forbidden," says Mr. Matthew Arnold, "to give this practical or professional turn to the studies of a pupil in the highest forms of a gymnasium, even when he is destined for the army."

The *real-schulen* still lacks much of being equal in importance and efficiency, in character and influence, to the *gymnasien*, which are the high schools of Germany. When Mr. Arnold visited the continent at the instance of the English Schools Enquiry Commission, for the purpose of inspecting the public schools, he was informed by Dr. Jäger, the director of the United School at Cologne (in which both the *real-schule* and the gymnasium are combined) who is not only an able man but whose opportunities for judging are excellent, that the *real-schulen* are not successful institutions. Dr. Jäger said that "the boys in the cor-

responding form of the classical school beat the *real-schule* boys in matters which both do alike, such as history, geography, the mother tongue and even French, though to French the *real-schule* boys devote so much more time than their comrades of the classical school." "The reason for this," Dr. Jäger affirms, is that "the classical training strengthens a boy's mind so much more." "And this," adds Mr. Arnold, "is what the chief school authorities everywhere in France and Germany testify." That classical studies should be the basis of intellectual teaching was maintained from the first by Dr. Thomas Arnold, who was unquestionably one of the greatest and best school-masters that ever lived, and age and experience served only to deepen the conviction. His opinion is valuable and important, both because he was so well qualified to bear witness, and for the additional reason mentioned by Dean Stanley "that the one head-master who, from his political convictions and opinions, would have been supposed most likely to yield to the clamor (against classical instruction) was the one who made the most deliberate and decided protest against it." Without entering further upon the controversy that has been waged long and hotly as to the importance of the classics, the subject may be abandoned with the general statement that it is the testimony of the wisdom and experience of civilized Europe, that any scheme of education which wholly omits them is defective in one of its most vital parts.

Neither can a rigid conformity to the "practical" or severely utilitarian theory of education be justly considered an incident or evidence of progress. It belongs now to a primitive civilization. In the early stages of social existence the means of obtaining a livelihood, the maintenance and preservation of life itself are paramount considerations. Where the struggle for existence is most arduous, and fully absorbs the faculties and energies of a community, there can be little need or desire for any other intellectual equipment than such as may serve to crown the struggle with success. With the advancement of society its wants are no longer restricted to the attainment of this end, but they are multiplied as life becomes easier and more time and opportunity are afforded for their gratification. The liberal arts, science and literature, begin then to receive their share of attention, and the taste for them, and a just appreciation of them, are among the sure signs of a progressive civilization. To satisfy the demands of such an era, popular education must cease to occupy itself exclusively with the provision of means for obtaining a livelihood; it must awaken and encourage an interest in these departments of human knowledge and human endeavor, and afford opportunities for becoming acquainted with them; it must not remain an implement merely, it must become also a civilizing and humanizing influence in the affairs of men. It is true that our public schools are not what they were when they were first established, and this is to their praise and not to their discredit. Our educational wants, as well as our other wants, have increased since then. The telegraph, the railways and steamships, and the innumerable other applications of steam to the service of mankind, were unknown to our ancestors, and they were unconscious of the need of them. Their schools would be as ill adapted to the exigencies of our time as their methods of locomotion. Progress is visible everywhere, and our system of public education should not have remained stationary.

Because the very poorest members of the community may not be able to avail themselves of all the educational facilities that are offered them in the public schools, as they are now organized, is no reason why any portion of these facilities should be withheld from those persons who can and who wish to enjoy them. It is not, and it should not be the design of the state to limit the education of its citizens to that amount which all can possess alike, to frame their minds in one common mold, to place them all, or any large part of them, upon an intellectual level. It should rather encourage a diversity of thought and opinion. "In proportion to the development of his individuality," says John Stuart Mill, "each person becomes more valuable to himself, and is therefore capable of being

more valuable to others." Thinking in mobs, moreover, leads to acting in mobs; communism of thought begets communism in action; and the tendencies of an intellectual equality are thus positively dangerous. By affording opportunities for the higher education of all who can and do embrace and improve them, and by thus increasing the usefulness of these persons to society, the general welfare of the whole community is promoted. Even they who fail to derive any immediate benefit from this educational provision are thus eventually benefited by it. They partake with every other citizen of the state in its increased culture and prosperity — in the common weal. The state is more than re-imbursed for its entire expenditure in the education of the people, by having aided a Faraday or a Stephenson to do the work for which they were intended by nature, instead of leaving them to pass their lives in binding books or stoking at a colliery for the want of its aid. The intellectual eminence of Germany at this time is largely attributable to its admirable school-system. "Ask the man," says Huxley, "who is investigating any question, profoundly and thoroughly—be it historical, philosophical, philological, physical, literary or theological—whether he is not compelled to read half a dozen times as many German as English books!" It is a nation of thinkers instead of a nation of shop-keepers.

It is not expected that every youth in the land will receive the higher education furnished by the state; that high schools will be established on every square or in every township. As the journey which begins in the primary schools is prolonged many will stop by the wayside, and as the end is approached the number of the travelers will be sadly diminished. Some may be called aside by the urgent necessities of life, while others may be insensible to the value of education as an end in itself and may care little or nothing for it. But the state will have rendered a beneficent service to these, and to all its citizens, by helping on their way those who can and who care to go on to the end; by helping natural capacities to find their proper place and sphere of exercise; by helping each person who is able and willing to receive its aid to the performance of his "God-given hest."

The culture of the nation as an end in itself, through the development of the faculties and capabilities of the individual to their full extent, ought to be the principal aim and office of public instruction. There is a spirit of eclecticism manifested in some of the modern views of culture, which seems to regard it as the peculiar property of a few and to look upon the unaneled multitude as unworthy of its benefits, and incapable of enjoying them. But there were heroes before Agamemnon, and the gospel of culture was preached among us with more catholicity of spirit and a wider range of human sympathy, when some of its present hierophants were in leading-strings. It was Dr. Channing who said: "The common notion has been that the mass of the people need no other culture than is necessary to fit them for their various trades. . . . . But the ground of a man's culture lies in his nature, not in his calling. His powers are to be unfolded on account of their inherent dignity, not their outward direction. He is to be educated because he is a man, not because he is to make shoes, nails or pins." The practical worth and bearing of education ought not, however, to be neglected or underrated. The ideal system of education will probably be one in which the humanities and real studies are to some extent blended, in which they aid and complement each other, and in which, at some determinate point in the course of study, there may be a divergence into two paths; one of them leading through the universities and the other through the technical schools, either of which may be chosen and followed by the pupils according to their predilections and aptitudes. The relations of the state to the entire subject are briefly and forcibly summed up in the concluding sentences of an address by Huxley to the members of the Midland Institute. He says: "If the positive advancement of the peace, wealth, and the intellectual and moral development of its members, are objects which the government, as the representative of the corporate

authority of society, may justly strive after in the fulfillment of its end—the good of mankind; then it is clear that the government may undertake to educate the people. For education promotes peace by teaching men the realities of life and the obligations which are involved in the very existence of society; it promotes intellectual development, not only by training the individual intellect, but by sifting out from the masses of ordinary or inferior capacities, those who are competent to increase the general welfare by occupying higher positions; and, lastly, it promotes morality and refinement, by teaching men to discipline themselves, and by leading them to see that the highest, as it is the only permanent content is, to be attained, not by groveling in the rank and steaming valleys of sense, but by continual striving towards those high peaks, where, resting in eternal calm, reason discerns the undefined but bright ideal of the highest good—'a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night.'"

Noble C. Butler.

THE OLD LOG SCHOOL-HOUSE.

It was a new settlement, some three years old. The people had come from all parts and almost from all nations. They were poor, having spent their little store in building their cabins and opening their farms. As yet these farms brought them but small returns. But their children were growing up, and they must have a school. To this end, the first necessity was a school-house. Silver and gold they had none, but such as they had they gave. One man said he would give an acre of land on the corner of his farm to the "deestrict"; another would give the logs; another would split the shingles; another would haul timber to the mill, and have it sawed "on shares," for floor and seats; then they took up a general contribution to procure nails and glass.

So they all had a mind to work, and the house went up. It was built of small tamarack logs, chinked between with moss from the swamps. The floor was of rough oak boards, laid loose, with cracks between, that were a standing threat to jack-knives and slate pencils. The seats and desks were of the same material, roughly planed and rudely put together. The seats were arranged around the room on three sides, and all the scholars sat facing each other; the girls on one side, and the boys on the other. The seats across the end were debatable ground between the two, but finally came to be monopolized by the larger boys and girls, who, by some strange attraction, gravitated together. Between us was an open space in which the stove stood, and where classes were drawn up to recite. The teacher's desk stood at the other end, facing this quadrilateral, and so enabling the teacher to take in the whole school at a glance.

Our first teacher was a middle-aged gentleman with spectacles, who for solemnity and dignity might have taught Goldsmith's school at "Sweet Auburn."

> "A man severe he was, and stern to view,
> I knew him well, and every truant knew."

He almost always sat in the seat of power behind his desk, with ink-stand, quills, copy-books, and confiscated playthings strewn in front of him. Over his head, "more for use than for ornament," there were thrust into the beams, several green rods, within easy reach. These were the symbols, and very largely the substance, of his authority.

There were but few recitations, different grades of spelling and reading, and a class in grammar. Arithmetic was the great study, and each scholar "ciphered" in silence by himself, going to the teacher with his difficulties. A good portion of the time, the master simply sat and watched us study. Part of this time he would be setting copies; part of the time gazing at us as if he would read our very thoughts; part of the time he sat with his head in his hands in profound meditation; and part of the time,

it must be confessed, he slumbered. We knew him so well that we understood all the symptoms. We could tell instantly when meditation passed over into dreaming. Those were glorious occasions of relief. All studying ceased, and each side acted in pantomime for the entertainment of the other. Rare moments these were, but like all the choice seasons of life moments of much peril. We exercised great care that the silence should be perfect, otherwise the teacher's slumbers might be shortened, and "our laughter turned into mourning." It was dearly bought sport, but all the more precious for that.

Sometimes our utmost care was unavailing, for the teacher would wake up without giving any sign, and without changing his position. He would sit and secretly watch the proceedings for a few moments, and then come down upon us "like a wolf on the fold." When this happened, no one had any doubts as to the doctrine of retribution. Had the poet been there, he never would have written,

"Justice follows slow on the heels of crime."

One form of entertainment on these occasions was drawing pictures on the slate and showing them to the other side. One day the master's nap was unusually long and sound. He was leaning back in his chair, with his head against the wall, his mouth open, and his spectacles aimed at the ceiling. He presented an appearance so comical that we needed no other diversion. We should have all burst out laughing but for the dread of waking him, which was stronger than the impulse to laugh. As this impulse to laugh was almost irresistible, the conflict of emotions was something frightful. We hardly dared look at each other for fear the provocation would prove too much. We should have pulled through, however, but for an added straw "which broke the camel's back."

In the center of the end seat sat the brightest and the most mischievous boy in the whole school. The desks were back of our seats, sloping from the wall. When we wanted to write, therefore, we turned about in our seats, and faced the wall. This boy was at his desk, with his back to the school. He was buried in profound study. This itself was suspicious, for he was seldom seen in such a state except when, like another well-known disturber of human peace, "he had mischief on his hands." A glance was sufficient. Just before him, standing up on the desk against the wall, was his slate. On it he had drawn a picture of the master, in his present comical position. So perfect was it that it seemed almost as if it were a reflection in a glass from the other end of the room. By some magnetic influence all the school seemed to catch a glimpse of it at once. The first sensation was that of terror, for we knew it would be irresistible. Then there came a smile, a suppressed titter, and then an internal convulsion. Nothing but a heroism worthy of a better cause prevented an explosion. It was a critical time, and severe and prompt measures were used. Some stuffed handkerchiefs into their mouths; some bit their fingers; some pinched themselves or pierced themselves with pins. Thus by a determined and vigorous effort the crisis was passed, silence was restored, and we all went to studying with an earnestness seldom known among us.

But it was too late. The master was already awake. He glanced around the room with a severe look, until his eye rested on the offender's slate. Then a smile lit up his features, the first we had ever seen in the school-room. It was like sunshine breaking through the clouds in winter, and like winter sunshine, too, it was but for a moment. Remembering where he was, and who he was, he brought his features to order with great promptness, and resumed his usual stern look. It was very evident he was preparing for action. There was no possible way of warning the culprit of the change in the aspect of things. It will be remembered he was sitting with his face to the wall, at the opposite end of the room from the teacher. As chance would have it, he was sitting alone in the middle of the end seat. He was so absorbed in his studies that we could not get his eye, and we did not dare to make any audible signal. So we were compelled to leave him in blissful ignorance—a bliss and an ignorance that were soon both to be dissipated.

The master sat a moment reflecting, as if maturing his plans. Then he took down one of the rods, which he kept in pickle overhead, and with a mouse-like step advanced across the floor. When at the proper distance he stopped, and taking the rod in both hands, and throwing it back over his head, he brought it down with all the force of his strong arms upon the culprit's shoulders. It lapped clear round his body with a sound that made us all shudder. The boy started up as if shot, and uttering an involuntary "Oh," he faced about on his seat and took in the situation. The master quietly went back to his desk, returned the rod to its place, and resumed his meditation without a word. After that the "art department" in our school languished, and our pantomime shows were postponed to "a more convenient season."

There were two departments in our school in which competition ran high. One was arithmetic, in which we "ciphered" in silence, each trying to out-do the other; the other was spelling, in which the ambition was to be "at the head of the class." Just before school closed "the first class in spelling" was called. This comprised all the larger boys and girls. They at once came forward and formed in front of the teacher's desk. A straight line had been chalked across the floor, and every urchin's toes must be on the mark. If there was any delay in "toeing the mark," the teacher would come out and rap all protruding toes with his ruler, and beat them back. When all were as near in line as a lot of uneasy youngsters could be brought, the words began to be pronounced, and the struggle commenced. Each sharply watched the other to catch him in a mistake, and each was in feverish eagerness to close the day as high up in the ranks as possible; for as he closed one day he began the next. "The head of the class" was the hero of the day, the only drawback being that he must take his place at the foot next morning. The stimulus of this competition was very strong, and our spelling-books were carried in our pockets, and the hard words diligently studied at every leisure moment during the evening and morning at home.

The spelling over, we all took our seats. The teacher sat and looked at us until we were perfectly quiet. Then holding his watch before him as if to see how long we would keep silence, he at last pronounced the welcome words, "School is dismissed." The modern device of continuing school discipline after school is closed, and marching the scholars out in military order, had not yet been invented. The magic words, "School is dismissed," dissolved all the bonds of school authority, and every one rushed for the door with a shout. The young spirits rebounded from the long repression, as when the string of the bow is broken. The teacher became at once a man among us, and it seemed to be as great a relief to him as to us. He who all day long seemed to be the incarnation of dignity and severity, was now as gentle as a child, joining in all our sports, laughing and talking with the children, and so endearing himself to us that we were all delighted when we could say, "Teacher is going to board at our house this week." A great deal of ridicule has been heaped upon this custom of "boarding 'round." But in the ruder times of these frontier settlements the presence of a man of books in the homes of the people was a great blessing. We often gained more help and inspiration from the conversation of the teacher at our homes than we did at school. It introduced a new set of thoughts and revealed a new world.

The colleges of our land have had their history written and their praises sung. But the place of "the old log school-house" has never been fully recognized. They lacked elegance and even comfort. The schools kept in them lacked the order and routine of the graded schools of to-day. But good earnest work was done, and the foundation of many a thorough education was laid in them. The range of studies was narrow and the books used were few. But there were present the essential elements of all culture, hard study and enthusiastic application. What was lacking in facilities was made up in intensity of devotion. A thirst for learning has been created in many a soul amid the rude scenes of a log school-house Our colleges have received from them some

of their best material, and some of their best scholars caught their first inspiration in these ruder schools of the forest; they have been the colleges of the backwoods, and have been the barrier that has kept back the tide of barbarism from the advancing frontier. Our great colleges have received praise, and they deserve it; our school system is becoming more and more an object of admiration as its development becomes more and more complete; but when the time comes to measure the influences that have entered into the civilization of our land, the "old log school-house" will occupy no mean place. It has kept alive a love of learning amid the rough scenes of the frontier, and saved a generation of pioneer children from the ignorance that must otherwise have settled down upon them. But for this, and other influences like it, which seem rude to-day, Dr. Bushnell's declaration, that "emigration tends to barbarism" would have been realized. But through these the seeds of civilization were carried with every new settlement, and grew with the growth of every new community. *Richard Cordley.*

CALVIN THE SINNER.*

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Do you know," asked Relief meeting Mitchell in the upper hall, "do you know how much longer this law suit with Mrs. Suavity is going to last?"

"I do not," answered Mitchell, stopping deferentially as was his custom whenever Relief addressed him. "No, Cal says nothing to me about it, and I have taken little interest in the matter. Why?" asked he concernedly, for he saw a troubled look on Relief's usually serene face.

"Because I wish it were through with. He is doing the work of two men in his own business, and the time that he should rest is devoted to this contest with Mrs. Suavity. He often writes till late at night, and I sometimes hear him pacing his room till morning." Mitchell too had heard him, for Mitchell after his return from abroad had taken a room adjoining that cold, white room over the library, which Calvin still kept as his own room, while Relief and the children occupied the apartment at the opposite side of the hall. Yes, Mitchell had heard him without giving the matter a second thought.

"That is an old habit of Cal's," said Mitchell with a smile. "He used to pace the floor for hours when he was a boy. Our mother said it was an inherited habit. I would not be anxious about that."

"But he is overworking," said Relief, "and has no time to rest. I wish," she reiterated looking wistfully in Mitchell's face, "I wish this lawsuit were ended, and not altogether because he is overworking, but," hesitatingly, "the spirit that is aroused by so long a contest is not a peaceful or beneficent spirit. I sometimes think that the victor, even in a righteous cause, loses more than he gains. You will understand, I am sure."

"Yes, I understand," said Mitchell thoughtfully. "However, I would not be troubled;" and looking in his clear, confident eyes she went away comforted.

It was one of Mitchell's peculiarities to stand rooted to the spot where some unexpected thought or consideration arrested him, regardless of time or place. He now stood long after Relief had gone below, leaning on the balustrade, looking down the long stairway to the dark lower hall, thinking, not of the stairway up which his mother so long toiled, nor of the dark lower hall through which his grandfather Seaborn was said to have walked at night; but leisurely follow-

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ing out a train of thought started by Relief's last observation. Was that the reason that fighting Christians were so often unlovely Christians, notwithstanding their serviceableness? Was it not possible to fight and be gentle and loving too?

He had wandered in thought far from the present, dreaming the old dream of peace and concord, when he became conscious, like one half-waking from sleep, that a figure was slowly ascending the stairs. He saw first the outlines and then more fully the head and shoulders, as it came within the light of the upper hall. Could it be Calvin with that slow step and weary air? He had seen little of Calvin for months. The long, quiet evenings in the library had, somehow, been superseded by other engagements and evenings passed with Mrs. Cone and Miss Sedge. Calvin never came to the corner, and when they met in the dining-room or halls there was a passing salutation and a pleasant word, and each went his way, and besides, Mitchell was a careless observer unless his attention was especially drawn to a person or thing. Calvin might have worn his coat wrong-side out for weeks and Mitchell would not have seen it till some one spoke of the fact. But when once his attention was positively arrested, no sight could be keener or quicker. Could this be Calvin? The face he saw mounting into the light was frightful in its hardness and determination. The brows were drawn together in a savage frown, and the large jaws locked as if they would never unlock. It was the face of a man leading a forlorn hope or a last desperate charge—a face that friend or foe would flee from in dismay. Had fighting Mrs. Suavity brought Calvin to this pass? No wonder Relief wished the suit was ended! No wonder the children no longer followed their father, but saw him go to his room with wistful eyes, not venturing to say good night. Mitchell watched him moving heavily along the hall, and heard him lock the door of his room, feeling, somehow, that he had been remiss in brotherly love and watchfulness. He had gone hither and thither, seeking work for the Master, when perhaps the work that most imperatively needed to be done was under his own roof. How could he have been so blind? Would there ever come a time when he would have nothing to reproach himself with? He thought not.

He retreated to the corner to think out some plan for helping Calvin. But the more he thought the more disturbed and restless he grew. Planning was impossible, and he caught his hat and went out in a vain attempt to walk off the anxieties and forebodings that flocked in upon him. The face he had seen mounting the stairs recalled with strange vividness the face Calvin had worn some months preceding and succeeding their mother's death. Strange he should think of that now, for he could not remember that he had noticed or consciously commented upon Calvin's face at that time. Without question the faces were akin, but the face seen last was harder and more desperate—the face of a man in a sharper strait. Then came the memory of Calvin's one confidence, sitting in the dim fire-light before the grate in the library late at night. He saw the shadows stealing to and fro among the book-cases that lined the walls, he saw his grandfather Seaborn's vacant chair by the study-table, and the pictured face on the wall overlooking them both; and he heard Calvin's voice,—he remembered his very words and tones, and how carefully but definitely he touched upon the cause of his hatred for Philip Cone and the consequent sin and struggle with himself. And as the two faces linked together, the two causes linked together—the cause of the face that had been and the cause of the face that now was—as parts of a whole, and it seemed to Mitchell like some old story that he had read or some old dream that he had dreamed, and not like a frightful, living possibility that must be met and grappled.

He had made a wide circuit and was under the impression that he was going home, when suddenly he found himself at Mrs. Cone's door, led by habit or instinct; and once there he would go in—of course he would go in.

After locking the door of his room Calvin threw himself into a corner of the lounge to face Bones. Bones had latterly reverted to his old, disagreeable habit of walking beside Calvin, speechless but persistent. Calvin

did not look at him but he knew that Bones was there, and he knew that Bones was biding his time. For months Calvin Birge had been like a man attempting to out-walk a storm. He might have hard work before him, but he could do it. Yes, he would do it,—determination could do anything, and he was determined. If he looked over his shoulder he could see the rising cloud, but he would not look over his shoulder; that was not his business, his business was to walk. If he listened he could hear the low, warning mutter of the approaching tempest but he would not listen, he was going ahead. Sometimes he felt a furtive breath of wind creeping about him or a stray drop of rain on his face, but he pushed on the faster, brave and confident, congratulating himself that he was out-walking the storm. And he did out-walk it, for a time, and he might have out-walked it finally, if the contest had been a shorter one. But one cannot walk always, one must rest sometimes; and while he rested the storm gained upon him. It was overtaking him; he knew it at last, but he was no coward, he would face it and fight it thus. He turned about with bared head and unbuttoned coat. Let it come!

"Well, Bones, what is it? Say your worst now."

Bones evaded a direct challenge. He was no more to be bullied than driven.

Calvin looked in Bones's direction only to see a lank, rusty black coat, that hung in rigid lines on the white wall; the same coat that was taken from the man found dead between the tracks that rainy morning after Philip Cone went abroad. That coat had been taken from the wall in Judge Seaborn's room and hung here in plain sight soon after the contest with Mrs. Suavity began. Calvin sat looking at that coat hours at a time, or he paced the room facing and approaching that coat at every other turn. He rarely touched it, but he thought it a good thing for him to look at. There was a curious connection, if one could trace it, between the fact of this coat hanging where Calvin Birge could see it whenever he was in his room, and the fact that Philip Cone's watch was steadily worn by Cicily.

"Yes, you fought well, I don't deny that now that the fight is over," said Bones at length.

"But the fight is *not* over," said Calvin fiercely, tightening the hold of his folded arms.

"Not over? Mrs. Suavity won her case to-day; you heard the verdict."

"What of that? The case was appealed immediately. The fight has only begun, as Mrs. Suavity will soon ascertain."

Bones said nothing for a while, but presently he began muttering in an undertone. "It *is* hard to be so miserably defeated when one has fought with all his might. There is nothing so humiliating as to know that one has overrated his own strength. It would be better not to fight at all than to fight and fail."

"I say, Bones, what are you driving at?" asked Calvin angrily. "I have *not* overrated my strength. I have not failed."

"Birge!" There was a warning in the tone. "Birge!" The tone deepened and grew sorrowful. "Birge!" It was more a sob than a word.

This was not to be endured. Calvin sprang to his feet and flung out one arm with a violent gesture. "Go away! Go away! Let me alone, Bones."

"Birge!" The voice was not only sorrowful, but tender and loving.

Calvin put his hands over his ears.

"That is useless," said Bones after a pause; "you cannot escape hearing me. If you were stone-deaf you would hear me—if you were dead you would hear me. You know there can be no deception, not the slightest, between you and I. You said just now that you were not defeated. You imagine that because you are determined to keep up a show of fighting, that you are not defeated. Come, now, who have you been fighting? Not Mrs. Suavity altogether—not Mrs. Suavity principally. You have been fighting yourself, have n't you, more than you have been fighting Mrs. Suavity? If you had won your case against Mrs. Suavity, it would have made no difference with your case against yourself. You thought you were strong; you believed that you could hold and keep yourself against any odds, and you took the risk. You pitted yourself

against yourself, and you fought well, giving no quarter and asking no help. Well, are you defeated, or not? Look at last night."

"Look at last night!" As if he had looked at anything else the past twenty-four hours—as if it were possible to look at anything else with that inward vision ever before him. "Last night!" Was it only last night? It seemed ages ago. He remembered that it stormed. It was a cold, driving storm, and he was weary and depressed, but he must see Miss Sedge about this case that had just gone to the jury. He could feel yet the cold rain pelting his face as he walked slowly to Mrs. Cone's house. He left his wraps in the hall and was shown into the parlors, bright, warm, fragrant; an enchanting tropical scene, to a man cramped and chilled from some desolate polar region. Mrs. Cone, radiant as a star, rose as he entered. All day she had been desperately sad, but by one of those swift and inevitable transitions she had gone to the other extreme with the setting in of night; and now she was recklessly gay.

Miss Sedge had gone out, notwithstanding the storm, but she would return immediately. Would Mr. Birge please wait? Miss Sedge was anxious to see him this evening, as Mrs. Cone well knew.

Yes, he would wait. He must see Miss Sedge, and there was no way but to wait. He accepted with averted eyes the seat so graciously proffered him.

They spoke of the storm that shook the casements and beat with increasing fury the walls of the house. We were having a late spring; March was a tedious month. Then there was a pause and Calvin's eyes roved from wall to wall and he wished Miss Sedge would return.

Now Mrs. Cone set herself to drive away the look of grave concern that overshadowed Calvin Birge's severe face. She would have done that if it had been Mitchell or Miss Sedge. No one should be grave in her presence to-night. And in such a mood, with her rare beauty and her willful, winning ways, no one could resist her; least of all the man who clenched his hands to still the vibrations that shook him at her lightest word.

He had seen little of Mrs. Cone hitherto—as little as possible; not that he was afraid of her, not that he was afraid of himself; he could take care of himself, he assured Bones; but if he was not a man to run away from danger neither was he a man to run needlessly into danger. In fact he had not cared to consciously discuss the question of danger at all. He had undertaken this will business at Philip Cone's earnest request. He felt under obligation to do this for the dead man, whom he had wronged in thought and purpose years agone. Only the purest and best motives went to make up his decision to see Philip Cone's wife established in her rights. He had not sought this thing; it had been laid upon him and he had taken it up manfully.

Some such thought was in his mind as he heard her voice without hearing her words. He knew presently that she had crossed the room, for the voice was further off, but he looked steadily at a curious bit of carving over the mantle. He heard the rustle of papers as she turned over the engravings in a port-folio for a Swiss scene she wished him to see. Suddenly the port-folio slipped from her hands to the floor, and involuntarily he looked and saw her as she stood with her face turned back over her shoulder to him, while she made a perverse, laughing speech that vividly recalled the Cicily of other days. He could not avoid seeing what hitherto he had not allowed himself to see, the marvelous beauty of consummated woman. It broke upon him like a burst of sunshine; it was as if he had never seen her before, or as if he had just waked from a lethargic sleep. He drew a quick, hard breath as his eyes met hers; and he involuntarily went over to pick up the fallen port-folio.

"No, let it lie," said Mrs. Cone stepping aside; "it is an awkward thing, it is always falling."

He picked it up and replaced it, nevertheless, and he did not see that his hands were unsteady.

Had Miss Sedge returned? No, but she was expected every moment.

"Perhaps I can leave the message with you," he said, standing, as if he did not intend to resume his seat, and he began to talk about the lawsuit.

"Don't, don't," she cried, and put the tips of her dainty fingers in her ears and willfully shook her head. "No, I will not hear a word, not a word. That tiresome lawsuit has nearly killed us all—all but Mrs. Suavity; they say she thrives upon it. But Miss Sedge is thinner than ever, and you look as solemn as a ghost; and now you would make me solemn too. No, I will not hear a word to-night—not if I am to be penniless in consequence. I think I should like to be penniless," said she, perversely shutting her eyes, as if that would prevent her hearing what he wished to say, "for then I should have to work for a living. I should be good for something."

He looked at the rosy palms and the dainty finger-tips and the white, rounded wrist, and smiled incredulously; albeit, it was a rare, sweet smile, that lit up the strong face with a tender light.

"You think I cannot work," she said in a lower tone, her face flushing like a girl's, "but I can sing—I can sing for a living. You have not heard me sing," and she turned abruptly to the piano.

In a moment the flexile hands were gliding over the keys and she was singing Franz Schubert's "Serenade." That exquisite dream of tenderness and passion, interpreted and supplemented by a deeper tenderness and passion, was sung as never before. Cicily herself knew not the power and pathos with which she sang. Her voice was not a restful nor a satisfying voice; it was a plea, a prayer, and as such ever appealed to the heart of the man least able of all men to withstand that plea or prayer. Willing or unwilling, he drew near and stood over her, drinking in the voice and the melody, devouring with famished eyes the shining hair and drooping lids, the perfect face and finished form; recalling in one swift thought the days when he first knew her, and the hour farther on when she stood with her hand in his while Mother Goodenough lay dying; linking all that with this present rapture of sight and sound as a perfect whole. All the intervening spaces were, for the time, blotted out. He had never known such happiness as he knew for a brief, brief interval, standing thus, absorbing voice and face, and he could no more gainsay or withstand that happiness than he could avoid dying when his time came.

As she ceased singing she turned toward him, looking up shyly, half smiling, but with tear-filled eyes and burdened lashes. She saw that strong face bent over her, illumined. Quicker than he, she understood it all, and with a cry that was not an articulate sound she covered her face with her hands. Then he awoke.

"God help me, I have gone stark mad!" he groaned between shut teeth.

When Cicily uncovered her face she was alone. The storm without was beating furiously, Miss Sedge had not returned, and Cicily with a white frightened face hurried to her own room and taking Philip Cone's watch put it away from her,—she could not endure its presence now.

"Look at last night!" said Bones, and Calvin looked at last night. He had seen it all day as one sees with averted eyes an approaching specter, but he would not think of it, he would hold himself steadily to his work, and later in the day he heard the adverse decision in regard to the will of which he was appointed executor and immediately appealed the case to a higher court. He lived that day two lives, as separate as if he were two individuals, but that could not last. Bones's attitude was intolerable; he must settle with Bones before he slept. It was this conviction that brought him to his room and made him lock his door. He had come to settle with Bones.

At Bones's bidding he went unflinchingly through that last interview with Mrs. Cone, and although he was alone and held himself with all his strength, he felt his blood surging through his veins in a fierce tide as he thought of that brief interval of happiness, so absorbing, so all-powerful that even now resistance was impossible.

"Well, Birge," broke in Bones, "how is it? Are you defeated? Were you able to hold and keep yourself in her presence last night? Are you able to hold and keep yourself, even in thought, here and alone?"

Bones had been very patient with Calvin of late, a patience born of compassion and

conscious power, but now his time had come. His hand was on Calvin's throat, he saw the muscles of that strong face working, and though he was pitiful he would not forbear, and though he loved the man he dealt hardly with him.

"Answer, Birge! Can you hold yourself? Can you help loving—"

"Can I help *living*?" interrupted Calvin, springing to his feet, every fiber in the man protesting against this intolerable inquisition.

"Then you are not strong enough to keep yourself?"

"Bones, for goodness's sake let me alone!"

"No; sit down. You come to settle with me. Listen. Years ago a man was forgiven a great crime, committed in purpose if not in deed, and He who forgave dealt tenderly and lovingly with him, and the man covenanted to go softly all his days in remembrance of his sin and its forgiveness. And for a little he went softly, but presently he began to tread firmer; he had been washed and cleansed; he was white and clean; he could take care of himself now. Then he began to walk proudly and self-righteously, he had cast out all sin and he would keep out all sin. He hedged himself about and closed up all the avenues by which sin might possibly enter. He knew where in himself there was a sore spot, a weak place, and around that he built a wall to hide it and fence it in. He was sincere enough and selfish enough in all this, and he forgot or was unwilling to ask help that the sore might be healed and the weak place made strong; nor was he willing to wait till He who holds all things in His hands should show him a way out of his difficulty. No, he was strong, he could take care of himself. Well, he had his own way; and so long as the wall he had built was not tested, it stood well, and the sore spot gave no sign. Here was a man who could keep himself; and as he used himself to measure other men, he had no patience with other men when they failed to keep themselves. By and by there came a time when his defenses were being tested. He tried to ignore the fact, and when the sore began to complain he tried not to feel the pain. He crammed himself with work to keep down thought, and fought himself under cover of fighting some one else; and he went on for months, bravely but drearily enough, till at length he saw suddenly that his carefully-built wall had vanished like a fog before a wind, and the sore lay bare and exposed, a mortal hurt. Do you know that man, Birge? Do you know him?"

Calvin turned his face to the wall and ground his teeth.

"And yet you are not defeated? Oh no, you are not defeated."

Bones waited long for Calvin to speak or turn his head, but he did neither, and Bones went on in a low, monotonous tone: "You think you are courageous. Perhaps you are. Come, then, go down to the bottom of your motives. What do you think of a man who marries to save himself? A man who cheats a woman by allowing her to believe that he loves her wholly? a man—"

"Stop, Bones. I loved her then—I love her still."

"Oh yes, after a fashion, but not as you have ever loved some one else. Wait a moment, get clear to the bottom. Now. Is she not in your way? Dare you think what might be if you were not married?"

"No, nor will I think what might be. I will be true to my wife as long as I draw my breath."

"Will you? Have you? A man who loves another woman as well as or better than he loves his wife, is untrue to his wife, be he never so immaculate in deed. As a man who commits a murder in thought is as truly a murderer as he who commits a murder in deed. You, who pride yourself on your loyalty, have you been loyal, really, to any one? To Cicily? to Relief? to yourself? to your God? Think a little! Was there ever any one more disloyal? You who pride yourself on your honesty, have you been honest with yourself or with any one else? was there ever a man more dishonest? You thought yourself a saint. Is there anywhere a greater sinner? And how do you know what you will do hereafter? You thought you knew what you would do; but did you know?"

"Oh, Bones!" groaned he; "I meant to be loyal—I meant to be honest."

"No doubt; so has many a man and failed miserably. You mean to do right in future, but have you any security?"

"Yes," springing up; "if it comes to that, yes." And he went hurriedly to the closet and took from a shelf a pistol which he turned over and examined with a grim smile. "Better death than defeat and disgrace. If I cannot keep myself it is time I was dead. Come, Bones, take it and fire. That is the kindest thing you can do now."

But Bones would not take it, and Calvin put the pistol in his pocket and went out.

For several succeeding nights, Malony the track-walker, saw a man walking slowly up and down the track, and around the curve, stopping ever and anon near the spot where that dead man was found so long ago; sometimes standing directly before an in-coming or out-going train, but when the train was close upon him he stepped off the track, as if from force of habit. Malony supposed that himself was being watched, and was spurred to renewed vigilance. Malony was not the only person who saw the man thus walking to and fro. Mitchell Birge saw him, and Mitchell Birge was apparently as restless as the man himself. Never was he so possessed by anxieties and forebodings. He followed Calvin, anear or afar, wherever he went, and he saw what no one else saw, a tormented soul looking out of that stern face.

The days were ages to Mitchell. In the house he was confident and unusually cheerful, charming away Relief's vague apprehensions, managing with surprising tact to keep her from observing her husband too closely; for he had a very tender compassion for her and a keener sense than Calvin of the wrong that had been done her, coupled with a determination that she should not know that she was the wife of a man who never had, and perhaps never would, love her with all his heart. He thought it too cruel a thing for any woman to know, especially Relief. At such times he was filled with indignation; but when his eyes rested on Calvin his indignation was lost in an infinite pity.

If the days were ages to Mitchell, they were eternities to Calvin. He saw Miss Sedge but not Mrs. Cone; he would never voluntarily see Mrs. Cone again, but he could not stifle the rapture that came unbidden at the mere thought of her, nor escape the mortal dread that pursued him lest he should unexpectedly meet her again. Bones knew by this that Calvin was losing confidence in himself. Bones said little but he abode with him continually and Calvin had ceased trying to shake him off. Presently he found that his thoughts were slipping from his grasp, stealing like cowards along forbidden paths, and he began with sudden despair to see, dimly, that he was no longer master of himself. Then it was that Mitchell discerned that Calvin began to wear the air of a defeated man. His head fell, his shoulders shrank together, and he shuffled as he walked. "O God!" cried Mitchell, "where will all this end? If he gives up all hope of himself, there is no longer hope for him in this life."

Meantime Calvin carried himself unapproachably. No mortal should know how despicable he had become. He would fight this battle alone, and to the bitter end; and if at last he failed they would all know it soon enough. Neither Mitchell nor Relief could speak to him concerning himself, seek they never so warily. Thus he came more and more to feel that the pistol he now constantly carried was the only friend left him. Ever and anon his hand sought it out, and he smiled only when he felt it in his grasp. When he became convinced that he could not control himself, that he would inevitably add outward sin to inward sin, this should find for him a way out of the inextricable tangle.

How a man who had been, as he believed, a Christian should ever come into such a condition was a mystery. A man who had believed in the efficacy of prayer—a man who had known the peace and bliss of forgiveness, to fall into despair at this late day because he could not save himself from himself! Bones knew how it all came about. Bones knew that Calvin had been so fully occupied in taking care of himself, and so completely possessed with the belief that he could take care of himself, that he had almost disdained to ask help. It was weak, it was despicable to ask another to do what one could do for one's self. He had prayed

for the world at large, for his church, his household, for persons in need, but somehow he had neglected to pray for himself—not seeing his own utter need, not knowing his own dire strait. But within the past few days he had more than once fallen upon his knees to pray for himself, when the overwhelming consciousness of his past and present disloyalty and dishonesty effectually stopped his mouth. What a mockery for him to ask, now, for a clean heart, to beg again the forgiveness he had abused and despised; and he rose with the despairing conviction that he could pray for himself no more.

At last there came a day when this ever deepening horror could no longer be borne—a day when he came and went like a man who had lost his way. He attempted to arrange the papers in his desk and failed. He gave unintelligible orders. Every man he met had two faces; one face was the face of Philip Cone, and the other was the face of the man found dead between the tracks. He was slipping out of the desperate clutch with which he had held himself the past few days. When he perceived this he went directly home, and he laughed as he went. The end was at hand—let it come! No man ever went to a tryst with such eager haste. In the hall he met his wife, and seeing his strange face she cried out that he was ill, and sought to detain him; but he flung off her hands, for it seemed to him that she too, had more than one face, and that one face was the face of Cicily Cone. And he hasted all the more to reach his room.

There he sat till the house was still and the lights were out for the night. He then wrote a note to Mitchell, turned out the light in his own room, and seating himself on the lounge where he had so long sat with Bones at the opposite end, he took the pistol from his pocket and held it firmly to his temple.

Suddenly a strong hand caught his arm, and instantly he heard the crash of broken glass, as the pistol, wrenched from his hand, went through the window and struck the ground below. A few seconds of breathless silence followed, and then he grappled Bones—it must be Bones—Bones who was now his mortal enemy. There was a sharp, noiseless, but desperate struggle, and then a fall, and after the fall impenetrable darkness.

Long, weary weeks of incessant care and watching wore away before Mitchell Birge saw Calvin open his eyes and knew that at last reason had returned. All this time Calvin had been nearer death than life; but Mitchell had cared for him, prayed for him, fought for him. Mitchell never left him after the fall that preceded this long illness. He put himself in charge as nurse and commander-in-chief, and to his own surprise found that he was himself a host, and, being forced to it, fertile in devices and expedients. He seemed to have been born and to have lived in training for this present occasion. He was kinder to Relief than she knew, in steadfastly refusing her entrance to that room. He had a hope that all might yet be well, and she must know nothing that would make the future a painful, if not difficult, path to tread by her husband's side.

The convalescence was long and slow. Calvin lay hours at a time with his face covered with his hands. One day he took them away, and looking at Mitchell asked, with difficulty.

"Must I live, after all?"

"Yes," said Mitchell cheerily; "you will begin life over again."

"Then God help me!"

"Amen!" said Mitchell. "He will help you;" and Mitchell took Calvin's weak hand in his own firm grasp. That was all, and there was never any other allusion to the past. Words are coarse. They blot and blur—these two could get along without words.

God alone knew what Calvin Birge went through in the days while his pride and self-assertion and vain confidence were being cast out. God alone knew the bitter but very sorrowful and very tender repentance that now went before an abiding peace. All the billows went over him before he again found a foothold. Mitchell lived for Calvin all those months, and not in vain. No mother could have been more careful, more tender or more helpful. He insisted upon taking his invalid away from all familiar sights and sounds, and when he brought

him back Calvin was restored in body and mind. He began life over again, distrustful of himself but trusting daily and hourly in One stronger than himself. Through suffering he grew into a strong and beneficent life. He had written with a weak hand on the white wall of his room:

"It is not necessary that a man should be happy; it is necessary that he should do right."

Under that he wrote years after, with a strong hand:

"He who doeth that which is right will be happy."

The lawsuit with Mrs. Suavity passed into Miss Sedge's hands. The greater part of the estate was consumed by legal advisers; what remained was divided between Mrs. Suavity's daughter and Mrs. Cone.

Miss Sedge remained with Mrs. Cone, and she might have known, if she would, something of the fiery baptism which consecrated Cicily to her calling; something of the hours of grief and self-reproach, and struggle for self-mastery, that went hand in hand with earnest work and high endeavor which at length brought the strength and peace that could come to her in no other way. She became a marvelous singer, a rare interpreter of all that is tender, high and holy in song.

One Sunday, sitting in his pew, Calvin heard Mitchell reading from the desk: "O Lord deal not with us according to our sins;" and from the choir came the response, in which he heard one thrilling voice, "Nor reward us according to our iniquities."

And again, "O God, make clean our hearts within us;" and the response in the same voice, "And take not thy holy spirit from us."

And at last, "O Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world;" and slowly and tenderly but assuringly came in response that sweetest of all prayers, "Grant us thy peace. Amen."

It was to Calvin, then, as if Cicily had spoken to him, and for him out of her own heart. The tears that were never in these days far away filled his closed eyes as he thanked God, not that he could hear her voice unmoved, for that would never be, but that he could hear it being assured that both had something better than any earthly happiness,—the "peace that passeth understanding."

Later on, he thought without pain of the possibility that Mitchell would make for himself a home that would be also a home for Cicily Cone.

Ever after that long illness Calvin Birge carried himself with exceeding thoughtfulness and a self-reproachful tenderness towards his wife, and she was content.

Two mysteries were never solved. Cicily never knew whose child she was, and Calvin never knew how the man found dead between the tracks came to his death. He knew only that he was a sinner—*the* sinner, he told Bones.

THE END.

THE HEBREW HEREAFTER.

An article of mine in *Sunday Afternoon* for March, entitled "Our Debt to Socrates," seems to have awakened in some quarters the question: What did the Hebrews believe respecting Immortality? In a certain Western journal a venerable doctor of divinity has, with more asperity than logic, endeavored to refute the arguments which that article advanced, while now a writer in *Sunday Afternoon* for August—Dr. George Hopkins—who lacks nothing in fairness and courtesy and uses presumably the best material at hand—makes the same attempt. If the attempt has failed, it is not for want of invective on the part of the former of my two critics, or of well-meant and industrious effort on that of the latter.

The question itself is by no means a new one. It has engaged the attention of scholars and exegetes through the centuries, and is declared by one of the very latest writers on the subject to be "not yet definitely

solved."[1] Whether this be so or not, the weight of evidence, it seems to me, is clearly in support of the proposition to which my former article is fairly reducible: "With the ancient Israelite, the grave, if it did not end all, at least allowed no hopeful outlook into the future."

I am not anxious to give to this article, which I desire should be a presentation of what the Hebrews did believe regarding the future state, a controversial tone, especially since the writer in *Sunday Afternoon* has so cordially preserved the amenities of discussion; and so I refrain from answering categorically his points of criticism. To prove that his general ground is untenable and that he confuses most unaccountably the doctrine of immortality, which I maintained in my article the early Hebrews did not hold, with those loose and crude notions regarding a future state that they did entertain, I need hardly do more than show from scripture testimony what some of these notions were.

In the Scripture Canon, the book which has the most to say on this general subject is the Book of Job; which if it be the work of Moses or some antecedent writer, may fairly be taken as representing the current ideas of the ancient Hebrew world respecting death and the future, or if, as Godet and others suppose, it be the production of "one of the Knights of Solomon's round Table," may be regarded as testifying to the belief that was held in that later period —the Augustine Age of Hebrew literature. In either case it is valuable as authority, and may properly be quoted in this discussion. I use for this purpose the late Dr. Tayler Lewis' rythmical version in Lange's Commentary, as being less obscure than the A. V. and of unquestioned soundness:

As fades the cloud and vanishes away,
So one goes down to *Sheol* never to ascend;
No more to his own house he cometh back,
The place that knew him knoweth him no more.
Job vii.: 9-10.

Before I go whence I shall not return,
To the land of darkness and the shades of death,
Land of the death-shade, where no order reigns,
Where day is but a darkness visible.
x.: 20-22.

O that in *Sheol* Thou would'st lay me up;
That Thou would'st hide me till Thy wrath shall turn,
Set me a time and then remember me.
Ah! is it so? when man dies does he live again?
xiv.: 10-14.

Thou overpowerst man, and he departs;
Changing his face, Thou sendest him away.
His sons are honored, but he knows it not.
They come to poverty — he heeds it not.
By himself alone, his flesh endureth pain;
By himself alone, his soul within him mourns.
xiv.: 20-22.

If I should hope, Lo, *Sheol* is my home.
Yes, in the darkness have I spread my couch.
To corruption I have said — my father thou; —
My mother and my sister — to the worm.
And where then is my hope?
My hope, alas! who seeth it?
To the gates of *Sheol* it is going down,
When once it finds a resting place in dust.
xvii.: 13-16.

In these, it will be observed, Job uses the word *Sheol* to designate the abode of the departed; a term derived from the Hebrew "to dig" and signifying in its primary sense a subterranean, cavernous place, generally though erroneously rendered in the version the "grave." Its characteristics may be easily gathered from the writer's expressions. It is a land of darkness and silence, analogous, it seems, to the Greek Hades, whose gates shut off communication with the world and whose inhabitants, preserving a sort of ghostly existence, are unmindful of and indifferent to the concerns they have left. It is a place of hopelessness, and of separation from God, from which no one returns and departure to which is to be dreaded and lamented. "It was not generally speaking a place of suffering; its chief pain was its impassiveness; it was a paralysis of the passions, a benumbing of the mental energies. The sails of life hung loosely over a windless, waveless sea, and the silence of the calm was the silence of the grave."[2]

To this place it is clear from his expression Job expected to go. The only passage which seems to indicate that he had any loftier aspirations is the familiar one: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which, however, according to soundest criticism, and as Dr. Hopkins himself tacitly allows, does not admit of such an interpretation.

[1] Rev. Geo. Matheson, D.D., in *Princeton Review* for July.

[2] Geo. Matheson D. D. in *Princeton Review*

Now that this belief in *Sheol* which Job entertained was the current Semitic notion about the future state, appears from the frequent expressions of nearly all the patriarchs and prophets, not excepting those whom Dr. Hopkins brings forward as witnesses for his own cause.

Jacob, for example, when told that his son was slain by the wild beasts rent his clothes,and refused to be comforted, declaring, "For I will go down into *Sheol* with my son mourning."[1]

David's declaration that he would go to his child is precisely parallel to this cry of Jacob; and the same significance attaches to the words, wherever used, "gathered to his fathers." David, notwithstanding our critic, ranks him among the believers in a blessed immortality, emphasizes the doctrine of a gloomy and hopeless future: "For in death there is no remembrance of thee: in the grave [*Sheol*] who shall give thee thanks." Ps. vi: 5. "What profit is there in my blood when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise thee? Shall it declare thy truth?" Ps. xxx.: 9. Heman the Ezrathite, to whom Solomon is compared in point of wisdom (1 Kings, iv: 31), and whose expressions on this subject may fairly be taken as representing the current opinion in Solomon's time, cries out, "Shall the dead arise and praise thee? Shall thy lovingkindness be declared in the grave [*Sheol*]? or thy faithfulness in destruction? Shall thy wonders be known in the dark? and thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?" Ps. lxxxviii: 10-12. Solomon himself, if he wrote Ecclesiastes, expresses the same conviction, "For the living know that they shall die; but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten." Eccl., ix: 5. The testimony of Hezekiah, preserved by Isaiah, is not less significant: "For the grave [*Sheol*] cannot praise thee; death cannot celebrate thee; they that go down into the pit cannot hope for the truth." Isaiah, xxxviii: 18. In the cxvth Psalm, written by an unknown author about the time it is supposed of Zerubbabel, 500 B. C., is a passage in the same line of thought, "The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence."

These illustrations, of which more might be given, fairly demonstrate it seems to me the propositions of my former article. They testify to a belief among the Hebrews not in Immortality as Dr. Hopkins defines it—a "continuing personality after the present life"—but in this shadowy nonentity from which the best of men shrank away in aversion. "The dread of *Sheol*," says Prof. Matheson again, "was not the dread of pain; it was the fear of a diminished being. It was admitted on all hands to be a limitation of human personality." Now how a belief in *Sheol* which *limits* human personality can be regarded as identical with a belief in Immortality which *continues* personality it is hard to see; and when Dr. Hopkins declares that "the idea of a future and immortal existence was familiar to the . . . primitive Hebrew mind," we can only conclude that it is he who is making a "jumble" of two separate and distinct beliefs.

So much for what the Hebrews really did believe about the future state.

As for the testimony which my remonstrant brings forward to prove that they believed in something else, it seems, when we come to examine it, to have been selected on account of what it seems to teach, rather than what it really does teach. Indeed, if Dr. Hopkins had looked into the exegesis of his proof-texts, or consulted the authorities with regard to them, it is hardly probable that he would have used them at all, since there is scarcely a single one which, upon investigation, is found to be available for the use to which he puts it. "Why, then," he asks, "did a psalmist write, 'Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory'?" But the psalmist did not write this. What he did write, according to Hengstenberg, whom our critic will certainly accept as authority, since he supports elsewhere Dr. Hopkins' own theory, was, "Thou guidest me by Thy

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1 It is obvious that the reference here must be to an abode of spirits and not to the grave, as the word *Sheol* is rendered in our version; since the Patriarch supposed that Joseph's body had been destroyed by wild beasts and was not interred.

counsel, and bringest me to honor." Moreover, Hengstenberg says, respecting this verse: "Against the exposition which adopts the idea of eternal glory, it may be urged that [the word translated 'glory'] cannot simply denote the heavenly glory, of which there is not one word throughout the psalm."

Another verse quoted in the article alluded to is the familiar passage in Psalm xvii., "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness." But this, Hengstenberg says, is only "an evening prayer of the psalmist, or was designed by him to be an evening prayer for the faithful," and speaks of the interpretation that makes it refer to "a blessed immortality" as having "nothing on its side." "What thoroughly refutes this exposition," he adds, "is the circumstauce that, according to it, not merely would there be expressed here a knowledge of life more clear and confident than we could almost expect to find in a psalm of David, but especially that the psalmist would declare his entire resignation in regard to earthly things, which, in that case, he wholly abandons to the wicked, and directs all his hope to what is heavenly. All the other matter of the psalm stands in direct opposition to this rationalistic rather than Christian sort of resignation."

A verse, of which Dr. Hopkins says that it surely indicates a belief in a future life, is Psalm xvi, 10: "For Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption." To this verse, however, with the context, Hengstenberg gives quite a different interpretation, making the "flesh" referred to in the ninth verse, not the soulless, but the human body; the "rest," not "repose in the grave," but "salvation and deliverance generally;" the word "life," in verse 11, to refer to earthly existence; and "at Thy right hand," to be "through Thy right hand." Verses 10 and 11 he translates thus: "For Thou wilt not leave my soul to hell; nor give up Thy Holy Ones to see the grave. Thou wilt make known to me the way of life; fulness of joy is for me before Thy face; a blessed life through Thy right hand for evermore."

Hengstenberg, in fact, concedes that, while the psalms contained the germ of the doctrine of eternal life, "they did not give any clear and definite utterance of the doctrine." "According to them," he says, "all men go at death to '*Sheol*'"—a statement which Delitzsch confirms, in the following words: "The psalmist knows only one gathering-place for the dead—in the depths of the earth, where they indeed live, but only a quasi-life; because they have departed from the light of this world, and—what is more lamentable—from the light of the Divine presence."

Another passage to which my critic alludes is the following from Ecclesiastes: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and the spirit return to God who gave it." But the preacher does not here even imply that the spirit has any "continuing personality." Concerning its ultimate destiny he maintains a guarded silence; and taking the verse apart from the rest of Scripture, it would be quite as reasonable to infer from it the doctrine of absorption into the divine essence as that of immortality.

The translation of Elijah is adduced as evidence of a belief, at that time, in immortality. But it will be remembered that the sons of the Prophets, so far from believing that Elijah had been or could be taken into another world, insisted on sending out a company of fifty men who should search, "lest peradventure the spirit of the Lord had taken him up and cast him upon some mountain or into some valley." From this event and from the translation of Enoch, can any more be gathered than that the people of that time believed these good men to have been suddenly and unaccountably removed? It is only in the New Testament period when the idea of immortality had begun to prevail that we find any clearer notion existing as to their fate.

The passages which my critic brings forward in support of an early belief in the resurrection, I scarcely need to quote except as they involve the doctrine of immortality, or illustrate the same faulty exegesis. One of these (Hosea, xiii; 14,) will perhaps be

sufficient for our purpose. In the A. V. it reads: "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death; O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction." Read, however, Prof. James Frederick McCurdy's version in Lange and note how the sense is changed:

> "Should I redeem them from the hand of hell?
> Should I free them from death?
> Where is thy destruction, O death?
> Where is thy destruction, O hell?
> Repentance shall be hidden from my eyes."

From this the significance of the verse altogether mistaken by Dr. Hopkins is so obvious that it is scarcely necessary to add Prof. McCurdy's comment: "The beginning of verse 14 is then to be explained as a question, though without the particle of interrogation. The second member contains an energetic negative response."

Now in the light of all the evidence that I have presented, both as affirming my own position and disproving that of my critic, I see no reason to withdraw the assertion which I made in my previous article and which he characterizes as "astounding": "Over patriarchs, judges, kings, prophets and scribes through all the Jewish dispensation hung the dark cloud of uncertainty and gloom." It may be astounding, but it is nevertheless a fact. Holding the views which the author of "The Hebrew Faith in Immortality" expresses I am not surprised that he was "astounded." I confess I am amazed, myself, that the Hebrew people, who were blessed with a knowledge of the eternal verities so far above that of contemporary Gentile nations, should have been denied a revelation of this most inspiring and stimulating truth. But it is not wholly inexplicable. "May we not reverently conclude," asks Professor Tayler Lewis, "that such a reserve in respect to the precious idea of the human immortality was for the very purpose of preserving it in the highest strength and purity? All other nations had marred the doctrine. They had early received it and early perverted it. They exercised upon it all the license of an unrestrained imagination. They turned it into fables. They deformed it in every way; or in endeavoring to add to its mythical interest they took from it all its moral power. God did not mean thus to give up his own people to their fancies. He had some better thing for them, especially for the more pious and spiritual in Israel. Hence this veil upon the sacred idea and its indissoluble connection with the divine. It was not because the Hebrews were deficient in imagination. The vulgar belief in a ghost world shows that they let it rove just as all other peoples did, and even to an extent which required divine legislation for its repression."

I have not aimed in this article to retrace the ground covered in "Our debt to Socrates." Nevertheless I cannot forbear quoting a passage from Dean Stanley's brilliant lecture on Judas Maccabæus, by way of confirming my ground and indicating by what channel a knowledge of immortality was conveyed from Greece to Palestine. "We have watched," he says, "the gradual growth of the belief in immortality along the progress of the Jewish race through the faint aspirations of the Psalmist, deepened by the misfortunes of the captivity, colored perchance by the contact with Zoroastrianism. We have seen its full outburst in the teaching if not of Socrates, yet of Socrates' greatest disciple. We have witnessed, though at what date we know not, the clear and vivid statement of the Greek and Hebrew belief combined in the culminating revelation of Alexandrian Judaism, 'the wisdom of Solomon.' In Palestine the prospect of futurity had still remained under the veil that had rested on it from the time of Moses; though with such occasional glimpses as we have already noticed in some of the bolder utterances of Psalmist or Prophet. The one great teacher who had appeared in Judea since Malachi—the son of Sirach—was entirely silent on the world beyond the grave. . . . . In this calm but gloomy resignation is summed up the experience of the most gifted sage in Palestine twenty years before the Maccabæan insurrection. But in the course of that insurrection, or at least in the records of it, 'the belief in immortality' which the Grecian philosophy had

communicated to the Jewish schools of Alexandria, started into a prominence which it had never achieved before and which it never lost afterwards."

Nor have I meant either in this or in my previous article to underrate the Hebrew inspiration or to magnify unduly the Grecian sage. On the one hand it is not certain that Socrates was altogether sure of his own convictions, and on the other it may be that the Hebrew was more or less moved by what Prof. Lewis calls the "power of an endless life." It does not, however, to my mind detract from the dignity of the Old Testament Scriptures nor impair their authority to believe that they do not contain a completed revelation; nor does it seem to me inconsistent with Scripture to believe that revelation has not been wholly confined to Palestine and the Jew.

Eliot McCormick.

SING CUCKOO.

When grass is mown and bends the grain
Before the sickle's keen caress,
When shrilly creaks the loaded wain
And groans the spouting cider-press,
A flying shout from the haunted wood,
By tangled thicket and roaring flood,
Merrily ringeth the bright day through—
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

When bleating lambkins seek the fold
And from the farm-yard barks the dog,
When rusts the sunset's wealth of gold
And fields are drenched in river fog,
While flits the bat in the village streets
This unseen, magical voice repeats
A mournful chant 'mid the falling dew—
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

When stars are brightest in the sky
And low the spectral crescent swims,
When from the woodland comes a cry
And o'er the marsh the owlet skims,
While all the life of the glad day sleeps,
A ghostly watcher his vigil keeps,
Bitterly weeping the long night through—
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Beneath the sun my spirit sings
Like you, oh, bird! a measure gay,
But through the night, on leaden wings,
It weeps o'er hopes long laid away;
And hearing thee sobbing thy sad refrain,
My heart cries out with a sudden pain,
For the dead past wakes, as I list to you—
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Sidney Dickinson.

We had no minister at the Cross Roads, partly because there was so little ready money in the village, but chiefly on account of the differences in opinion among the most influential people. If we could have had a church universal, which should cover all creeds and offend none, there might have been quite a respectable attendance, but as it was, the Unitarians did not sympathize with the Orthodox, while the latter looked on them, in turn, with a kind of holy horror, and those who professed no religious belief were in a state of blissful indifference to sectarian quarrels. In the beginning, perhaps I ought to state that I, Hannah Martin, spinster, was brought up a Baptist and hope always to remain so, but at the same time I've no sympathy with any man who thanks the Lord for saving himself, and comes near praising Him for condemning his neighbor in the same breath. I trust I'm sound in the matter of doctrine, though it does trouble me when Ned, my nephew, says: "Why, Auntie, you're a radical Universalist, if you did but know it!" The only way I can settle it is to question,—if I were to select any one as deserving of eternal punishment, could I find a soul destitute of a spark of good which might not, miraculously perhaps, be fanned by the Divine breath into a flame of piety? No, and so I try not to think of the matter at all, and take it for granted the Lord knows more than I do.

The Lincolns were always the most rigidly orthodox people in the place, and as very few others were near the same plane of belief as themselves they naturally thought it a duty to bring every one to their own level, higher or lower as it might be. Deacon Lincoln came in to see me one night, with the express purpose of imparting to me a new idea, in order, I suppose, to notice its effect on an impartial mind. That he should consult me is easily explained, for, chiefly owing to the fact that I have little housework and no children to occupy my time, I have gained the reputation of possessing a good stock of common sense. No credit to me either, for if a woman's mind is n't turned into one channel it must find outlet through another, and if I had a husband perhaps I should be only an echo of his opinions instead of taking the trouble of depending on my own. I knew the deacon had some weight on his mind, for he said nothing about Mrs. Lincoln's rheumatism or the effect of her last medicine, and when I asked for her, answered in a preoccupied manner that she was very well. Then without any warning he presently broke out: "Hannah, have you ever considered how many people there are in this very town on their way to ruin?" I was startled, because it was such a lovely June twilight, and all heaven and earth were so smiling that I did not realize any one could go beyond the circle of God's love, so I answered at random that I supposed we were all far enough out of the right path, and that if we did our duty the world would be a good deal pleasanter. "True enough," said the old gentleman. "We're all sinners, even those of us who are inside the fold, but I mean these young people especially who have never been converted. Why there are some who never hear a church bell any more than if they were heathen."

"Yes, they can hear the bells from Bloomfield when the wind is east," said I, for I never can bear to have any one miss the exact facts of a case.

"Well, be that as 't will—and I was only using a figure of speech—you know some people here never go inside a church door. Now I've laid awake nights thinking of it, and it weighs on me so I can't feel at rest till I've tried to save them."

"Well, that's the right way to feel, I'm sure," said I. "And what have you concluded to do—establish a church again and pledge yourself to pay the minister, if the rest of us fail?" I own I was a little wicked in that speech, for Deacon Lincoln had the reputation of being willing to "skin a flint" for the sake of a few extra cents, and I always liked to give him a little push toward the road to generosity.

"No indeed, Hannah," he answered hastily. "I shouldn't feel justified in taking such a responsibility, even if I had the means, but I've thought of this: I will open my house for a weekly prayer-meeting, and perhaps the Lord will bless us with a revival. What do you think of the plan?"

I had to consider some minutes before I had an opinion to give, and then I could only say: "Well, deacon, if you feel it your duty of course the only thing is to go right ahead and do it, but I should feel doubtful as to the means. If you wish to benefit the black sheep, the most hopeless characters, do you think it would be possible to do it by inviting them to the kind of prayer-meeting we should be likely to have,—a place they would shun as you would a bar-room? Do you believe you could entice Bob Jenkins into a religious assembly by fair means!"

"Sister," said the deacon solemnly, "I think the grace of God is sufficient."

"Amen, and so do I," I answered. "I only want you to realize that it may not work through the human means we select for it, and that after any effort we must be prepared for dead failure, so far as we can see results. Now do you want to know what I think is the only way of saving people who are more sinful in outward life than ourselves?"

"Yes," said the deacon, "I set a good deal by what you say. You were always a sensible woman, Hannah."

"Well," I went on, not stopping to thank him for the compliment, so great was my interest in the little sermon I felt impelled to utter, "I believe the only sure means of helping our neighbor is to make our own lives blameless, and then trust to Heaven to direct the active influence. Do you know what John Redman, that swearing, outcast fellow at Bloomfield, said of religion? A thing to make us all blush who call ourselves followers of a Redeemer. On one of his sprees he sold every bit of furniture in the house, and neglected his family until they were at the very verge of starvation. Then Mr. Kennard, who owns the mills there, you know, found them out, supported them for weeks, and helped Redman with all his might to be a man. I don't say he reformed him, but he did stand his friend through disgrace and remorse, and last week, when Mr. Kennard died, John Redman said: 'He was the best friend a man ever had, no matter if he was a church member!' Now is n't it a disgrace to us, that the fact that we belong to a body of people banded together for mutual help should n't be sure evidence that we are of use to the people who most need it?" It is one of my faults that I get easily excited over topics that touch me deeply as did this, and am liable to say more than is prudent. I felt this at once when the deacon rose to go, evidently somewhat disturbed, as if I had intended my remarks to have a personal application.

But what's the use of having an opinion if you can't express it? That was the way I consoled myself, though I knit half an hour longer than usual that night, as a mild sort of penance for having forgotten my age and dignity so far as to deliver such an oration.

The first prayer-meeting was held the next night, and little Harry Lincoln went to each house to give the invitations.

I was there early, for I wanted to show the deacon that, although I had not been very enthusiastic, I really did wish to help all I could. The chairs were arranged in straight rows, and the deacon and all his family, with their Sunday faces on, sat near a little table on which lay the Bible and some hymn books. Only a few people were present; those who, like the Lincolns, attended church at Bloomfield, four miles away. None of the recognized sinners or "free-thinkers," as we called the radical Unitarians, had been attracted. It was not a pleasant nor, to me, "a profitable season," as Deacon Lincoln said he hoped it would be in his opening remarks, though without the personal application. We were mostly elderly people and had none of us anything new or fresh to say, and the singing could not by any possibility have induced devotional feelings. We all did our best in that direction, bnt what with two or three old men stopping for breath and beginning again at the same place, added to the fact that several did not know the words, I think

we were all rather glad when we had finished the closing hymn and prepared to go home.

Now in all this I am not overlooking the real object of Christians coming together, nor touching too severely on the form of worship. I know well that earnestness and sincerity far overbalance any empty brilliancy of utterance, but at the same time, one can't help wishing for something worth the hearing and remembering.

The deacon was not at all daunted. In fact, I believe he scarcely suspected that the interest he felt had not inspired all, and the meeting was appointed twice a week. After a while a few of the rough fellows who were the especial objects of prayer, talked over the subject in a joking manner, and Bob Jenkins said, "Come, fellows, let 's go in some night and give the old deacon a lift in the singing." Accordingly when we were quietly seated, Bob and five tall scamps filed in in a most orderly and decorous manner. I must say here that they formed a band which was the terror of the neighborhood in the way of perpetrating mischief, and that they bade fair to be as dissolute men as they were good-for-nothing boys, simply for want of a motive in life, or some one to "lend a helping hand."

To-night they were carefully dressed, sat up very straight and proper, and when Coronation was proposed Bob struck in with his bass, Hal Dickson soared off in the tenor and they led the singing in splendid style. The meeting was more spirited than usual owing wholly to the introduction of this foreign element, which had certainly surprised everybody, and when at its close I grasped the deacon's hand with all the force of my own muscular one and told him that he was right and I was wrong, and had doubted in the first place, his triumphant face showed as much thankfulness as I felt. The next time the boys came punctually again. As Bob told my Ned, "It wasn't so bad a way of spending an evening for a change, and it was rather larks to see the old fellow so excited." I do not like to chronicle the doings of that night. The deacon was not to blame; he was in earnest, but his mind could grasp only one idea of doing good, which was to work an entire change in a person's life in hours or days instead of years, and all by the gospel of fear. It was apparent in everything he said that he regarded all the souls in the room as separated into two distinct classes; the church members and those who had made no profession of religion, and to the latter he addressed himself. I need not repeat his arguments, but every one knows how it rouses every spark of the old Adam in any person to be told he is an outcast from all things good, and that in a tone of patronage by one who regards his own spiritual worth as above question.

Somehow I felt ashamed, as if I had been the Pharisee who went into the temple to pray and had just been brought face to face with my self-righteousness.

The deacon said he would introduce Brother Flood, the noted revivalist, who happened to be at Bloomfield for a few days, and then sat down, watching eagerly the effect of the latter's exhortation. The boys' faces gradually darkened into a scowl, and I heard one whisper, "I wish we were out of this, don't you?" to which another gave a hearty assent, enforced as it was by an oath. Mr. Flood had been used to exciting the sensibilities of audiences, and took the same method here. Worst of all, he addressed his speech pointedly to the row of boys who sat in front staring at him with impudent faces. It is not for me to say they did n't deserve it all. They were wicked enough, as we all knew, but the man should have had more tact, not to say common sense, than to harden their hearts in the way he did. I had no patience with him. As they went out, Bob, who was always the ringleader, said, in a tone intentionally loud, "I guess we've had enough of this, boys. Prayer-meetings are getting played out," and so they came no more. The other class, the "free-thinkers," who dropped in once or twice, were not at all affected by the meetings. Some said they were amused, others that they respected the earnestness if they could not sympathize with the motive, but none were tempted to join us. After some weeks' trial the deacon himself was discouraged and gave his project up, for, as

Mrs. Lincoln said, "It did n't pay to get the chairs out and the carpet dirty if only a half-dozen people were coming." About that time, to our great surprise, a plan that had been long talked of crystallized into action. A young minister who was out of health and wanted to be for a time in some country place where the duties were not too arduous, agreed to undertake the pastorate of our little church, which had been closed so long. So we all contributed our mites toward his small salary and he came. Every one went to church the first Sunday, half of us actuated by curiosity perhaps, and we were not at all prepossessed by his looks. He was very young, and had a pale, scholarly face as if he sat long at his books, and his wife was a girlish little creature with pretty brown curls, rosy cheeks and dimples.

Mr. Charles' preaching was practical and to the point, with no superabundance of figures or vain show of learning. I liked him heartily at once, as it is my way to take sudden fancies or the reverse. (Ned says: "Auntie, you are so illogical! Why do you jump at conclusions?" but then, Ned has had a college education and I never did.) Mr. Charles' preaching, however, is not at all what I want to describe; but rather the influence of his mind and ideas in a direction new to us. At the close of his sermon he bent forward and addressed us so earnestly that it seemed as if he were speaking to each individual by himself. I can almost remember the exact words.

"I have come to minister to you and help you in your every-day as well as Sunday living—or no, I will say, rather, that we have entered into a compact to help each other. I shall come to you without hesitation in any need which you can relieve, and I believe you will repay me with an equal trust and confidence. The weekly prayer-meeting will be held here on Wednesday but the one Sunday night will be at my house, with your approval. The congregation is so small that this will be possible, and I prefer to have a more informal talk than people can usually persuade themselves to when shut in by pew doors."

How we stared, and what varied comments there were! but he had his way, though it was voted "queer," "for," said Deacon Lincoln, "better let him take his own course. Where could we get another man for the same money?"

Of course we all went Sunday night, and we were sufficiently surprised. Mrs. Charles, pretty as a rose-bud in her muslin dress and fresh blue ribbons, met us at the door and ushered us into the pleasant sitting-room, where the chairs were not placed in rows but at careless angles. She insisted that old Mr. Miles should have the easiest one and take a fan, because he had walked so far in the heat. She was so graceful and cordial that we lost at once the feeling of stiffness and over-propriety which half of us considered appropriate to Sunday night.

To my anxiety, Bob Jenkins and his set had come, for Ned had told me they were going with the express purpose of putting the pale, slender minister out of contenance by staring at him persistently, or making everybody uncomfortable in whatever way the moment should suggest. They were quiet from the very novelty of the proceedings, and watched all with wondering eyes which nothing escaped. Mr. Charles talked familiarly to one and another of the beauty of the town, showed us some white laurel he had found in the woods the day before, and not until all were assembled did we realize and become shocked at the fact that we had been interested in secular subjects on Sunday night. There was a moment's pause, and Mr. Charles began without rising:

"I hope we shall all agree in our purpose in coming together these Sunday nights." ("I'm glad he does n't say 'my friends' in that patronizing tone some of them do," whispered Ned to me, and I stepped on his foot to keep him quiet.) "As what troubles one person is often clear to another, perhaps by meeting in this way we can solve some of the difficulties that we encounter. Let us ask God to help us."

He rose, and made what I should call an eloquent prayer, if it were open to my criticism; but I felt as if it were addressed, not to the audience, but to the power he besought, so that we had no part in it except so far as we lifted our hearts with his. It was a fervent request that we might be individually

helped to bring out the highest that is in us. Then he went on speaking:

"It seems to me that physical and moral health go together in such a way that we can certainly promote the last, in a measure, by considering the first. In these talks suppose we take, to begin with, the care of the body. That will give us temperance for next Sunday night, and in the meantime, let us all think of the reasons to be given for keeping ourselves free from sins of the body and the best way of fighting against them. Then, did you ever consider how much our goodness depends on the knowledge we have? Why, half the time it seems to me that sin is only aggravated ignorance, and that if we knew enough to foresee the consequences of wrong-doing, we should shun sin with a thousand times more vigilance than we do for hope of reward or fear of punishment. So let us take our intellectual development, and consider the best way of making the most of our talents and lives. That leads us up naturally to our highest moral well-being, if we can make such distinction between the parts of our nature. There are so many things to be discussed—the education of our children, our duties as teachers, ministers, farmers, men and women! Do you not see how we can help and be helped?" He had spoken earnestly and rapidly, and then, after a pause, said in a tone of entreaty that was almost boyish: "And you will work with me, won't you? Don't let us be formal, but if any one has an idea or a question let him or her speak out. Now, if you disagree with me, or have any suggestions to offer, will you take the same privilege that I have in giving my views?"

Deacon Lincoln was the only one who had courage to say anything, and even he hesitated a little. I could have smiled to see the puzzled expression on half the faces—it is so hard for people to accept anything outside their own line of thought. "Why not take Wednesday for this new-fangled meeting? It seems hardly the right thing to talk on such subjects Sunday night."

"I am glad you mentioned that," said Mr. Charles, cordially, "and have my reasons all ready. Sunday seems a break between the weeks when we want to get fresh strength and courage to undertake our duties again. We can review the failures in the last six days and be better prepared for meeting those in the coming ones. Then we shall not be too tired to come out as a good many might be on Wednesday, and"—with a smile—"I dare say it will make some difference on that score whether we have on our Sunday clothes. Many might think it too troublesome to put them on, and would be too proud to come in their every-day ones. You see I 've lived on a farm and I know."

The last remark won on us considerably. We all steered clear of anything that verged on being "stuck up." When it was apparent that no one else had anything to say, Mr. Charles turned to his wife, and said, "Mattie, will you play for us to sing?" and she went at once to the piano. I must confess, parenthetically, that even now we are scarcely reconciled to that piano. We wonder how the minister can think it consistent with a small salary to keep such an article of luxury! There were not books enough, and Mattie said (she was such a dot of a thing it seemed natural at once to call her Mattie): "If you don't mind standing some of you can look over this book. Would you?" to Bob, who happened to sit near.

Bob rose in rather a shuffling manner simply because it was easier than to refuse; two or three other boys followed his example, and though I don't know one note from another I did the same to give them countenance.

We had music that did our souls good. Even old Mr. Miles said the next day, "I don't know as I exactly approve of pianner music for sacred singing, but that did almost take me off my feet." We sang for over half an hour, and at the end Mattie turned frankly to the boys behind her and said: "What good voices you have! We must form a quartet!" And those boys' hearts were taken by storm and conquered.

We went home rather excited, and not quite certain whether to disapprove or not; but, at any rate, thoroughly roused from a sort of spiritual lethargy into which we had

fallen. The meetings that followed regularly were of the same stamp as this trial one, except that they became more and more interesting and full of the true heavenly manna on which men's souls can grow. I cannot pretend to estimate the good done by this departure from the beaten track. We talked of the practical work of life and of the best way of reforming the world by "Keeping our own door-steps clean," and even we women folks dared to express opinions of our own. Quite as good as those of the men, too, I noticed! Mr. Charles gave a lecture on temperance in its physiological as well as moral bearings, and since that I've only seen one of what used to be our rough set of boys with a pipe in his mouth even.

It came about that they met at least once a week to sing at the parsonage while Mrs. Charles played for them, and from such associations, from which they would once have shrunk, they will become, I am quite sure, honorable and *gentle* men. Ned says: "The minister's a stunner! You couldn't tell him from a layman if he were n't superior to them all." And that is a great concession for Ned to make in any one's favor.

To our surprise the "radicals" go to church, where we all form one society, and only stop to think of sect occasionally, because we have so many other things to occupy our minds. Mrs. Bell, who reads scientific books, and refers to the Creator as "the Unknowable," says: "We like to hear Mr. Charles, notwithstanding his orthodox training. He is so practical! He has such good ideas of reform and of the laws on which society rests!" and though I never heard him mention the last-named subjects, I take it for granted Mrs. Bell hears them in his sermons where I hear sound common sense. I ought in justice to say that it is n't easy for our minister to keep us steadily moving on even after he has turned our faces in the right direction, but we agree in general in feeling sure he has done us good. And though I'm not fond of extreme views and would n't for the world step outside sound Baptist doctrine, I can't help wishing a few other towns could be roused in the same way.

L. K. Black.

THE CHARITIES OF A SUMMER.

Some poor children sent into the country for a change of air, through a fund (of which a full description will be given later), were examined, previous to their departure and when they came back again, by a competent physician of the Medical Society of Kings County, New York. They were more than poor; they belonged to the very poorest class, and all were affected in some degree by the chronic diseases which inevitably follow the vice, the poverty and the overcrowding of large cities, such as scrofula, bronchitis, consumption and defects in the spine or hip-joint. While some were more or less incurable, the deficient vitality of a few was simply due to insufficient nutrition and a lack of fresh air, which, if unattended to, would, sooner or later, multiply the serious and chronic complaints of the others. Of the whole number, forty-eight were suffering from general debility, seven from deformities, five from hip-joint disease, two from spinal disease, one from knee-joint disease, five from consumption, four from bronchitis, three from chorea, and two from chronic ulcers. They were sent into the country for from two to three weeks—transferred from the foul air and unwholesome surroundings of the city tenements to the fields and unpolluted atmosphere of the interior. If there is anything more pathetic in the world than the sight these little invalids presented, the reader would not care to see it. A blight had fixed upon them, and obliterated all the exuberance and aggressiveness of childhood. Their voices were a piercing treble, their faces pallid, and their frames emaciated.

Perhaps, to anyone who had listened to their chatter, the undeveloped or oddly misdirected intelligence shown would have been more distressing than their physical afflictions.

But, as some one said, if they left the city old men and women, they came back children. They were improved of course. Sunburn, freckles and greater animation were to be expected from even so brief a vacation; but the precise extent of the improvement in their condition was measured by the physician who examined them before their departure, and that measure indicated an efficiency in fresh air with which no drug in the pharmacopæia could compare in effects. Appetites were improved, coughs allayed, ulcers healed, and growing deformities arrested. One little fellow, suffering from a disease of the upper dorsal vertabræ, who had spent several months in a hospital without finding relief, came back from the excursion, hale and hearty, with his spine cured. A girl of twenty, who had been suffering for over a year with hemorrhages, and who was so exhausted at the time of departure that she was taken with misgivings as to whether she would outlast the journey, came back, after six weeks, in a condition that fitted her to resume work in the shop where she had been employed, and where she now continues to work. In all the cases of spinal and hip diseases, a similarly great improvement took place. While in the country, the patients were directed to leave their splints, braces and other mechanical contrivances at home. They were told to lie under the trees in the shade all day, or, if the heat was not too great, to expose themselves to the sun for a part of the day; and, with the foliage sheltering them and the sun bathing them, they found, in the fresh air and quiet of country life, the relief which was unattainable through clinics and hospitals.

"The unconscious influence of one summer's work upon the children fortunate enough to receive its benefits, can never be estimated," the physician, who is Dr. H. B. White, of Brooklyn, proceeds to say, "though, in some cases that have continued under observation, I can already trace good results in stronger bodies, sounder minds, and nobler ambitions for better homes and better lives."

The influence of nature upon man is always, to some extent, an unconscious one, like that "incommunicable luxury of thought" which Irving attributes to the undulating surfaces of rural England. The least observant, appreciative or poetical human being derives some recreation, and his higher qualities are enlarged, by the contemplation of her processes and forms, even by unheeding contact with them; and they cannot be wholly withdrawn from the life of an adult, or left unfamiliar to a child, without a positive impoverishment of the heart, mind and soul of the person so deprived. It is inherent in man to reach out after Nature, and where her fields are farthest away and the echo of her hills is silent, there the blossom of a flower or a spray of grass is looked upon with reverence, wonder and a pervading sense of pleasure. In this country, one would not expect to find any city so environed that the aspect of the fields and woods is unfamiliar to the most poverty-stricken of its inhabitants. Every city has its parks and squares, with foliage and flowers; the people are migratory, and those who are stay-at-homes have innumerable excursions within their reach. But the life of the very poor falls in a groove, out of which their feet do not often stray. Unless the parks are in their own neighborhood, they do not visit them; the least costly of excursions, provided by managers in search of profit, are too costly for them; and in all large cities there is an increasing class imprisoned in alleys and tenements, to whom there is an unknown region dimly characterized as "the country."

The ideas of what the country is, possessed by the children taken to it through the beneficence of the fund previously referred to, would be amusing, were it not for their pathos. "I've been to 'the country' before. My pa once took me to Jersey City," said a little girl, as she was on the point of leaving New York. "So have I," said another, with a burst of pride; and when she was asked what country, she answered,

"Ireland," probably from the fact that she had heard it spoken of by her parents as "the old country." Once beyond the city, and among the fields and hills, their interest and wonderment were unbounded. "How nicely the hills go up!" said one boy. "Who's been wetting this grass?" asked another, as he felt the morning dew. "Is it real?" said a third, as he felt a lawn; and when he was convinced of its genuineness, he threw himself upon it, and rolled over it and over it again. Every object had freshness and interest to them. Occasionally an incident became laughable, despite the pitiable ignorance that led to it. Several children at a village in New York asked for permission to play with the chicken-coops, and, although the attraction of the chicken-coops could not be understood by the farmer, the desired consent was given. The playfellows came back in a little while, and it was evident that chicken-coops as a source of pleasure had fallen vastly in their estimation. When a reason was sought, one of the children explained that the flies "bit too hard," and on a further investigation it was discovered that the chicken-coops were the bee-hives, the inmates of which had severely opposed the experiments made upon them. It was as much in the stimulus given to their intelligence and the expansion of their ideas as in the increase of their vitality that the advantages of their rustication appeared. Neither the growth of the trees nor the deep silence of the woods were any longer fearful mysteries to them, and they took back with them into their narrow abodes a knowledge of a world that had previously been only dreamed of.

From what has been said the reader will have perceived what the opportunities are for summer-charities in a populous city. Perhaps he already knew of the overcrowding in tenement-house districts, and the disease and suffering which prevail in the midsummer months. But unless this phase of life has been constantly under his notice, he cannot completely realize the utter misery which the heat of July entails in a house packed from casement to roof, from subcellar to the uppermost cornice leads, six or more to a room, with three or four hundred inmates. In winter the atmosphere is unwholesome enough, but in these sultry nights of August and September it is intolerable. In search of a breath of coolness, men, women and children lie in the entrances and on the side-walks; the streets exhale the poison of decaying garbage, and the morning dawns on a sweltering throng whose pale faces are flushed with the fatal hue of a fever. It is to the relief of the children and mothers in these circumstances that the summer charities of New York specifically apply themselves; and no relief has been found to compare in efficacy with that afforded by the immediate transfer of the sufferers to the seaside or the country. Even a single day's excursion down the bay onto the Atlantic often produces a definite and perceptible improvement, and as we have seen, a week or more effects a cure in cases which have resisted all other treatment.

If the reader familiar with therapeutics is disposed to question the degree of efficacy which we ascribe to fresh air, let him visit the floating hospital of St. Johns Guild some morning before she departs down the bay with a load of invalids, and then let him examine the same children when they come back in the evening. The floating hospital is a capacious barge built on the hull of an old river steamer. She has two decks, a dining-room, an ample galley, a nursery, and has accommodated as many as two thousand persons, although her usual load is not more than a thousand. Three times a week, or as often as the funds will allow, she is towed out to the ocean, and there her complement of passengers, who are all delicate children or mothers, are exposed to the sunshine and undiluted brine of the Atlantic for six or seven hours. The younger ones are provided with an unlimited quantity of milk, and at mid-day a meat dinner is served for all. In the evening the hospital is towed to the city again, and the passengers are disembarked at the foot of East Fifth Street, if they live on the east side of the city, or at West Tenth Street, if they live on the west side. Let the questioning reader find his way to East Fifth Street, aud in reach-

ing the foot of it he will see many reasons for the existence and multiplication of Fresh Air Funds; his nostrils, if they are sensitive, will be offended by the odors of decaying refuse piled high along the sidewalks; his progress will be impeded by crowds of unwashed and unprepossessing children; he will be amazed by the excesses of population, and on both sides of him he will see high tenement-houses with still more children and women projecting themselves from the windows and the balconies of the fire-escapes. At the wharf he will find a gathering of sickly children attended by impoverished nurses—children marked with disease, and others so puny that a stroke of disease would immediately overwhelm them. If he examines them he will find fevered brows, fitful pulses and many signs of prostration. The white barge floats up to the wharf with flags flying and a band playing, and departs down the river with the invalids. When she returns to the wharf about sun-down, he will not find any miraculous case of complete physical regeneration; but he will find color in the faces that were colorless, a sparkle in the eyes that were dull, and other evidences not external of a great improvement. This is the result of one day's excursion. But the floating hospital does not limit its beneficiaries to a single excursion. The tickets for admission are distributed among the city physicians, who circulate them among the destitute poor, and if necessary, one patient may be taken out three times a week for a month or more. The cost of the floating hospital is about two hundred and fifty dollars a day, which includes towage, provision, music and salaries. For this amount a thousand persons may be made happy for a day, and there are certainly very few ways in which the money could be more profitably disbursed.

The Seaside Sanitarium also issues tickets of admission to physicians, members of the Board of Health and the captains of police precincts for distribution among the destitute poor, and through no other channels could the distribution reach a more necessitous class. The Sanitarium was established in 1876 on the suggestion of the *New York Times*, which had been conducting excursions for poor children through members of its own staff, and which advocated the founding of a home for little invalids by the seashore. It takes delicate children with their mothers as nurses for a week or ten days, selecting the more urgent cases from a large number who are invited to the Sanitarium for one day. During the first season it was located at Morgan Station on the Raritan Bay, within an hour of New York, and a fine old mansion was procured which seemed to answer all purposes. Here were shade and grass and salt-water bathing. About sixteen hundred persons were entertained, but towards the close of the season several of the attendants were stricken down by malaria, and it of course became necessary to immediately change the location. In the following year a building was leased at Far Rockaway, and this was abandoned in the spring of the present year for a more suitable house at Rockaway Beach, about five miles from Far Rockaway. Rockaway is on Long Island, fronting the Atlantic, and is one of the popular resorts of the metroplis. The surf-bathing is excellent, and the air sweeping in from the sea has no suspicion of malaria. An unlucky speculator had built a commodious tavern in a grove of cedars, with the long white beach reaching to the eastward and the ocean twinkling before it. But patrons would not come to his clam-bakes nor boarders to his apartments, his fiddlers fiddled in vain, and after a disastrous season he closed his doors. The lesson of his experience deterred others from repeating the experiment; the house was beyond the path of excursionists and it seemed destined to be untenanted forever, when a wide-awake agent of the Sanitarium saw it and leased it for five hundred dollars a year. The rental included a grove, out-buildings, a pavilion and bathing facilities on a firm white beach without quicksand or undertow. The hotel itself had sleeping accommodations for about forty persons, and with alterations space was found for nearly one hundred beds. Considering the adaptability of the place for the purposes, its salubrious situation and its commodiousness, it was a prodigious bargain, and during the present season it has been occupied by from fifty to eighty invalid

mothers and children a week. The liberty of the inmates is in no way abridged; gratuitous transportation is afforded them to and from the city; the dietary is abundant and wholesome, and those who are strong enough for it are allowed to take a salt bath once a day. The history of the Sanitarium is notable wherein it shows the feasibility of similar homes without the erection of costly buildings or the payment of large sums for leases. In many villages in the mountains and by the sea, vacant houses are to be secured for a season at a nominal sum; the furniture required may be hired, or if purchased it need not be expensive, and as the soulless railway companies usually reveal a heart, at least, in dealing with charities; a colony of sickly children may be transplanted from their dismal city homes to the country for a very little money, less, let us say, than a generous dinner-giver would spend annually for his wine-bills. There is every necessity for some home away from the city to which convalescent patients from the hospitals might be taken, and the use of the Sanitarium was given for the purpose during the autumn and winter; but the north-easters that blow along the North Atlantic there were too bleak, and the experiment was abandoned.

Previous to the establishment of the Sanitarium a charitable woman opened a summer home for very small children on Staten Island, and in 1873 transferred the management to the Children's Aid Society, which accepted it on condition that four thousand dollars should be collected to insure its success. One-half the amount was at once contributed by the founder, Mr. A. P. Stokes, and the balance was soon made up. In 1875 the home was removed to Bath, Long Island, a pleasant village at the entrance to New York harbor, and a house near the water was secured at a rental of six hundred dollars a year. The building had been a private residence, and its accommodations were increased by the refitting of the carriage-house as a dormitory. Every bit of space was utilized, and what was the parlor became a sleeping room for twenty-four persons; the carriage-house was altered to contain nearly sixty beds, and altogether accommodations were provided for one hundred. Once a week, on Mondays, that number of girls under seventeen years of age, are taken to the home and kept there until the following Saturday. They are abundantly fed, the salt water is almost at the door, and on the other side of the house are woods and wild flowers. The children are urged to spend all their time out of doors, and at the end of the week they are sunburnt and, if not vigorous, in a much better condition than they were at the beginning. The dietary includes milk, bread, butter, oatmeal, fruits, vegetables, fish and meats; the supply is unlimited, and the total cost of each inmate is almost forty-five cents a day. Most of the beneficiaries are selected from members of the industrial schools under the Children's Aid Society, but others are eligible, and like the Sanitarium, the home at Bath is absolutely unsectarian.

There is another home for destitute children at Oceanport, on a hill four miles from Long Branch. This is under the direction of the Female Guardian Society. The house contains thirty-seven rooms and is surrounded by four acres with a garden and fruit and shade trees. In the same vicinity is a summer boarding-house for working girls, who are entertained for two weeks and provided with transportation from the city for the nominal sum of seven dollars. St. John's Guild has the designs prepared for a summer nursery to contain two hundred beds at Cedar Grove, Staten Island.

But while all the summer homes are necessary, and, with the certainty that they can never be superfluous, their multiplication is to be desired, a plan was originated by the *New York Evening Post* last year, which met with immediate success and which commends itself not less for its novelty than its simplicity. Speaking of it the *Evening Post* itself says: "Neither the excursions, which are only for a day, nor the seaside homes quite reach the best results. What the pinched sufferers in alley ways and courts, garrets and basements need is to be sent to the country. It is not enough to give them a day on the river, though that is good as far as it goes. Even in seaside homes they are housed with children of

their own sort, they have the same conversation, the same plays, the same depressing companionship with disease and want. What they need is to meet the healthy life of the country, to make acquaintance with nature, to learn the difference between a calf and a pig, to have a whole new set of objects before their eyes and mind. The country is a bit of heaven to such children. They catch a new life from it; they bring back into town a better tone of mind, body and morals."

It was found through the endeavors of an active young clergyman that many farmers were willing to receive children from the city for two or three weeks gratuitously, and the *Post* established the Fresh Air Fund, previously mentioned, to defray the few necessary expenses. The necessary expenses were very few. The parson gave his services and some money; the railway companies reduced their fares; the physicians concerned never thought of a fee, and the *Post* as treasurer cheerfully used all the influence, which selfish objects crave in vain, to secure abundant patronage. The clergyman, whose name, by the way, is Willard Parsons,[1] visited various regions in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, making seven-minute speeches before Sunday schools, churches and other religious gatherings. A few of the listeners were quite willing to receive "pretty little girls" or "nice boys," but many others said they would be glad to take waifs of any sort, and some actually expressed a preference for "a bad lot." It may be well to say here that the plan would have failed if the coadjutors had been fastidious. Children who have been born and bred in the most abject poverty, who have been surrounded by vice and ignorance all their little lives are never *nice*. They are unwashed, vulgar, profane and mendacious in most instances; when they are not vicious they are diseased, and often they are both vicious and diseased. A pretty orphan well-bred, intelligent and nicely dressed, would be an acquisition in many households, but it was not such that the Fresh Air Fund had in its scope. It proposed to benefit only the very poorest—the sickly, the unclean and the tattered—and the sacrifice made by those who were willing to help it was in their practical commiseration with the most unattractive subjects. If gratitude is a scarce flower, however, it blossoms in all sorts of soil, and strange to say, while many of the good people who agreed to receive the waifs from the city feared that their own children would be contaminated, and that they were exposing themselves to theft and disappointment, their guests behaved in an almost exemplary manner; an incredibly small number of lies were told; a few petty thefts committed, and one lady complained that the children sent to her were not half bad enough. The sin that was in them was nearly altogether a matter of custom and association, and the quiet life of the country, the pure influences of the household, proved to be a specific for it while the fields and woods were a tonic for their feeble constitutions.

If there is one thing more commendable than another in the plan it is that there is no sort of "institutionalism" about it. The whole life of the child is changed, and he learns for the first time what sort of a place a real home is. The letters of the recipients of charity are apt to have something constrained and artificial about them, especially when it is likely that they will reach a third or fourth person; but here is one which in orthography, grammar and punctuation is unmistakably genuine, and which indicates the sort of treatment the children receive:

Dear Hannah & Mother we arrived here after a long night's Journey and arrived at Troy at 7 o'clock morning We took the train at 7 o'clock arrived at sandy hill 10 o'clock We were standing at the station and a lady took us right off Her name is Mrs. ——— she is the kindest-hearted Lady I ever seen. This place is 14 miles from Lake George and many miles from Troy all We had to eat on the boat was a sandwich we did not have break-fast untill 9 o'clock all we had was a cup of milk biscut and cake. We have lots to eat we are in the village We have had good Luck I have a present of kid-shoes 2.75—a hat cost 1.50 a splendid Handkerchief a new pair stockings Emma has a pocket-Handkerchief a splendid Hat 2 aprons a Linen dress Emma & me have spleudid dresses we are out riding every day We have a splendid home and a nice time have lots of milk & Eggs Flowers that you buy in New York grow wild here last night Thursday we were out riding &

[1] Some account of Mr. Parson's work was given in SUNDAY AFTERNOON for May, 1878, under the title "One Summer's Work."

caught in a shower Emma and me were sick on the steam cars Emma is Just thought the nicest little girl for her big black eyes Emma & me were out picking Black-berries our hands are all stained we have a splendid room to sleep in next to Mrs. —— emma is as happy as a bird we have lots of little girls to play with we receive a great deal of attention most everywhere we go some one has something kind to say to us village people are the kindest people living I wish mother had the time I have. Your loving sister Lizzie send love to Kate, Rose, Lydia, Edith. mother send letter right away. Address Lizzie —— in care of mrs ——

Sandy Hill New York

Mrs Day whent straight home we are here all alone Did you receive Postal. *Lizzie.*

More than enough money was subscribed last year, and the appeal of the *Post* for additional funds this year met with an immediate response. Mr. Parsons continued his seven-minute speeches, and found no end of good people who were willing to take the children, and the first excursion left New York early in July, when two hundred waifs were sent up the Hudson by the Saratoga Boat. Some of them although born in the city, had never seen the North River before; many had misgivings, but when they arrived at their destinations, the kind hosts waiting at the stations for them reassured them, and they were willingly driven away to the farm-houses in the neighborhood.

What the *Evening Post* has done may be imitated in every city of the United States. No costly organization is needed, simply a treasurer, who commands unlimited confidence, and a manager, like Mr. Parsons, who with proper experience combines the ability to present the cause in an attractive light. There are thousands of vacant beds in every state to be filled, and thousands of households that will gladly provide for such children as those among whom the *Post* has done incalculable good. If not on this plan, summer charities may be formed on others, —as mountain homes or sanitariums by the seaside; in either case no large capital is required, and we believe a peculiar sympathy will be found to exist with all objects of the kind.

Though it is not specifically a summer charity the Flower and Fruit Mission is most active in the summer months, and the devoted women attached to it gave away over twenty-six thousand bouquets last year. "If any man has two loaves of bread, let him exchange one of them for the flowers of the narcissus; for bread nourishes the body alone, but to look on the narcissus feeds the soul." The rapture with which a rose or a bunch of heliotrope is contemplated by the unfortunates to whom it is given corroborates the wisdom of the old Arab proverb; the fragrance and the beauty of the flower are appreciated above all other gifts. The Mission was established about nine years ago, and its total expenses have not been more than two hundred dollars for the whole period. The flowers are mostly contributed by persons in country places, some of whom send weekly boxes, and there is no village with a wood or a field near it that might not bring a ray of happiness into the dismal dwellings of the city poor. One of the distributors gave a rose to a dying boy, and when she again called found him dead with the flower crushed in his little hand. He had refused to part with it when his mother had wanted to put it in water, and had breathed its fragrance until it withered. "Don't it smell like the country, mother?" he had murmured again and again until he fell asleep.

"Why you are the very first one that ever gave me a flower!" said an amazed dwarf to one of the mission women on Blackwell's Island, and there was no doubt that the misshapen little creature had lived in the world without a touch of the tenderness that a flower conveys. "I've put it into a book, and I'm going to keep it green for ever and ever and ever!" said a little girl to whom the spray of a fern had been given, and a woman who was dying without attendance said of the flowers: "I don't feel lonely with these by me." At Christmas the charity hospitals are decorated with holly, laurel and evergreens by the Mission, and last year one of its supporters sent to it seventy-five little bottles, each containing a slip of growing ivy, with wires for hanging.

What peroration shall I write? Who would not save a soul with a rose or a life by putting up a bed in an empty attic?

William H. Rideing.

LATIMER AS A SOCIAL REFORMER.

The brief reign of Edward VI. is an attractive field for a student of modern life. He can see the rise of a new faith and mark the first steps of a new civilization, while some of the conditions of the latter bear a singular analogy to the problems of his own time. All those morbid symptoms of transition which we are sometimes disposed to regard as peculiarly modern are visible here, in the first half of the sixteenth century; the chaos in religion and morality, the spiritual and material suffering, the class jealousies with their grim followers, sedition and crime, the recklessness, skepticism and despondency. Thus the lives of the contemporary social reformers touch us with more than the bare historical interest; they are the records of experiments whose object is vitally important to ourselves. In this article I have tried to indicate—although, I am conscious, after a crude and meager fashion—the social teaching of possibly the greatest of these men, Hugh Latimer, preacher to the king.

Approaching the subject one feels a certain hesitation of judgment. The Edwardian philanthropists come from the clergy; they are not as much as known to us as philanthropists, they are "the martyrs;" we gaze on them by the imaginary flicker of blazing fagots, and it seems cynical to criticise through the smoke! Nevertheless, they lived as well as died, and since the belief for which they died molded their lives it had an effect upon their generation quite apart from any consideration of its truth. Latimer was a reformer because he was a Christian and it is impossible to push his religion aside when we try to examine his work; his system of reform was based on his theology. What then was Latimer's belief? Apparently, in essentials it was the general belief of the English church; its central principle was obedience to God, its standing ground the verbal inspiration of the Bible.

The English Protestants regarded themselves in no sense as innovators, they were rather the true conservatives; as Jewel put the case, they had restored the purity of the church, "they had returned to the fathers and the holy gospels!"[1] They had no theory of morals apart from God's commands; and no modern materialist thinks more slightly of the moral instincts. "There is neither virtue nor vice," says Bradford, striking the key-note of English theology, "to be considered according to any outward action, nor according to the will and wisdom of man, but according to the will of God. Whatsoever is conformable thereto, the same is virtue, and the action that springeth thereof is laudable and good, howsoever it appear otherwise to the eyes and wisdom of man. . . . . Whatsoever is not conformable to the will of God the same is vice . . . although it may seem far otherwise to man's wisdom. Now the will of God is not so known to us as in his word. Therefore, according to it must vice and virtue, good and evil be judged, and not according to the judgment, wisdom, reason and collection of any man or of the whole world!"[2]

Add to this two beliefs, both deduced logically from the Scriptures, *literally* interpreted, the belief in the devil as a tremendous personality always at a man's heels, and the belief that God governed the world directly, using temporal rewards and punishments, sending fair weather and a good king to a people who feared him, while the plague and the sweating sickness, the murrain slaying the cattle and the drought which shriveled the cornfields were the plain tokens of his wrathful displeasure; and we can make some account of the spiritual equipment of our ancestors.[3] Doctrinally, the English church at this period inclined to Calvinism, but Calvinists and Lutherans were agreed on these fundamental truths. And it is evident that they regarded their position as unassailable; the Catholics had an infallible church,

1 Jewel's Apology.

2 Bradford's Meditations, p. 310. See also Bullinger's "On the Word of God." It is the universal position of the church.

3 See Bullinger's writings, Cranmer's Catechism, Bradford's Sermon on Repentance, Grindal's Homily Concerning the Judgment of God.

they had an infallible Bible, and by as much as their authority was more defined it seemed to them more secure. Their faults as well as some of their noblest qualities spring from such a conviction. They displayed a touching faith, a most beautiful devotion and a sublime courage, but they were narrow, partisan, and cruel. They wrangled among themselves, growing as heated over a bishop's sleeves as over justification or irresistible grace,[1] their political mistakes and the selfish folly of their supporters caused an appalling amount of suffering, and, although very reluctantly, they used the axe and stake to cure religious error; prayerfully following the written commands they hewed down the prophets of Baal, and the dreamer of dreams died because he had spoken to turn the people from the Lord their God. Cranmer, the head of the English church, notwithstanding a remarkably sweet and gentle disposition, carried the reasoning of his creed to its stern conclusion. We find him concerned in the burning of Lambert, Frith, Hewet, Forest, some poor Anabaptists whose names have perished with them, Joan Boacher and George van Paar.[2] Nor was there any voice among his clergy raised in condemnation. One other feature of the English creed demands mention, an extraneous growth and the product of peculiar circumstances, but always widely held, and wielding great influence; I mean the doctrine of passive obedience. It was almost a necessary consequence of the manner of the English reformation, Henry's quarrel with the pope hinging on the question of supremacy. We shall have occasion later to observe its effects on the reformer's social theories.

Such, in the main, was the faith of the early English church, of Cranmer, Ridley, Bradford, Hooper and Latimer. Of them all Latimer was the least of a theologian and by far the least of a Calvinist; but he earnestly accepted the general faith, believing with all his heart in God, the Bible, the king and the devil. The very simplicity of his faith nerved it with power. Reading his sermons one feels first their *reality*. There is nothing mystical, ambiguous, or wavering; nothing, if I may use an art phrase, of the "impressionist" about Latimer; his beliefs stand forth, bold, distinct, "expressed," every detail worked out with homely but vivid imagery. It is easy to comprehend why he was the most popular preacher in England, followed through the streets by crowds, the very boys shouting, "Have at them, Father Latimer!"

Before noticing the working of Latimer's theology in his social views, let us glance for a moment, first at the old preacher himself, as he was when Edward ascended the throne, then at the time in which he preached. He was, at Edward's ascension, fifty-seven years old, a tall, thin man bent with long-continued ill-health occasioned by his hard work in his diocese while bishop of Worcester. Van der Werf's portrait shows a fine head, wavy white hair and abundant white beard, full, well-opened blue eyes, strong features, and a shrewd yet kindly smile. His dress was plain; the little money which came to him he gave in charity, and his own tastes were of the simplest. Usually he wore a black gown of Bristol friese and protected his head with three or four queer looking caps, not always taking pains to button the flaps. In the pulpit he forgot his infirmities, his bent form would straighten, his eye kindle and the torrent of rude eloquence leaping from his lips would carry his audience with him in spite of themselves.

"Oh," cried one enthusiastic hearer, "how vehement was he in rebuking sin! Again how sweet and pleasant were his words exhorting unto virtue! . . . . . I did know certain men which went to his sermons swelling with envy and malice . . . but when they returned . . . and (were) demanded how they liked him . . . they answered with the bishop's and Pharisees' servants, 'There was never man spake as this man!'"[3] The sermons which moved men so deeply remain. We see in them a

[1] See Hooper's Controversy, Froude, vol. v., p. 300; Lingard, vol. vii., p. 67. Also, Burnet and Fuller.

[2] See Burnet's History of the Reformation, Burnet's Records, containing sentences of Joan Boacher and George van Paar, Fuller's Church History, Strype's Cranmer and Cranmer's Letters, in his Remains.

[3] Becon. Jewel of Joy, Works, Vol. ii.

masculine vigor, quaint picturesqueness of style, wealth of illustration, large experience, sympathy, insight and moral grandeur. What we do not see is Latimer's face alight with his theme; we cannot hear his voice deepening with emotion, or hear our next neighbor catch his breath as the climax nears; we miss the intangible but vast influence of personality, the living consciousness of the stronger soul behind the strong words. But this the St. Paul congregations had, for, apart from his gifts as an orator, Latimer possessed the power dwelling in a single-minded, unselfish and fearless life. He is the only one of the English bishops who never yielded an inch of his manliness to Henry the Eighth. His sermons before Henry were as frank in proclaiming duty and denouncing wrong as those which he preached afterward before Henry's son. Gardiner[1] once complained of him to the king for preaching "seditious doctrine." Henry looked at his chaplain. "What have you to say to that, sir?" he asked abruptly. "Then," says Latimer,—we have the story in his sermons,—"I turned me first to my accuser and required him: 'Sir, what form of preaching would you appoint me to preach before a king? Would you have me speak nothing as concerning a king in the king's sermon? Have you any commission to appoint me what I shall preach?'" After this little burst of defiance Latimer addressed himself to Henry. "I never thought myself worthy," he said, and one seems to hear the tone of proud humility yet ringing through the words, "nor I never sued to be a preacher before your grace, but I was called to it, and would be willing if you mislike me to give place to my betters, for I grant there be a great many more worthy of the place than I am. And if it be your grace's pleasure to allow them for preachers I could be content to bear their books after them. But if your grace allow me for a preacher I would desire your grace to give me leave to discharge my conscience; give me leave to frame my doctrine according to my audience; I had been a very dolt to have preached so at the borders of your realm as I preach before your grace!" The king took the plain words in good part; "like a gracious lord he turned into another communication." There is the same courage in Latimer's famous letter to Henry[2] and in his conduct regarding the Six Articles. As is well known, he resigned his bishopric rather than sign them, and spent the last two years of Henry's reign in the tower. More than once Henry, who seems to have had a genuine respect for the single man in his court who dared tell him the plain truth, had interfered in the preacher's favor, and it is possible he would have done so in this case; but there is no record of his sentiments, and Latimer was in the tower when Edward came to the throne. His simplicity of character was as marked as his bravery. The king's preacher and the bishop of Worcester never forgot that he was a yeoman's son. He tells us in his sermons of the farm and his father, of the bows which were given him as a boy, even of the old "cousin" who scolded him because he did not cross a dead man properly, "crying with a great anger, 'It is pity thy father spendeth so much on thee,'"—all such stories being told quite unaffectedly, without a trace of vanity or self-consciousness, merely to illustrate some point which he is making. One observes in Latimer a something which I can only call guilelessness. Besides the frank expression of feeling, the entire absence of personal reserve, which was as congenial to his age as it is unintelligible to ours, there is a curious confidence in men's professions, a humility of enthusiasm over others' virtues and an almost pathetic gratitude for small kindnesses. We see these traits in his sermons but they are outlined more clearly in his letters. Thirty-nine of his letters to Cromwell have been preserved. Most of them were written while he was bishop of Worcester. They show him unconsciously pict-

1 Gilpin's Life.

2 It was a request for restoring "the liberty of reading the holy Scriptures" and for the staying the persecution, a long letter and possibly a trifle diffuse but very nobly and bravely written. This was the solemn concluding appeal: "Wherefore, great king, remember yourself; take pity on your soul; and think that the day is even at hand when you shall give account of your office and of the blood shed with your sword!" Remains, p. 297.

ured by himself, a rough sketch, but handled freely and true to life. We see him as he was, a great prelate; well loved by his people, not so well loved by his clergy, keeping a lavish hospitality, "more inclined to feed many grossly and necessarily than a few deliciously,"[1] laboring indefatigably in his diocese, trying to mend the indifferent morals of his clergy, making wise burial ordinances to prevent the spread of the plague, providing for the teaching the children of his parishes to read and for the priests each keeping "a whole Bible or at the least a New Testament,"[2] endowing schools, caring for roads and bridges as well as souls, interceding for all poor, afflicted, oppressed or needy people.

The letters to Cromwell contain a multitude of petitions, only two of which concern himself; and one of the two he resigns, "hearing that Mr. Evance hath begun and entered upon the same suit," and being "very loth to hinder any man's suit begun." The remaining "suits" cover a wide range; there are suits for schools, almshouses and colleges, for wronged poor men and friendless priests cast upon the world by the dissolution of the monasteries, for a sheriff for the county, for the bringing "white meat" into the country in lent, for young men of good family but no fortune, and there is one instance in which the good bishop smooths the road to marriage for two lovers. One who reads these letters and the few other remaining letters of Latimer, does not wonder at Bernhere's devotion, Cranmer's long friendship or Bradford's filial affection. The Latimer of these letters is the most faithful and, I had almost said, the blindest of friends. He was, also, as his whole life proved, a rigidly upright man, whose purity and integrity were never questioned. And with all his lack of guile Latimer had an eminently practical mind. Often we find him as shrewd as he is warm-hearted; blinded he might be, sometimes, by his feelings, but his keen eyes saw through the most specious logic. He had the rugged English sense, and with it the grim humor which seems its natural expression.

1 Remains, p. 412.

2 Remains, p. 243.

Latimer's humor plays over the passionate earnestness of his sermons, like the cascade which hides a precipice in spray. We see it in his letters and at every turn in his life, nor did it desert him in peril, sickness, or death. Half frozen in prison, he told his keeper, with a twinkle of the eye, that "if he did not look better to him perchance he should deceive him;" and when the man began to question him, "You look," he said, "that I should burn, but except you let me have some fire, I am like to deceive your expectation, for I am like here to starve for cold!"[3]

This was the man whom Edward made his preacher. Having looked at Hugh Latimer, let us glance at his time. Undoubtedly it was an evil time! Paget, who was anything but sentimental, said there was "neither law nor religion in England."[4] It must have been a curious and tumultuous state of affairs. Everything which men had reverenced was in ruins. The monasteries were suppressed, their lands and gray old walls parceled out among the "new lords" and "clerking knights," their monks wandering beggars, and their abbots hiding their heads beyond the seas—those of them, that is, to whom Henry had left heads to hide! Mass was abolished and the prayer-book ritual established by law. The council had swept the churches clean of saints and silver. In some places the lead had been torn off the church roofs by thrifty Gospelers, and boys had smashed the idolatrous painted windows, gratifying at once their pious zeal and the natural longing of their years to break things! The iconoclastic fury spared nothing; even the rude wayside crosses which told the peasant the story of an immeasurable love and sacrifice, were hacked into shapeless stumps or chopped down and carried away for firewood.[5] But ideas are harder to destroy than symbols; although stunned, the Catholic party was far from dead. Yeomen and laborers who could not read cared nothing for an English Bible;

3 Fox's Acts and Monuments.

4 Paget to the Protector, Strype's Memorials, Vol. ii, Part ii, p. 428.

5 Burnet, Records, p. 270. See also Act of Uniformity, and Act against Images.

whatever sentiment the English peasant had was linked with the venerable rites of the old faith; and with the old faith also, unfortunately for the new, were linked his memories of prosperity. The monks—be their faults what they may—"had kept hospitality, loaned out their farms at reasonable price, brought up youth in good letters."[1] Now the former tenant of a monastery found his rent trebled or quadrupled, and saw the common where his cow used to graze, or his little girl had picked berries, turned into his new landlord's sheep-walks. Not quite without reason he blamed the new religion for the change. The conservative tendencies and the class jealousy of the old nobility, whom Henry had never favored, worked in the same direction.

Nor were the reformers united among themselves. Anabaptists, Arians, and Libertines kept the heresy commission busy. And between all these warring sects stood the great body of the nation, no doubt bewildered enough. Some, in their perplexity, grasping at the nearest spiritual straw, "did run hither and thither to sorcerers or witches."[2] Some lapsed into utter skepticism. But, for the most part, the nation struggled on in a kind of twilight of faith, content to accept whatever the authorities were pleased to offer. While Henry lived, the average conscience sheltered itself behind the Institution of a Christian Man and the Six Articles; in Edward's time there was the prayer-book, and when Mary came to the throne the great multitude of moderate believers, or disbelievers, went philosophically back to the mass. So dubious a state of belief reacted on morality. The sermons of the day, the popular poetry, state documents and private letters have one common burden, a cry of despair over the intolerable wickedness of the age! "Let our time," says Becon, "be compared with any age that hath been from the beginning (I speak even of the age that was most ungodly, most wicked) and it shall more right well seem most godly, most virtuous! The pride of these days is lucifer-like, the covetousness is insatiable, the vice is monstrous, the unmercifulness is butcher-like, the malice is immortal!" "They which have the gospel swimming in their lips," he complains, "so live clean contrary to the doctrines of the gospel, as though there were no gospel at all. In ambition, in covetousness, in envy, in malice, in wantonness of life they give place to none!"[3] Latimer's descriptions of the profligate luxury of the time are too frank for quotation; he wonders that the fate of Sodom does not overwhelm his countrymen. As usual, the gorgeous vices of the higher class were thrown into relief against a dusky background of misery. A new civilization as well as a new religion was changing everything and at first the change seemed all for the worse. The old kindly relations between land-owners and land-tillers were disturbed, they seemed extinguished. A new class had made its appearance, rich merchants and "artificers" and successful courtiers; "new men" who bought land, having no traditions of interest in its tenants. The demand for English woolens had increased the price of wool, making sheep farming disproportionately profitable. Stringent laws had not prevented the wide-spread conversion of cornfields into sheep-walks during the late reign; now all over the kingdom tenants were turned out to make way for sheep. Such was the case in particular with the confiscated abbey lands. The commons belonging to the monasteries were inclosed. The wide acres where cows might graze and geese splash the shallow pools of water and pigs sleep in the sun, whoever their owner, now were given up to sheep; one rich man's flocks took the food from fifty poor men's cows, geese and pigs. Rents rose in the natural effort of property to equalize its profits. Prices rose because the coin had been debased, until a shilling was barely worth a sixpence. But wages did not rise; the sheep farms had made labor too abundant.[4] There resulted an intensity and volume of suffering never since equaled in

1 Becon, Jewel of Joy, p. 433. Becon is certainly not prejudiced in their favor.

2 Latimer's Sermons.

3 Becon, Fortress of the Faithful, pp. 519, 617.

4 Cattle raising was also profitable, and cattle shared with sheep the hatred of the yeomen, but the sheep farms were the *great* source of complaint.

England. The country was devoured with beggars. Towns were almost deserted, and the weeds grew over the abandoned cornfields. "Oh what a lamentable sight it is," exclaims Scory, bishop of Rochester, writing to the king, "to see the ground which at this time of year . . . . . was wont to be adorned with corn, replenished with mayweed, dock and such like unprofitable weeds!" He says that there were not at his writing ten plows, "whereas were wont to be forty or fifty," and that the people were "so pined and famished that they were become more like the slavery and paisantry of France, than the antient and godly yomandry of England!" Hooper, bishop of Gloucester, writes to Cecil with pathetic eloquence, describing the sufferings of his diocese, beseeching him "for the love and mercy of God" to "cause some order to be taken of the price of things," telling him that the people were starving because of the high prices, and hinting at the desperate feelings such sufferings engendered. "You know," he says, "what a perilous and extreme, yea, in a manner, unruly evil hunger is. The price of things be here as I tell you, the number of the people be great, their little cottages and poor livings decay daily. Except God by sickness remove them out of the world they must needs lack!"

John Hales, clerk of the commission which the protector appointed to investigate the inclosures, told the commissioners that the population was so reduced "by the pulling down of towns and houses," that where had been "in a few years ten or twelve hundred people there were now scarce four hundred." "Sheep and cattle that were ordered to be eaten of men," he said with quaint bitterness, "had eaten up the men, not of their own nature but by the help of men!"[1]

Misery had its inevitable shadow of discontent, "the poor muttered in corners and grudged against the rich."[2] A sombre despondency pervaded all ranks; it wore a thin disguise in the cynical recklessness of the higher classes, it was the motive power equally of the coarse skepticism and the coarse superstition of the age, and it spoke with pathetic clearness in the common opinion that the last evil days were come and the end of the world was at hand.

This, in brief, was Latimer's time and these were the problems with which he grappled. We may say in the beginning that he makes his fight entirely as a moralist. He considers the ethical relations of any question, and he considers nothing else. The final test with him is always the Bible. Here it is his theology dominates his ethics and affects his social teaching. His belief in the literal teaching of the Bible led to his belief in the direct government of God, and this belief, in turn, not only made the acceptance of the doctrine of passive obedience possible, it also prompted an inordinate confidence in legislation. Godly laws, according to the creed of the sixteenth century, could redress all evils save those sent by the supreme Ruler, himself; and even here, divines of the period seem to have had a sneaking and illogical trust in human cleverness; witness their appeals for a scale of prices in time of famine! Latimer shared the feeling of his generation. He saw, no man more clearly, the wrongs and wretchedness of his time; he described them with a vivid and unflinching minuteness which make his pictures most valuable testimony; but to him there was only iniquity in the new aspect of things, and his single remedy was the changing of men's hearts by persuasion or by force!

A modern philanthropist, with as clear a head as his own, would have told him that the sheep farms were a temporary mischief which would die of its own excess; that overproduction of wool would lower the price and thus take away the present inducements to raise sheep; and that in the meantime new channels must be opened for the torrent of unemployed labor flooding the country, manufactures must be encouraged, capital must circulate, above all the coin must be kept pure. He would have said, furthermore, that any interference with the rights of property was likely to derange delicate moral relations and to do vastly more harm

[1] Both the letters and Hales's speech are to be found in Strype's Memorials, Vol. ii, Part ii, Repository.

[2] Becon, Jewel of Joy.

than good. No ideas of this kind, however, entered Latimer's brain; had they been proposed to him he would have rebelled against them with horror. To be sure England had outgrown the feudal system; Paget, Mason and Cecil dimly perceived this; but the clergy were still blindly loyal to the feudal ideals of class separations and class duties, their very consciousness of their innovations in religion making them the more anxious to show how orthodox were their politics. Therefore, to a man, they demanded strong laws to push society back into the old shapes.

Latimer, as always, went to the Bible. It seemed to him a plain matter. The sheep farmers were men who made haste to be rich, the Bible condemns covetousness, therefore the sheep farms should be abolished. The same reasoning applied to those landlords who had increased their rents. "You landlords," he cried, "you rent raisers, I may say you step lords, you unnatural lords, you have for your possessions yearly too much! For that here before went for twenty pound or forty pound by year, now is let out for fifty or one hundred pound by year. Of this too much cometh this monstrous and portentious dearth made by man notwithstanding God doth send us plentifully the fruits of the earth, ... too much which these rich men have causeth such dearth, that poor men which live by their labor cannot with the sweat of their face have a living, all kinds of victuals is so dear. I will tell you, my lords, this is not for the king's honor . . . . these graziers, enclosers and rent raisers are hinderers of the king's honor! For, whereas have been a great many householders and inhabitants there is now but a shepherd and his dog. My lords and masters I say, also, that all such proceedings . . . . . do intend plainly to make the yeomanry slavery and the clergy shavery! . . . . . But let a preacher preach till his tongue is worn to the stump, nothing is amended!" He tells them that if they ruin the yeomanry they "pluck salvation from the people and utterly destroy the realm!" Then he has a blow for the surveyors who surveyed the abbey lands and were apt to stretch their limits for wealthy patrons. "Surveyors there be that greedily gorge up their covetous goods, handmakers I mean, honest men I touch not, but such as survey they make up their mouths but the commons be utterly undone by them; whose bitter cry ascending to the ears of the God of Sabaoth, the greedy pit of hell burning fire,—without great repentance—doth tarry and look for them!"[1] Having described the disease, now comes the remedy: "For surely but that two things comfort me I should despair of redress in these matters. One is that the king's majesty, when he cometh of age will see a redress of these things . . . . the second hope I have is, I believe the general accounting day is at hand, the dreadful day of judgment which shall make an end of these calamities and miseries!" Latimer knew that there were plenty of laws against the sheep farms, he knew that they were evaded or defied; but he cannot seem to realize the powerlessness of legislation unless backed by public sentiment; he thinks that the magistrates are negligent and calls loudly for "promoters such as were in King Henry the Seventh's day." They (the promoters) were a species of informers who prosecuted civil offenders, receiving a portion of the fines levied for their pains; they were peculiarly odious "blackmailers" in many instances. Yet Latimer begs Edward for "God's sake to make promoters, to punish enclosures, sheep raisers, forestallers and regrators."[2]

Not only would he abolish the sheep farms, he would repress the commercial spirit within the narrowest possible limits, so great is his horror of speculation, "forestalling" and "regrating" in the phrase of the time. With the purest intentions he urged the authorities to cut the throat of England's best hope; nor did he hesitate to appeal to the popular prejudices. "I hear say," he cries, "that we have landlords . . . . . that are become graziers and burgesses are become regrators, and some farmers will regrate and buy up all the corn that cometh to the market and lay it up in store aud sell it again at a higher price when they see their time. . . . . Yea and aldermen nowadays are become colliers; they be both

[1] Sermons, pp. 99, 100.
[2] Sermons, p. 102.

wood mongers and makers of coal. I would wish he might eat nothing but coals for a while till he had amended it! There cannot a poor body buy a sack of coal but it must come through their hands!"[1] The poor bodies who lived by the handling of coal are not mentioned. Latimer never, in any way, seems to appreciate the advantages of new industries. Of course he condemns usury, meaning by usury the taking of any interest for money. This crude feeling, which had its origin in a complete ignorance of the productive power of money, was greatly strengthened by the Bible condemnation of usury. To Latimer, God had spoken, there remained only obedience; he lifted up his voice and spared not. "*Usury*," said he, "*is wicked in the sight of God, be it small or great, like as theft is wicked!* . . . Certain it is that usury was allowed by the laws of this realm,[2] yet it followeth not that usury was godly . . . . like as a thief cannot say, 'it is forbidden in law to steal thirteen pence half penny; *ergo* I may steal sixpence or three pence or two pence.' No, no, this reasoning will not serve afore God, for though the law of the realm hangeth him not if he steal four pence, yet for all that he is a thief before God and shall be hanged on the fiery gallows in hell!"[3] An evil far more disastrous in its effects than the sheep farms or the speculations of corn merchants Latimer notices only incidentally. When he does speak of the "naughtiness of the money," he condemns it like an honest man, but it is evident that it does not occupy as large a place in his imagination as the other causes of suffering. Nevertheless he puts some shrewd sayings in the mouth of his favorite prophet Isaiah, or, as he calls him, "Esay." "Ah, seditious wretch! What had he to do with the mint? . . . . Thy silver is turned into dross; it is not fine, it is counterfeit! What pertaineth that to Esay? Marry he spied a piece of divinity in that policy; he threateneth them God's vengeance for it. He went to the root of the matter which was covetousness . . . . it tended to the hurt of the poor people; for the naughtiness of the silver was the occasion of the dearth of all things in the realm!"[4]

Latimer describes at length the shameful frauds in trade and manufactures, and he rises into solemn eloquence when he lays bare the universal civic corruption. He exposes the bribery which had tainted the courts of law from the highest to the lowest. Giving only facts of which he himself had knowledge, he tells his hearers how a murderer bought his acquittal for a crown a piece to the jury, how an innocent man was hanged because "the sheriff bore him no good will," how a woman who had killed her two children escaped through bribery and the influence of friends, while at the same sessions "a poor woman was hanged for stealing a few rags off a hedge that were not worth a crown." "I will speak no more of *scala cœli*," he cries, "but I am sure that this is the right way to hell, to be covetous, to take bribes and to pervert justice!"[5] His sermons abound in fiery denunciations of unjust judges. But for remedy he can think of none better than to hang the offenders without formality. His theology inclined his imagination to patriarchal methods, and he advises Somerset repeatedly to hear the complaints of the poor and hold his own courts, a high-handed method of reform whose adoption had a large share in the protector's ruin. Not less disastrous was the fate of most of Latimer's other legislative suggestions. They were not allowed the ironical good fortune of failure, they represented the average morality too well not to be powerful, and we see them embodied in acts of Parliament and orders of council. How far Latimer is responsible for such legislation is, of course, beyond our decision, but we know that he advised and applauded it, and whatever may have been the weight of his influence he threw it all into the scale. Examining the legislation of the period we find commissioners of enclosure who may serve instead of Latimer's longed for promoters, having very similar objects for their existence; we find stern

1 Sermons, p. 279.

2 37 Henry VIII., c. 9. No person, by this act was allowed to receive more than ten per cent.

3 Sermons, p. 410.

4 Sermons, p. 137.

5 Sermons, page 179.

laws against sheep farms, and against "regrator," "forestallers" and all their tribe; we find the council always standing with their hands on the throat of trade, prohibiting the exportation of coin, bullion, tin, leather and other articles, regulating manufactures, trying to make prices by proclamation and passing usury laws to induce men to lend money for nothing.[1] All these measures Latimer counseled; what were their results? History has recorded them; prices continued to rise as the coin grew more and more worthless, the great offenders laughed at the laws, the meaner men evaded them, money which had been loaned at the legal rate of ten per cent. when there was a legal rate, now could not be had for less than sixteen per cent.; in 1549 Devonshire, Oxfordshire and Norfolk broke out in open rebellion, demanding the restoration of the old religion; and although the rebellion was suppressed and the west-country woods were hung with dead rebels, the Protestant triumph was more seeming than real, for a sullen hatred of the new creed spread through the nation to take its own savage revenge in the following reign.[2]

This was the condition of England after the passage of the laws from which so much was hoped; evidently if they did not cause the resulting wretchedness and discontent they did not reach them, and there is little question that they aggravated them by destroying the recuperative energies of the kingdom.

Yet no man ever advocated a reform with a purer purpose than Latimer. Fortunately for him and for his religion some few of his suggestions did not find acceptance. Like all the clergy, he was desirous of punishing immorality by law, and the result of such an attempt in an age when the judge, too often, would have condemned himself in the criminal, could hardly have been anything but a tragical farce.

Any notice of the effect of Latimer's theology upon his social teaching would be incomplete without allusion to the doctrine of passive obedience and to the blot on the faith of the time—intolerance. As regards the latter he was rather better than worse than his generation. No theological subtleties ever persuaded him to narrow the mercy of God beyond the definite Bible limits; with Latimer always "whosoever repented should be saved!" He did not even except that mysterious offense for which there is said to be no pardon either in this world or in the world to come. A miserable man came to him once, in an agony of despair because he "had committed the unpardonable sin." He quoted the familiar sentence. Latimer's answer was certainly ingenious. "I said unto him that it was a vehement manner of speaking in Scripture, 'Yet,' quoth I, 'this is not spoken universally, nor it is not meant that God doth never forgive it, but it is commonly called irremissible, unforgivable, because God doth seldom forgive it. But there is no sin so great but God may forgive it to the repentant heart, though in words it sound that it shall never be forgiven!' "[3] A similar spirit animates his references to the future of the dead generations, and his hope that God may have his own children even among Turks and heathen. The door which he opens is of the narrowest, but he stands sturdily in the chink, Bible in hand, defying the whole body of divinity. But the Bible itself seemed to condemn heretics, and here Latimer laid down his arms. The very sincerity and intensity of his faith sharpened his abhorrence of those who would lead souls to destruction.

Toleration is the offspring either of indifference or of the broadest comprehension. The sixteenth century was not an age of comprehension, and Latimer was solemnly, desperately in earnest! He preached at the execution of Forest.[4] Previously he wrote

1 See Somerset's Proclamation given in Strype's Memorials, Vol. ii., Part 2, and the various Proclamations regulating trade; also, Act against Usury 5 and 6, Edward VI., c. 20, and the Orders of Council regarding prices.

2 See Froude, History of England, Vol. v., pp. 165–207 for a vivid account of the rebellion.

3 Sermons, p. 267.

4 Forest was burnt for denying the king's supremacy. He was slung over the flames in a kind of cradle of chains, and thus slowly roasted. He died very nobly. See Froude's History of England, Vol. iii., p. 274; Burnet's History of the Reformation, Vol. i., p. 574; Lingard's History of England, Vol. vi., p. 210; Holinshed, Vol. ii,, p. 945.

to Cromwell, and the letter remains. It affords us a glimpse of his feelings. "It is to be feared," he says, after asking to have his pulpit erected near Forest, so that he might, if possible, even at the last moment, convert the priest, "it is to be feared that some instilled into him, that though he had persevered in his abjuration, yet he should have suffered afterwards . . . and so by that occasion he might have been induced to refuse his abjuration. If he would yet with heart return to his abjuration, I would wish his pardon; such is my foolishness."[1] Hall says that Latimer made "many and godly exhortations" to Forest; Latimer himself has left no record of his emotions at the final scene. We know, however, that eleven years later he was one of Joan Boacher's judges, and he speaks with contemptuous indifference of the fate of the unhappy Anabaptists. All we can safely say is that his intolerance was the graft of a hard age and a hard theology on a kindly nature, a foreign weed which did not suit the plant. The same may be said of the doctrine of passive obedience. The Anglo-Saxon revereuce for law this doctrine pushes into absurdity. No extremity of wrong or suffering justifies resistance; a man ought to starve or to see his wife and children starve rather than rebel. The details are elaborated with scholastic ingenuity; not only must subjects obey their sovereign, servants must obey their masters, children their parents, wives their husbands. The preachers of the period wax mournfully eloquent on this latter branch of the subject, some of them speaking with an indignant pathos which suggests personal griefs. The intolerance which sent religious opponents to the stake is conspicuous in all the reformer's social theories. There is absolutely no allowance made for exceptions of auy kind. Souls have no rights as individuals; they only escape the obligation of obedience to man when it conflicts with obedience to God. Virtually the English church said to all social victims, "You are unbearably oppressed, therefore—submit!"

The position is almost ludicrously false; yet Latimer's simple faith redeems it from meanness. He believed in direct, visible answer to prayer. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" said the sixteenth-century theologian, and unconsciously he expected Him to do right, after the manner of men. Latimer told the wronged to submit, but to appeal to God, sure that he would not be deaf to the comfortless troubles of the needy or the deep sighing of the poor. Even here, however, the preacher's strong common sense makes a stand, for he advises them to do all they can with the civil authorities first.

Perhaps I have dwelt too long on the flaws in Latimer's social logic. If his teaching has grave errors, it has immense merits. His theology must bear much of the responsibility of his faults; but it was, also, the author of his virtues. More than any other man, he showed that the new faith, instead of excusing its followers from righteousness and self-denial, made them imperative; he justified the Protestant religion to the conscience of England. He appealed always to the highest in men's souls; counting worldly honor or riches, or life itself, as unessential things; there was but one thing needful—to fear God and to keep His commandments. He taught the young men who were to create the England of Elizabeth to live clean, honest, dutiful lives; he showed them the real stature of a man. He was hard, narrow, intolerant, lacking in all modern graces; but he was true, strong, loving and fearless. Often his straightforward sense of right taught him wisdom. His exposures of the glaring profligacy and avarice of the clergy show that he realized how much the morality was suffering from the contrast between its teachers' preaching and practice. There is sound political sense as well as sound morality in some passages from the famous "Sermon of the Plow."

"But now for the fault of unpreaching prelates, methinks I could guess what might be said for excusing of them. They are so troubled with lordly living, they be so placed in palaces . . . . . so burdened with ambassages . . . . . that they can not attend to it. They are otherwise occupied, some in the king's matters, some are ambassadors, some

[1] Remains, p. 392.

of the privy council, some to furnish the court, some are lords of Parliament, and some comptrollers of the mints. Well, well, is this their duty? Is this their office? . . . I can not tell you, but the saying is that since priests have become minters, money hath become worse than it was before. And they say that the evilness of the money hath made all things dearer. And in this behalf I must speak to England. Hear, my country, England, ... is there never a nobleman to be lord-president but it must be a prelate? Is there never a wise man in the realm to be comptroller of the mint? I speak it to your shame!" [1]

Latimer used his place as king's preacher to plead the cause of the multitude of wronged and friendless people who continually resorted to him. The modern reader of his sermons is tempted to smile when he observes the preacher stopping short in his argument to tell the story of a poor gentlewoman defrauded by powerful neighbors, or of a yeoman unable to obtain justice; but the listeners felt no incongruity unless in the fact of a priest's begging for any one save himself. There is a fine passage in the last sermon before King Edward, where Latimer implores the king to pay the just wages of his workmen.

But besides all the special teaching of the hour the sermons abound in teaching which, having its root in the everlasting needs and temptations of the soul, is as applicable today as when they were spoken. Latimer's philosophy of life is pre-eminently healthy; we find no trace of Bradford's morbid self-analysis, indeed, very little analysis at all; his remedy for temptation is always action rather than reflection. One of the manliest of the sermons has for its subject Restitution. It is instructive to contrast this with Bradford's Sermon on Repentance, and to notice how much less stress Latimer lays on emotion, how much more on practical, persevering action. Latimer's repentant sinner always *does* something. He spends no time digging in his moral nature for the source of his feeling; he goes to work at once, repairing as well as he can the consequences of his sin. "Restitution!" cries the sturdy old yeoman, "make restitution, or you shall cough in hell else!" This was the rough hewn vigor that England needed, and it was here the preacher did his best work. But the end of it all was approaching. Edward died, Mary reigned in his stead, and the Catholic party tried to wash away the reproach of the heresy of the kingdom in blood. Latimer himself counted it his exceeding privilege that he was able to give his life for the truth. The story is familiar; I need not recall Fox's picture of the two martyrs led through the Oxford gate in the serene beauty of the autumn morning, Ridley wearing a "fair black gown" and velvet cap, Latimer hobbling after, grotesquely clad in his worn Bristol frieze over a long white shroud. The executioner laid a lighted fagot at Ridley's feet, and Latimer looking over to him cried: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out!' Then, "the fire being given them," the bystanders heard Latimer praying, and almost instantly the merciful gunpowder exploded and silenced the bravest voice in England forever.

His death rounded and completed his life. His mistakes as a reformer bore their own fatal fruit, furnishing one more of the host of examples showing that no honesty and no piety can do the work of knowledge; but his virtues also bore fruit; his unswerving loyalty to duty as he saw duty moved what was best in the English heart.

> Though love repine and reason chafe,
> There comes a voice without reply,
> 'Tis man's perdition to be safe
> When for the truth he ought to die.

Latimer's life helped his own generation, his death has helped all earnest souls.

Octave Thanet.

[1] Sermons, pp. 66-68.

A BURIED HOPE.

Silent and sombre all!
The pale cold stars peer trembling through the gloom,
Into the stillness of the lonely room,
And fade in ghostly glimmer on the wall.

Beside the waning fire,
Gazing into the embers' fitful glow,
Where phantom shapes flit weirdly to and fro,
I sit alone; and musing I aspire

Beyond the jealous cloud
Which holds the limits of our mortal ken,
And daunts us with its warning shadow, when
In fancied strength our human hearts are proud.

Fond hopes with memories twine,
And doubts with patient trust; each wayward thought
Speeds, pilgrim-like, with all Love's treasures fraught,
To linger near one sweet and hallowed shrine.

And through the silent night
I hear the rustle of their parting wings,
And dream that each returning wanderer brings
A purer lustre from those realms of light!

Alone — yet not alone!
Though one proud heart-throb must be silent now,
And Grief's sign-manual marks the thoughtful brow,
There still is something I can call my own.

I dreamed a happy dream,
And thought that it was life; — my heart grew strong
To do high battle with the hosts of wrong,
And press where'er your starry robe might gleam.

And for your own sweet sake,
To whom the crown of all my love was given,
I could have bravely borne, or proudly striven,
Till patient faith might her true guerdon take.

But as I sit to-night
And watch the dying embers flicker low,
My heart grows heavy with its weight of woe,
And life and love seem 'reft of all their light.

Ah! seldom here on earth,
Until a blight has fallen on the flowers,
Know we the love that has perchance been ours,—
Ours in its truth and tenderness and worth.

Careless we pass it by,
Until the fruit has ripened to decay,
And withers in our eager grasp away,
When, all too late, Love's ardor lights the eye.

Yet wherefore should I weep?
Since unto me a holy love is given,
To guide my footsteps to that blissful heaven
Where all who love shall Love's full harvest reap.

God's blessing on you, Sweet!
Though you be never mine by earthly tie,
Yet may your faith, your truth, your purity
Shine on me still and guide my wayward feet.

So, when the strife is striven,
The stern fight fought, the life-long battle won,
Earth's troubles past, her cares and duties done,
God's arms may clasp us both in His own heaven.

Barton Grey.

SKETCHES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

ANOTHER SARDINE-BOX.

There are two things which are very good for a wayside lunch, and they are sardines and crackers. This is a fact known not only to the stage-driver but also to the mule-whacker, the miner, the surveyor, the pilgrim, and to every man who travels through this land, and they are provisioned accordingly. They eat this lunch on the dusty highway and by the mountain stream, on the sierras and by the sea, wherever hunger overtakes them. They eat the crackers and nothing remains, not even a crumb; they eat the sardines and leave the box for the coyote to nose over and lick, and for the papoose to play with.

They are everywhere, those sardine-boxes, and when the romantic explorer comes to a jewel of a valley which he fancies that the eye of the white man has never seen, and in his rapture exclaims, "This is a new spot! I have discovered it! I shall name it!" his foot rattles against something, and lo! an empty sardine-box!

Yes, they are everywhere, and in all of our discovery we have never unearthed a more omnipresent memento of a peculiar people than this. In future ages should some inhabitant of another continent come over here to mouse around among the ruins of our departed greatness, and should he ask himself upon what meat did this American people feed that they grew so great, he would give himself answer, short, quick, and decisive,—"Sardines!"

I have traveled like an Ishmaelite, but I have never yet gone beyond these tombstones to departed appetites. And now, when I come to the cinders of a camp-fire in some distant recess of the mountains, I examine the traces left, and if there is the print of a moccasin and a deer's rib closely gnawed, I know that Indians have been there; if the track of an unshod pony and a bit of sheep-pelt, it was a Mexican; but if there remain a sardine-box, I know it was a fellow-citizen, and my heart leaps within my bosom.

THE ACORN-BEARING PINE.

The providence of animals and birds, how ingenious are its methods! In a forest of mingled pine and oak the soft bark of some of the older pines had been honey-combed with myriads of cells by the woodpecker's bill. Fitting snugly into each of these was an acorn, for whose size and shape the cavity seemed to have been specially adapted. The broad end of the nut was outward, while the apex was thrust inward to follow with its sharp point the deepest puncture of the bird's bill. Thus garnished, the tree's tall shaft was mottled with the eyes of the acorn's bases, where once they had grown to their cups, and it seemed a very column of plenty, from whose stores the denizens of these tree-tops might feed a life-time through. What were they, these ingenious providers, which had saved the acorns from the appetite of the bears and the damp-rot of the ground, and had adopted the woodpecker's deserted shafts to make a store-house, high and dry for their plunder? Whether the birds or the squirrels, let the naturalist tell.

THE LASSO.

On a Sunday afternoon five Mexican children were playing, not as we used to, with marbles, peg-tops, etc., but mimicking the business of their father, by lassoing a calf. All but the youngest, who was a mere toddler yet, and, being a girl, could not properly be expected to do more than to distribute tiny applause among her big brothers, the most important of whom was about ten years old.

All that Sunday afternoon they lassoed that poor calf. First one, with a swoop and a run and a yell, would drop the rope around his neck and garrote him; then another would catch the quick moment when his hoof was in the air, and, drawing the noose tight around his leg, would trip him; while a third threw the fatal circle around him bodily and entangled him.

Then, having lassoed him sufficiently, they rode him. The bravest boy among them lashed his father's big jingling spurs to his bare heels, jauntily stepped astride of the clumsy beast, took up the raw-hide thong which went once around his nose for a bridle, and made the circuit of the valley with all the grace and courtesy of a tilter at a tournament. Returning, he caught up his tiny sister before him, and away she went like an infantile Europa the Second.

By ones and twos they rode the beast till his breath was gone and his spirit was broken. Being lectured for their cruelty they assured us that the calf was theirs; and in proof thereof they pointed to their mark, which was a docked tail. The donkey also belonged to them, and in this testimony they had cropped an ear off close to his skull. In fact, every one of the domestic pets had been a loser by their whimsical methods of branding, and there was hardly an unblemished animal among them. In this manner the youngsters are fitting themselves for the possession of the herds of stock to be theirs some day, when they will go out to lasso and brand horses instead of calves.

As an instrument of capture the rope is almost universal in this land. With a loop of cord a Spanish boy will pick up a rabbit as he runs, a gopher as he peers from the mouth of his burrow, or a snake from his coil; and with a heavier rope the assassin plucks his victim from his steed, the *vaquero*, or herder, catches his cattle for branding, the butcher drags his half-wild steer to the shambles, and the teamster brings his mules to harness.

It is an exhilarating sight to see a lasso adroitly thrown. The rope cuts the air so swiftly that the eye can hardly follow it in its course. You see scarcely more than the cause and the effect; the noose leaves the rider's hand, his horse braces himself to await the shock which will come to the pommel of the saddle, to which the rope is attached, and then the grappled victim is checked, in the height of a leap, perhaps, and falls. In this way the wildest animals, even the bears, are taken, and being ensnared from two sides at once, are held at bay between two captors, each lasso acting as a guy rope to govern the beast. If the prey be a horse, however, and one experienced in this manner of seizure, he does not wait to be throttled and thrown, but once feeling the bite of the cord around his neck, he sur-

renders and follows his master as quietly as a dog. For experience has taught him that the grip of death is not surer than the grip of the lasso.

INTO THE DESERT.

On the summit of the Sierra Madre Mountains we stopped and turned one long, wistful glance over the fair farms and green vineyards that we were leaving. There we had eaten the roasting-ear, the squash, and the potato at dinner; there we had sipped the sweet heart of the water-melon, white core and crimson; there we had broken the thick and brittle rind of the orange; and there we had looked our last upon the wine when it was red. (It was white wine, but no matter; it is not well to let a trivial fact interfere with an impressive quotation.) Ah, *mea culpa*, we cry, what bibbers we have been in this land of the grape; but then we have not yet so far sold ourselves to the false Bacchus who rules our day as to drink western whisky.

Before us, reaching far and far into the east, was the great Mojave Desert. The hot wind from its sands came up to meet us, stifling and oppressing us. In the distance the horizon was hazy and indistinct. The atmosphere of the plain flickered and leaped and wavered as on the surface of heated steel. Here and there low hills or *buttes* disturbed the level, but they were bald, and in their barrenness shone yellow as heaps of wheat. The white stones paving the empty ditch of the winter wash gleamed sepulchrally, like the skeleton of some old river-god dead with the dry heat; and the lake-beds were so many fields of dry and dusty alkaline deposit, for their tributary rivers sink in summer time as they leave the mountains, being swallowed up by the myriad mouths of the sand.

It never rains in the desert, so the people had said, and, indeed, to all appearance the ground had not been moistened since the waters of its primeval sea subsided. Yet in spite of prophecy and appearance it did rain that self-same afternoon. A storm-cloud, dense and black, gathered in the sky. A rumble of thunder startled us with its unfamiliar sound. Then flashes of lightning played across the sky, as if they were signals sent to warn us, but we wagged our heads upward and said, "It never rains on the desert." And the jack-rabbit, the cotton-tail, and the rattlesnake, old-time denizens of this country, were seemingly of the same opinion; for they reclined at ease under the sheltering sage-brush until the first drops fell, when, in great astonishment and dismay, the jack furled his ears and started for home on the dead run, the snake crept into his hole, and the cotton-tail slouched away with his rear plumage all drooping and moist.

How large the drops were, and how delightful they seemed! Each was like a liquid snow-flake, and it was delicious to feel them come and break against our sun-burnt faces, which, barring an occasional ablution by hand, had been washed with nothing heavier than the mist and the dew through months of travel in a rainless country. We almost leaped to catch them; we felt with delight the drops trickle down the back of the neck and into the boot-leg; we fairly basked in this rain on the desert, which our scientific man noted in his book as a meteorological phenomenon, resulting in so many inches of rain-fall at such a time and place, but which the others recorded in their memories, the best of diaries, as better than a Turkish bath or a dash in the breakers.

The desert has its people, but only the lonesome keepers of the stage stations, who have digged deep for water for horse and man that travel this way, and sell it by the gallon and the drink. This is one of the few spots in the world where water has become an article of commerce, and the words "Free as water" have lost their significance. The desert has its shrubbery, but it is not of the willow and the rose; it is of sage. The desert has its forests, but not of the aspen and cottonwood; they are of the cactus, the giant cactus, and the yucca tree, whose distorted boughs are clothed with spines thick as a porcupine's quills.

Down one of these forests, in and out among the clusters, the trail wandered on and on. Crooked and misshapen, the branches grew, without system or order, toward the

horizon, the sky, or the ground, it seemed to matter not which. This was the very madness of arborescence, and if ever trees were inhabited by dryads, or oaks by hamadryads, then was each of these the dwelling-place of a tricky gnome, who, retiring into its heart by day, allowed its spirit to give weird and grotesque expression to its form by night. In the white and spectral moonlight they peered at us as we passed; they knelt before us in supplication in a dumb prayer for rescue from this bondage; they grovelled in reverence and they struck in anger; and they spread their hands in benediction and uplifted them in imprecation.

BEE-RANCHING.

This is a famous country for bees and the making of honey, and at many a breakfast-table in distant Europe to-day the waffle is spread with sweets that have been filched from the hearts of a thousand California flowers. In the mouth of almost every *cañon* there is a bee-ranch or apiary, whose owner grows indolent and prosperous from the labors of his industrious subjects. Here there are no long winters with dearth of flowers, through which the patient workers must be nursed and fed in order that they may live until the opening of the next field-season.

These bee-ranches are models of neatness and domestic comfort, and the profession of bee-keeping is rapidly becoming popular among persons of little physical strength or small financial capital, or both; such as maiden ladies, broken-down ministers, bachelor students, and those dilettante farmers who fancy that the royal road to bucolic happiness lies through the flowery beds of a bee-pasture. Their expenses are as light as those of a hermit in his cave, and what stores of honey are laid up are so much clear gain, as the bees board themselves while they work, and work unceasingly in preparation for the winter which never comes. When the hive is full the cakes of comb are removed, the liquid is strained from the cells, and the empty cups are replaced, to be filled again and again. This economical process prevents a waste of labor and time in the gathering of wax and the building of new bins in the storehouse.

Walking out in the morning in the green brushwood of these *cañons* you hear a loud and continuous buzzing of wings, and, although there may not be a flower in sight, it is as ceaseless and strong as in a buckwheat patch or clover field at home. This humming of bees is nature's tenor voice, as the roaring of water is her bass. There is a cure for homesickness in the bees' monotone, even though the authors thereof be perfectly wild, as, indeed, many of these are. In such a country you cannot feel utterly lonesome and lost.

A NEW SETTLER.

Farther up the *cañon* its rock-walls diverged for a quarter of a mile or so, and upon the fertile ground of the coigne of vantage thus formed a squatter had established himself. The first indication of human habitation here was a child's play-house, with all of its toys and trinkets. Very remarkable, we thought. We did not know that the bears and the children ever lived so close together except in the story-books. But here they were, a whole brood of infants, and the mother was at work getting dinner and the father was building a house, so that, between the two, the youngsters were left to shift for themselves. I 'll warrant it would be hard to scare these fellows with bear stories, for they played with their father's rifle as if it was a cane, and fairly smiled with interest when he told how the grizzlies sometimes came down from the bluffs of an afternoon and snuffed around the garden fence, wondering what was inside, but too lazy to climb over and see.

In this den of wild animals this recluse had fenced a garden-spot, planted some potatoes and corn, herded his cows, and taken up his abode. He was an intelligent man, who took a weekly newspaper, and, what is more remarkable in these distant regions, he managed to get it. He was a courteous man, who seemed glad to answer our questions, and, if the offering were not too humble, to give us a glass of milk, fresh and cool from the spring-house. It was not considered too humble.

Who he was, we do not know. He may have been a poet who loved solitude, a philosopher who wanted room for his meditations, a hunter with the blood of Nimrod in his veins, a Fenian exiled for his conspiracies, or an outlaw hunted by justice. Whoever he was, we were glad to shake his hand when we left him, and fervently wished him good luck.

WASHING DAY.

To such depths of degradation had I come at last that I must wash my own clothes, and, like Mr. Mantalini, I thought it a demnition grind indeed. Had I been as fastidious as some people are, they might have gone unwashed till the summer's end for all of me and my drudgery, but my baser nature prevailed, and I went forth laden like a slop-shop peddler, to wash my clothes. Over the valley and half-way up the hill was a pool of warm mineral water which was better than concentrated lye for this purpose, so they said. By its side there sat an Indian, solemn and alone, probably come here on a mission like mine, and contemplating, with timorous hesitation the event of his annual clean shirt. He looked at me and smiled. He saw the burden I bore, realized my intentions, noticed my hands, the cut of my whiskers, and other such items of appearance, and almost laughed outright. Well, what of it?

To say that I was nettled by his mirth and evident enjoyment is to put it very mildly. I could have slain him forthwith had I not feared remonstrance on his part. As it was I could only take revenge, which proved to be ample and sweet, by teaching him a lesson in the useful art of washing. From the moment in which I dipped the first garment into the water he became interested. When I drew it out and slathered it around upon the rock which was my wash-board, and plastered it with soap, which I rubbed in with my knuckles, just as I had seen my wi—I beg her pardon—my washer-woman do, he smiled, not in derision, but in delight. Then I mangled the cloth, tortured it, twisted it, and wasted the better part of my strength on it. After a time of exertion, emerging from a sea of lather and suds, I gave the cleansed garment a pull through the fresh water to rinse it, and, with many a dexterous twirl of hand over fist, I wrung it dry. Holding it up before his eyes, I shook the folds of flannel to the breeze, and lo, they were as blue as the depths of Heaven at mid-day. Then the stoic savage could no longer contain his admiration within himself, and he cried in his confusion of tongues, "You *sabe muncho!*" Which polyglot compliment may be translated to mean, "You've washed before! Like as not your wife takes in washing for a living!"

F. De Y. Carpenter.

THE STILL HOUR.

A LITTLE WHILE.

What is this that He saith?
"It is but a little while,"
And trouble and pain and death
Shall vanish before His smile.

"A little while," and the load
Shall drop at the pilgrim's feet,
Where the steep and thorny road
Doth merge in the golden street.

But what is this that He saith?
"A little while," and the day
Of the servant that laboreth
Shall be done forever and aye.

O the truth that is yet untold!
O the songs that are yet unsung!
O the sufferings manifold,
And the sorrows that have no tongue!

O the helpless hands held out,
And the wayward feet that stray
In the desolate paths of doubt
And the sinner's downward way!

For a silence soon will fall
On the lips that burn for speech,
And the needy and poor that call
Will forever be out of reach.

"For the work that ye must do
Before the coming of death
There remaineth, O faithful few,
But a little while," He saith.

To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God are, according to a high authority, the three essentials of the highest life. Of these the first is the hardest to practise. It is often easier to be generous than to be just; easier to show men favors than to recognize and respect their rights. But when we do turn from the gracious to the legal mood, trying to be just, we are apt to be very careful lest we yield to others any more than of right belongs to them. This is the characteristic of many men who take pride in being just, and who in spite of this honest scruple are soundly hated: they are always bound that nobody shall get from them anything more than even measure; and in this exacting spirit they not seldom pervert the justice on which they are intent. "If people calculate the judicial mean too nicely," says a great writer, "they will not hit it; in their hearts they ought to go a little beyond it or they will fall short of it." The only kind of justice whose company we can afford to keep is the justice whose handmaid is sweet charity—the justice that would give a man a penny more than his due rather than give him a farthing less.

THE mercy that we are bidden to love, is not mere lenity toward offenders but the good-will which is the fulfilling of the law. This is the quality with which justice must always be tempered. So far as conduct goes, the man in whose heart this good-will rules, and in whose life it finds expression, is blameless. God has nothing more to require of the man who in word and deed obeys the royal law. But it is not perfunctory beneficence that is here enjoined; it is not the mere doing of useful and kindly deeds; it is what Tennyson calls "the love of love." "To do justly and to *love* mercy" is what thy God requireth of thee.

"To walk humbly with thy God" is the last, and not the least of these requirements. The laws of conduct are summed up in the injunction to do justly and love mercy; but the habit of thought which is here enjoined is one of the crowning attributes of the highest virtue. There is a justice that is haughty and there is a beneficence that is ostentatious; the true glory of life is only seen where a genuine humility abides. And yet we do well to remember what Dr. Sears has so well said, that "humility is not humiliation nor self-disparagement. It is simply rendering to the Lord what belongs to him, instead of claiming it as our own. We are the most humble when we think least of ourselves, or put ourselves out of the account altogether, and let the Lord shine through us with his uncolored sunlight, without staining it with our own selfhood."

THE Christian is a builder. The foundation whereon he builds is the infinite steadfastness

and truth and grace of God; the instruments with which he builds are knowledge and faith and free-will; the materials of which he builds are good thoughts and words and deeds; the structure that he is building is righteousness in his owu character and in the society of which he is a part. In all this he is a co-worker with God; and though in the larger enterprise the progress may seem to be slow and the day yet distant when the temple of a perfected society shall stand upon the earth, yet he knows that the day will come when the headstone thereof shall he brought forth with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it!"

It is a mistake to suppose that Christian fellowship is in the keeping of certain sects, aud can only be had by those to whom thcy dispense it. The fellowship that is doled out, officially, by an organizatiou, is of very little cousequence. The faithful and loving disciple of Christ will not fail of frieudship: good men will love him for his Master's sake, aud the recognition of those who can see no goodness that does not hear their own denominational trade-mark he can do very well without.

"One hour of justice," said Mohammed, "is worth seventy years of prayer." But that is not the wise word of a prophet or even of a philosopher; it is the snap-judgment of an enthusiast. There is no true prayer that does not make way for justice; no man truly prays who does not seek to be made more just. Seventy years of genuine prayer will produce a great many hours of justice.

"I am appalled," said David Hume, "at the forlorn solitude in which I am placed by my philosophy; and I begin to fancy myself in the most deplorahle condition imaginable, euviroued iu the deepest darkness." Any man who, like Hume, regards himself as nothing but a bundle of natural forces and impressions that is to be unbound and scattered to the winds by death,—who denies that there is any evidence for the continuance of the soul after death, or for the existence of God—must ahide in a solitude which is indeed forlorn. Some of the moderu atheists are trying to argue that men *ought* to he happy in the prospect of extinction, and in the belief that there is nothing behind Nature that can love us or care for us; but the simple fact is that men are not happy when they hring themselves to believe these dismal doctrines. As the author of "A Candid Examination of Theism"—au avowed Atheist—has lately written: "I am uot ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness." Moreover, he adds, "when at times I think, as thiuk at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it,—at such times I shall eyer feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptihle." It is quite useless to tell this man that he ought to be happy; he knows that he cauuot he. If all men believed what he believes, all men would suffer the agony that he is suffering. And it is not easy for some of us to adopt a view of the universe which would reduce the whole race to this extremity of despair.

Paul wished the Thessalonians to pray that he might he delivered from "unreasonable" meu; and the margin of our English Bible makes them "ahsurd" men. Both of these kind of men exist in these days; and they often get in the minister's way. But the Greek word means literally "out of place;" and it is worth while to remember that every man who is out of his own place is pretty sure to he in somebody else's way.

"The moment we feel angry in controversy," says Carlyle, "we have already ceased striving for truth, and begun striving for ourselves." That may stand for a general truth; but are there not some qualifying words to be spoken? To get angry at an argument, or to lose one's temper because the opponent is stupid or prejudiced, or hecause he seems to be getting the best of the debate, would be indication that one cared more for self than for truth; but it is not necessarily the sign of an egotist that one should be indignant when the opponent charges him with dishonor in maintaining his opinions. The majority of those who engage in controversy are inclined to attrihute mean or mercenary motives to all who differ with them. To resent such an imputation as this is not a clear proof that one cares more for himself than for the truth. Of course the argument ought to end at this point; for the offering of truth to people who can resort to personal abuse in a discussion is simply casting pearls hefore swine. But the debater who pockets his pearls and turns away from the discussion may be pardoned for a slight feeling of indignation that men will sometimes act like swine.

"Follow my advice but not my example," is a maxim that we sometimes hear. "Don't do as I *do*, but do as I tell you." But that is fatuous counsel. It is your example that men will follow rather thau your words. By what you are rather thau by what you say, you are shaping their lives. It is much better to make your life a safe one to copy so that you can boldly say what Paul said "Be ye followers of me." Your preaching will not have the effect that it ought to have uutil you are able to say that.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A RIDICULOUS CRISIS.

It is in Ireland, and iu the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Chnrch that the crisis to which we refer is impending. How momeutons the issue seems to those who are confrouting it the following extract from a speech will show. One of the most liberal and intelligent of the divines of that Assembly is reported as saying:

"He did not think he ever rose in the Assembly nnder a more weighty sense of responsibility than he did at the present moment. He felt that this church was passing through, he wonld not say a dangerous, but a critical part in her history, and that very much of their safety and prosperity would depend on the wisdom aud the grace which the God of grace might give them in guiding them that day to a right deeision."

How absnrd this tremendous apprehension is will appear when it is known that the question upon which all those awful destinies depend is the qnestion whether harmoniums, or cabinet organs, may be nsed in churches. The Irish Presbyterians, it would seem, have not got so far as to entertain the question of pipe organs; probably they are unanimons in the belief that a "kist o' whnstles" as big as that would be a presnmptnous sin; but there are those among them to whom reed instrnments seem to be comparatively innocent, and they are in favor of introducing these into the chnrches. Over this question the Assembly hnng for days with breathless and feverish anxiety. Oue of the speakers declared that the use of instrumental music in public worship would "nndermine the immortal standards." Another urged that "instrnmental mnsic was indirectly calculated to destroy the confidence of the people in the word of God." Under the stress of these cogent arguments, and laden with a solemn sense of the greatness of the issue that was upon them, the divines of the Assembly voted, 313 to 278, that harmoniums were not to be tolerated; that "the deliverance" of a previous Assembly forbidding them mnst be adhered to "honorably and resolutely;" and that all Presbyteries mnst watch their congregations lest this nefarious thing stealthily creep into them.

So far therefore as a majority vote can postpone a crisis it may be said that the Irish Presbyterian crisis is postponed; but we greatly fear that when the Assembly meets again it will again be found impending. For, as the history of Scotland proves, the organ battle once begnn, bequeathed from wrangling sire to son, though often drawn is never won. This history Ireland seems to be preparing to dnplicate; and knowing what we do abont the Irish temperament we may confidently predict that the discnssion will be hotter and more protracted in Ireland than it has beeu in Scotland.

Withont doubt the debate will take on some new phases when it crosses the Irish Sea. A harmoninm is one thing aud an organ is another; and we cannot suppose that the reasouings which have been applied to one will be altogether applicable to the other. A harmonium is smaller than an orgau, for one thing; and this fact affords an excellent opening for the tendency argument, which is often employed in snch assemblies with great effect. It can easily be shown that harmoniums will "lead to" organs; and tremendous force can be given to the cry of "*Obsta principiis!*"

The first four letters of the word harmonium can also be pointed ont and expatiated on in a telling manner. Arguments of this nature sometimes come down with crushing weight in ecclesiastical assemblies, when matters of this sort are uuder discussion.

The fact that the word harmoninm does not occur in the Bible, and the much more important fact that "the immortal standards" do not refer to any such thing, is also an overwhelming consideration. Organs, it must be admitted, are mentioned in the Scriptnres, but harmoniums never!

A nice point in exegesis is likely, however, to arise in the course of this debate. In the eleventh chapter of Matthew and the last clause of the seventh verse, we find the following words, "What went ye ont into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind?" Now it is a notorious fact that the method by which the mnsic of the harmoninm is prodnced is exactly described in this Scriptnre. The musical sonnds of the harmonium are made by reeds that are shaken with the wind. And it appears from the context that congregatious were attracted by this device in the olden time. So much is clear. But whether this attraction was legitimate or not is a deep question. It may be said that the multitudes were rebnked for yielding to it. And then again

it may be said that "a reed shaken with the wind" is by this Scripture proved to be "a prophet and more than a prophet." Which side of the harmonium question the text will be quoted as supporting we cannot predict; but it is clear that it will be good evidence for one side or the other, and perhaps for both sides.

It is not worth while, however, to anticipate the course of this discussion. Disputes of this nature always have covered more ground than anybody ever imagined that they would when they arose.

"Does this thing," asks one of our neighbors, "seem to us a very little matter to engage the attention of a great body for days, and to excite apprehensions of the disruption of a great denomination? Then let us ask ourselves if none of us are fighting innocent harmoniums." And if stones are thrown at the Belfast Assembly only by those American Christians who are not stickling for small matters, and who never find a crisis in a petty difference of opinion, the Irish Presbyterians will not suffer a very heavy bombardment from this side of the ocean.

RINK RELIGION.

THE advent of Mr. Moody gave a great impetus to a kind of observance which was already prevailing in this country, and which has sometimes been styled rink religion. It is a well-known fact that religious services held in theaters, "colosseums," rinks and such like places have a strong attraction for a certain class of persons; and it is equally true that there is a class of Christian "workers" who have a penchant for carrying on services in these places.

The reasons why "the masses," as they are called, are fond of congregating in these places are not far to seek. In the first place, the unfitness of the place is attractive to many minds. A religious service in a church is a seemly and decorous thing; but a religious service in a rink or a circus-tent is something out of the common; there is a pleasing incongruity about it which to many persons is highly amusing. Wit, the philosophers say, consists in putting thoughts into unexpected relations; and the effect of holding a religious service in a place that is not at all appropriate to it, has upon many minds the effect of wit. They attend such a service for the same reason that they go to see the five-legged calf or the two-headed nightingale.

These places are haunted not only by worshipers of the incongruous, but also by that large class of persons who have been happily described as "the camp-stool congregation"—those who always go where the newest sensation is, and who are never truly happy except when they are in a crowd.

Of these two classes there are enough in any considerable community to crowd the largest assembly room that can be found in the neighborhood. And when the crowd is gathered, it is easy to stir up a considerable amount of feeling. The persons who compose such an auditory are generally excitable; the lively music, the vigorous and pathetic appeals of the preachers readily affect them, and we often seem to see large numbers of them entering upon the religious life.

Such services, however, come to an end before many weeks, and then these new disciples find themselves suddenly set adrift. Like Daniel Webster on a famous occasion they cry out in distress, "Where are we to go?" All their religious experience has been connected with the rink or the tabernacle; when that is closed they are not drawn in any other direction. The influence of locality upon the religious life is a great deal stronger than some persons think; the place where prayer is *wont* to be made, is the place to which those who have learned to pray love to betake themselves: the less cultivated the worshiper is, the less inclined is he to worship in a strange place; the more is he dependent for his religious enjoyment upon local associations. Though the churches all open their doors for these converts of the rink, very many of them will fail to enter the churches; or, if they do go a few times, all the surroundings are strange to them and they soon cease to appear in the places where they would be welcome.

It is true that Mr. Moody always does his best to induce his converts to connect themselves with the churches, and some of them do so; but, after all, the great majority of the persons who unite with the churches as the result of his meetings are those who were regular worshipers in the churches before he came; while most of those outside the churches who have been interested in his meetings either abandon their religion when the rink is closed, or else, if they join the churches, run well for a very short season, and soon fall out by the way.

It was the observation of this fact that led Mr. Moody, during the last winter, to seek to connect his work more directly with the churches. He has come to feel that it is far better to make use of the church as the instrument of evangelization than to create other machinery, simply because the results of his work are in this way so much more fully harvested and secured. The method which he followed last winter in Baltimore is less spectacular and striking than that which he had followed previously; but in the long run he thinks that it will be more productive; and the adoption of it does great credit to his head and his heart. It shows that he possesses sound sense, and that he is not a selfish seeker after notoriety.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Moody's conclusion will be adopted by some of those who have been hitherto his most ardent disciples, and who have

been inclined to do their Christian work almost wholly outside of the churches. It is true that there are destitute neighhorhoods, in which there are no churches, and in which religious services of some kind ought to be held. For this kind of missionary work there is room and reason. But the practice of carrying on outside religious services of an intermittent character in the immediate neighhorhood of churches is a practice which, in the great majority of cases, ought to be discouraged. The people who are gathered into these places ought to be gathered into the churches; their religious life is likely to have a healthier and more fruitful development if it is "planted in the courts of the Lord" than if it springs up in connection with some sporadic religious service.

It may be said that the people who attend these outside services think that they are not wanted in the churches, and will not enter them. If this is the case then the first thing to do is to disabuse their miuds of this error, and make them believe that the churches are the very places where they are wanted. And if this is not altogether an error of theirs—if there are some features of the church administration which are calculated to discourage their attendance—then the first thing to be done is to reform the church, so that it shall offer a hearty and emphatic welcome to those who most need the gospel. To one or the other of these lahors those zealous Christians who are now devoting themselves to the propagation of rink religion might well turn their energies. If the time and mouey and zeal and tact that they now expend in keeping up religious meetings of one kind or another outside the churches and iu their neighborhood, were expended in gathering these outsiders into the churches and in makiug the churches places into which all the people would delight to go, the results of their lahors wonld he larger and more permanent.

STUDYING SCRIPTURE BY SAMPLES.

We dare say that there are few intelligent Sunday-school teachers who are not heartily glad that the great International Game of Hop, Skip aud Jump in which our Sunday-schools have heen engaging every Sunday for almost seven years, is pretty nearly ended. What is coming after nohody knows; hut it is not probable that auy worse selection of Scripture will be made than that which has been imposed upon our Sunday-schools for study during the last seven years. The way in which the students have been kept cantering hack and forth over the sacred hooks, only stopping here and there for a lesson, and ohserving in their study no intelligible order whether of logic or of history, must have resulted in completely muddling the minds of most of them. These are not the words of a mere theorizer, but of one who has made thorough trial of this system, having used it faithfully, if not always patiently, during the greater part of the seven years, in connection with adult classes, in which its incoherent method would be less objectionable than in younger classes; and the result of this experience is the deliberate judgment that the system has heen a bewildering failure. Of course much study of the Bible has been secured in counection with these lessons; but the study would have heeu far more profitahle if less ground had heen covered, and if the selections of Scripture had been made after a more rational plan.

Merely to dip into the middle of a book, here and there, picking out one or two brief passages and devoting to them as many half-hours, is not the best way of finding out what the book contains. If the book is worth studying at all it is worth studying thoroughly; such a cnrsory reference to it, which is due to a supposed obligation to treat all parts of the Bible alike, is neither reasonahle nor reverent.

Take for example the lessons of the quarter ending with June. Over not less than eight books of the Old Testament do these lessons take us; they traverse all the centnries between Job and Malachi, to the former of which they give two Sundays and to the latter one, while Isaiah has three Sundays, Ezekiel two, Esther, Micah, Joel and Zechariah each one. From Joh, the lessons skip to Esther who lived during the captivity, in the fifth century hefore Christ; then hack to Isaiah and Micah who prophesied in the eighth century before Christ, long hefore the captivity; then back a little further to Joel whose era was a few years earlier, then forward again to Ezekiel and Zechariah and Malachi, the last of the prophets. To keep the historical connection of these books with their times through all these meanderings is no slight task. The inventors of the series seem to have had in mind the text which says that "many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased," apparently understanding it to mean that the increase of knowledge would he in direct proportion to the amount of running to and fro.

Then the expectation of getting any sufficient idea of these eight books in the twelve Sundays allotted to them could ouly be entertained by a sanguine mind. How much will the ordinary Sunday-school class learn ahout the book of Job, in two Sunday sessions? What adequate understanding of the book of Isaiah cau be gained iu three half-hours? Take the lesson of June 1, from Ezekiel xxvi—The Prophecy against Tyre—what can be done with that in half an hour? In any tolerable treatment of the lesson these points, at least, must be elahorated:

1. Ezekiel, the man.
2. Ezekiel, the book.

3. Tyre—its history and its relations to the surrounding nations, especially to Judah and to Chaldea.

4. This prophecy.

5. The manuer of its fulfillment.

Until all these points are understood the passage yields no moral lessou; aud the attempt to cover all these points in the brief period allotted to a Sunday recitation would scarcely be made by any one who knew anything of the history under discussion.

To the wonderful prophecy of Zechariah a single lesson is given: think of coudensing into a half-honr any sufficient idea of that book!

This method of studying the Bible by samples is not the best method. Neither knowledge nor reverence is promoted by it, and we trust that the International Committee will have the grace to give ns something better for the next seven years.

We have our doubts about the whole system of simultaueous study. It has certain great advantages, of which the principal one is the multiplication of cheap commentaries and lesson helps, and for this reason it is likely to be coutinned for the present; but it prevents an organization of the Sunday-school upon the best basis. In the Snnday-school of the future the classes will not all stndy the same lesson; there will be grades, as in the secular schools, and a regular advancement of pnpils from one grade to another, so that when the course is completed, those who have pursued it will have gained some good degree of religious knowledge. But that time is not yet; for the present we are likely to follow the old fashion; only, before enteriug upon another seven years of International Lessons, some of us will be likely to insist npon knowing to what sort of an entertainment we are invited.

VACATION SUNDAYS.

This number of Sunday Afternoon will be put into the hands of many of its readers as they are jonrneying npon the trains, or sojourning among the mountains, or resting by the sea-side; and it will fiud mauy more of them abiding in their own homes, and going on with their work in the usual way. Both these classes, those who go abroad aud those who stay at home, are sometimes pnzzled to know how to make the best use of the vacation Sundays, and it may not be too late to drop a word or two of friendly connsel.

The tourists, and the seekers after rest and health in unaccustomed places, will do well to remember that Snnday comes once in seven days in the loneliest monntain nook, and in the noisiest watering-place; and that the need of a day of rest in a time when all days are nominally days of rest is by no means superseded. From sight-seeing aud diversion a rest is needed qnite as much as from labor; and the seventh day spent in quiet and repose will add zest to the enjoyments of the other six.

It may be a qnestion about chnrch-going on Sundays in vacation. If religious services are withiu convenient distance attendance upon them may be salutary. The keeping up of the regular Snnday habits is a thing to be desired. Bnt going to church is not so much of an *opus operatum* that salvation depends upon it; and a ride of five miles under a broiling sun may not be to a weary traveler a means of grace. An hour or two spent in the quiet reading of some good book might prove at once more restful and more inspiring. Pnt Phillips Brooks's or Charles Shakespeare's or President Woolsey's Sermous iu yonr wallet, and read one or two of them, aud think it over. It may be that such a restful honr will bring you a gift that shall seem like cool waters to a thirsty soul.

But what of vacation Sundays to those who stay at home? If the church is open, they will attend, of course. The fact that many are away from home makes it the more desirable that those who are at home should be in their places. The service derives much of its impressiveness aud usefnlness from the auditory: the pnlpit is generally better filled when the pews are well filled, than when the pews are empty. The French speak of "assisting" at a service or a performance, when they are simply listeners; and they do not speak inaccurately, even giving our meaning to the word. For the preseuce of an interested audience is a great assistance to any man who has a message to deliver.

If the chnrch is not open the counsels given above to the Christians away from home will fairly apply to those who remaiu at home.

Bnt very likely other dnties may be made known to the disciples who spend the vacation Suudays at home. There may be those who are sick or poor or in trouble to whom the minister would go if he were at home, aud who need to be miuistered unto now that he is away from home. Is there any reason why you who stay at home should not do this part of this work? Does a man or a woman need to be ordained to this kind of service? Must one graduate at a theological semiuary, and be sat upon by a Conncil or a Presbytery or a Bishop before he can give a cup of cold water in Christ's name to one of Christ's little ones or speak a comfortable word to a soul in tronble? So some of onr Christians seem to think. The superstition prevails that when the minister is gone there is no consolation left in the parish. To so great an extent has this ministration of sympathy been relinquished by some of the laity and handed over by them to the clergy, that it has come to be regarded by them as a sort of priestly prerogative like pronouncing the beuedictiou or administering the sacraments.

It is quite worth while for the minister to take

a vacation once a year, if only for the sake of counteracting this superstition, and casting upon the people the responsibility for some of this work. If, therefore, the saints who stay at home will remember the sick and those that are in trouble, and will spend a portion of each of these vacation Sundays in performing for them some slight offices of mercy or sympathy, it is probable that their vacation Sundays will turn out to be the very best Sundays of all the year.

MISCHIEVOUS READING.

The amount of pernicious literature that is sold upon the news-stands in this country is enormous and frightful. The utterly bad sensational papers that are published in the city of New York alone, have an aggregate weekly circulation of not less than half a million copies. These are almost all sold at the news-stands. Besides these, all our chief cities produce more or less of this sort of literature; added to which, the dime-novels and flashy stories prepared for these wayside markets make up a vast mass of moral corruption.

The mixture that one sees upon the counters of the newsdealer is often a curious one. All varieties of periodical literature are represented here; but it is quite too plain which variety is most in demand, and on which the dealer makes his largest gain. There is a little flat pile of *The Nation*, and a few shop-worn copies of the *North American Review;* the leading magazines indicate a larger demand, and the recent cheap publications of novels in newspaper form are present in still greater force; but the *Pictorial Pander* and the *Illustrated Scamp's Gazette* are on hand in quantities, and if you happen to be near when the weekly supply arrives you will see the class of persons that read them. Boys and young men, from twelve years of age upwards; not a few shop-girls, alas! and here and there a man who has grown old in sin, and who seeks to kindle his burnt-out passions with this coarse fuel,—they are all waiting for the bundle to be opened, and eagerly make off with their copies as fast as the dealer can fold them.

The damage that is done by this pestilential literature,—the belittling and enervating effect of it upon the minds of those who read it, the false direction that it gives to all their ideas of life, the familiarity with debauchery and crime into which it brings them, the bad lines of conduct that it suggests to them, who could undertake to tell? Probably not less than two millions of the youth of our land are fed weekly upon this moral carrion. What sort of husbands, wives, parents, neighbors, voters does it produce, think you?

Probably it does not occur to many of the newsdealers who dispense this vile stuff that they are engaged in a bad business. Many of them are reputable men, and they would not like to think that the traffic in which they are engaged must be ranked with that of the rumseller among those whose result is the corruption of the public morals. If this fact were made plain to them doubtless they would purge their counters of this defilement. It is a service owed by good men to the youth of the community where they reside, to see that this fact is brought distinctly to the notice of all the venders of news. The men who persist in such traffic after a kindly remonstrance will deserve to lose the patronage of respectable people.

The flashy newspapers that are sold upon the news-stands, and the vile publications that are hawked about more secretly, are not, however, the whole of the mischievous reading that falls into the hands of our boys and girls. The libraries, the public libraries, the Sunday-school libraries furnish them with a great deal of reading that, as they use it, is extremely hurtful to them. The statistics that our librarians give us showing the great excess of novels over all other classes of books issued to the patrons of the libraries give us food for rather discouraging reflection. From the Hartford Public Library one boy took one hundred and two novels in six months, and a girl one hundred and twelve in the same time. Think of the condition of these children's minds at the end of such a carnival of sensations! Even though no books of positively immoral character are admitted into the public libraries it is clear that the provision of so much mental excitement for our young people is doing them great damage.

The late convention of librarians in Boston discussed this matter very earnestly and tried to reach some practical conclusions. One radical suggestion was that a city or town has no right to tax the people for the furnishing of mere amusement to anybody, and that therefore no fiction that is not clearly educational in its character should find room upon the shelves of the public libraries. Another proposition was that school children (and the restriction need not be limited to children at school) should not be allowed to take more than one story a week. That rule ought to be immediately adopted and rigidly enforced in all the public libraries. It is simple debauchery for any young person to read more than one novel a week.

It is a favorite idea, says a leading journal, "that the young novel-reader is going to develop into the lover of sound and improving books. But children who skim a volume of this milk-and-water every day and remember nothing of it the next, are sedulously cultivating non-attention and non-retention to an extent that is more likely permanently to incapacitate them for anything better than a newspaper." That is an undeniable and a most melancholy truth, and it is a truth to which all parents and all educators and all friends of good morality ought to give immediate and resolute attention.

LITERATURE.

Mr. Frank Wakely Gunsaulus has apologized for his life in a duodecimo volume[1] of three hundred and seventy-six pages. We are inclined to doubt whether the life or the opinions of Mr. Gunsaulus required an apology so extended. He is one of those who have advanced from Unitarianism to Orthodoxy, and this volume had its origin, as he tells us, in his religious experience. The book would not have been published, he says, "had not those who have left Orthodoxy for Liberalism been so anxious about giving the world 'the reasons' for such steps." His particular reference is to Mr. Griffin's "From Traditional to Rational Faith" and to Mr. Savage's "Bluffton." And pursuing this reference he gives us the following sentence which may be regarded as a fair statement of the motive of the book and a good specimen of its literary method: "And if it may be said that the fact, as here recorded, of one's leaving a creed, because under its influence, his religious life seemed dying, has no significance, the author has to reply, that granting this—which would be a most unwarrantable inference—the epics of Liberalism can be no more acceptable." If Mr. Griffin and Mr. Savage had not printed their apologies Mr. Gunsaulus would not have printed his; and if his has no significance, theirs can have no more. This appears to be the argument. But may it not be said, conversely, that if theirs is valueless his is equally so? Mr. Gunsaulus plainly indicates his own opinion that "the epics of Liberalism" are poor stuff; when therefore he puts himself on a par with the authors of these epics he writes himself down in a most indiscreet way. And although the method of discussion which is represented by such formularies as "You begun it!" and "You're another!" is of great antiquity, we doubt whether the cause of truth has ever been greatly advanced by a resort to it.

Mr. Gunsaulus also premises in his preface that "one religious experience, as honestly noted, is as valuable as another." This strikes us as a remarkably inexact statement. The religious experience of a man of good judgment and deep insight, and large and fruitful life is much more valuable in every way for doctrine and reproof and instruction in righteousness than that of a man of shallow mind, and strong prejudices, and infirm purposes, whose religious life has been brief, and whose apprehension of religious truth is necessarily vague and superficial. The experience of the latter though just as "honestly told" as that of the other would have but little coherency or value in it. Mr. Gunsaulus might as well say that the maternal experience of the frivolous young mother whose first baby is only six weeks old, and has been in the hands of a nurse ever since it was born, is just as valuable if honestly told, as that of the matron of sixty who by her own care and labor has reared and sent out to useful and worthy life a goodly tribe of men and women.

From a thinker who could let fall such unconsidered expressions we should not be inclined to look for any sharp discrimination. The object of Mr. Gunsaulus is to overthrow Unitarianism, with all that the name implies; and the substance of his argument is that Unitarianism, in its philosophy, is Idealism, and that Idealism leads to Transcendentalism, and that Transcendentalism lands in Pantheism. This argument of tendencies is urged on every page. "Certain principles which have been the life of the root, Unitarianism, have shot up through the soil in healthy Transcendentalism, blooming and fruiting in Pantheism." This is the fact upon which the author wishes us to fix our eyes. And he begs us also to note that "whatever it [Unitarianism] leads to it potentially is." This argument boasts an antiquity almost as great as the more popular *Tu quoque*, and it is not much more convincing to readers of experience and penetration. The trouble with it is that it proves too much. Mr. Gunsaulus seems to think that the holding of certain philosophical theories or the rejection of certain dogmas "leads to" Unitarianism, that Unitarianism again leads to something a little worse, and so on down to Pantheism. But there are other tendencies whose result is no less dire. As one of the old Massachusetts divines was wont to put it: Consociationism leads to Presbyterianism, and Presbyterianism leads to Prelacy, and Prelacy leads to Popery and Popery leads to the devil. When a man refuses to hear the voice of God that is spoken in his own soul, and places his reason wholly in subjection to external authority, he has got clear of Idealism, but he has entered the road that leads to Rome. That is a road in which multitudes have traveled—some of them gifted and noble men. Manning and Newman and Brownson and Faber and Stone and Hewitt reached the end of it some time ago; Mallock seems to be drawing near it, if indeed he has not arrived at the terminus; and, as the published lists of converts in the Roman Catholic journals abundantly prove, these are only leaders of a large company who have fled from the specters of Idealism to seek shelter under the wings of Mother Church. This reactionary movement is going on in England much more vigorously than in this country because the outward movement toward unbelief has proceeded further there

[1] The Metamorphoses of a Creed. An Essay in Present Day Theology. By Frank Wakely Gunsaulus. Chillicothe, O.: Gould & Kello.

than here; we shall see it in progress here before many years have passed.

Let it be granted then that Idealism leads to Pantheism; it is equally true that submission to external authority in religion leads to Popery. But the capital fact, which Mr. Gunsaulus scarcely notes, is that tendencies of this sort are not, in many cases, logically carried out. The Intuitionalist might become a Pantheist if he kept on; but he does not keep on; he stops inside the lines of Theism. The Traditionalist might become a Papist if he fulfilled his logic, but he parts with his logic before he gets to Rome and remains a stanch if not a consistent Protestant. Calvinism "leads to" fatalism, but it does not often get there; most Calvinists behave exactly as if they thought their wills were free. There are individuals in all these classes whose logic gets the better of their common sense, and who insist upon following their philosophy to its worst results; but the great majority are less logical and more sensible. "That good dose of inconsistency which," as Victor Cousin says, "man almost always prescribes for philosophy," can be relied on to correct the extreme conclusions of every school of thinkers.

Doubtless it is sometimes well to point out the conclusions to which a doctrine or a method leads, that men may avoid them. It is a fact beyond dispute that Unitarians not a few have gone to the end of the road that Mr. Gunsaulus describes; and it is also certain that a recoil from the Liberal extreme has sent a multitude in chains to Rome; some are traveling the one way and some the other; and it may be said of these two ways as it was said by the countryman of two other roads concerning which inquiry was made, "If you take either of them, you'll be sorry before you get very far that you had n't taken the other." It is better not to go too far in either of them. And it is not at all worth while for the travelers in either of them to be too strenuous in their censure of those who are traveling in the other. It is much wiser for each of these companies to look out for the miry clay upon which its own steps take hold.

We have given to Mr. Gunsaulus and his apology much more space than the merit of his book would warrant, chiefly because he brings before us in a distinct form this matter of tendencies in theology which many persons are inclined to regard as a matter of great importance. The fact to be noted is that the question has two sides; and those who talk the loudest on either side are sure to be persons who have great need of hearing what is to be said upon the other side.

THE anonymous author of the latest treatise[1] on Roman Catholicism may be Mr. Eugene Lawrence, though the views expressed are rather more moderate than we are accustomed to expect from that gentleman. The author seems to be profoundly impressed with the dangers arising to the American government from the growth of the Roman Catholic church, yet his statements of the way in which these dangers are to be realized are somewhat vague. It is easy for him to prove by extracts from the Syllabus, and from the writings of Roman Catholic authorities that there is an irrepressible conflict between the church of Rome and modern civilization; but the signs of the encroachment of Rome upon our liberties he does not clearly point out. He makes much of the fact that we have a national ideal, though just what it is he does not say; and he greatly fears that through Roman Catholic influences this ideal will be perverted or debased. Most true is it, as he insists, that the real forces that build the nation are spiritual forces, and that whatever weakens or warps these forces is the nation's worst foe. But the spiritual life of our nation is suffering less detriment just now from Romanism than from materialism. It is not superstition or ecclesiastical tyranny that threatens us now so much as a faithless and conscienceless immorality.

There is, indeed, some reason for the apprehension of this author, that a reaction toward ecclesiastical absolution will presently set in among those disciples of materialistic "culture" who have advanced as far as Pessimism, and who will soon recoil with horror from that ghastly conclusion. But we will trust that the great majority of the American people will have too much intelligence to rush into either extreme.

The logic of Ultramontanism is precisely what this author represents it to be; but, as we have elsewhere remarked, common sense puts a great many limitations upon logic, and there is every reason to believe that Roman Catholicism in the United States will yet modify many of its exclusive claims at the demand of common sense.

It is due to the author to say that he represents the dangers arising from the predominance of Romanism as distant and not immediate; "as matters now stand," he says, "it must be confessed that such a contingency is too remote to cause any serious alarm." He is also careful to protest against the adoption of any proscriptive policy against Roman Catholics. "In view of the circumstances and conditions by which we are surrounded," he concludes, "there exists no reason why we should ever think of resorting to coercive measures." All that is to be done is steadily and frankly to assert and maintain the principles of civil and religious liberty which lie at the basis of Protestantism. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal; but by fidelity in word and deed to the ideas on which our government is founded we shall protect ourselves from

[1] Roman Catholicism in the United States. New York: The Authors' Publishing Company.

absolutism on the one hand and anarchy on the other.

If one swallow made a summer we should have reason for believing that the era of scholarly statesmen had returned; for here is a busy lawyer, an active politician, and a Lieutenant Governor (whose title is to be shortened by and by) of Massachusetts, who has actually translated into good English blank verse the whole of the greatest Latin epic.[1] Mr. Long tells us in his trenchant preface that the work is "the snatch and pastime of the last year." It would have been a good year's work for a less busy man. The Æneid of Virgil is something more than a "swallow flight of song," and the man who translates it with scholarly care and with literary skill, as Mr. Long has translated it, accomplishes something that to ordinary men would not be a pastime.

The version is a homely one. The sonorous dignity of the original is not reproduced in it; the lines often have a playful cadence, and the English idioms reproduce the Latin stateliness in a manner that is often quaint; but the rendering is generally faithful and spirited; the reader gets Virgil's meaning, and the action of the story is conveyed to him with admirable force and vividness. These lines from the escape of Æneas from Troy will illustrate the familiarity of the treatment:

"I spoke, and with a tawny lion skin
Robed my broad shoulders and my bended neck.
I lift my load. Little Iulus twines
His hand in my right hand, and out of step
Trots at his father's heels. Behind us walks
My wife. We go through places dark with shade;
And me, whom late no charge of foemen's steel,
Nor Greeks enmassed in hostile ranks could move,
Now every whisper terrifies,—no sound
So faint it does not torture me with fear,—
Like anxious for my hand-mate and my load."

And the following lines from the Fifth Book, descriptive of the boat races, show something of the vigor with which the work is done:

"Straight off the foam-dashed shore, just out at sea
Rises a rock; great waves sweep over it,
And lash it ever when the winter storms
Enshroud the stars. In weather fair it sleeps,
Its broad back lifted like a plain above
The ocean's calm, whereon the water-fowl
Delight to rest them, basking in the sun.
On this Æneas, master of the games,
Sets up the goal, a green and bushy bough
Of oak, to tell the rowers where to turn,
When the wide circuit to begin to make.
Standing astern, they in the distance seem
Ablaze, decked out in purple and in gold,
While all the crew are crowned with poplar leaves,
Their naked shoulders shining glossed with oil.
They sit the thwarts, their arms outstretched to poise
The oar. Eager they wait the sign to go:
The hazard and the eager thirst to win
Set every heart aleap and high with hope.
Then when the ringing trumpet gives the sound,
Quick as a flash all shoot out from the line.
Up goes the sailor's cry. Their stout arms pull
A stroke that leaves the water tossed with foam."

Mr. Long is not slow to admit the inferiority of Virgil in many high respects to the best poets of other lands and later days. Many students of the old classics will join with him in his confession of "disappointment at finding such dearth of humor, that next best thing in the world; such leanness in the poet's insight into nature, catching only its most obtrusive aspects and nothing of its finer exquisiteness; so little homely humanity; such holocausts of man to men; so faint a glimmer of God." There were rare poets and philosophers in that ancient day in whom the ethical sense was healthily developed, but that finer spiritual insight to which Mr. Long alludes does not show itself in the old writings. And he hardly speaks too strongly when he says that though the Æneid is an immortal poem, "the world could better lose it all than a psalm of David or a verse of Whittier." It is plain that the Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts is not a Pagan, and that his standard of literary excellence is not the standard of Mr. Taine.

Mr. Molloy's holiday book[1] is written in a dashing style, and conveys not a little information in a piquant way; but it is much less enjoyable than Mr. Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey." The four young Englishmen who made a tour of the Seine and the Loire in an outrigger were a bright and companionable crew; indeed they are a little more festive than is necessary; and there is something too much of their potations and flirtations. This carnal sort of egotism is by no means the least offensive sort. Mr. Molloy is much too free with his French, also. English books might as well be written in the English language.

The Sunday-school stories of Mr. Rand are all bright and manly, and the last[2] is one of the best of them. It is a story of life by the sea-side, a book for boys; it will teach them no bad morals, and put no romantic notions into their heads, but will strengthen their faith in the old-fashioned virtues of industry and faithfulness.

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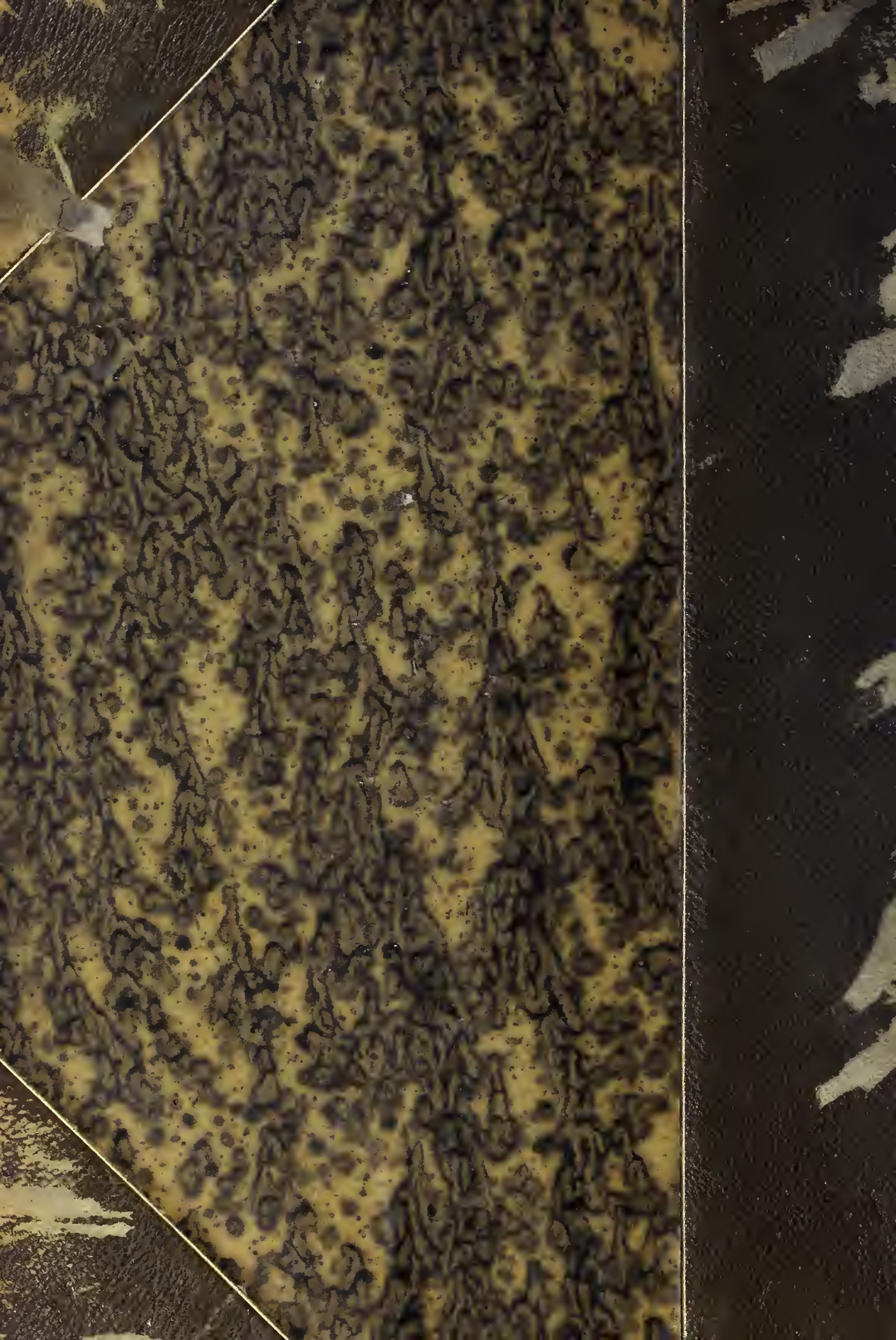
1 The Æneid of Virgil. Translated into English. By John D. Long. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Company.

1 Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers. By J. L. Molloy. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

2 The Schooner on the Beach. By Rev. Edward A. Rand. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union.